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ANITY FAIR
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ND GOLD
arching for
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David Halberstam
MOKING GUNS
g Tobacco's War
ainst Jeffrey Wigand
Marie Brenner
LUS:
LEN HUNT'S
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ORIA VANDERBILT
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Dominique Moc
Nancy Reno, Nick B
Tinker Juarez, Jon B
Sheila Hu
Michael Joh
Seated: Mark
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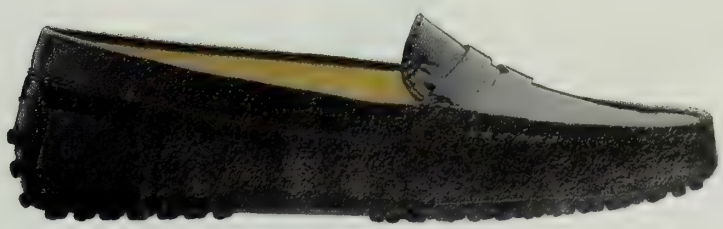
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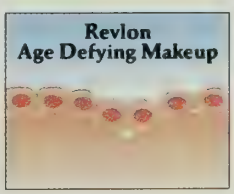
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VANITY FAIR

N° 429 May 19



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MAD ABOUT HELEN
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THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH
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VANITY FAIR

May 1996

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GRUMPY OLD MEN
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BRINGING DOWN BARNEYS
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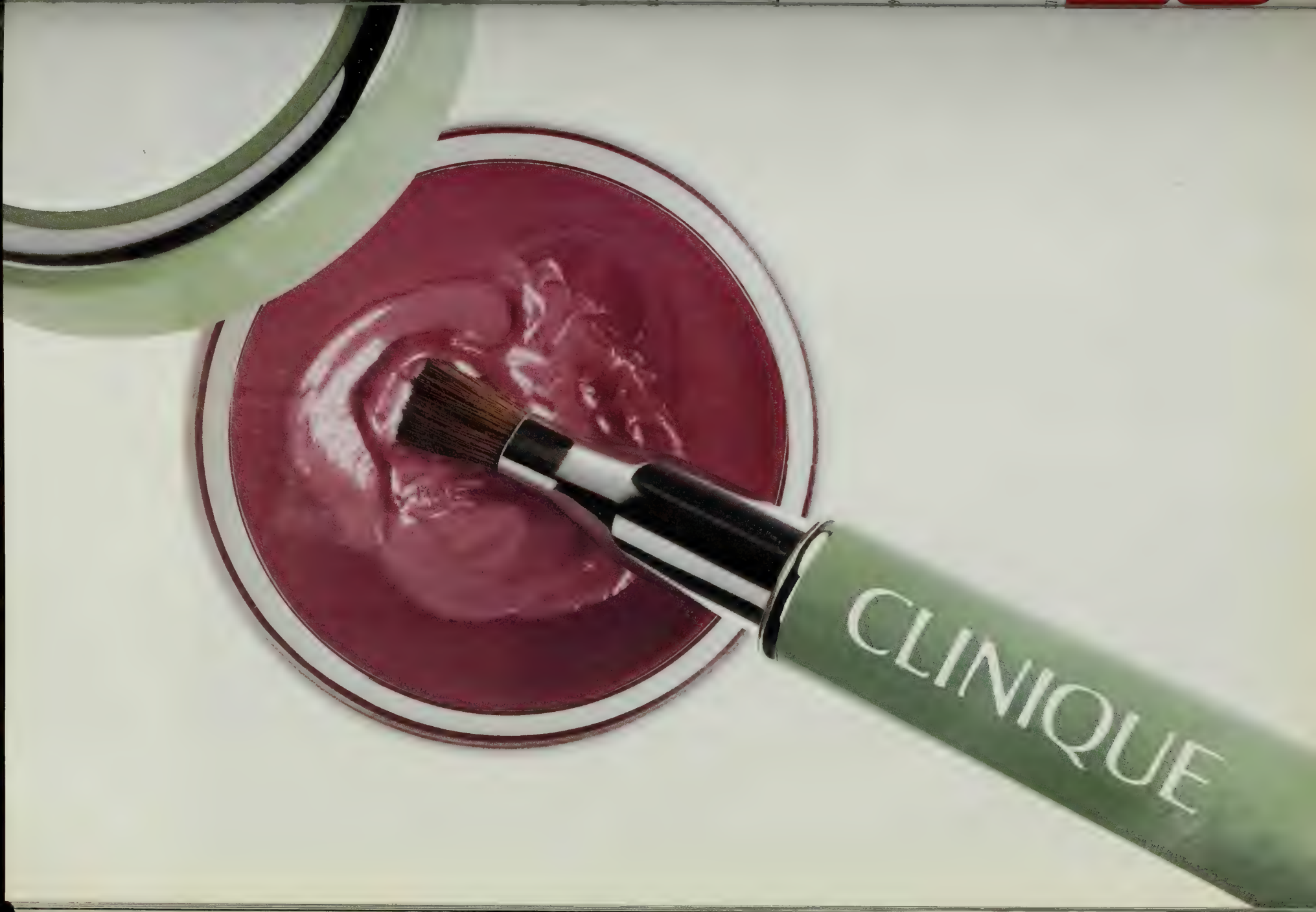
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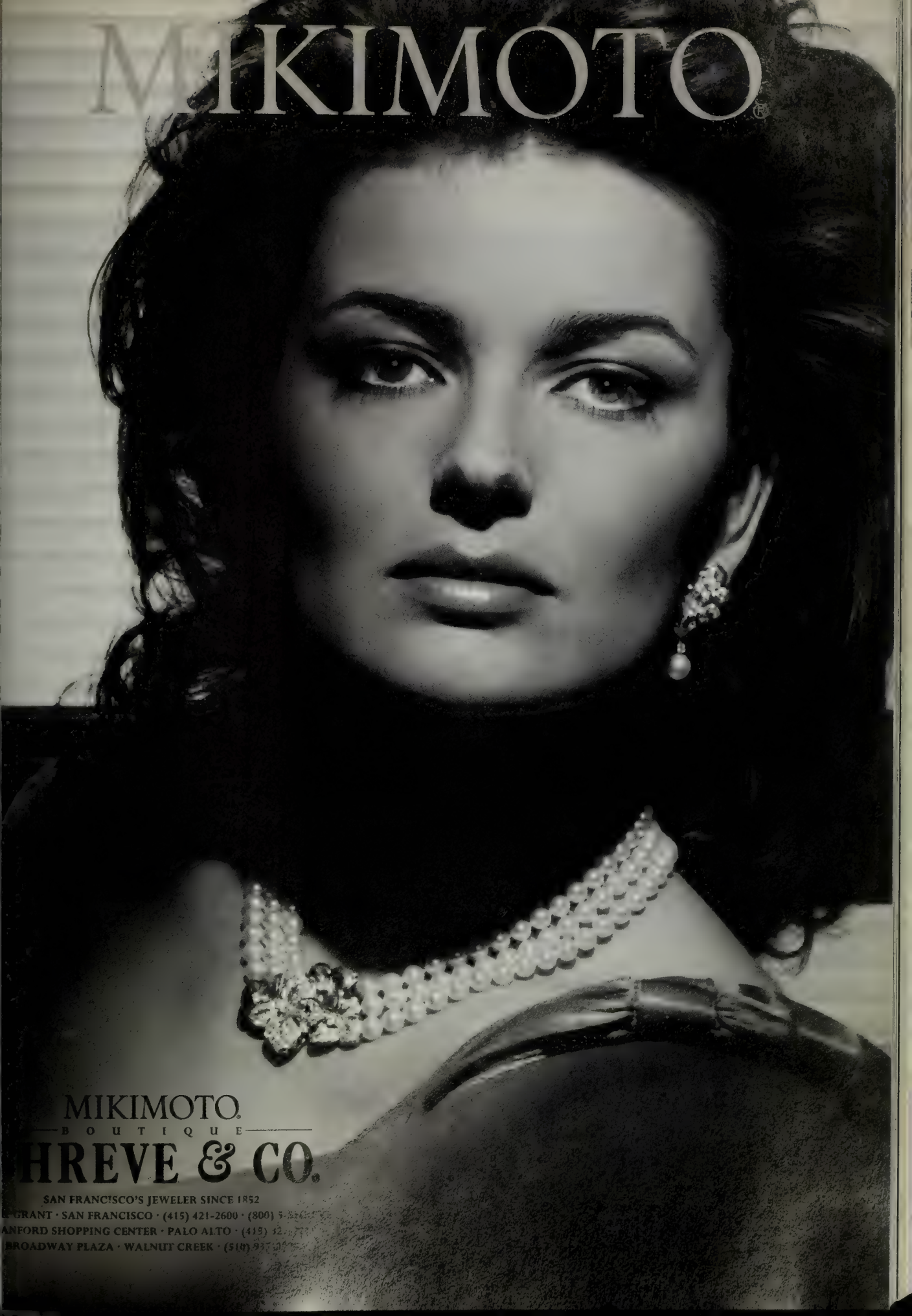
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Editor's Letter

The Whistle-Blower



Writer-at-large Marie Brenner made her initial contact with Jeffrey Wigand during what was probably the roughest week of Wigand's life. The former head of research and development at Brown & Williamson, the nation's third-largest tobacco company, had become the target of a blistering campaign designed to destroy his credibility. With the Justice Department and CBS's *60 Minutes* knocking at Wigand's door, Brown & Williamson was working frantically to discredit his claims that the company was capable of making a safer cigarette and deliberately chose not to do so. "He sounded extremely frightened," Brenner recalls. "It was an organized campaign to put the emphasis on who Wigand was rather than what he knew, to turn him into a Mark Fuhrman so that the Justice Department could not use him as a witness."

Brenner's stunning article, "The Man Who Knew Too Much," on page 170, is one of the longest and most compelling reports in *Vanity Fair*'s history. It combines an intimate portrait of Wigand with an in-depth look at the forces behind his long, tortured transition from tobacco executive (and smoker) to whistle-blower. Reporting the story was surprisingly tough, Brenner says, because of "the layers of corporate secrecy." But her article is full of revelations, including the story behind the attempt by CBS top management to kill Mike Wallace's *60 Minutes* segment on Brown & Williamson.

"The campaign to discredit Jeffrey Wigand proves that we need a better way to deal with the health issues that tobacco raises," Brenner concludes. "The information that Wigand gathered while working for Brown & Williamson should be used to help solve the health crisis in which more than 400,000 Americans die every year from smoking-related illnesses. It has been suggested that the C.E.O.'s of tobacco companies be granted immunity from prosecution and brought into a national effort to make cigarette smoking safer. Wigand's information indicates that it would not be that hard to do.

Graydon Carter

Cover

Patriot Games

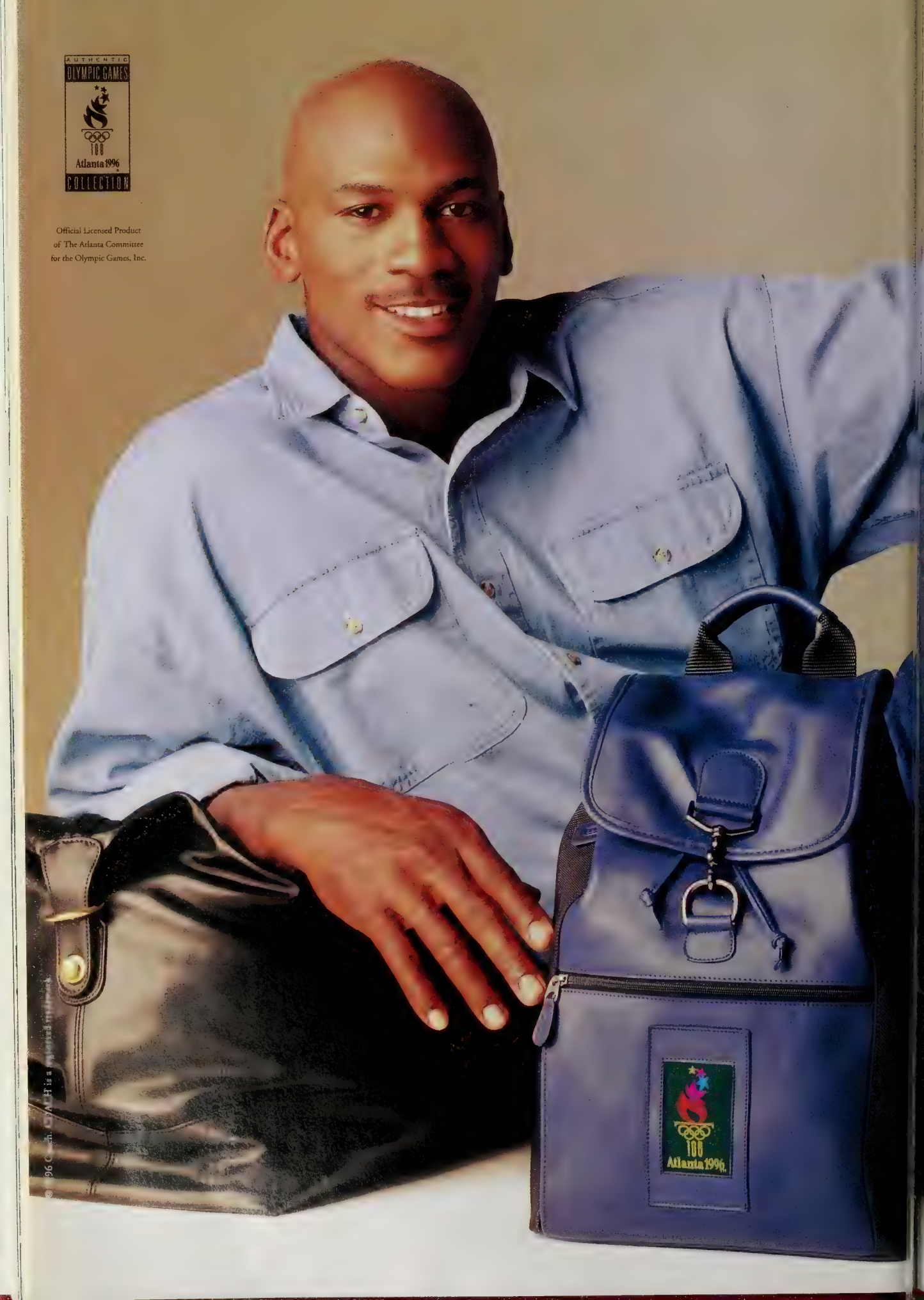


Vanity Fair presents the stuff Olympic legends are made of: standing, from left to right, American athletes Alex Rousseau (water polo), Jenny Thompson (swimming), Dominique Moceanu (gymnastics), Nancy Reno (beach volleyball), Nick Bravin (fencing), Tinker Juarez (cycling), Jon Brown (rowing), Sheila Hudson (track and field), and Michael Johnson (track and field); seated, Mark Henry (weight lifting) and Rebecca Twigg (cycling). Photographed in Houston, Te February 17, 1996. Nick Bravin's and Mark Henry's sneakers by Adi Sheila Hudson's sneakers by Reebok. Michael Johnson's sneaker Nike. Hair and grooming by Richard Keo. Makeup by Gucci Westr Props styled by David Ross. Styled by Lori Goldstein. Photograp exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.



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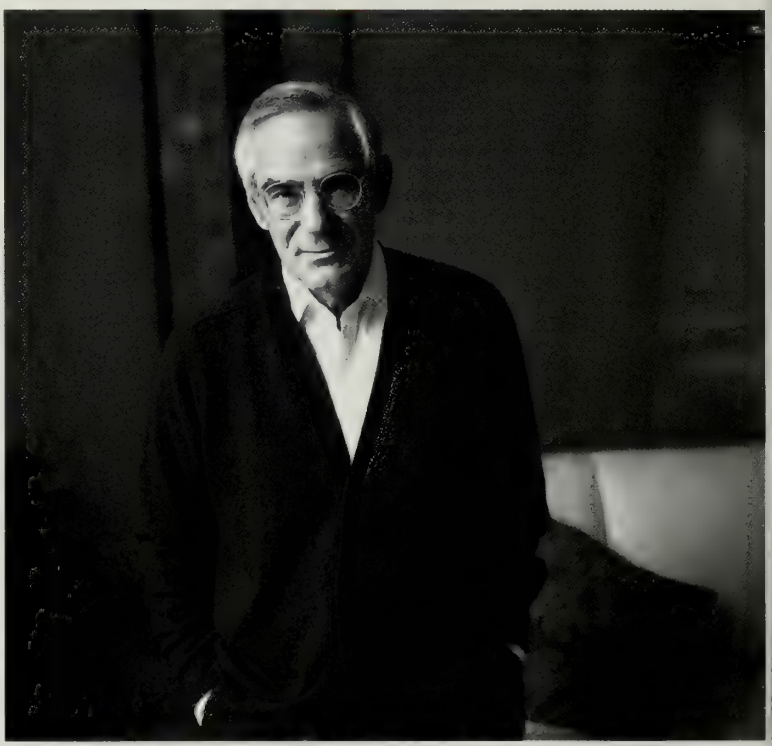
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Contributors



Contributing editor David Halberstam, who profiles two potential members of the 1996 U.S. Olympic Men's Foil Team on page 125, is an old hand at the subject of athletic competition. His classic book The Amateurs, *about the American rowing team in the 1984 Summer Olympics, has recently been reissued by Fawcett Books.*

Special correspondent **Bob Colacello,** who writes this month about the late Baroness de Rothschild, says, "I only went to one party at the Rothschilds' château, Ferrières. It was in the 1970s, but I can picture the garden as if it were yesterday. Marie-Hélène had hired the most attractive young couples, dressed them in exquisite 19th-century costume, and had them rowing around the lake, while the guests, who included everyone from Jacqueline Onassis to Catherine Deneuve, promenaded."

Husband-and-wife journalists **Stanley Cloud** and **Lynne Olson** met in Plains, Georgia, while covering the Carter candidacy, he for *Time,* she for the Associated Press. Together they have written *The Murrow Boys: Pioneers on the Front Lines of Broadcast Journalism,* which Walter Cronkite has called "the 'right stuff' of journalism," due out June 5 from Houghton Mifflin and excerpted in this issue.

Contributing editor **Christopher Hitchens,** who writes about plagiarism this month in his "Fin de Siècle" column, raised literary theft to a new level recently when he autographed almost 200 copies of *Primary Colors* at Kramerbooks in Washington, D.C. "I signed them 'Anonymous,'" he reports, "and was gratified that several people came into the store and asked why I didn't my real name."



Writer-at-large Marie Brenner investigates the scandal involving Br & Williamson, 60 Minutes, *and whistle-blower Jeffrey Wigand on pa 170. "I had no idea how dramatic Wigand's life was," she sa*

(Continued on pag

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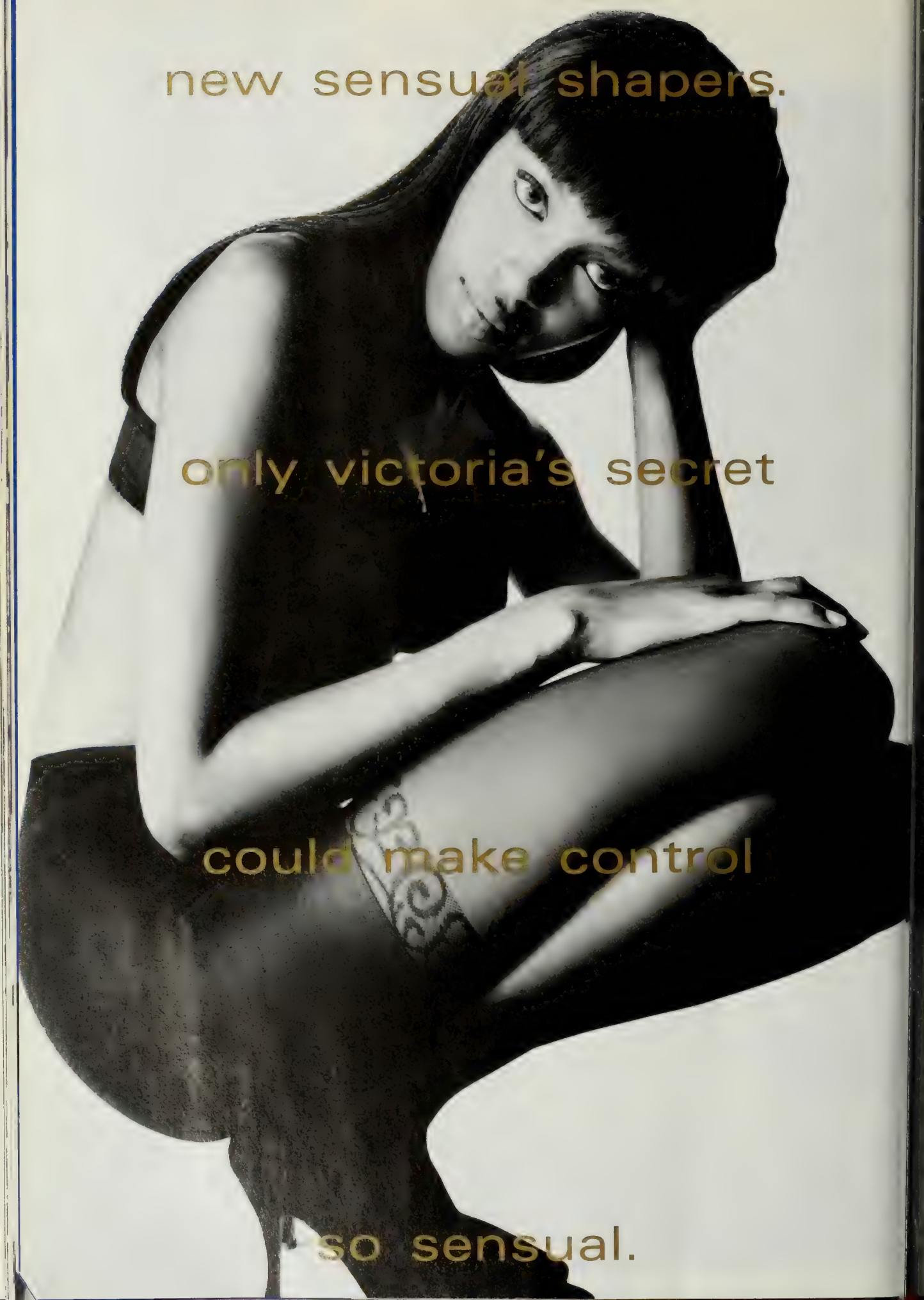
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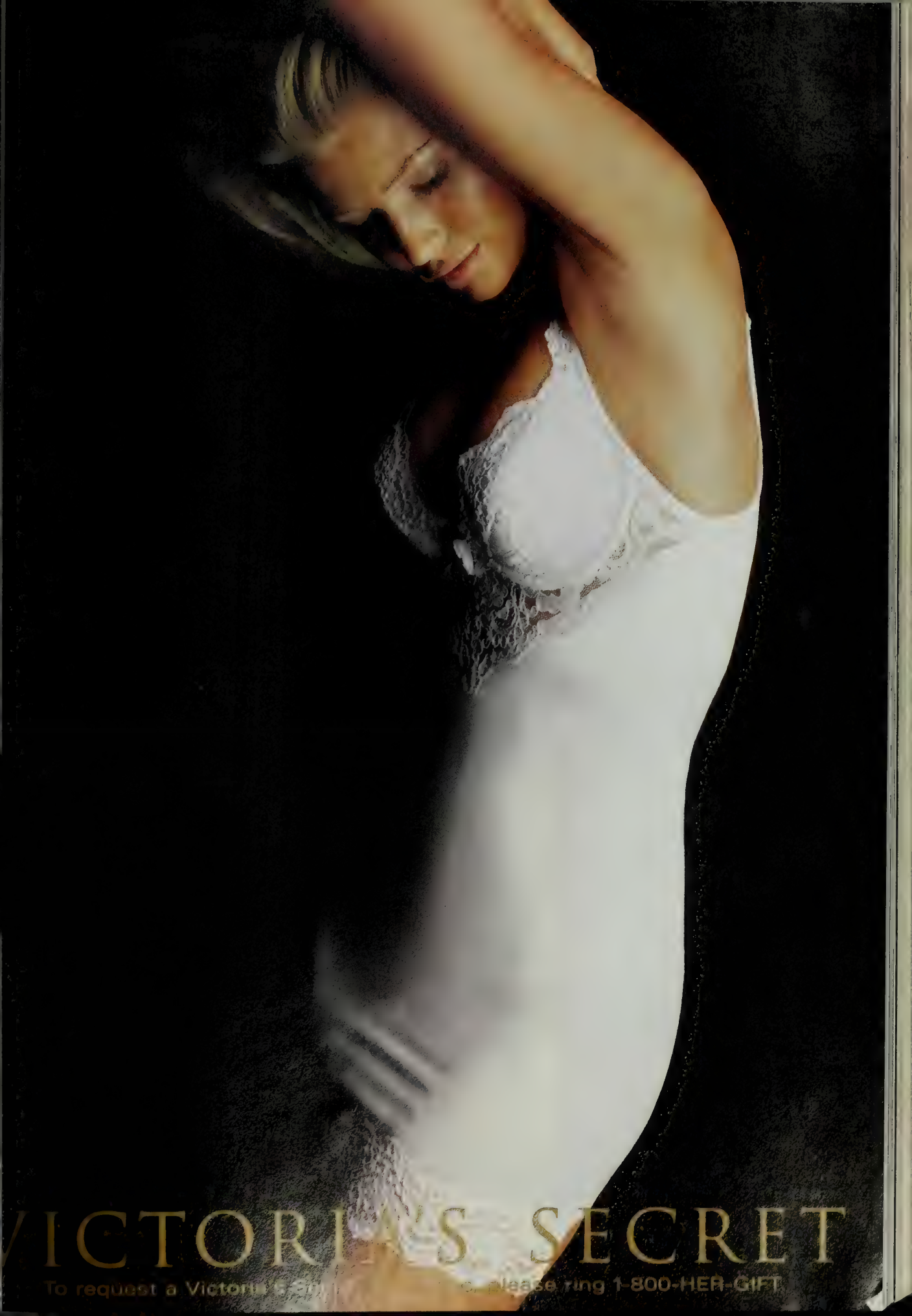


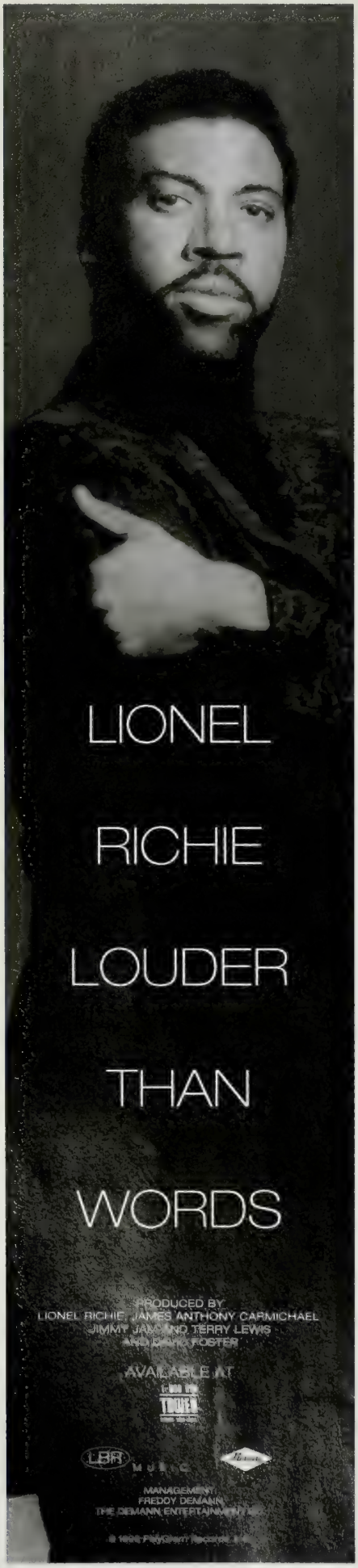
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Contributors

(Continued from page 28)



TIM SHEAFFER

The anchor of PBS's The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer *writes on page 72 about presidential character, the subject of a special program he has hosted with such noted scholars as David McCullough and Stephen Ambrose, scheduled to air on May 29. Lehrer's most recent novel,* The Last Debate, *was about four journalists who hijack a presidential debate; his next,* The Master Operator, *will be published by Random House in early 1997.*

At age 16, senior editor **Matthew Tyrnauer** was a gofer for Mickey Kantor, the national co-chairman of the 1984 Mondale campaign, and, in 1988, he served as the assistant to Dukakis-campaign manager Susan Estrich, after which he turned to journalism. This month, Tyrnauer follows Bob Dole, Pat Buchanan, and the atmospherics of Campaign '96.



GASPER TRINGALE

Contributing editor Jennet Conant began her career writing about fashion and has watched Barneys' march uptown with interest. "It's a story I'm covering with sadness," she says of her article on page 74. "If Gene Pressman had only been willing to settle for something short of global fame, he would have pulled off one of the most remarkable careers in retail history."

Photographer **Nigel Parry** was struck b the detectives, the Learjets, the clande tine meetings, and the fear he witnesse while taking photographs for Mar Brenner's story on the tobacco industr "After they found out about our pu pose, this hotel in Kentucky would n give us a room in which to shoot Jeffr Wigand until I threatened to pose him *front* of the hotel, with its name in fu view. Then they gave us a room."



Gloria Vanderbilt has written a highly respected memoir, Once upon a Ti *its sequel,* Black Knight, White Knight, *and two novels,* Never Say Good *and* The Memory Book of Starr Faithfull, *all published by Knopf. Her n book,* A Mother's Story, *is a moving account of the suicide of her son, due out month from Knopf and excerpted on page 192. She is working on* Newport, *novel set in the city where her grandfather Cornelius Vanderbilt built mansion the Breakers in 1895.*

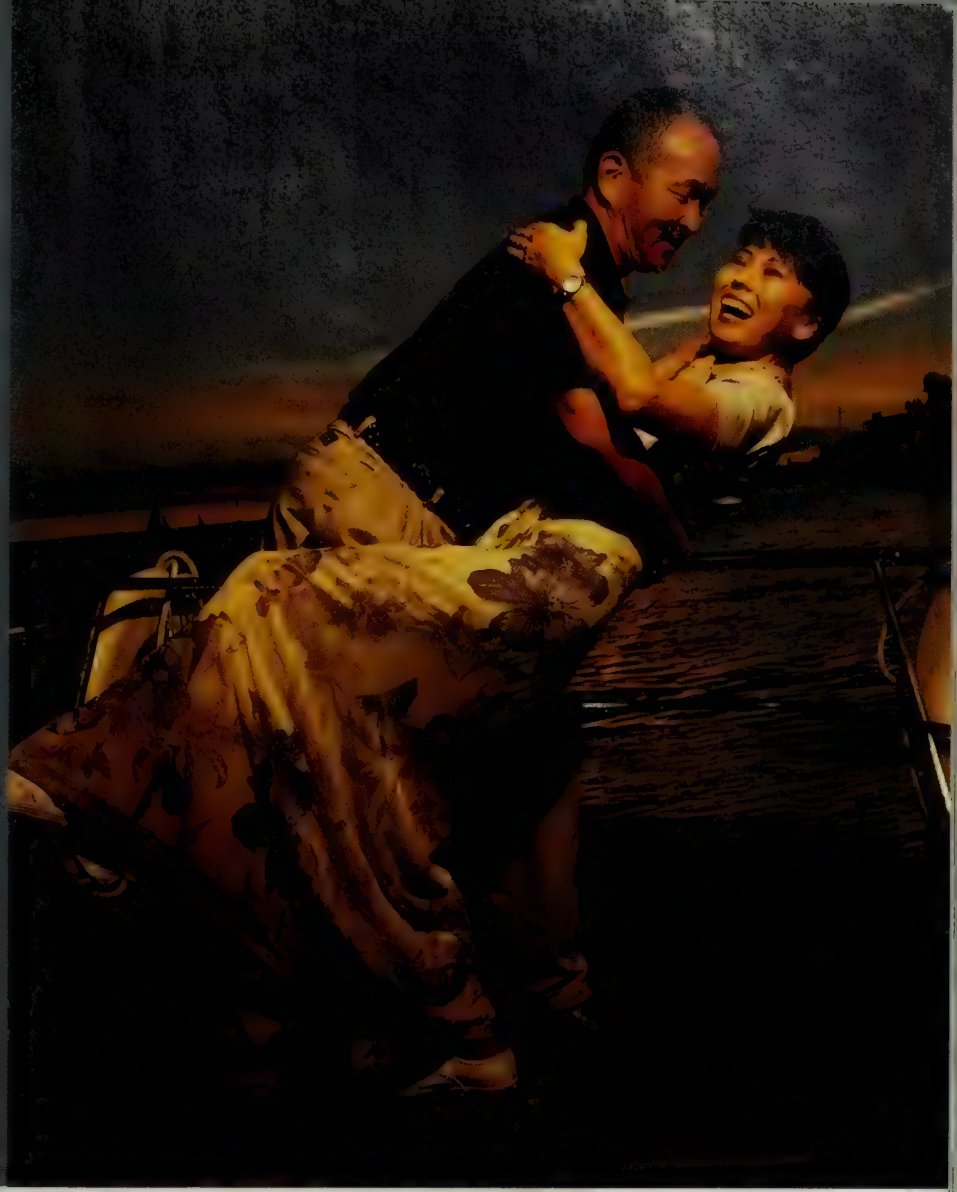
As contributing editor **David Ka** strolled through Beverly Hills w actress Helen Hunt, his subject month, she revealed that in her pre–*M About You* days she was twice arre for jaywalking in L.A. "We tried fo third arrest," says Kamp, "but, alas no avail."

Susan Kittenplan, an associate edito *V.F.,* wrote about comedian Nat Lane in the February issue.

Contributing editor **Laura Jacobs** channeled the spirit of Scarlett O'H for the May fashion romp staged Karl Lagerfeld and André Leon Tall

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***Top,* Leibovitz with the USA Basketball Women's National Team in New York on October 15, 1995, and, *above,* with the 1995 Men's Eight rowing team at the Olympic training center in Chula Vista, California, November 21, 1995.**



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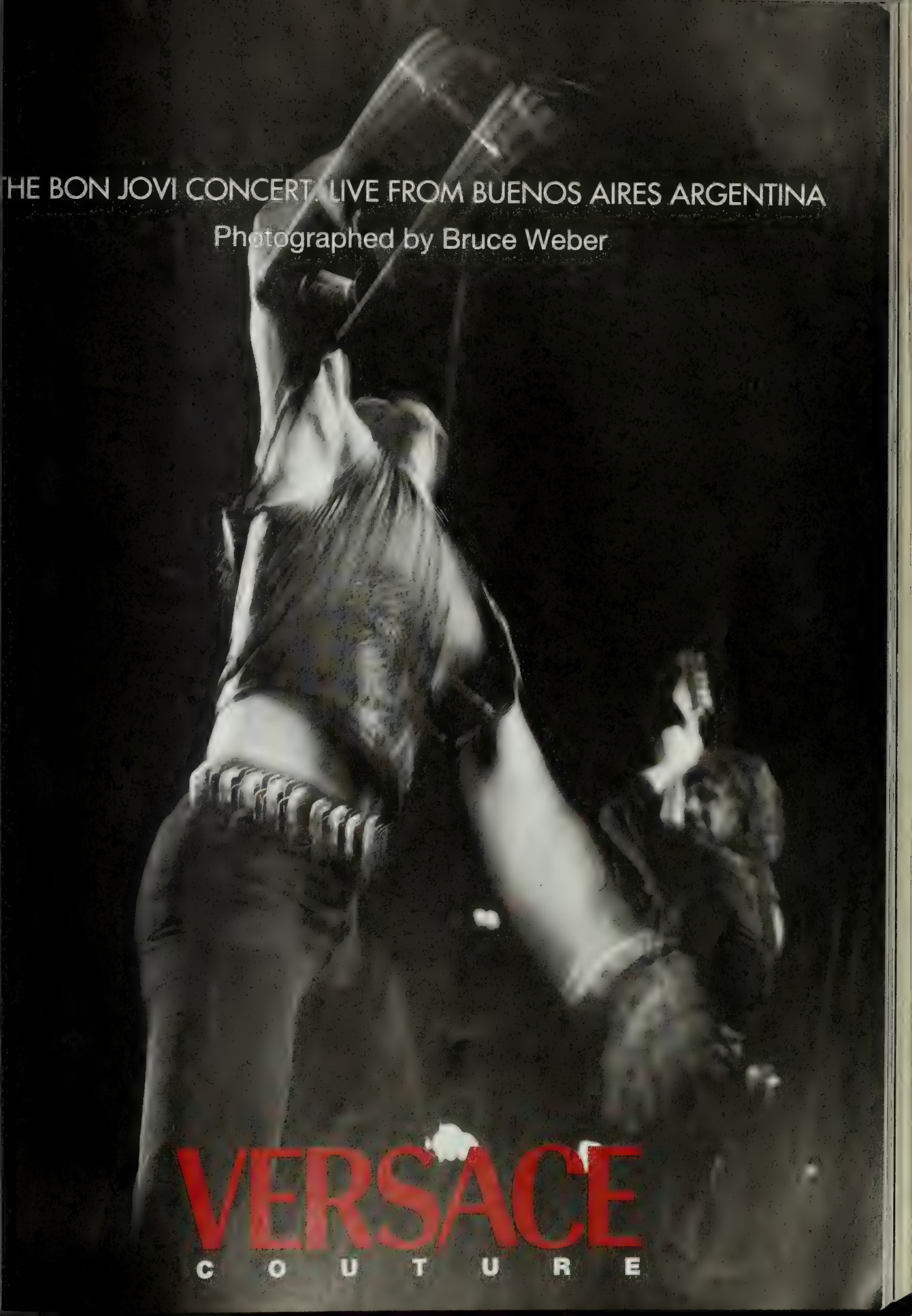
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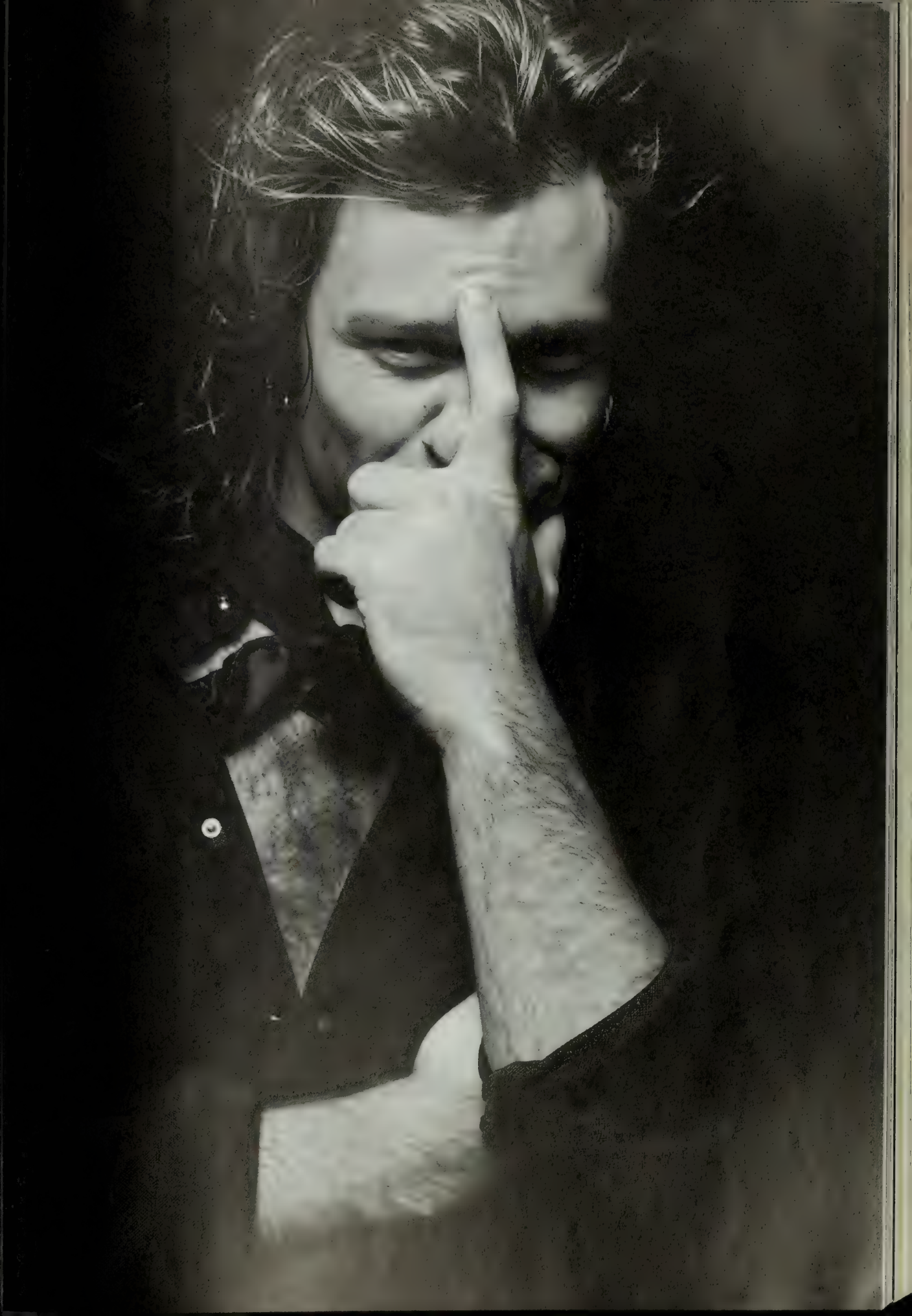
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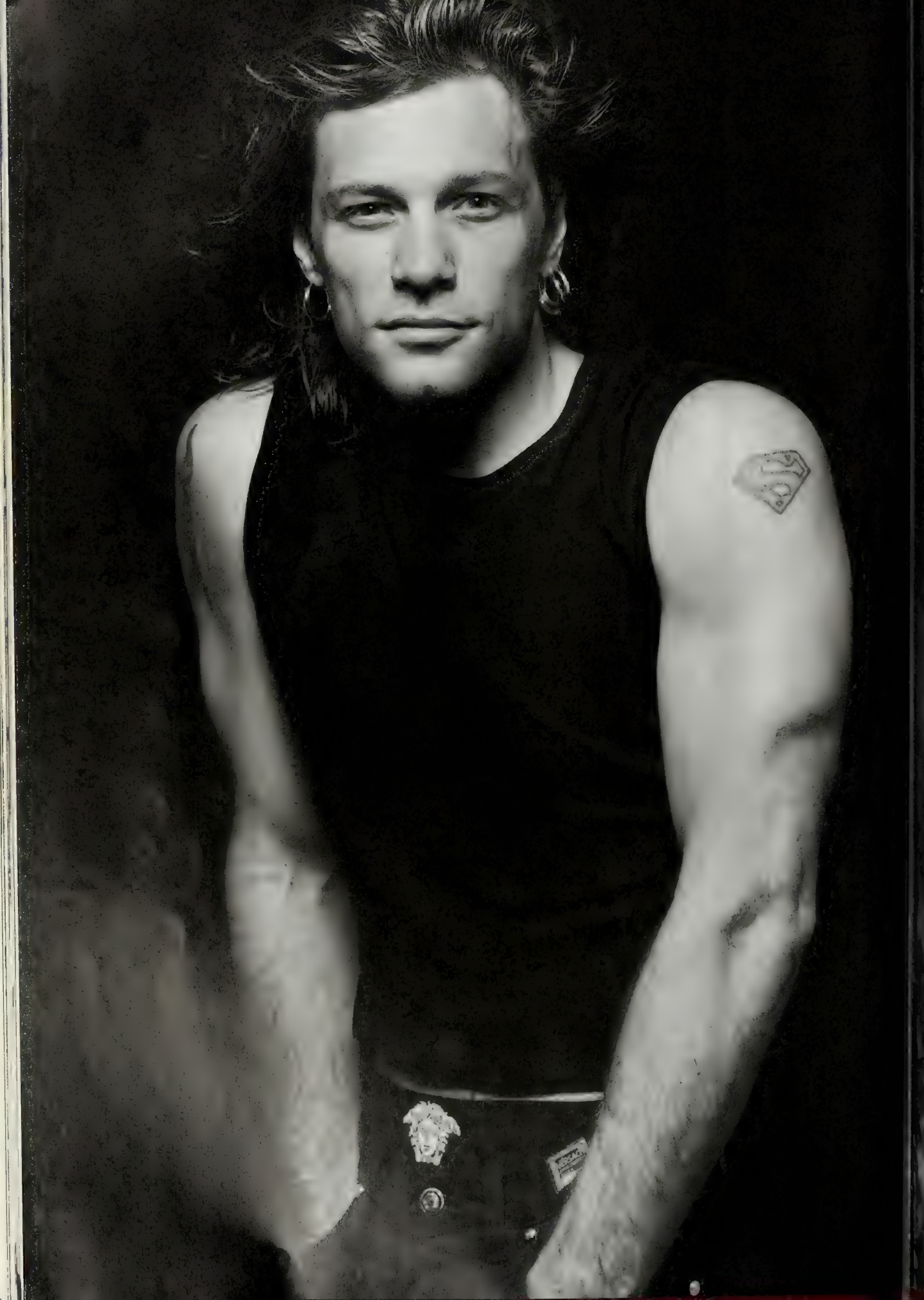
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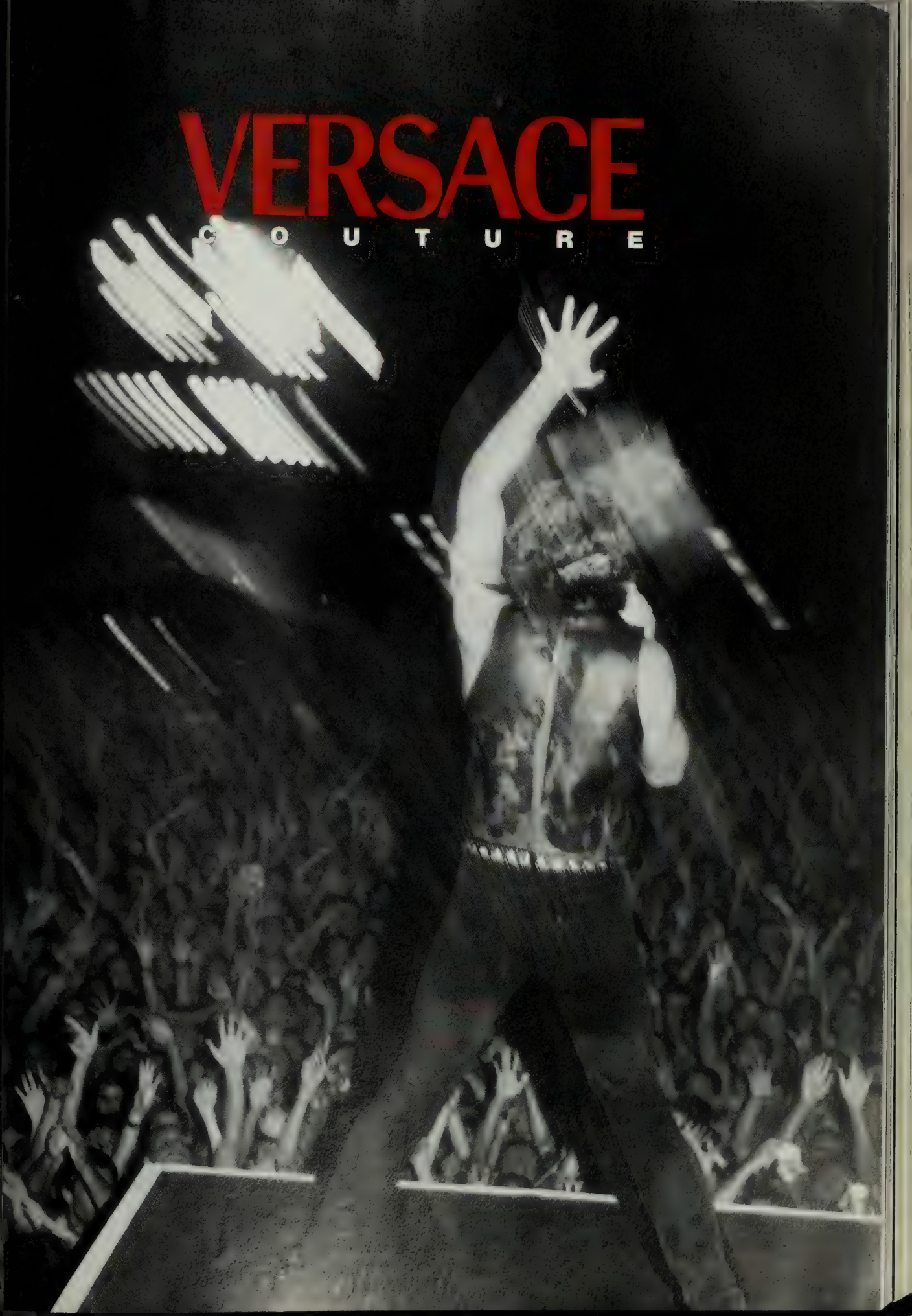
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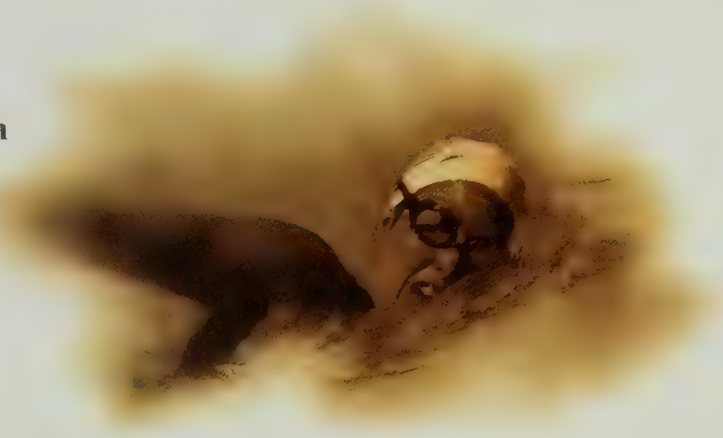
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As a prostate-cancer survivor, I welcomed Michael Shnayerson's article on Michael Korda ["Harmed Lives," March] and was pleased that another member of our "reluctant brotherhood" is speaking out about this deadly disease.

DONALD F. KALTENBACH
New Port Richey, Florida

Is it fair that my father, a man Mr. Korda's age who would shake the hand of anyone who extended it in his direction—a social grace Mr. Korda wouldn't deign to honor—suffered two agonizing years with a form of cancer that would finally kill him? It is not. Is it fair that millions of people don't have the luxury Mr. Korda had of choosing between two renowned cancer specialists to operate on him? It is not. Is it fair without meeting him to consider the subject of your article arrogant and self-involved? It is not, but I assure you many of your readers now do.

KATE MOUGEY
West Redding, Connecticut

I found the cheesy journalism displayed in Michael Shnayerson's salacious exposé of Michael Korda's private life deeply disturbing. I'm talking about the way he relies extensively on unflattering, unattributed quotes, his insertion of snide asides, and the acknowledgment that a particularly nasty piece of gossip is a rumor but, in his judgment, apparently worth repeating anyway, in detail. To name just a few sins of commission.

I thought *Vanity Fair* strove for respectable reporting—which is why I agreed to speak with Mr. Shnayerson. From the start I had a bad feeling about his intentions. He wanted me to respond to several catty criticisms of Michael Korda's wife. Specifically, he said he had been told that while her husband was in surgery she was out shopping, and that in the evenings she was dining with some mystery man. Since I was there, I could personally attest to the fact that Margaret Korda spent long, exhausting days at her husband's bedside, where she was fiercely protective of him and hassled constantly with nurses and his doctor, who she felt were unresponsive to his pain. As for the dinners, that was me she was eating out with, as a friend of them both and at Michael Korda's request. Not one word of this appears in the article.

Certainly every journalist must reserve the right to draw selectively from his interviews. But in this case Mr. Shnayerson was clearly choosing those statements and anecdotes that served his slant, not the truth. In doing so he added the sin of omission.

RODNEY BARKER
Santa Fe, New Mexico

When Michael Shnayerson called me to discuss the story he was writing about Michael Korda, I was particularly sensitive to his insistence on analyzing the Korda marriage. I tried—but obviously failed—to make it clear to Mr. Shnayerson that, much as I cherish the First Amendment, it did not seem to me either appropriate or good journalism to exploit the publication of a book that he agreed discusses candidly, even bravely, the author's experiences with a debilitating disease.

SIDNEY OFFIT
New York, New York



Gun-shy: Michael Korda with his wife, Margaret, at their horse farm in upstate New York.

KORDA BLEU

Man-to-Man is an honest account of experiencing prostate cancer. It will certainly save lives. Michael Shnayerson might have reported that important story. Instead he sniggers like an envious valet. Tacky, tacky, tacky.

RICHARD RHODES
Madison, Connecticut

Michael Korda has been my editor and friend for more than 20 years. I and his legion of other friends and admirers do not understand how any writer or publication could portray this brilliant, graceful, witty, multifaceted, and courageous man in the manner in which he was depicted in *Vanity Fair*. Similarly, your treatment of Michael's wife, Margaret, was beneath contempt.

MARY HIGGINS CLARK
New York, New York

I don't normally dispute magazine articles, however viciously slanted, but the nastiness, hostility, and dishonesty directed toward my wife, Margaret, in the March issue of *Vanity Fair* demand some comment.

Leaving to one side the fact that your writer made explicit promises to me, as well as to Random House, that the article would be limited to my experience with cancer and to *Man-to-Man*, the book I had written about it, then broke those promises, he is also guilty of shockingly biased and sloppy writing.

It is a mark of Shnayerson's hostile bias that every unpleasant remark he quotes about Margaret he attributes to unnamed "friends." I doubt that any real friend of Margaret's and mine would have made these remarks—and it is interesting to note that while there are no fewer than nine of these snide unattributed "quotes," all of them insulting, hostile, or just plain wrong, *all* the attributed quotes are favorable. This suggests to me that Shnayerson is substituting the word "friend" for what a more scrupulous reporter would call "an unattributed source," merely to spice up his story.

I write profiles myself, for *The New Yorker*, so it's not as if I don't know the



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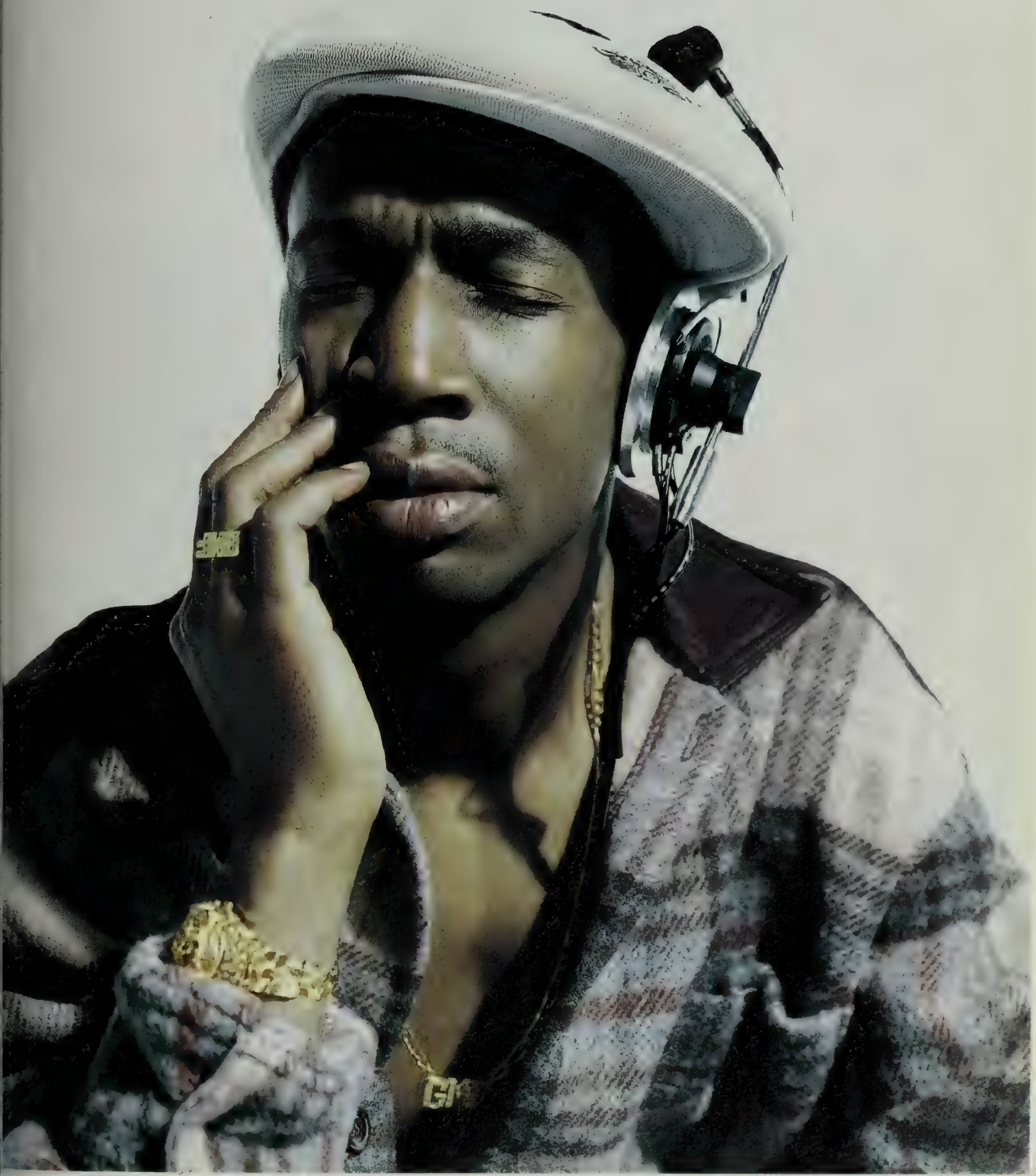
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difference between honest journalism and a biased hatchet job full of ugly personal innuendo, stale old gossip (gleaned from that peerless source of accurate reporting *Spy* magazine), and the kinds of errors that would never be made by a serious writer.

To take only one example, Margaret did *not* tell me, "I've left Burt, I'm yours." Shnayerson did not get this quote from Margaret, he did not get it from me, nor did he bother to check it with her when he met her, though he had the opportunity.

Had he chosen to deal in fact instead of make-believe, he would have discovered that, far from Margaret's having taken me "out of circulation," we have been, for busy people who live mostly in the country, frequently *in* circulation. For example, he quotes one of those unnamed "friends" as saying, "He's invited to the Kissingers'—he doesn't go!" Really? On those occasions when we have been invited by the Kissingers and have been free, of course Margaret and I have gone, with great pleasure. We attended both the dinner party at his home for the publication of his book *Diplomacy* and, more recently, his 70th-birthday party. The Kissingers also came to my birthday party. Shnayerson only had to check this allegation with me and I would have given him the dates, but he couldn't be bothered, presumably because the truth wasn't of any interest to him.

Still, what can one expect of a writer who had lunch with us and yet couldn't get the color of Margaret's eyes right? In addition to this, he describes her as wearing a cashmere sweater, when she doesn't even own one! By you, this is reporting?

And what's with the guns? Does he think Margaret and I live in Bosnia? We used to go bird shooting together! Big deal! So does a lot of the rural population in the United States. Even here, though, he can't get his facts right. I do *not* have a "single-barreled shotgun" above the fireplace in my study. If Shnayerson weren't the kind of city boy who doesn't even know a mare from a gelding, he would have noticed that it is in fact a 19th-century Winchester rifle, an antique piece of cowboy nostalgia rather than a working weapon, a not entirely inappropriate gift for the editor of *Lonesome Dove.* Of course, he could have *asked,* and gotten his facts right, but since his sole purpose was clearly to write a hostile piece, he o again didn't bother.

The fact that he had shotguns on mind, for God knows what reason, p haps also explains his repeating the *Spy*-magazine canard about Marg and the gun as if it were the truth was a fabrication then, and it still is.

It is a perfect example of this c sided approach that, whereas Shnayer treats Margaret with such indecent l tility, he either doesn't have the gut name the "young editor" involved or simply determined from the beginnin accept her view of the events with questioning her objectivity. I wonder

But I *know* why. This piece has the characteristics of *deliberate* cha ter assassination—for what reason I not imagine. I don't mind att against me, but attacking my wife matters for which I was solely respo ble is simply *craven.*

I hear on the grapevine that Shna son has been telling people in the b industry that he didn't want to inc this material in the piece. "They n me do it," I am told he says, no d afraid that savaging me via Margaret make whatever his prospects as a b author may be rather dimmer. I worked briefly as a reporter, for th *nancial Times,* in London, and the things I learned about journalism that what you write under your byli your responsibility and the measu your integrity as a reporter, and above all you have to get your facts

I have respect for real journalists Shnayerson is merely a poison pe hire. It is worth noting that whe was picked as one of the num ghostwriters on Irving Lazar's auto raphy Irving and Mary Lazar rej his effort because, as Lazar put i lacked "class." I defended Shnay then, but Lazar was right. Biti hand that once fed you is about as ing in class as you can get—thoug as bad as attacking a man by writin pleasantly about his wife.

MICHAEL K
New York, Ne

MICHAEL SHNAYERSON REPL
regret that Mr. Korda insists on seeing t file I wrote of him for Vanity Fair *as a et job" and "character assassination." M the profile was positive, and I bore no a toward either Mr. or Mrs. Korda. Mr. K own anger, however, has led him to some charges, to which I would like to respond.*

The most important correction is that no deal, explicit or implicit, to write a

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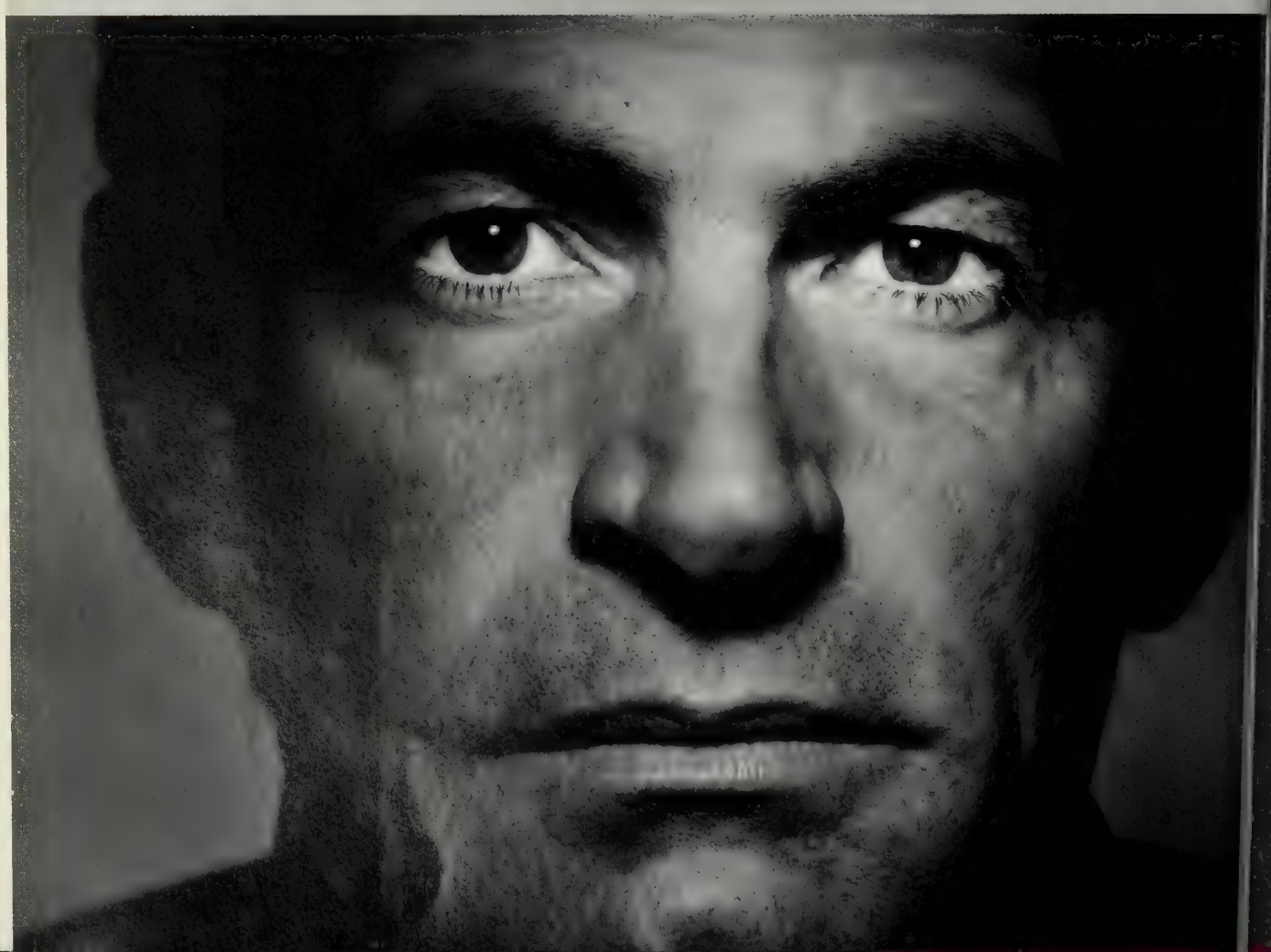
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-James Nachtwey, photojournalist.





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Letters

limited to Mr. Korda's cancer experience. Mr. Korda did say at the outset that he preferred to talk with me only about his cancer. I said that that was fine, and that I would fill in any other information needed with my own research and reporting. In fact, Mr. Korda spoke with me about various periods of his life. My job, in any case, was to write a profile of Mr. Korda prompted by his book, not simply to preview his own, well-told chronicle.

Mr. Korda's fulminations about sloppy reporting are based exclusively—and, if I may say so, rather slyly—on a few minor points: that Margaret's sweater was not cashmere, that the rifle over his fireplace is not a shotgun, etc. Mr. Korda would have had the opportunity to correct such matters, but by that point in the editing process he had made himself unavailable.

The abrupt end to a cordial interview relationship came when I asked Mr. Korda how he thought I should handle his widely known affair with an employee in 1988. Rather than discuss it, he responded with an angry lecture on the impropriety of making any mention of it, concluding melodramatically that, as far as he was concerned, our conversation had never taken place. Nor did Mr. Korda choose to give his account of the affair in his letter to the editor of Vanity Fair, *although he implies misleadingly that his version was never sought.*

I included the affair because of the way it ended. That the young editor in question should have been fired immediately after the end of her involvement with Mr. Korda, who delegated the task to another executive and never spoke to her again, seemed to me, to use Mr. Korda's word, craven. Certainly it was a key to Mr. Korda's character.

Mr. Korda suggests I lacked the "guts" to name the young editor in question. In fact her name wasn't mentioned because she was a victim who had, I felt, suffered enough. He says I repeated as truth the rumor about Margaret wielding a gun when she learned of the affair; in the profile, I call the story a "rumor" and say that "probably it was a detail added by those telling the tale to heighten the drama." Certainly the debate about when a rumor becomes reportable is real and unresolved in the press; in this case, after a dozen sources inside and outside Simon & Schuster brought up the gun story unprompted, I began to feel the rumor was part of Mr. Korda's story.

Mr. Korda also suggests that I told mutual friends I was "forced" to include the affair in my story. In fact, Mr. Korda prodded several high-placed publishing figures to call me and the editor of this magazine in a blunt lobbying campaign to have the incident omitted. And I didn't then and don't now duck responsibility for how the profile turned out.

As for the charge that I attacked Mr. Korda's wife, Margaret, I would point out that the most negative characterizations of her—namely, her unsympathetic behavior after her husband's diagnosis and her reluctance to be his primary caretaker after his operation—come straight out Mr. Korda's own book. Those descriptions w what raised my curiosity about Mr. Kora marriage in the first place, and led me to speak nearly 50 of the Kordas' friends and colleag about it. I also let Mrs. Korda speak for herse

Of the correspondents whose letters accompa Mr. Korda's on these pages, several, as it h pens, are admirable examples of Mr. Kora dictum that writers ought not bite the hand t feeds them. Mary Higgins Clark, Rodney B ker, and Richard Rhodes are published by Korda; so is Sidney Offit's wife. The only spe charge in them is made by Mr. Barker, who I failed to include his observations ab Margaret in the hospital. I did use his posi observation that Margaret rose to the occasio the hospital, along with his sympathetic q about the Kordas' marriage. Actually, I reg ted that space considerations forced me to l out another of his observations, which I tho went right to the point. "Let's face it," he sa the Kordas. "They're both *pretty self-absorb*

To abet his campaign, Mr. Korda appar ly distributed his letter to a wide circle of fri and colleagues. Some of the notes of sympath received—and triumphantly faxed on to m are, to say the least, odd. Mort Zucker wrote, "There is something so corrosive a publications like Vanity Fair, *so poisono their mindset that you are almost baffled by to cope with the gratuitous kind of insults pains that they bring about. I cannot tell how much I join you in your anger tow* Vanity Fair *and other publications like th a curious attitude for a publisher to have, one which the employees of his various pub tions might note. Julie Baumgold's symp note was merely a preamble to her offer to "future Korda pieces, bios, miniseries, etc." her report that she has "a second novel would love you to look at it some time."*

As I tried to understand Mr. Korda f profile, I found that some of the most insights came from his own early books on chauvinism and power. Here's one more, Power! How to Get It, How to Use It: *essence of power is the ability to cope wi demands of life, not to react like a paran every real or imagined threat, or waste on and energy trying to submit everything to own control. . . . It is one thing to have a se order, but quite another to impose that se order on the rest of the world—no amo power is sufficient for that, and one can on in the attempt."*

Letters to the editor should be sent wi writer's name, address, and daytime number to: The Editor, *Vanity Fair,* 350 ison Avenue, New York, New York 100 dress electronic mail to vfmail@vf.con letters chosen for publication may be for length and clarity.



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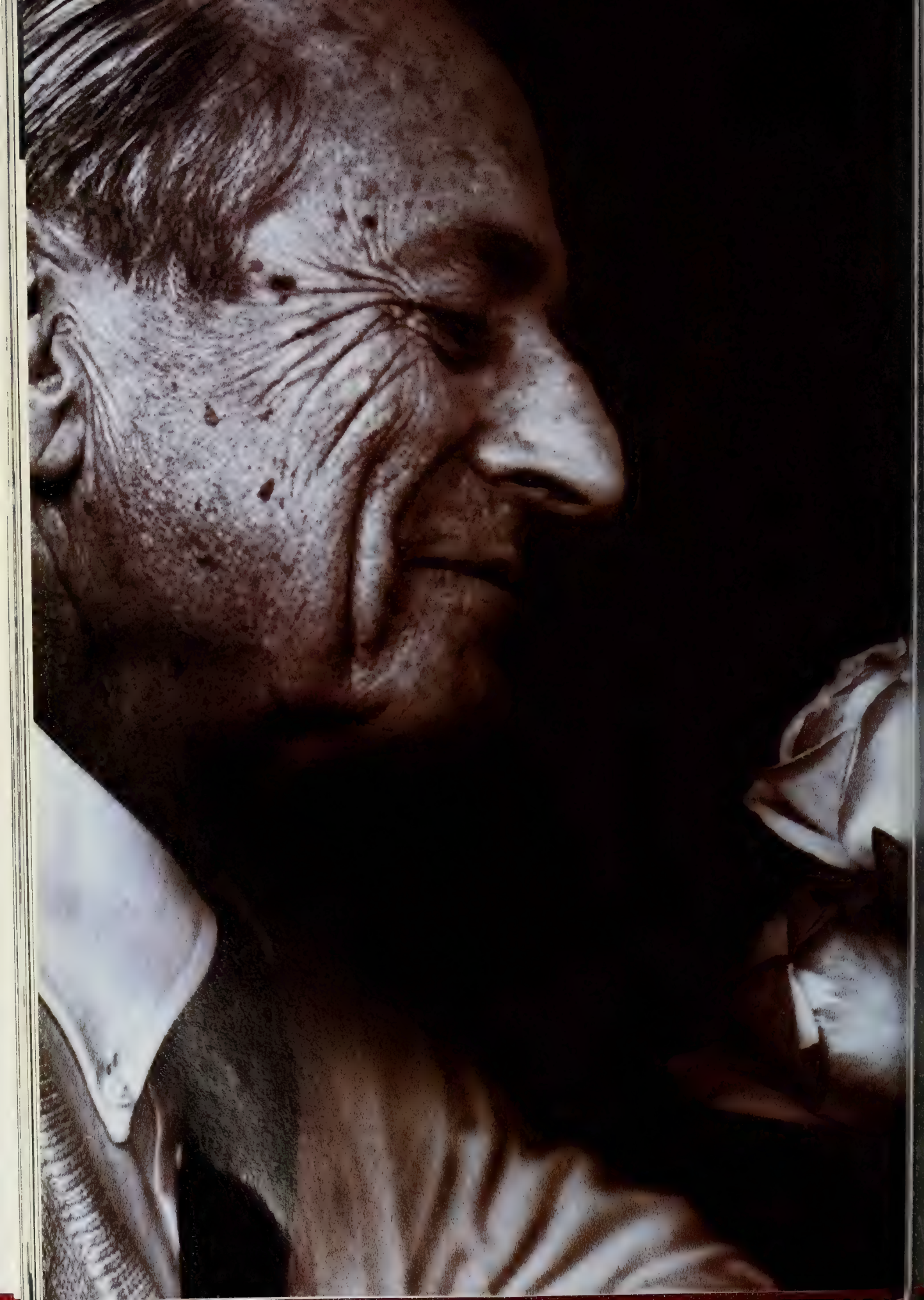
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STEAL THIS ARTICLE

Forget the tiny brouhaha over Ruth Shalit's borrowings in *The New Republic*— there are bigger and better plagiarists out there: Julian Barnes, T. S. Eliot, and Martin Luther King Jr., to name just a few

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS



Did poet Madison C
(*inset, left*) pr
inspiration for T. S. E
"The Waste La
Pundit Norman Podh
(*bottom right*) p
useful to colu
Taki Theodoraco
(*bottom*





How well I remember the sweetness of it. I was sitting on a plane, reading a copy of *The Spectator.* Taki Theodoracopulos had written one of his "High Life" columns taking off after the sodomites of the Big Bagel (as he thoughtfully described the gorgeous mosaic of gay life in Manhattan). It was a spirited piece, made no less so by my growing conviction that I had read it before. By the time the plane landed, I had attained the "Gotcha" moment that is the Nirvana of the vengeful reader. It took me only an hour to get a fax of the "original article" (by Norman Podhoretz in the *New York Post* a few weeks previously), compare the sentences word for word, and fire off an extremely contented and self-righteous letter to the editor of *The Spectator.* I knew that he would have no choice but to print it, and Taki and I were not getting on very well at the time, so it was one of the most chore-free pieces of unpaid writing that I have ever done.

Dear reader, mark the sequel. Not many years later I wrote a strangely neglected book on the sculpture of the Parthenon. Reviewing this learned yet passionate text, *The Spectator*'s critic was good enough to notice a paragraph of mine about the arrangement of certain ancient stones. With a maddening loftiness, he compared it to another paragraph, written by quite another author in quite another book, and found it disconcertingly similar. Well, I mean to say, that was an entirely different matter.

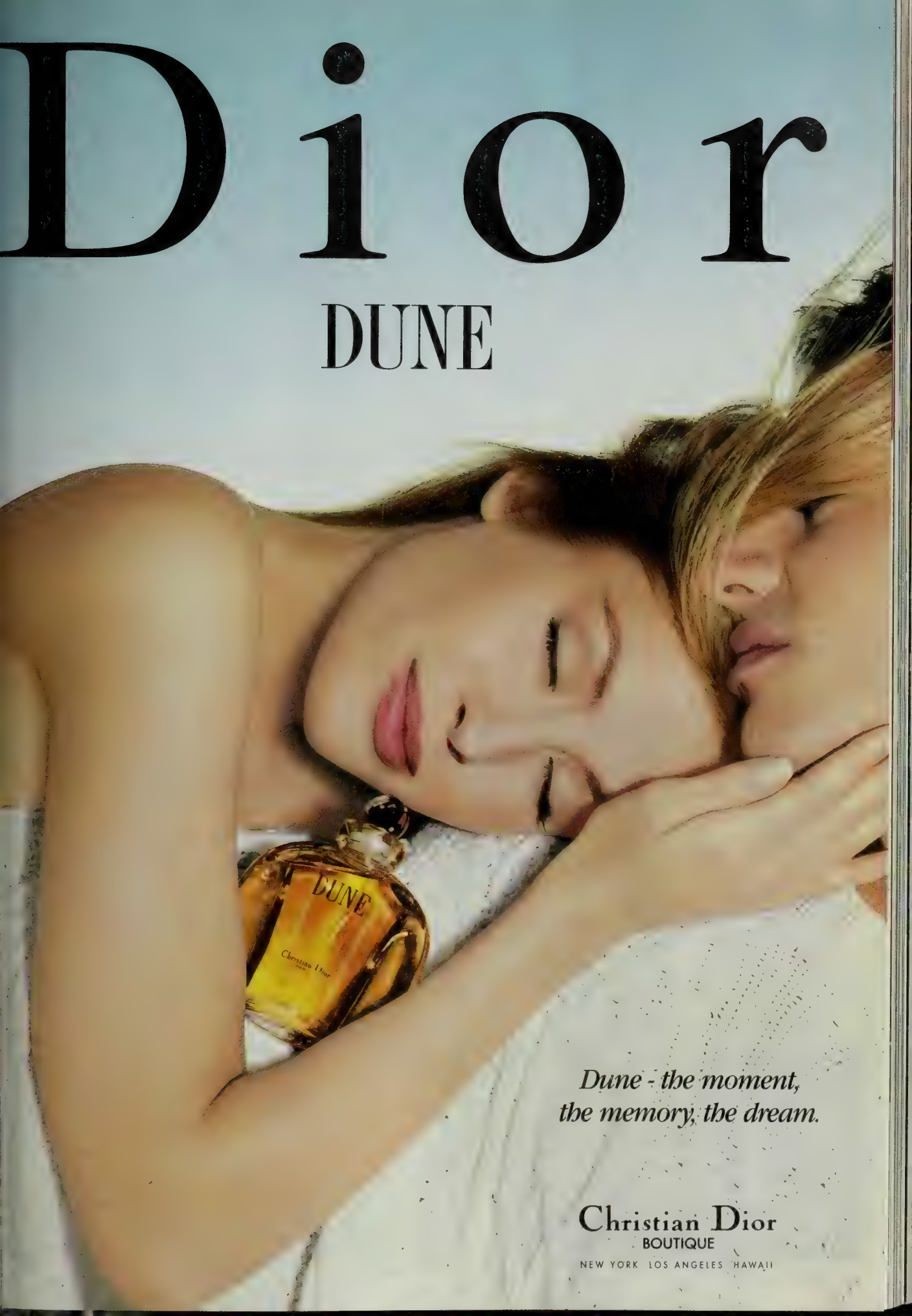
Once again I found myself writing (and once again, revoltingly, without any *suggestion* of payment) a letter to the editor of this irresponsible magazine. The case was quite clear and the misunderstanding laughably self-evident to any serious reader. Both I and Mr. William St. Clair—this was the name of the other author—had obviously drawn on the sa
original eyewitness
scription of the Acr
olis. What could
more natural than t
both of us, commit
scholars in our dif
ent ways, should h
summarized the sa
source in much
same fashion? I n
hardly say that t
was the end of the
ry, except that I
wake up whimpering about it.

Plagiarism. A nasty little word. In
world of classical antiquity (not th
have any great desire to bring *that* up
over again) the word *plagiarius,* w
to Cicero meant manstealer or kidn
per, was used by Martial to denot
literary thief. Ever since, the crime
haunted writers of all calibers.

Only a few weeks ago, Julian Ba

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the memory, the dream.

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received a rather tepid review in *The Times Literary Supplement* of his new short-story collection, *Cross Channel.* The reviewer compared its style unfavorably with a "resonant image" in Barnes's earlier novel *Flaubert's Parrot:* "A pier is a disappointed bridge." Then came one of those fearful letters, pointing out (doubtless to the discomfiture also of the reviewer, who hadn't noticed it) that the line was from James Joyce's *Ulysses.* So the question is: Did Barnes pick up this happy phrase subliminally, did he "annex" it for his own purposes, or did he simply assume that any literate reader would spot the reference? I should say that this is one of the public questions most dreaded by writers of fiction, the other being the equally knowing one about how much of their work is "autobiographical."

An enterprising editor could probably appoint a special correspondent to cover plagiarism, and see the poor guy or gal worked nearly to death. Think only of monitoring Ruth Shalit, whose secret until recently was that she filched sentences from writers—such as Fred Barnes and David Broder—whom she could be reasonably sure nobody else was bothering to read. Clever, but, as events have proved, not quite clever enough. *The New Yorker*'s February appreciation of Joseph Brodsky said that he had had a heart attack coming as surely as next Christmas, a memorable line appropriated (honestly enough I thought) from Philip Larkin's *All What Jazz.* Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington, author of *Picasso: Creator and Destroyer,* put herself memorably in the debt of Ms. Lydia Gasman, who seems to have written an earlier study of Picasso which the divine Arianna did not acquire by transcendental means. And while we are on the subject of My Sweet Lord—a favored Huffington invocation—we find that not even the world of music is immune. George Harrison had to pay a tidy sum to the Chiffons, whose 1963 smash "He's So Fine" was ruled by a court to be the melodic ancestor of George's 1971 chartbuster. Experts have been retained on all sides to debate whether Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber ran out of inspiration and went with good old Puccini for some moments in *The Phantom of the Opera.*

Many people believe that they could easily hold down that job on the plagiarism desk. But if you think you know what plagiarism is, you are making a very large claim—the claim that you know originality when you see it. Apart from being the small change, and occasionally the major currency, of arguments within the worlds of letters and journalism, what we call plagiarism is a subject with deep roots in our literature and huge implications for the crafts of writing and speaking. Let me start with a relatively shattering example:

I looked at the man; I saw him plain;
Like a dead weed, gray and wan,
Or a breath of dust. I looked again—
  And man and dog were one,
Like the wisps of a graying dawn . . .

This comes from a poem called "Waste Land," published in 1913. With the addition of a definite article to the title, T. S. Eliot published a rather more famous verse effort in 1922. Eliot's poem, which it would be trite to describe as the birth pang of poetic modernism, contained the imperishable line "I will show you fear in a handful of dust." It also speaks of "the brown fog of a winter dawn." Se above. That's what Robert Ian Scott, Canadian scholar, has done. He ha found a number of other "resemblances." Aside from the title and the imagery there is the matter of Eliot's access to th earlier poem. Madison Cawein was Cincinnati pool-hall cashier who died on year after his "Waste Land" was put lished. It was printed in a Chicago maga zine of which Ezra Pound—Eliot's frien and mentor—was European editor. Elio had submitted a poem of his own to thi very magazine. Moreover, in the sel same issue in which Cawein's "Wast Land" appeared, there was also an essa by Pound on poetry in London, which is highly unlikely that Eliot would nc have wanted to read.

Hold whatever thought you have fc a moment. Here is a quotation from D Martin Luther King:

In the course of its development wes ern civilization has shifted from a col nial naivete of the frontier to the fa reaching machination of nationalism ar from an agrarian pattern of occupatic to the industrial one.

This comes from a seminary essa King wrote entitled "The Sources Fundamentalism." It compares with re sonable smoothness to an earlier tex which instructs the curious reader that

In the course of its development we ern civilization has shifted from a co nial naivete of the frontier to the fa reaching machinations of nationalism a from an agrarian pattern of occupati to the industrial one.

The missing *s* in the King versi could even have been a misprint.

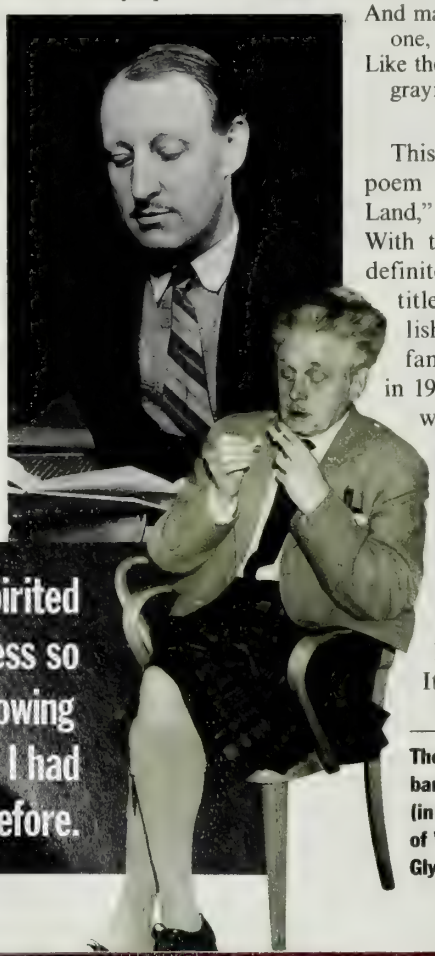
Moving right along, we come to t great Scottish bard Hugh MacDiarm Here is his much-admired poem *Perfe* published in 1939.

I found a pigeon's skull on the machair
All the bones pure white and dry, a
  chalky,
But perfect,
Without a crack or a flaw anywhere.

At the back, rising out of the beak,
Were twin domes like bubbles of t
  bone,
Almost transparent, where the brain l
  been
That fixed the tilt of the wings.

And here is a passage from a bo *The Blue Bed,* by the Welsh writer G Jones, published two years previous

On her palm lay the small frail skul



The great Scottish bard Hugh MacDiarmid (in kilt) made poetry of Welsh writer Glyn Jones's prose.

It was a spirited piece, made no less so by my growing conviction that I had read it before.

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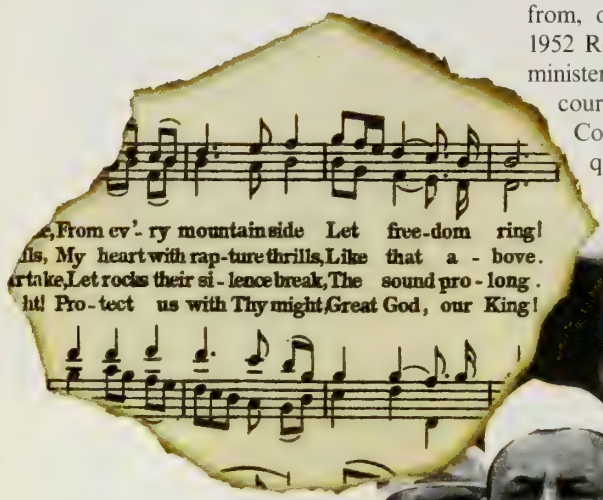
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a seagull, white, and complete as a pebble. It was lovely, all the bones pure white and dry, and chalky, but perfect without a crack or a flaw anywhere. At the back, rising out of the beak were twin domes like bubbles of thin bones, almost transparent, where the brain had been that fixed the tilt of the wings . . .





Martin Luther King stole brazenly and for the better from one of America's best-known anthems.

These all look like pretty damning, not to say open-and-shut, cases. Reputations in politics and journalism have been drastically compromised for much less. (Think of poor Senator Joe Biden caught lifting a speech from the born loser Neil Kinnock.) But a second look discloses a lot of ambiguity. Take Eliot first. Did he derive "a handful of dust" from Madison Cawein? Or did he steal it instead from Charlotte Mew, who in a poem written in 1916 spoke of "a handful of forgotten dust"? Or did he perhaps purloin the said handful from Virgil, Horace, Ovid, John Donne, Walter de la Mare, Alfred Tennyson, or Joseph Conrad, each of whom had employed the same phrase or something very close to it? And where had *they* taken it from?

One might also want to make the point that Eliot's verse is much more beautiful and powerful:

And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Contrast that to the Cawein stanza above.

What, then, about Dr. King? His various academic dissertations have been found to be honeycombed with other people's property, and he seems to have had some very indulgent professors in college. It has even been alleged that part of the peroration of the "I Have a Dream" speech—the part about "from every mountainside, let freedom ring"—is lifted from, of all things, an address to the 1952 Republican convention by a black minister named Archibald Carey. But, of course, that line comes from "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," which King quoted more or less completely.

And do you know how the closing passage of King's speech was supposed to have begun? If he'd followed the typed script provided by a virtual committee of do-gooders King would have said, "And so today, let us go back to our communities as members of the international association for the advancement of creative dissatisfaction." With the whole world watching, King realized that it wouldn't do, threw away the text in midstream, called on all he'd ever read, including the prophets Amos and Isaiah, and changed everything for the better—and for good. He may have done a lot of borrowing in his life, but he synthesized the borrowings into something higher.

Where would most of our culture be without borrowing? Cineasts even have a fancy word for lifting, *hommage*.

MacDiarmid isn't such an easy case. He didn't dare advance the defense made by some friendly critics, such as Edwin Morgan, who argued that deft rearrangement of prose was itself a form of poetry. He took refuge instead in an old stratagem: "I either automatically memorized it and subsequently thought it my own, or wrote it into one of my notebooks with the same result." When that didn't work and he continued to be teased in print, he resorted to the argument from authority: "As Mr T. S. Eliot said: 'Minor poets borrow, major poets steal.'" Actually, MacDiarmid got even that wrong. What Eliot had said was that "immature poets imitate; mature poets steal." And Eliot may well have knocked that off from Coleridge, who had observed after a lifetime of cormorant-like theft that "the Eighth Commandment was not made for bards."

A good rule of thumb for young plagiarists starting out in life might well be the one set down by George Moore. "Taking something from one man and making it worse is plagiarism." To "making worse" one could add "or leaving it exactly the same." Next and various computer systems may be making the problem more acute, but nobody who takes either their own writing or their own plagiarism seriously can afford to go about the place saying that they "find they have written something composed by somebody else.

When Princess Michael of Kent, one of the Queen's dimmer relatives, was shown to have nicked some material word for word for her biography of Empress Eugénie, she got a spokesman to tell the press, "It seems that, when she read her notes a long time after making them, she forgot that she had written down actual phrases from one of the books she was using." Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not "seems." We have a certain respect for the professionalism of the forger and the counterfeiter. For kleptomaniacs we entertain no such feeling, but rather resentment at their sloppiness—and the suspicion that in some pathetic way they hope, or need, to get caught.

"Great literature," wrote Robert Benchley, "must spring from an upheaval in the author's soul. If that upheaval is not present, then it must come from the works of any other author which happen to be handy and easily adapted." Matching this, Dorothy Parker remarked after some time on the West Coast that the only ism that Hollywood cared about

vas plagiarism. Where would most of our culture be without borrowing, adaptation, and derivatives? Cineasts even have a fancy word for lifting, *hommage.* Why else would we require the copyright industry?

Originality is a quality so rarely met with in humans that when it does occur it is often disputed. Sir Isaac Newton, for example, took great credit for propounding a law of planetary motion. This was to the outrage of his rival Robert Hooke, who maintained that Newton had drawn on his work as well as that of others. At that date—1678—the modern world of the scholarly journal and the patent was not yet formed. Newton made no direct admission, but did artfully say that "if I have seen farther it is by standing on the shoulders of giants." This is commonly known as Newton's Aphorism, though it had appeared as recently as 1651 in a collection of proverbs by George Herbert. According to the magisterial Robert K. Merton in his labyrinthine book *On the Shoulders of Giants,* other claimants to the coinage of the phrase include Bernard of Chartres in about 1126, John of Salisbury, Henri de Mondeville, and Robert Burton (he of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*). And this is to cite only some medieval and postmedieval candidates, since the remark was probably first made in classical times. Among later imitators were Coleridge—as usual—John Stuart Mill, Friedrich Engels, Frank Harris, and Sigmund Freud, all of whom in their different ways had a right to it, and some of whom (though not Mill, who had read everything and had a conscience) may have believed that they were uttering it for the first time. Thus Newton's most subtle and guarded admission of a possible "debt" is itself one of the phrases most frequently "borrowed."

A decade ago, watching Ronald Reagan give his famous speech on the night of the *Challenger* calamity, and wanting as ever to resist his sentimental appeal, I became convinced that I had heard his closing lines somewhere. If you remember, he spoke of the dead astronauts as having "slipped the surly bonds of earth," to "touch the face of God." The White House declined to help me in my search for the origins of this couplet. I finally discovered that the words came from a sonnet, "High Flight," by John Gillespie Magee Jr., which was read out as the regular closedown on Washington's Channel 9 TV station.

Not a bad little story, I thought: Ron falling asleep in front of the TV, dimly catching some rather saccharine verse, adapting it in a hurry for a major address, and quite forgetting that the *Challenger* crew had, thanks to those O-rings, entirely failed to slip the surly bonds of earth. But then I realized that this would be a cheap "Gotcha." The only grandeur that Reagan's speech possessed was furnished by this purloined finery. No property had actually gone missing, so there had been no theft. A minor poet had become useful on a major occasion.

So I leave you with the words of that famous dopehead Thomas de Quincey, himself no mean plagiarist and the very man who first published accusations of Coleridge's thievery: "It is undeniable, that thousands of feeble writers are constantly at work, who subsist by Plagiarism, more or less covert. It is equally undeniable . . . that thousands of feeble critics subsist by detecting plagiarisms as imitations, real or supposed."

Just as writers should beware of joining the first category, so readers should not be too eager to enlist in the second. Now, spot the unattributed quotation in this column. At least, I hope there's only one. □



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PRIMARY COLOR
From the cabin fever of the Buchanan plane to Bob Dole's stilted New Hampshire wave, to Shelley Buchanan's old-style composure, it has been a political season of familiar images.



GRUMPY OLD MEN

It's not much of a party as Republican front-runner Bob Dole's *Leader's Ship,* fueled by stale rhetoric and buffeted by challenger Pat Buchanan, attempts to fly high

BY MATTHEW TYRNAUER



On the *Leader's Ship:* Another landing, another long campaign day.

It is my first flight on what the senator's organization calls Bob Dole's *Leader's Ship,* and as the creaky old bird makes its final descent, a reporter to my right gives me a nudge: "Did they tell you about the pilot?" she whispers as the plane pitches violently to the left. Burly TV cameramen in the rear wail in terror. "He's not very good at landings." Reporters all around me grip their armrests. "Oh, God, this is the worst yet!" someone moans. Up in the posh front cabin, Senator Dole rolls his eyes. He is a man's man who shows no fear.

"What do you think of this landing?" a reporter inquires.

"Well," says Dole as the plane smacks down, "we're all right so far."

Sweaty-browed and queasy, we deplane: reporters down the rear stairs, the senator and staff, in grander style, from the front. Already the press corps is in a grim mood, and it's only 11 A.M.

"One more landing like that and he'll get his license," says Dole sardonically before slipping into his Lincoln Town Car.

The newspeople are left to shiver in the wind before the bus arrives. Then it's on to the next event and another city—and another horrible landing. Nothing changes. In this campaign there is the sense that everything that happens has happened before. Every word is familiar.

Despite the senator's weeks of primary sweeps, the prevailing mood on Air Dole—with six months left to go in the campaign—is sour.

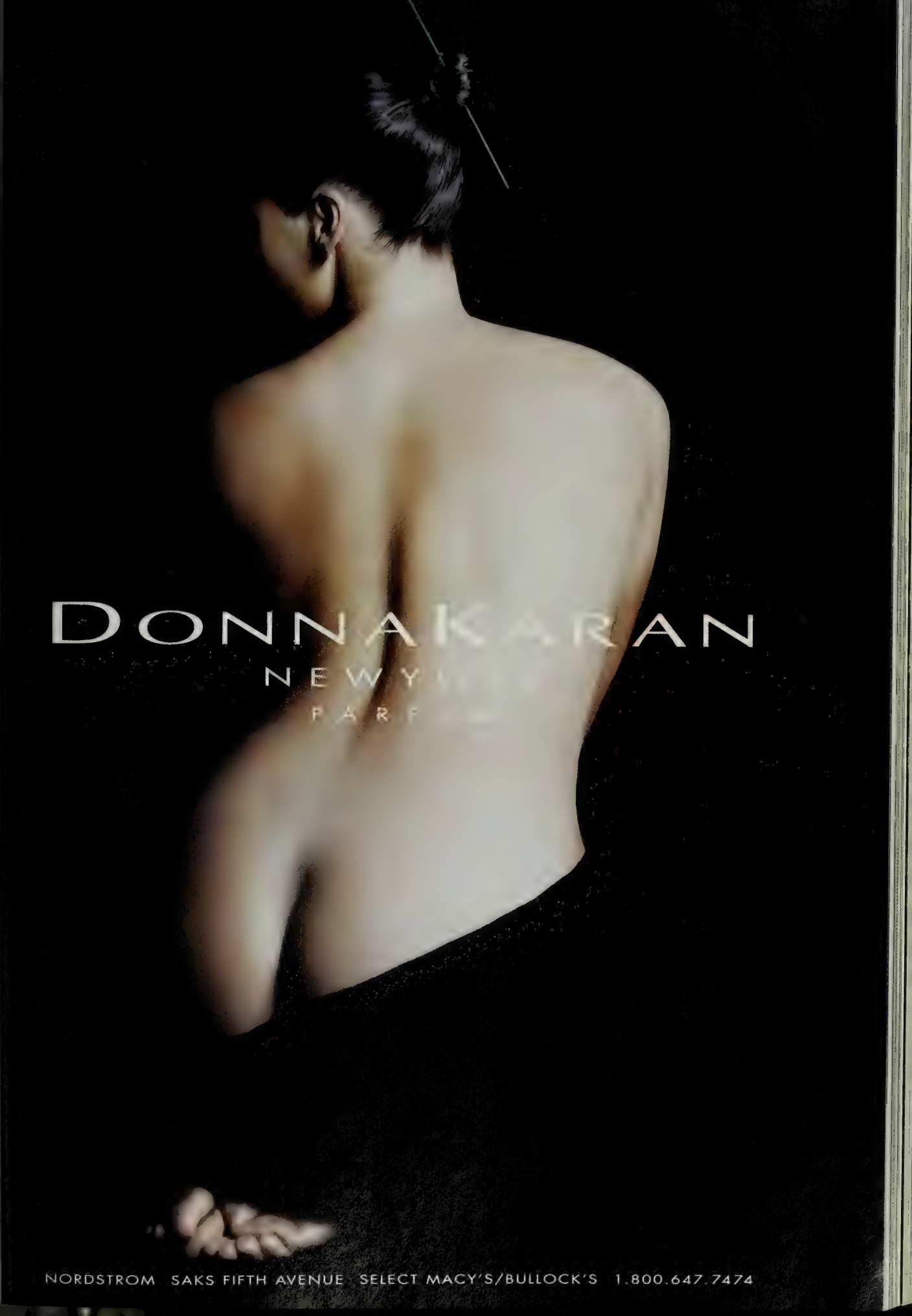
Even in victory, there appears to be nothing in this stuffy fuselage to believe in beyond the steely competence of machinery grinding out the votes. No populist rage to fire a story. No dream for staffers to flesh out or carry forward. No new ideas. Only the air of inevitability . . . and a never-ending succession of bad ham sandwiches.

The senator's dream of becoming his party's nominee is all but real, but he has managed to putt into the epic-length pre-general-election season with a huge "vitality gap." No matter how much he may lu to sit at "that big desk"—to quo George Bush—he can't summon th vision of an idealist or revolutio ary. Kansas is a dusty memor Dole's city on the hill is Washin ton, a former swamp where rag dreams, and new ideas get mir in compromise. His campai has the obligatory feeling morning chores. Pat Buchana motivated by bile, and perhaps beli now bobs along, getting in a potsh sound bite whenever he can.

It's as if the winning and losi camps had gotten confused. From t very beginning it seemed that Buchan existed to provide counterpoint, show everything that makes Dole a d November prospect. He's been fie engaging, and committed enough to c tract us from the fact that, like Dole, is essentially a Cold War politician, s dled with rhetoric which now sou tiresome even to the generation it v invented for. While America moves the Internet, the G.O.P. still speaks perfect families gathered around a c cifix and a staticky radio.

On the *Leader's Ship,* in Do cushy forward cabin, the huge fi class seats are ash gray and corpor looking. Some are arranged in grou waiting for lively sessions of give-a

Photographs by JONATHAN BECKER


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take which never seem to occur. On the walls are inspiring photos of the senator and his wife, Elizabeth—less soul mate than branch manager—who is currently campaigning elsewhere. Dole seems more prisoner here than contender.

One quiet morning before takeoff, the majority leader sits in his flying cloakroom, talking on a flip phone, facing the rear of the fuselage in his shirtsleeves with his red Hermès-style tie in a tight knot. Watching him all alone up there, even a reporter can't help but feel a wave of sympathy for this powerful man.

At 72, Bob Dole is the oldest person ever to run for a first presidential term, and his seniority, which Americans might have once seen as worthy of respect, has been the source of many indignities. At one campaign breakfast event, a waiter took his plate from the table and proceeded to cut up his food, because he feared that the senator, with his arm paralyzed from World War II, could not do it himself. There are also the mortifying instances when his simple, two-syllable name is mangled: "Ladies and gentlemen, Dob Bole!" Or worse: "Ladies and gentlemen, Bob Bush!" He is no one's favorite, really. And this seems to show—as if through all the years of struggle, he knew it would be this way. He has already been labeled "the worst campaigner in the history of the human race" (less effective than *even* Michael Dukakis) by Maureen Dowd in *The New York Times*. Only a few hours on the *Leader's Ship* shows her to have been trafficking in understatement.

The regulars in the press cabin often grouse that the candidate seems to do everything in his power to avoid mingling with the unwashed. (And, for that matter, mingling with *them:* he once mistook a voter for a reporter, then, realizing his mistake, apologized, saying, "Oh, you look normal!") No matter how hard he tries—and the harder he tries the worse it gets—Dole cannot hide a distaste for the hustings. He just can't believe anyone buys this old show. He seems most alive making ironic jokes that a lot of "folks" don't get, and, like your granddad's old Chevy, he takes a long time to warm up. As many have noted, he tends to hit his stride at night—*after* reporters have filed. Cheerful campaign situations make him look pained. In posed photos, his pinched, thin grin wickedly lampoons his wife's huge, lipsticked smiles.

Dole once mistook a voter for a reporter, then, realizing his mistake, apologized, saying, "Oh, you look normal!"



DOLEFUL
The candidate in Colorado: Dole's dream of winning the G.O.P. presidential nomination is all but real, yet on the campaign trail he remains the victim of a sort of "vitality gap."

"Where are the people?" a reporter asks as the Dole press bus pulls up to the Governor's Mansion in Austin, Texas, where the candidate will collect the rather tepid endorsement of Governor George W. Bush Jr. (Some suspect that Governor Bush is courting Dole for the vice-presidency, and that "Daddy," as former president Bush is referred to here, is a co-conspirator.) A camera riser has been erected on the mansion's lawn, 40 feet from the podium. Fifty cameramen stand ready to record the politicians' remarks. Twenty chairs are set up for the traveling press directly in front of the podium, and, off to the right, three rows of 50 fidgety fifth-graders look like backdro rolled in from some after-school broad cast. The scene has a surreal cast—esp cially since about 150 people stan at the gates, barred from the even which is empty but for the kids, a fe pols, and reporters.

Dole makes only one other publ appearance that day—before the sam reporters in a vast conference roo at the chic Houstonian Hotel. this event, he is surrounded, lik a wax-museum traction, on thr sides by a black v vet rope. He go virtually the enti day without encou tering a member the general public.

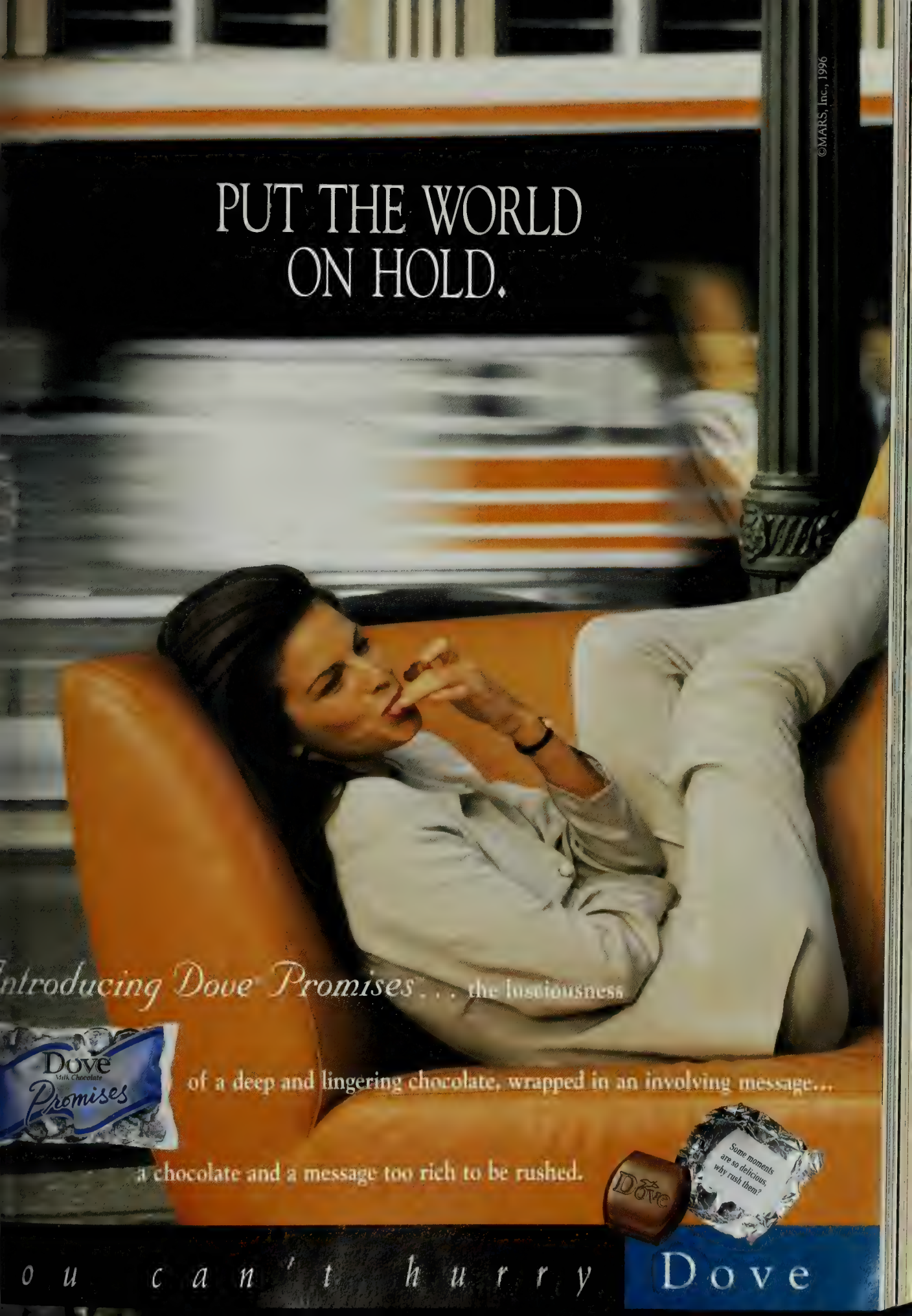
A day later: We Palm Beach. T Dole campaign h managed to create news vacuum.

A national TV c respondent is breaki down on the bus: "I re ly, really, *really* do know what to write tod I have two sound bi and a wreath laying and what am I ing to say? 'Now Bob Dole went meet with rich people'?" You hear si lar comments constantly.

Some reporters privately compl that when Dole appeared to be blow the nomination they had *someth* to write about. ("Steve Forbes at le made it fun!" someone says.) But i inevitable that the press is going have to allow Dole his moment in coming months—just to make the g eral election exciting enough to r about. This will be a challenge, gi events like today's: an address at a tirement hotel before the Pundits Palm Beach, a group of senator-w shiping McLaughlin Groupies—aver age, 102. "If Dole can't hit it out of park here," the jokesters declare, can't do it anywhere."

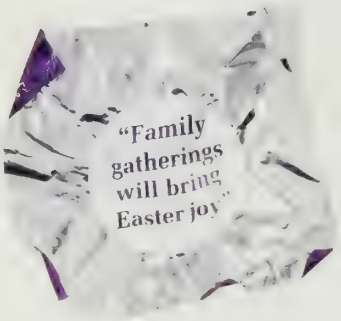
General Vernon Walters, aged 79, troduces Dole and, referring to the s tor's now mythic war wound, reveals thusiastically that he himself "was bl up [in World War II] only a few m from whatever happened to you l pened." So far so good.

When Dole takes the podium, he gins by conveying the exciting n that Barbara Bush has agreed to for him. "We got the big Bush!" he

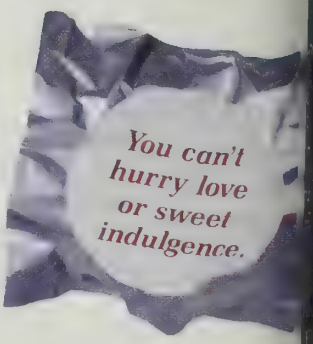

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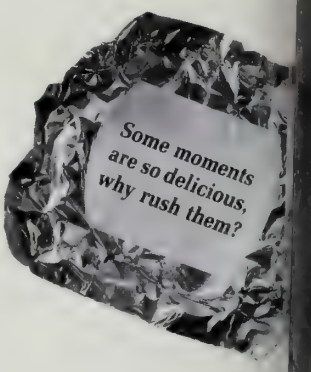
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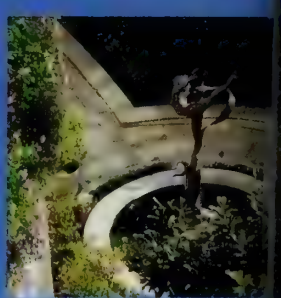


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aims, a bit wild-eyed. "Barbara Bush id 'Yes!' yesterday."

The ripple of excitement dissipates ickly.

Dole then introduces "Dr. Zach Zachiah, who can keep your cholesterol wn to 50!" You may ask what a presiential candidate is doing introducing a olesterol expert, but let it pass. By November, these candidates may be chatting up on the Home Shopping Network.

Now it is time for the hobgoblin of e Dole campaign—the Stump Speech. ole looks stricken.

Here, as extracted from my detailed tes, is a brief catalogue of Dole's stump emes: Clinton *bad;* Bob Dole = leadship; free trade, good thing!; W.W. II—ad a little problem in Italy"; Bob Dole sabled, no big deal; "Got around to buttonhook last year. Before, I wouldn't e a buttonhook . . . but a buttonhook ves you about 10 minutes ery morning. So if you ven't tried one, you ght to get one. So. If u need it, of course. ven if you don't need it, will save you a few mines. So that's what Bob ole is all about"; "Point of l this . . . I care." The kick: "Asked a lot of times by e press about this vision ing, as George Bush would t it"; need an adult; nothing mplicated about it; actually, il it down, it's about you!

Some keep score of how any times per appearance ole refers to "Bob Dole"—as if were campaigning for a more oyant-sounding candidate, due arrive later. At this event he mes in at a relatively low five.

As reporters mingle after the eech, someone notes, "At least didn't say 'whatever'" when ting his ideas for the future. (Alas—he d. "Whatever" is, for the time being, e actual message of the Dole campaign.)

n the "Pitchfork Express": Miles away, in another southern state, Pat Buchanan ("Still loud and unowed," says *The New York Times*) avels with a skeleton crew and his ife, Shelley. Unlike Dole, he thrives making an audience cheer. "You go a Dole rally and think you're stepng into a funeral parlor!" Buchanan ce crowed to an appreciative mob.

Buchanan, who creates an atmosere more like a town lynching, does not bore. Like Clinton, he bridges the distance between lectern and audience (or, more precisely, TV cameras). Dole, who has predicated his run on the virtues of staid and steady leadership, is heavily staffed and endlessly prompted, "advanced" by a clipboard-clutching, walkie-talkie-equipped staff. (Before the Secret Service began protecting Dole, his campaign—concerned above all with the appearance of professionalism—minted its own, ersatz, but official-looking Secret Service ID lapel pins.)

Mrs. Buchanan appears to be tired. A few drops of rain have beaded on her big American-flag pin.



DIVINE RIGHT
Pat Buchanan introduces his wife, Shelley, as "the woman I'm going to nominate to replace Hillary Rodham Clinton!"

Buchanan, at one time no stranger to the interests of big business, now plays free-range populist. "We're going to go up to that big Republican country club and demand admission. We're going to use the swimming pool and everything else," he recently said.

Americans love a loony dark horse—especially the age-old scenario where the dark horse pits himself against the fat cats. But it's usually a quick-hit, fast-fade approach. We forget our brief alliances with Strom Thurmond (1948), George Wallace (1968, 1972), Gary Hart (but only in 1988), Jesse Jackson (1984, 1988), Jerry Brown (1992 especially), and Ross Perot (1992 and . . . ?). These affairs never last.

I catch up with the Buchanan entourage—what the candidate has been calling the "Pitchfork Express" in honor of the people he refers to as his "peasant" followers—at a meeting of the Christian Coalition in Columbia, South Carolina.

In a stuffy ballroom in the bowels of a slightly shabby Embassy Suites hotel, Buchanan is onstage, tossing out red-meat lines to a glassy-eyed, embryo-obsessed crowd—an audience it's getting tougher to scare up. (Even in South Carolina, 54 percent of the voters are pro-choice.) While the candidate speaks, word circulates that he will visit the Citadel military college in Charleston tomorrow to make a daring post–Shannon Faulkner stand for single-sex military schools.

I sign up for the trip with a friendly Buchanan aide, whom the press, for some reason, calls "Hollywood."

The next day at eight A.M. the "Pitchfork" motorcade rolls toward the Citadel with two press buses trailing.

Most of the logistics of the Buchanan campaign are left to the Secret Service; the Buchanan organization hasn't the money to hire a full complement of aides. The agent baby-sitting us on the press bus today is very considerate of the reporters, and refers to our bus ride as "The Magical Mystery Tour."

The reporters like Buchanan personally; among themselves they refer to him as "Pat." Normally the press would stake more distance and call a candidate by his last name.

As we drive into the South Carolina low country along Interstate 26, there is a lot of napping and a bit of gossiping. A few people talk about Steve Forbes. At issue is the peculiar thing he does with his tongue when he laughs: it curls upward and touches the roof of his mouth. Someone proposes that this is a result of his blue-blooded upbringing: he was taught that it is impolite to expose one's uvula to strangers. Another



David McCullough, left, and Stephen Ambrose in the General Court Room of the Capitol at Colonial Williamsburg, February 16, 1996.

A QUESTION OF CHARACTER

There is more to character, historians argue, than whether or not a candidate keeps his pants on

BY JIM [illegible]HRER

In the words of one president of the United States, "I've been here three years and three days, and I can tell you without hesitation: being president of this country is entirely about character." The president was Andrew Shepherd. The words were spoken by Michael Douglas, the actor who portrayed him in the recent movie *The American President.* Shepherd was talking about the character it takes to make tough decisions such as sending bombers off on dangerous missions to kill people. But out here in the real, non-movie world, the so-called character issue has become a code phrase for sleeping around.

Going into what promises to be a brutal 1996 presidential campaign, several prominent presidential historians and observers of modern presidents gathered in Williamsburg, Virginia, for a PBS special, *Character Above All,* which will air May 29, to make the point that there is much more to cl acter—presidential character—than whether or not a ca date keeps his pants on. Presidential scholars Stephen A brose and David McCullough are among those who mal Nixon-Truman point. Both Richard Nixon and Harry man were known to be absolutely faithful to their wives, that was it for character similarities between the two. T official actions and resulting places in history were driver other, differing parts of their personalities. Ambrose and Cullough each have a list of characteristics that make successful presidents, ranging from courage, self-confide honesty, and the ability to delegate and admit mistakes sense of humor. But they agree with Mark Twain that "t rive at a just estimate of a renowned man's character must judge it by the standards of his time . . . " □

Photograph by EVELYN HOFER





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Far left: Gene Pr
at the 1994 Co
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the pinnacle
shopping, the ne
on Madison
Manhattan, is the
of the Barney

BRINGING DOWN BARNEYS

Flamboyant retailing heir Gene Pressman's plan to create an achingly chic empire that would stretch from Madison Avenue to Wilshire Boulevard has wreaked havoc on the family business—and on the family as well

BY JENNET CONANT

It took just one look. If anyone doubted that Barneys, New York's chic shopping emporium, was in trouble, the worst appeared to be true when Gene Pressman walked into Judge James Garrity's bankruptcy court on a cold January afternoon. He was wearing a dark-blue suit, his hair was short, and he looked surprisingly pale.

It was the suit that gave him away. Fashion designers, merchants, and manufacturers—the cognoscenti from New York and Paris to Milan—went numb, though not mute. Gene Pressman, the flamboyant retailing heir with the rock 'n' roll hair and cocky manner; Gene Pressman, whose daily uniform was a houndstooth Hermès jacket, jeans, white button-down shirt (monogrammed on the *inside* collar), white socks, and penny loafers. This was a man too cool for anything as pedestrian as pinstripes.

No single image could have telegraphed more about the desperate state of Barneys' finances: at the time of the actual Chapter 11 filing, the company's cas totaled less than $1 million, a perilousl low amount for a national operation wit 2,000 employees. But the chatter ove Gene's banker's suit seemed sadly ironi His father, Fred, had spent most of h days selling "sleeves." As had his gran father, the original Barney, who in 192 pawned his wife's engagement ring f $500 to open a tiny discount men's sho on Manhattan's lower West Side. Sui were where it all began for the Pressman

Now no one is sure where it will en



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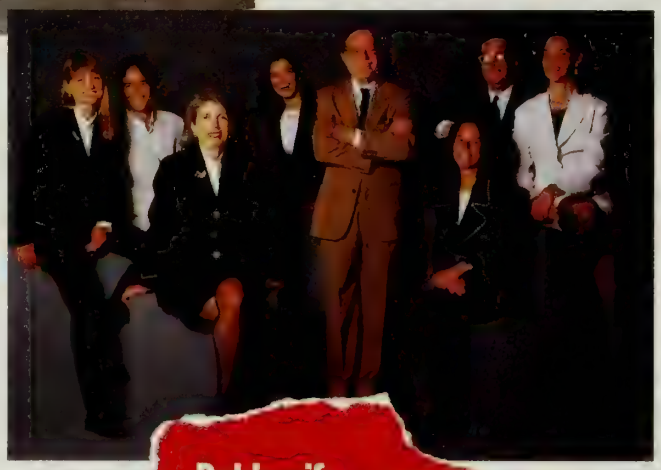


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DIVIDED KINGDOMS ***From far left:*** **Fred Pressman, Prince Andrew, Phyllis Pressman, the Duchess of York, Gene Pressman, and Simon Doonan at Barneys' reception for the royal couple, June 1990.** ***Below:*** **Bonnie and Gene, Phyllis, Nancy Pressman Dressler, Fred, Liz Pressman Neubardt, Bob and Holly in 1993.**



Gene Pressman, 45, shares the title of Barneys C.E.O. with his stodgy brother, Bob, 41, who oversees the company's finances. Yet few would dispute the matter of who has guided the privately held empire in recent years. It was Gene who removed the apostrophe from the store's logo and transformed Barneys on out-of-the-way 17th Street into a *destination,* a high-style store which promises—as Bloomingdale's and Tiffany's once did—all the glamour and sophistication of the Manhattan dream. It was Gene who masterminded the creation and construction of Barneys' impeccably turned-out new branches (on Madison Avenue, in Chicago, and in Beverly Hills), where details such as lacquered walls, gold-leaf ceilings, and floors of Italian-marble mosaic helped boost total costs to nearly half a billion dollars. It was all Gene. Some would say. The success *and* the excess.

And now Barneys hangs in the balance—or, more specifically, control of the three new stores, the old flagship place on 17th Street, and the 16 branches across the country. At first, it all seemed like one of those near-biblical reversals of fortune, in which another flashy upstart of the 1980s is humbled. Yet as the Barneys saga unfolds, more complex dimensions are revealed. The brothers Pressman, it seems, are pitted against each other in a devastating family drama made more intriguing by the clan's long-standing genius for keeping up appearances. For years the Pressmans have been burdened by rivalries so intense that there are those who see the brothers' mutual loathing as the bonfire burning beneath the company's current financial predicament. A family friend considers the story of Bob's wife, Holly,

Bob's wife, Holly Pressman, called her in-laws "the most dysfunctional family I've ever seen."

calling her in-laws "the most dysfunctional family I've ever seen" after an argument several years ago that left Gene and Bob barely speaking.

And that's only Act One.

Barneys' bankruptcy filing has cleared the runway for the even messier battle between the Pressmans and Isetan, the Japanese retailing giant which has been their partner for seven years. Between 1989 and 1995, Isetan handed over $616 million to Barneys, quietly footing almost the entire bill for the expansion of the business into a chain of some of the most sumptuous stores on the face of the earth. But after allowing the Pressmans to publicly represent the partnership in a number of self-serving ways, after seeing spending accelerate endlessly, after being given what it claims was misleading financial information, Isetan rebelled. "We believed our partners," said the company's vice president, Michio Johmori. "Thinking back on it now, we did make a mistake."

After filing for Chapter 11, the Pressmans fired the first shot by suing Isetan, contending that the company's new management had reneged on a commitment to convert its "investment" into equity in Barneys. (Isetan says that Bob Pressman once proclaimed that the Japanese would get equity "over my dead body.") The Pressmans insist that sales are healthy, and they feel that Isetan, previously interested in long-term profits, has pulled the rug out just as the new stores have gotten going. The Pressmans say that the lawsuit is simply a way to retrieve $50 million previously paid to Isetan. In fact, Barneys' version is so at odds with Isetan's that the two sides are not even in agreement over the basic points of their usual contract, which now appears to have been fundamentally vague. They do not even concur as to the ownership of the valuable Madison Avenue, Beverly Hills, and Chicago properties.

Outraged by what it views as the Pressmans' legal maneuvering, arrogance and lack of remorse, Isetan is out for blood. They do not see how they can continue working side by side with the brothers. In a January legal action, Isetan demanded that the Pressmans pay back $167 million in loans that the brothers personally guaranteed—based on net-worth statements that estimated their wealth at $50 million each. But a source close to the Pressmans says that the personal guarantees are worthless because all of the brothers' assets—from their company stock to their fine homes—are tied up in family trusts administered by their father. A source close to Isetan suggests that the company is angry enough to try to place a lien on the family trust, a move that would prevent either brother from being able to draw a dollar.

And closely eyeing Barneys' dollars are dozens of irate designers and vendors who were left holding the bag on merchandise shipped last spring. Topping this list is Hugo Boss, which is owed $2.4 million, followed by Donna Karan, which is owed $2.1 million, M


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zotto, which is owed $1.1 million, and Hickey-Freeman, which is out $1 million. In addition, Barneys is more than $300 million in debt to banks and insurance companies, costing the company about $27 million in interest annually. Topping that list is Chemical Bank, owed in excess of $71 million.

In an industry that feeds on rumor, the Pressmans have been innuendoed to death since the opening of the Madison Avenue store in 1993. The brothers, word had it, couldn't pay their bills. Designer Todd Oldham stopped selling to the store years ago, he says, because of its "credit problems." Most designers, however, continued to do business with Barneys for the simple reason that they felt they couldn't afford not to.

The Medicis of men's wear for 50 years, the Pressmans are renowned for bullying suppliers. When Barneys was trying to force top labels into selling to their new store over the objections of the uptown competition, they became embroiled in nasty feuds with Armani (they won) and Ralph Lauren (they lost). Barneys has also, on occasion, blackballed suppliers who talk to the press. After men's-wear designer John Bartlett complained that Barneys had fallen behind in payments, his business suffered. Even now, few designers will speak on the record for fear of antagonizing the Pressmans. The brothers' heavy-handed tactics, however, account for the force with which they are now being attacked in some quarters.

In showrooms and over lunch at the Royalton, the overwhelming conclusion of Gene Pressman's fashion peers is that his ego has been his undoing. "It's always been all about his arrogance," snaps a well-known designer who is owed money by Barneys. "They had a 'Let them eat cake' attitude," says a fashion director who believes that Bob Pressman is every bit as egotistical as Gene.

"It just goes to prove the old adage," observes a leading Seventh Avenue figure, "that the third generation always runs the empire into the ground."

A charter member of the "lucky-sperm club," as one of his golfing buddies puts it, Gene Pressman was born rich, good-looking, and charming—especially to women. Of Phyllis and Fred Pressman's four children, Gene—the first boy—is his doting parents' favorite. Though he grew up in the genteel New York suburb of Harrison, he comes across like a scrappy street kid. Dauntingly fit, he has a lean, muscular build from years of boxing. When he is angry, his voice takes on a tough edge and can sometimes seem slightly dangerous, with his revved-up energy threatening to explode.

A handful from the start, Gene bounced in and out of boarding schools before graduating from the Hackley School, in suburban Tarrytown. As a teenager, he announced he wanted to be a "rock star" and enrolled under duress at Syracuse University, where his fellow students included Ian Schrager and Steve Rubell, who would found Studio 54, and publicist-to-be Peggy Siegal. A classmate recalls Gene as not lacking in confidence: "He used to kid around [about the store] and say he was looking forward to the day his grandfather was no longer around, so he could call it Geno's."

Lacquered walls and floors of Italian-marble mosaic helped boost total costs of the three showcase Barneys stores.

After graduating with a degree in radio and television, Gene headed for L.A. and the movies. He lasted two months as a gofer on the movie *Black Gunn*. "What can I tell you?" he said later. "I'm an impatient guy."

So he returned to the family store. In 1976, exhibiting a keen eye for models and miniskirts, young Gene broke the Barneys tradition of selling only men's clothes by opening a small women's boutique. Before long, he had filled the top two floors of the store with the sexy little dresses of Armani, Chloé, and Missoni. He even started his own youthful fashion line, Basco. Gene loved attending the designer shows in Europe, showing up at formal parties in tight jeans, T-shirt, and tan. He created a stir with his club-hopping lifestyle and girl-in-every-showroom exploits, and he was known for his appetites—for sex and cocaine. "In my younger days, before I was married," he admits, "I lived a more free-spirited life." Some legends never die: Almost everyone interviewed for this piece had an unprintable Gene Pressman story. Many involved beautiful blondes, unusual places, and outrageous public displays of affection. As *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour once noted, "Gene is one of the few straight guys in the business, and he enjoys it."

By the late 70s, Gene was pushing his father to let him add a full women's store to Barneys. But Fred Pressman, who had transformed his father's tiny place into a shopping mecca featuring Giorgio Armani and the most exclusive international men's-wear brands, including Brioni and Piattelli, understood that women's wear was risky. Yet he also understood that his son deserved the freedom his own father had given him. At Phyllis's urging, Fred reluctantly relented.

Gene threw himself into every detail, hiring a phalanx of famous architects and designers: Peter Marino in New York, Andrée Putman and Jean Paul Beaujard from France, and Setsu Kitaoka from Japan. Father and son walked the streets of Europe with design teams, pointing out details, shopping at antiques markets for Art Deco and Wiener Werkstätte pieces—and arguing. Plans would be drawn and redrawn; sections would be built, scratched, and rebuilt. "They had very high standards . . . and kept changing their mind to make things more perfect," recalls Dick Blinder, of the design firm Beyer Blinder Belle, which supervised the construction of the store, designed to incorporate six elegant turn-of-the-century town houses. "Cost was no object, which was certainly very different than the way a public corporation would have treated it."

When the Barneys Women's Store finally opened, two years late and having cost more than $25 million, it was spacious and elegant, with a magnificent spiral staircase that winds up six floors and looks like something out of a Fred Astaire movie. Between the Prada bags and Andrée Putman's checkerboard cosmetics counter (which stocked real tortoiseshell combs), shopaholics from Cher to Madonna could be spotted wielding charge cards. Sundays became a fashion sideshow, with pencil-thin models in leather trekking through the store with assorted downtown trendsetters. Standing on the corner, Bill Cu



fig. 1.

Take deep breath. Clear head. Lift left foot. Step forward.



fig. 2.

Lift right foot. Step forward.



fig. 3.

Repeat steps (1) and (2). Enjoy view.

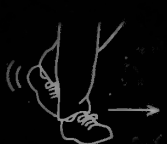


fig. 4.

Note: If sudden desire to sprint or skip occurs, go with it.

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ningham, the veteran *New York Times* photographer, captured it all.

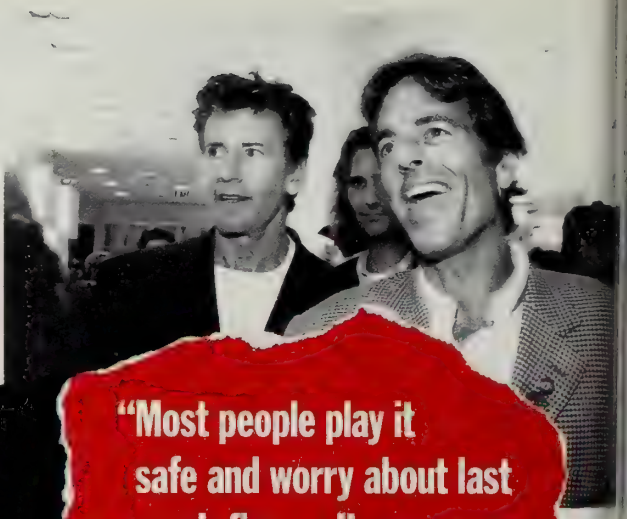
Everybody got into the groove. "Barneys is like a decadent reward," says New York actress Sarah Jessica Parker. "If you're a decent person and you work hard, you get to go to Barneys." Everything at Barneys was younger and cooler. The clerks oozed more attitude than the customers. It *worked.* Barneys carried Miuccia Prada's clothes when the fashion press still laughingly termed them "Simplicity Patterns." Gene showcased then unknowns such as Azzedine Alaïa, Rei Kawakubo of Comme des Garçons, and Helmut Lang. Jil Sander, another Barneys import, recalls her first meeting with Gene as "spontaneous love."

"Gene had the courage to take risks," says Alaïa, who regards the Pressmans as a second family. "He introduced a lot of new designers—not just me but also Rei and so many others—to America. From the beginning, he was very supportive."

"Gene is so confident," explains Chet Hazzard, president of Vera Wang. "He has a wonderful way of bringing designers he believes in into his world and Barneys." But if "his" designers wanted to expand beyond Barneys—say into Bergdorf's—Gene could go from charming to profane in the blink of an eye. "He can be unpleasant," acknowledges Hazzard. "And it isn't always fun to be on the receiving end."

"Sometimes they go too far," says Giorgio Armani, no stranger to battles with the Pressmans. "But whatever else you can say about Barneys, you must admit that it is one of the stores everyone watches."

In the 80s, image was all. Nobody did it better than Barneys. Smart ads were a tradition pioneered by Barney Pressman, whose radio slogans included "Calling all men to Barney's." Gene carried the torch, assembling a dazzling creative team that featured the best names in the business—Neil Kraft, vice president of advertising; Ronnie Cooke Newhouse, a creative director; art director Fabien Baron; publicity director Mallory Andrews; copywriter Glenn O'Brien; photographers such as Annie Leibovitz and Steven Meisel; merchants Anne Ball and Connie Darrow. Together they orchestrated a retail identity of unparalleled eccentric urbanity. One memorable television ad showed a model sauntering down a Parisian boulevard to throatily utter, "*Baar-nees.*" It was sophisticated, European, enticing. A later campaign features figures rendered by artist Jean-Philippe Delhomme, accompanied by inscrutable comments such as "Harold liked carpet surfing." The ads succeeded in creating the sense that Barneys was the cutting edge.





GPNY

Below: **Gene Pressman with Donna Karan, whose company is owed $2.1 million by Barneys, at 1993's splashy September opening of the uptown store.** ***Right:*** **nothing comes between Gene and Calvin Klein.**

"Most people play it safe and worry about last year's figures," says Donna Karan, "but Gene works from the gut."

Adding to the mystique were provocative windows by Simon Doonan, a Brit with a tongue as sharp as his taste. His mischievous holiday displays (a Magic Johnson window complete with condom-festooned Christmas tree) were newsmaking and laced with in-jokes. Barneys, according to Doonan, attracted him because it was much more tolerant of his irreverent attitude than traditional stores would have been. "No one ever said to me, 'How dare you put condoms on a Christmas tree!'" he says.

"We wanted to make a lot of noise," recalls Ronnie Newhouse (now a member of the Newhouse family, which owns Condé Nast, publisher of *Vanity Fair*). "Fred and Gene had that kind of vision. It was like a combination of creative meeting and a men's locker room. Gene's a very male, high-testosterone character, and Barneys ads had a more macho sensibility than was typical of the fashion industry."

By 1989, Barneys was hot, grossing $100 million annually, according to its own figures. "There was very much a feeling in the 80s that it was a grand time to be there," recalls Glenn O'Brien. "We had all this talent, and were doing all these amazing things."

Wildly charismatic and willful, Gene made the scene in Milan with Armani and Romeo Gigli and dodged paparazzi while discoing in Paris with Azzedine Alaïa and a bevy of runway beauties. For the people he cultivated, his ego was compelling. "He is like the little boy with a curl in the middle of his forehead—when he was good he was very, very good, and when he was bad he was *horrid,*" says a former vice president of the company. "He could make you feel like you walked on water, and inspired you. But you didn't want him as an enemy, because he could kill you with a look."

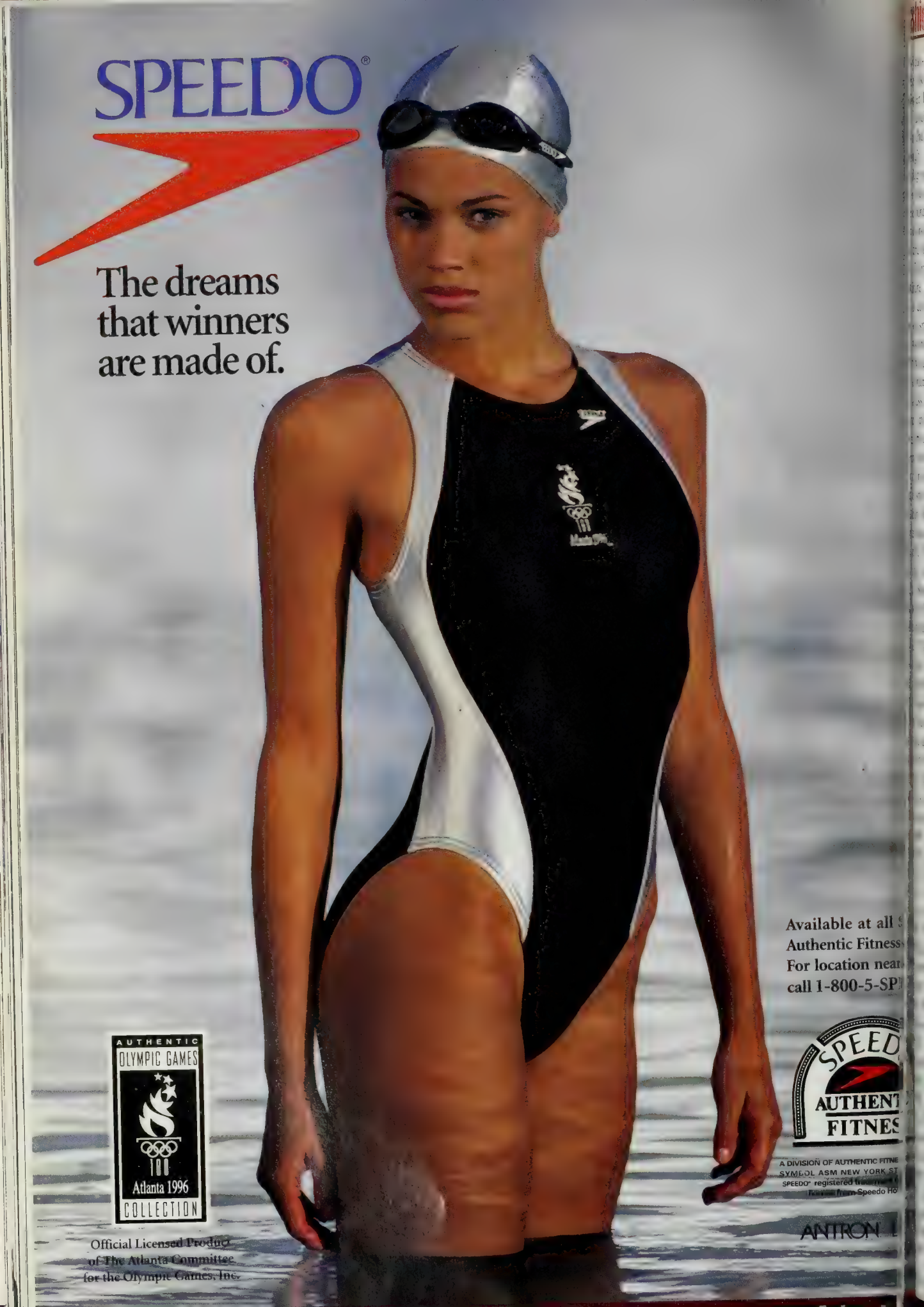
Just when retail seemed dead, as Bonwit Teller bowed and carriage-trade stores failed across the country, Gene Pressman—the ponytailed insurgent—made the business exciting again. "While everybody else has been closing stores, he has been opening them and in the process revitalizing whole communities," says Donna Karan, who swears that she really doesn't blame the Pressmans for her company's financial problems with Barneys. "Most people play it safe and worry about last year's figures but Gene works from the gut."

Always high-profile, Gene married Bonnie Lysohir, a former Ford model, in 1982. Their Westchester home is



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ar-old Tudor-style mansion which, likes to boast, once belonged to er Bugsy Siegel. (It features a pri- dock, with a secret passageway the waterfront to the basement, gh which, according to legend, g whiskey was once moved from waiting off Long Island Sound.) hired architect Peter Marino, who orked on the downtown store, to ne house into a showplace, and he illing it with Wiener Werkstätte ure, a 14,000-bottle wine cellar, cavernous garage for his collec- f sports cars, including a vintage ston Martin and a '52 Mercedes Wing.

friends, Gene is by turns gracious ass, obnoxious and endearing. At parties, he's been known to about the price of a $200 Bor- , only to discover, while reading from a wine almanac, that the shouldn't have been opened for er five years. He likes nothing than to take guests out on his tte boat, but often manages to to trouble and has to be towed "Slamming across [Long Island] with Gene are some of the most ning moments of my life," says a . "Gene is never boring," con- Carl Portale, the publisher of *Elle Mirabella* magazines, who along *Vogue* publisher Ron Galotti is Gene's golfing buddies. "He at- he game the way he attacks life, verything he's got."

ce work was not always tackled he same avidity. Gene's habit was z into town in his black Porsche ride into the office around 10, on a big Cuban cigar. (He kept idor in his trunk.) Most mornings uld disappear into the executive he had installed down the hall his office, emerging in time to is head in at the end of a meeting going out for lunch. He often ourt at Le Madri, the handsome ern Italian restaurant which the hans and restaurateur Pino Luon- ened a block from Barneys as a f deluxe store cafeteria. (The hans' two other ventures with Lu- Mad. 61, in the uptown Barneys, oco Pazzo, are among the most r power restaurants in the city.)

the late 80s, however, Gene was store less and less. Unlike Fred han, who still comes in on Sun- nd goes from department to de- nt rearranging displays and ob- over small details, Gene was almost never on the floor. After he took up golf, he almost never came in on warm Fridays. "I think he thought he could schmooze his buddies and the store would be taken care of," says a former executive.

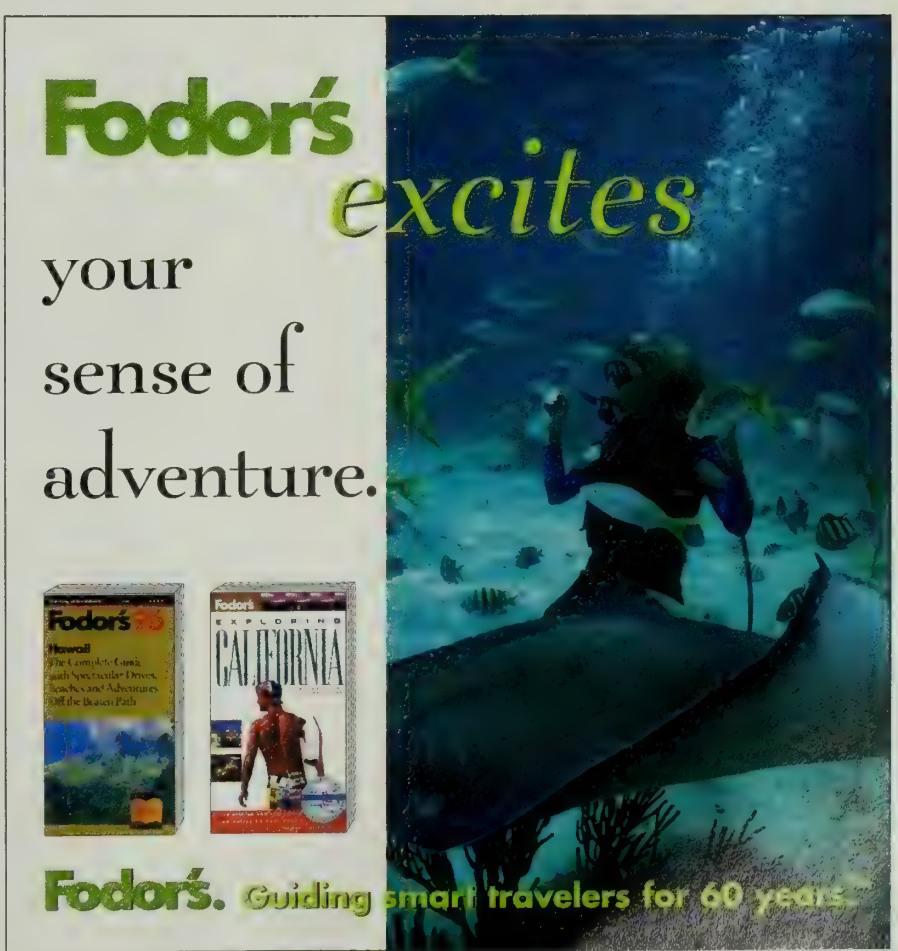
While Gene became the family star, Bob Pressman, socially awkward and somewhat brooding, was relegated to the darker region of the cosmos. (The men's two married sisters, Nancy Pressman Dressler and Liz Pressman Neubardt, both have company titles.) Bob, who graduated from Boston University and later earned an M.B.A. from Pace University, was given a position equal to Gene's on the numbers side of the business. He was, however, definitely seen as lacking in the trademark Pressman flair.

"His grandfather used to say Bobby had a good head for figures," recalls Martin Greenfield, a legendary tailor who dresses everyone from Arnold Schwarzenegger to President Clinton and has known the Pressman family for 45 years. "But Bobby doesn't have the sensitivity to the product, or to people, that you have to have to be good at this business."

The two brothers couldn't be more different. Where Gene is casual, Bob favors business suits, silk ties, French cuffs. Where Gene is fit, funny, and aggressive, Bob is pudgy, stuffy, and conservative. What they share is arrogance and volatility, qualities some trace to their strong-willed mother, Phyllis Pressman. She is known as a terror at the store, where she rules family along with Chelsea Passage, the gift salon specializing in Georg Jensen silverware and exclusive patterns of Porthault linens. "She could sit and abuse you for hours," says a former employee.

But Gene helped his wife, Bonnie, secure Phyllis's goodwill. Bonnie Pressman, who now heads Barneys' women's division, has become a favorite at the store, where she is widely regarded as hardworking and extraordinarily kind. According to Barneys sources, Bob's wife, Holly, is less favored by the store's sometimes not so sympathetic employees. A former Morgan Stanley money manager, she runs the boys' and young men's department.

According to store sources, Bob and Holly perceive themselves as completely in the shadow of Gene and Bonnie. Their resentment is obvious and painful



to observe. "It had to be seen to be believed," recalls a former Barneys executive. "This is a family where there is a *tremendous* amount of jealousy."

Storeside, emotions run high with the often at-odds family members working together five days a week. Some employees describe the situation as a continuing melodrama in which family members haggle incessantly over titles, salaries, and authority. For example, when new headquarters were planned, measurements were taken to the last square inch to ensure that the two brothers' adjoining offices would be *exactly* the same size. When *New York* magazine planned to feature Gene alone in a major story on the opening of the Women's Store, Bob threw such a tantrum that at the last minute the magazine mechanically inserted him into the cover photograph beside his beaming brother.

Emotional scenes and rivalries are par for the course with all families and most family businesses. But at Barneys, according to one insider, the tensions between the two brothers have been endlessly exacerbated by their conflicts over money. Gene began costly improvements on the Women's Store almost immediately after its inauguration. The contemporary-clothes section, called the CO/OP, was closed just four months after its debut. When it reopened a season later, Gene told a reporter from *Women's Wear Daily* that he still hadn't finished fine-tuning. Asked when the store might be completed, he estimated another four or five years. Bob wearily added, "It's never finished."

This is a family in which no detail is too small to ignore. The brothers battled loudly and vocally over Gene's expenditures and his inability to stick to budgets, say insiders, and when Bob confronted Fred with the bills, his father, also an aesthetic perfectionist, sided with Gene. "We were always on the same page regarding budget matters," says Gene of his relationship with his father.

According to a source close to the Pressman family, "Fred has a blind spot for Gene. Gene cannot distinguish between fantasy and reality. This has been a problem since childhood. . . . Fred supported almost anything he wanted, regardless of its merits, consequences, or benefits."

"Between the brothers it was a constant battle," recalls an architect who worked for Barneys. "Bobby wanted to prove that he could do anything. No matter how outrageous Gene's plan was, he could come up with the financing. So maybe he's claiming it was all Gene's idea, but he was as much to blame. That's how it was between them."

By the late 80s, not satisfied with Barneys' downtown image, Gene was eager to take on the big department stores on their own turf. He had been obsessed with Bergdorf Goodman and its dapper chairman, Ira Neimark. A former Bergdorf's executive remembers Gene pestering him for details on how Neimark, then in his late 60s, conducted himself, what he was like in meetings, what he wore. "Gene would always scoff at him and make critical remarks, but he respected what he had accomplished," says the source, adding, "He wanted to knock him off his pedestal."

From a Seventh Avenue sage: "It just goes to prove the old adage that the third generation always runs the empire into the ground."

Years earlier, Fred had come close to buying the old Henri Bendel store on 57th Street. He had also toyed with the idea of opening Barneys in other cities. (He worried that few places could support such an upscale store.) Fred shared Gene's dream of moving uptown and allowed himself to be convinced. But the Pressmans' timing couldn't have been worse. They chose to embark on their ambitious expansion program in 1987, on the heels of the stock-market crash, when most retailers were preparing to cut back. It was the kind of decision that only a family-held company could make. Public companies are accountable to shareholders. The Pressman brothers were accountable to no one.

Back in 1982, one week before Gene's marriage, Fred had established an elaborate family trust encompassing all of the family's holdings. Fred got 25 voting shares, Gene and Bob got 25 each, and the two daughters got 12.5 each. As patriarch and chairman, Fred retained voting control of the company through his personal stock ownership and as trustee of the children's trusts. So it was with his knowledge and approval that the brothers went into action, opening their first branch store, in the World Financial Center, and a few months later announcing their intention of opening as many as 100 Barneys America stores across the country.

It was Bob's idea to bring in Goldman, Sachs & Co. to help map out a long-term strategic plan and locate potential investors. The Pressmans had already made the rounds of Wall Street, where they struck investors as willful and self-satisfied. Because the Pressmans, however, were reluctant to give up any control they rejected traditional financing, such as a public offering. In November 1988 Goldman arranged a meeting with the then head of Isetan, Kuniyasu Kosuge, a brash, aggressive heir bent on making his own mark. Gene and Kosuge immediately hit it off.

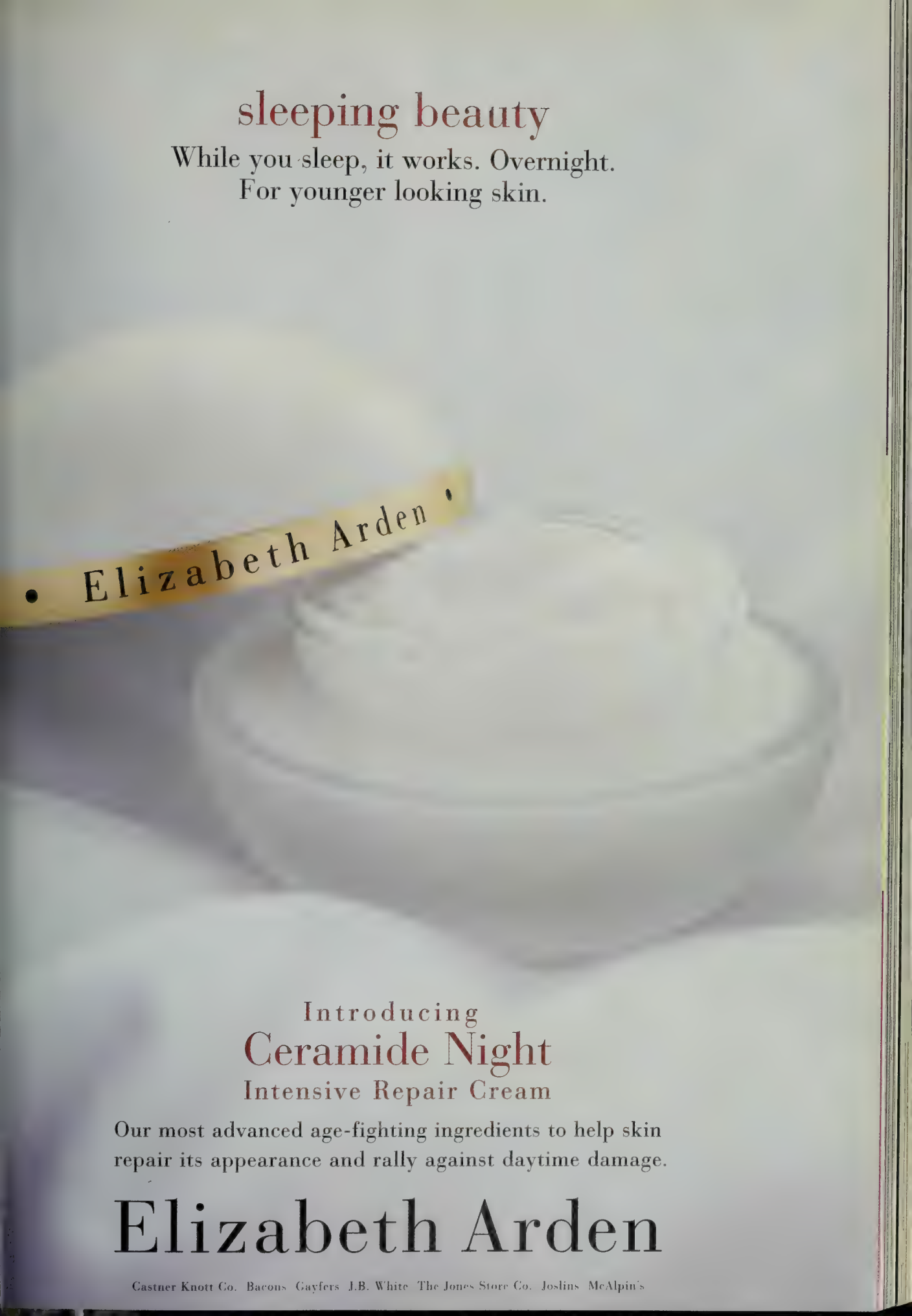
Later, in March 1989, representatives from Barneys and Isetan met on a golf course in Hawaii. While Gene and Kosuge were out on the town, Bob negotiated into the early morning with Isetan's head of finance, hammering out an unprecedented international partnership which would provide the Pressmans with $12 million in expansion funds to build Barneys America stores in malls across the country. Isetan would hold a minority interest in the new American stores, a majority interest in all Barneys stores built in Japan, and, quite important, rights to the Barneys name in Asia.

But Gene, with his platinum tongue, continued to work on Kosuge, and before the meeting was over, the two companies expanded the arrangement to include a complicated real-estate deal. Isetan agreed to bankroll three showcase stores, in uptown Manhattan, Chicago and Beverly Hills. As the deal was originally negotiated, Isetan would pay over $236 million for the land and the new buildings and receive a monthly rent based on the property value and sales volume of each location. The Pressmans would get their stores for free and they would retain total control. The two companies were so pleased with each other they actually specified on paper that the agreement could last 499 years.

"When Fred first got back he said it was a marriage made in heaven,"

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HEIR'S LAIR
Gene Pressman's 100-year-old Tudor mansion in Westchester County (*above*) was previously owned by gangster Bugsy Siegel. Pressman lives there with his wife, Bonnie (*right*), a former Ford model, who now oversees Barneys' women's division.

"Fred Pressman has a blind spot for Gene. Gene cannot distinguish between fantasy and reality."

calls Martin Greenfield. His sons were crowing that it was far more, implying that they had taken the Japanese for all they were worth. "Bob walked around patting himself on the back, saying, 'We fucked the Japanese—we didn't give them anything,'" recalls a former senior vice president of the company.

But some were ambivalent about the deal's long-term prospects. "Gene talked his way into this very strange agreement," says Tomio Taki, one of Barneys' largest suppliers, who owns Anne Klein and co-owns Donna Karan. "It was clear something would have to be done between the Japanese investors and the Pressmans down the road because the agreement was dramatically one-sided to benefit the Pressmans and Barneys."

As soon as the deal was done, Gene Pressman began scouting New York's best retail locations for Barneys' new uptown store. He eventually settled on 660 Madison Avenue, a property once owned by Jean Paul Getty. Peter Marino gutted the existing building and started from scratch, carving out a vast, 230,000-square-foot store on the first 8 floors, and 14 floors of premium office space above that. More than $20 million was spent blasting down through 15 feet of solid granite for a new basement to house a truck elevator and a special turntable to bring in merchandise in the heavily trafficked area. The Pressmans insisted on sheathing the entire building in French limestone, top to bottom—until the construction firm persuaded them to stop at the 10th floor, above which pre-cast concrete is barely noticeable. Expenses soared and the interior work had not even begun.

Although the agreement with Isetan specified the amount of funding available for the new stores, Gene and Fred ignored the budget from the beginning. Plans were drawn and scratched, drawn and scratched. Repeating a familiar pattern, Gene would visit the construction site and make changes. Then Fred would drop by and undo them. The process took on a surreal dimension when all six Pressmans were brought in.

Because Gene liked wood floors, 40 kinds of trees, from beech to sycamore, were used. Because he liked antiques, some of the chairs came from Christie's. Because he enjoyed aquariums, he had three large ones custom-built. (Eventually they would be stocked with expensive saltwater fish. A baby sand shark named Sinatra was removed after it began attacking its valuable tankmates.) There were additional whims. Gene planned a professional boxing ring for the lavish, never completed ninth-floor health club. Money was no object. A $15,000 light fixture was rejected at the last minute when Gene decided he hated it and ordered it dispatched to the warehouse. The elegant main foyer reportedly had to be redone after the original design allowed gale-force winds to whip through the spare corridors. Marino's bill swelled along with the family's competing eccentricities.

"Fred and Gene were at numerous meetings where Lehrer McGovern Bovis [the construction company] pointed out the cost overruns, and where the design ignored the financial realities of the deal with Isetan," says a source close to the Pressmans. "But they could not be prevented from building the store like their personal homes."

The constant changes put the company months behind schedule. "Ninety-nine percent of additional costs were related to design changes and overtime," says Michael Kaplan, vice president of Lehrer McGovern Bovis. "We worked from the middle of May the morning the store opened 20 hours a day, seven days a week. It cost millions and millions in overtime." Making matters worse, Metropolitan Life, which had been developing office space in the floors above Barneys, abruptly backed out, forcing Isetan to put up another $120 million to protect its original $150 million investment in the building.

At the same time, construction of the Beverly Hills Barneys, featuring extravagant architectural flourishes such as a elaborate wrought-iron staircase and acid-etched glass, was also running way over budget. Because of a code violation, the Pressmans were forced by city officials to add an underground parking garage. The project ran between $4 and $55 million over budget, depending on whose figures you believe. In any case, it was a lot of yen. The Pressmans, Isetan's Johmori told *Time,* "were using money like water."

Meanwhile, the Barneys American stores were problematic. The basic concept behind the stores, as proposed by chief financial officer Irv Rosenthal, was to provide the Barneys cachet at a lower price. At the time many retailers were openly skeptical that the Barneys formula would actually dovetail with demographics outside Manhattan. Fred Pressman himself had worries. To hype the Dallas store, Gene reportedly hired a fleet of helicopters to whisk 75 guests to the center of the Cotton Bowl football field. To no avail. Barneys' spare black-to-brown fashion palette was squarely rejected by the local ladies. There was also a fuss when in-store stylists refused to do "big hair."

The Pressmans do not seem to have ever considered halting the expansion despite mounting evidence of trouble. The stores tended to open big, but sales would quickly drop off. By 1993, 12 fr

PEACH-MUSTARD GLAZED PORK CHOPS

1 can peach slices (16 oz.) in extra light syrup*
1 tsp Worchestershire sauce
2 Tbsp peach preserves
2 Tbsp Dijon-style mustard
1 tsp blk pepper
4 boneless center cut pork chops, 3/8-inch thick

*or substitute with fresh peaches & 1/2 cup apple or orange juice.

Stir first four ingredients together in bowl. Set aside. Heat nonstick skillet over medium-high heat; brush chops with vegetable oil and season with pepper. Brown on one side (2-3 minutes), turn. Add peach mixture, reduce heat to low, cover and cook 4 minutes. Serve with peaches and sauce. Garnish with fresh raspberries. Serves 4.

Approximate nutrient information per serving: Calories: 261, Protein: 24 gm., Fat: 7 gm., Cholesterol: 70 mg., Sodium: 194 mg. Nutrient analysis done by The Food Processor II Diet Analysis Software. Pork Data from the USDA Handbook 8-10 (1991). America's Pork Producers © 1996 National Pork Producers Council in cooperation with the National Pork Board.

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IF FRUIT WAS THE FIRST TEMPTATION, PORK WAS PROBABLY THE SECOND.





TASTE WHAT'S NEXT

pork

The Other White Meat.

chises, from Short Hills, New Jersey, to Seattle, were open—and struggling. (The Cleveland branch has already closed, and Short Hills, one of the first to open, is still not profitable.)

"To be titans in the retail business you have to have a monumental ego," says Richard Posner of the Credit Exchange, the Dun & Bradstreet of the apparel business. "But they were paddling against a bleak market, and ego won't get the customer in the store. They wanted to be the biggest and the best, and they went for the top. Hardheaded businessmen they are not."

Compounding the problem were the unexpected budget overruns. Gene couldn't live with the downmarket feel of the franchises, so he decided to do mini-versions of Barneys with Marino, undermining the whole idea of the lower-cost structure. "Gene was incredibly extravagant, and Peter fed into that," says Michael Ratner, president of Richter & Ratner, one of the renovation firms brought in by Marino to work on the branch stores. Some of the tropical woods, such as *ipê*, a Brazilian hardwood, came in small pieces or were not very durable or practical. Construction was always behind schedule, so the woods were sometimes laid down while still wet. When they dried, they shrank and left huge gaps between the planks. "As a result, a year after they were finished, some of the stores looked terrible," says Ratner. (Both Barneys and Marino maintain that a change in merchandising strategy brought about the redesign of the stores.)

Marino's renovation of Gene's Westchester home had also gone way over budget, and several construction companies had trouble getting paid. Fred Scigliano, the general contractor on the job, reportedly did $800,000 worth of work, but the constant changes and subsequent financial disputes left him no profit. In the end, he closed his business.

Says Gene Pressman, "All contractors were fully paid in accordance with their contracts."

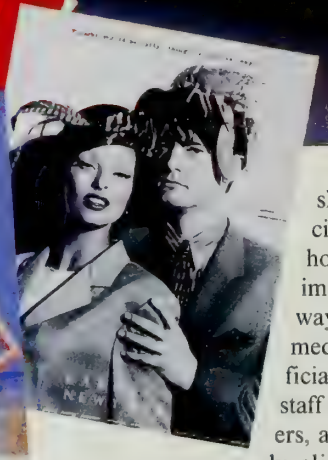
By 1992 it was apparent that the Pressmans were not managing the new, bigger Barneys as well as they might. Bob, with Fred's blessing, hired the accounting firm of Coopers & Lybrand to identify ways the company could be restructured to accommodate growth and be made more profitable. It was also Bob, some months later, who insisted that Charles Bunstine be hired away from Coopers to become a senior vice president at Barneys. Last year, Bunstine was promoted to president and C.O.O., despite his lack of experience with large retail operations. Bunstine, however, did have the ability to serve as a buffer between Gene and Bob, who had all but stopped speaking. The door between their adjoining offices was now kept locked.



WINDOW DR
Barneys gets attenti
provocative window d
hip merchandisi
ads such as the illu
campaign (*belo*
by Jean-Philippe Dol
and Steven Meisel's
featuring celebrities
supermode
Evangelista and *Twi*
star Kyle Mac

"Barneys was like a combination of creative meeting and a men's locker room. Gene's a very male, high-testosterone character."





Bunstine was a bac
slapping corporate poli
cian who knew exact
how to flatter Bob a
impress Gene on the fa
way. He took charge i
mediately, becoming the
ficial liaison between t
staff and the Pressman bro
ers, and in the process quic
ly alienated many loyal e
ployees. Following his arrival, one lon
time executive after another resigne
Bunstine, according to former emplo
ees, failed to grasp what had made B
neys special and seemed to feel that t
expanded operation should becon
more conventional. The creative typ
revolted. "Charles is a know-it-all," sa
Glenn O'Brien, who quit after 10 yea
with the company. "Maybe he shou
be running for office."

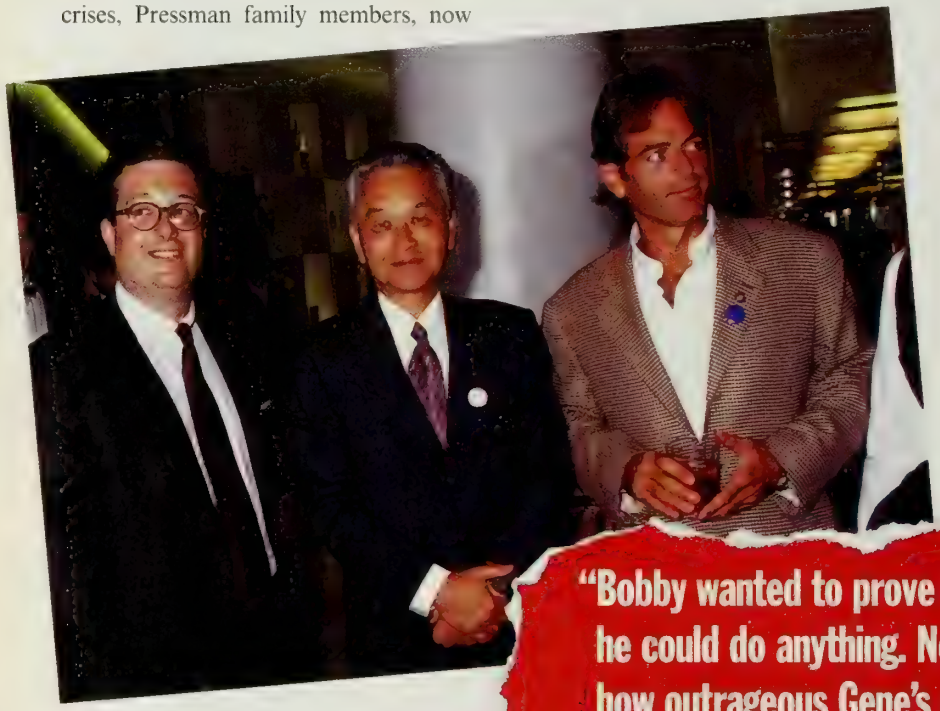
The effects of the creative drain f
lowing Bunstine's 1992 arrival are st
being felt: Barneys is currently short
talent. The advertising department, on



Robinsons·May

so strong and innovative, hasn't featured a new, high-profile campaign for several seasons. Instead, Bonnie Solomon, a vice president of advertising who has risen rapidly within the company, has managed to alienate some members of the creative community. "Gene wanted to delegate a lot of stuff, but he delegated it to the wrong people," explains a former executive.

Key personnel have been lost to Calvin Klein, J. Crew, Isaac Mizrahi, and Donna Karan. In the midst of the current crises, Pressman family members, now



SAYONARA
September 1993: Bob and Gene Pressman with Kazumasa Koshiba of Isetan. Isetan is now reportedly unwilling to do business with the brothers under any condition.

ubiquitous in the store, have been more sympathetic and complimentary than usual to all employees. But Barneys doesn't have even a full-time head of public relations. Wearing that hat, and countless others, is Simon Doonan, whose creative talents do not necessarily extend to spin control. Doonan's mere presence, however, is a testimony to Gene Pressman's continuing competitiveness and salesmanship. Gene reportedly talked Doonan out of taking an $800,000-a-year job at Ralph Lauren just weeks before the bankruptcy was announced.

No one was mentioning bankruptcy as the summer of 1993 faded, but there were rumors of financial trouble at Barneys even before the new Madison Avenue store was seen by the public. The rumors were true. The finance charges on construction loans, combined with $2-million-a-month lease payments to Isetan, were proving too heavy a burden. In Japan, Isetan—itself battered by recession—was in the hands of new management. Kosuge, Gene's generous buddy, had been covered with shame and kicked upstairs in May of 1993, ending an era of family management.

Kosuge's successor, Kazumasa Koshiba, was shocked by the Pressmans' spending. But he reluctantly advanced an additional $167 million to pay the bills. This time, however, he insisted on additional security in the personal guarantees from both brothers.

"Bobby wanted to prove that he could do anything. No matter how outrageous Gene's plan was, Bobby could come up with the financing."

In the fall of 1993, the Madison Avenue Barneys opened with a party which drew celebrities ranging from Edgar Bronfman Jr. and his wife, Clarissa, to Spike Lee, Barbara Walters, Anne Bass, Blaine Trump, and Debbie Harry. After cocktails at the store, guests made their way through a secret passageway on the second floor into the Pierre. There the party continued with music by Barry White and the Love Unlimited Orchestra.

But the festivities were soon overshadowed; firms that had worked on the store were desperate for payment. Employees, frustrated by aesthetic dictates that kept them standing for hours on marble floors (sitting behind the counters was visually displeasing), laughed when Peter Marino was forced to lay off a quarter of his staff after the Pressmans failed to pay up. When *The New York Times*'s Amy Spindler broke the story about Barneys' problems paying vendors, Charles Bunstine threatened to have her fired. "It was the most traumatic day of my career," she recalls. Bunstine's strong-arm approach, combined with the Pressmans' history of attempts to influence coverage, also backfired when the bankruptcy was announced. The press, free at last, took up Barneys-bashing like populists weaned on Wal-Mart rations. Maureen Dowd of *The New York Times* wrote a stinging column, lecturing about the dangers of "fiscal irresponsibility" and comparing Barneys to Universal's expensive and highly flogged film *Waterworld*.

The Pressmans' high-handedness fanned flames of resentment. The company's faxed Chapter 11 announcement expressed no apologies or regrets, even though the shortfall could close more than one small firm's doors. The last straw for some came when their frantic calls to the company for information about payments went unreturned. "The Pressmans' bravado was so unabashed, why shouldn't people throw brickbats at them now," says Alan Millstein, a leading retail consultant who has been critical of Barneys in the past. "They just screwed dozens of small suppliers. They left their Christmas bills unpaid. Everyone shipped their stuff in good faith, and they're probably not going to see a penny of it. It's tragic."

"They owed me $900,000 for over a year," says Michael Ratner, who claims he phoned every day for six months without ever receiving a return call. When Ratner ran into Gene, "he looked right through me, like I wasn't there," recalls Ratner, who filed suit and eventually was paid. "It's the arrogance that gets you."

Barneys says it intends to pay its vendors, but for some it is already too late. Manolo, a former milliner whose resortwear collection was purchased by Barneys, says *(Continued on page 9*

LAGOS

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EBEL

The Architects of Time

ontinued from page 90) that he closed business after the store fell six nths behind in its payments to him, d that 50 of his calls to Barneys went answered. "I felt pushed around and ored," Manolo says. Ultimately he s paid—after a *New York Times* re-rter picked up on his predicament. A rneys executive brought Manolo the eck. "She put it on the bench be-een us," Manolo recalls. "She said wanted me to retract the statement ad given *The New York Times.* Then would have no problem paying ." (Barneys says that Manolo's ac-unt is totally inaccurate.)

At Christmas, Gene Pressman treated family to a lavish vacation in Ha-ii. When he met Tomio Taki for a nd of golf at the Honolulu Country ub, he never let on that anything was ong. "I think he was in denial," says ki, whose company is one of Bar-ys' largest creditors. "Gene, and eryone in the company, was ng on hope."

But the well had finally run . Isetan had cut off the flow funds. To cover the cost over-ns, the Pressmans made the nds of banks and managed, in period of 18 months, to bor-w nearly $170 million. Now amped in debt and unable to ke payments to Isetan, the essmans decided at a board meeting December 20 to officially file for nkruptcy-court protection.

Barney Pressman could know what as become of his store, "he'd turn ver in his grave," according to his dow, Isabel Pressman. Barney died in 91 at the age of 96. For Fred, now 73 d gravely ill, the bankruptcy of his nily business must be devastating. A esman to the last, however, he comes o the store every day and has taken apartment at the Regency Hotel so doesn't have to commute. A small, nder man who has worn the same mpled Burberry for years, he is still ng up to the showrooms to feel the rics and look over the fall lines.

"He came up a few weeks ago, and u could feel his suffering," says Joe rrato, C.E.O. of Brioni U.S.A., ose family has been doing business th the Pressmans on and off for 30 rs. "The Pressmans have a spirit—ne people call it an attitude. Some e it, some don't. But they built an in-dible, quality institution, and they've nained a family business a long time. Barneys wouldn't be Barneys without them. If they've lost the store, it will be very sad."

And very nasty. The two brothers are speaking again, but only because they have to. Bob, according to a family source, believes he is being set up by his brother as the fall guy since he was technically in charge of finances. But because of the way the family trust is structured, no one had the power to act alone. Gene and Fred presumably had to sign off on the loans Barneys obtained. In an attempt to head off disaster, Bob made numerous trips to Tokyo—without Gene—in 1994 and 1995. A source close to the Pressmans claims that Bob tried to persuade the Japanese to convert their investment and the loans personally guaranteed into equity equaling up to 49 percent of Barneys. Gene had opposed giving Isetan equity. But, according to the source, "Bob convinced Fred to pressure Gene to agree."

"The Pressmans built an incredible, quality institution. If they've lost the store, it will be very sad."

Barneys' current suit is essentially an attempt to enforce the equity agreement, which Isetan denies ever making. Its lawyers at Hughes Hubbard & Reed say that a March 1994 document, used as evidence of an equity solution, is merely a statement of Barneys' willingness to discuss such a solution. They say that it was, in fact, Isetan which demanded the commitment from Barneys. Isetan's position is that they own the three showcase stores in New York, Beverly Hills, and Chicago, and they expect the Pressmans to pay rent and repay the $170 million in loans which were personally guaranteed.

For the time being, it is business as usual for Barneys. But for how long? The Oscar-night parties planned with *Entertainment Tonight* for Mad. 61 and Barney Greengrass, the store restaurant in Beverly Hills, were canceled, and, with Barneys vulnerable, Pino Luongo (who has reportedly wanted out of his restaurant partnerships with the Pressmans for some time) has taken ownership of Coco Pazzo and Le Madri and has given Barneys ownership of the far less prestigious in-store restaurants at some Barneys franchises. In the stores themselves, the racks are still filled with impossibly hip black clothes. With the court cutting the checks, most designers are shipping their lines, though they don't know how much of their earlier losses will be recovered. Incredibly, the Pressmans snagged new loans of $120 million from Chemical and other lenders. But Seventh Avenue has the jitters. In late March, Republic National Bank, owed in excess of $25 million, sold its loan to a "vulture fund." The private debt broker paid a reported 38 cents on the dollar.

But, even though they are furious, Isetan, which has hundreds of millions of dollars at stake, doesn't want to see Barneys disappear. "It's a great institution and it should continue," says Isetan's counsel Howard Kaufman, a partner with Hughes Hubbard & Reed. "But perhaps not with the Pressmans running it."

By late spring, it is possible that the Pressmans could be out of the store they built—forever. And despite their assurances to the contrary, it is almost inevitable that some Barneys stores will have to close.

Sources at Isetan say that the current standoff might have been avoided if the Pressmans hadn't been so continually and unrepentantly arrogant. "If they had reacted reasonably, and said they were sorry, it would be one thing," says a source close to Isetan's management, "but they have never apologized to the Japanese." Barneys says that it made repeated attempts to negotiate a solution, but that "it was the financial equivalent of eating sushi with one chopstick."

Carl Portale, who spent the holidays in Hawaii with Gene, says Pressman has not been humbled by recent events. "He's still holding his head up high," marvels Portale. "He beat me in a round of golf on December 29. He shot an 82. When I found out afterward [about the bankruptcy], I thought it was absolutely incredible. He was so cool."

Why not? Gene Pressman is still thinking big. When an advertising executive asked him how he was doing, Gene just shrugged and said, "Now I'm more famous than ever." □

THE BARONESS REGRETS

For 40 years, Marie-Hélène de Rothschild ruled Paris society through fear, elaborate fêtes, and an irresistible charm

BY BOB COLACELLO







From top: **Marie-Hélène de Rothschild with her husband, Baron Guy, at Longchamp, Paris, in the 60s; with Charlie Chaplin, 1967; with Jacques Chirac, 1993; with Alain Delon at a Cartier party, 1980.**

And so we mourn the passing of Baroness Marie-Hélène de Rothschild, the great hostess of Paris, where parties are considered an art form. Combining the extravagance of Marie Antoinette's royal fêtes with the eclecticism of Marie-Laure de Noailles's pre-war soirées, the balls and dinners she gave at Ferrières, the Rothschilds' château outside Paris, and at the Hôtel Lambert, their town house on the Île St.-Louis, drew everyone from the Duke and Duchess of Windsor to Brigitte Bardot, and bore testament to her social power—as well as to the indulgence of her husband, Baron Guy, head of the French branch of the Rothschild banking dynasty.

Marie-Hélène van Zuylen de Nyevelt was born in New York in 1927 to an Egyptian socialite and a Dutch diplomat whose mother was a Rothschild. In 1951 she married Count François de Nicolay, and divorced him six years later to wed Baron Guy, who divorced his first wife at the same time. She had one son by each marriage. In 1971 she gave her legendary Proust ball, for which *le tout Paris* came as characters from *Remembrance of Things Past.* At her 1972 Surrealist ball, she received her guests wearing a stag's-head mask topped with gold antlers.

More than 600 friends squeezed into the church on the Île St.-Louis for her funeral Mass. "It went from the woman who did her nails at Carita to Alain Delon," said Princess Laure de Beauvau Craon. In the front pews: First Lady Bernadette Chirac, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, Claude Pompidou, Gianni and Marella Agnelli, Oscar de la Renta, and a dozen Rothschilds. As her lace-draped coffin was carried to the waiting hearse, the air-raid sirens that go off once a month in Paris pierced the air. Yves Saint Laurent noted, "La Baronne de Rothschild possessed a charm that could not be resisted." □



Come as you are.

Life's a party... are you dressed for it?

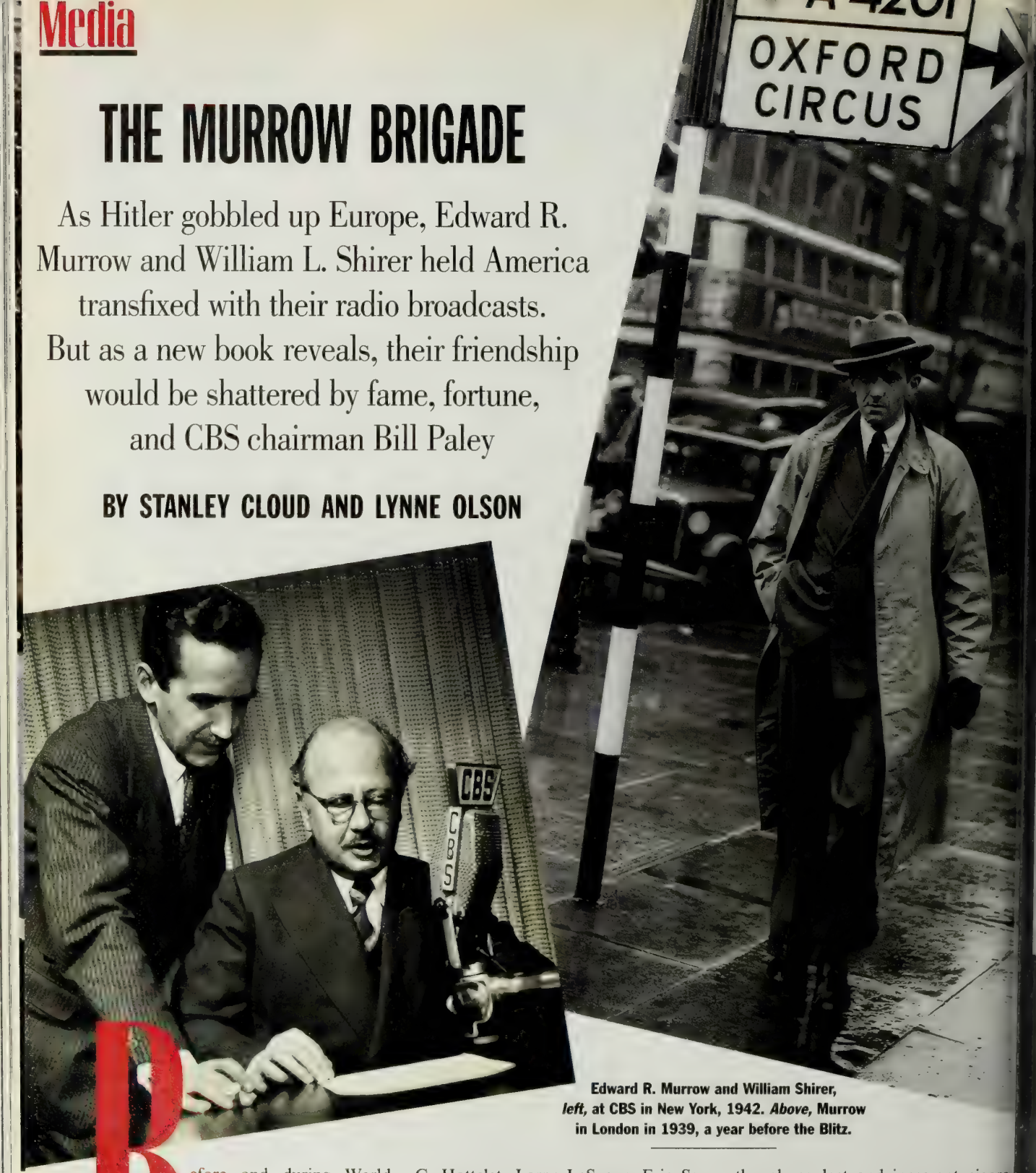
LIZ claiborne

Claiborne, New York

THE MURROW BRIGADE

As Hitler gobbled up Europe, Edward R. Murrow and William L. Shirer held America transfixed with their radio broadcasts. But as a new book reveals, their friendship would be shattered by fame, fortune, and CBS chairman Bill Paley

BY STANLEY CLOUD AND LYNNE OLSON



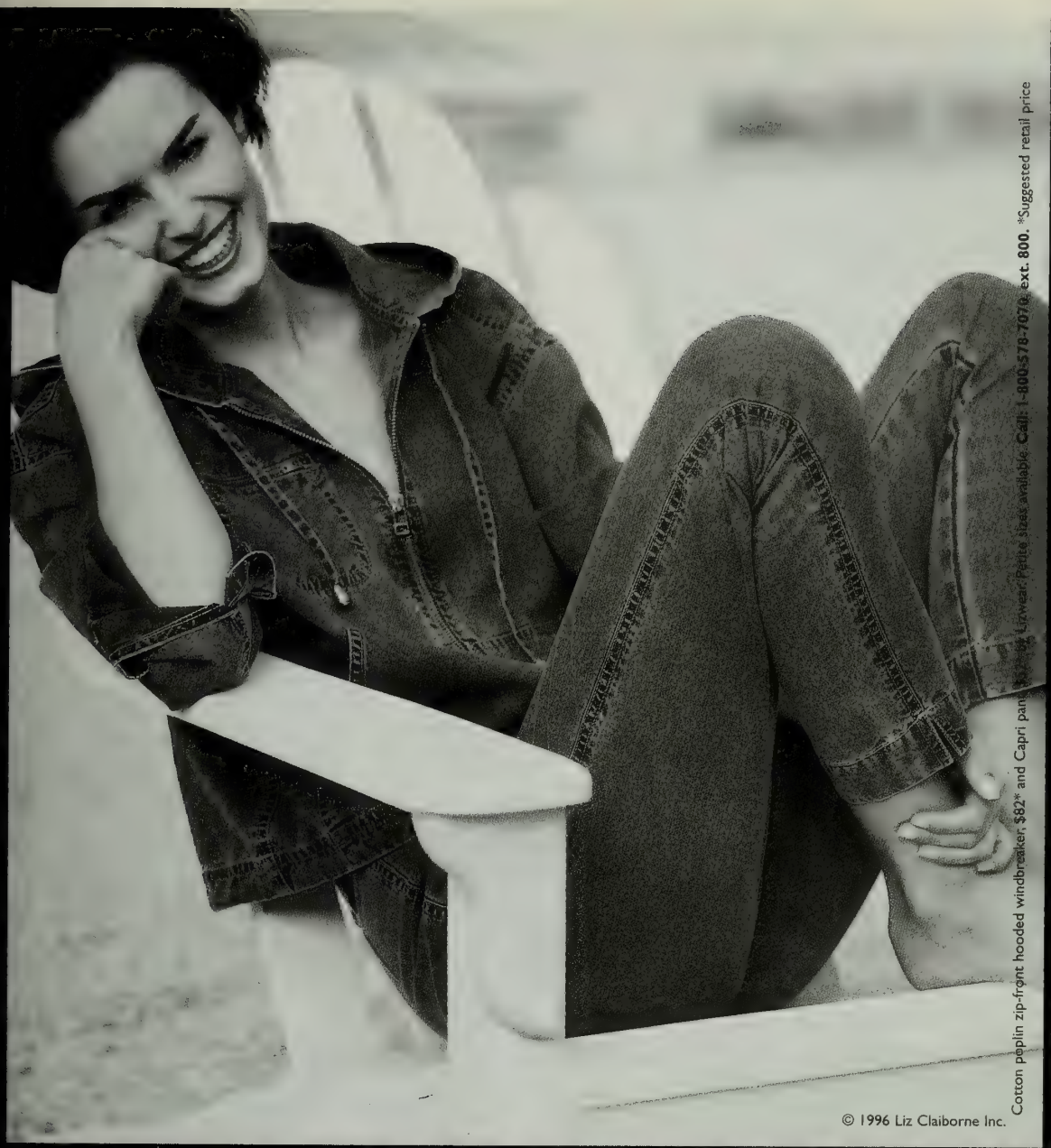
Edward R. Murrow and William Shirer, *left*, at CBS in New York, 1942. *Above*, Murrow in London in 1939, a year before the Blitz.

Before and during World War II, the great CBS journalist Edward R. Murrow assembled a group of 11 radio correspondents known as "the Murrow Boys." Who coined the term and when it came into general usage are unclear, but it was considered a sobriquet of honor. Those Boys personally hired by Murrow who became his close friends were Charles Collingwood, William Downs, Richard C. Hottelet, Larry LeSueur, Eric Sevareid, and William L. Shirer. Of all of them, Shirer had by far the most complicated relationship with the man who revolutionized news broadcasting.

When the two men joined forces in 1937, Edward R. Murrow was only 29 years old and had no real journalistic experience. But he was tall, lean, and likable, and there was genius in him, or at least startling precocity. He had piercing eyes and gleaming teeth (although neglect and incessant cigare smoking would damage them terribly only a few years). People always t ticed Ed Murrow. He wore Savile R pinstripes and had erased every vest of his dirt-poor North Carolina origi

Though William Shirer was almost

Excerpted from *The Murrow Boys: Pioneers on the Front Lines of Broadcast Journalism*, by Stanley Cloud and Lynne Olson, to be published next month by Houghton Mifflin Co.; ©1996 by the authors.



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Time out.

Chillin'... are you dressed for it?

LIZ claiborne

Claiborne, New York

tall as Murrow, he somehow appeared short and dumpy. He came from a very intellectual, though relatively poor, midwestern family. He was only four years older than Murrow, but his sandy hair was already receding at an alarming rate. He wore a small, mannered mustache. His glasses were thick and metal-rimmed, and he had a blind eye (the result of a skiing accident in 1932). His off-the-rack clothes were rumpled, his shoes in need of polish.

While Murrow's rich baritone was one of his many striking features, Shirer's voice was thin and reedy. Murrow strove to create a bon vivant's persona, but it was Shirer who actually lived the good life, who savored fine food and wine, who appreciated and pursued (deep into old age) beautiful women. Murrow was a man's man in an era when that meant hunting, fishing, smoking, drinking, and working. He was not an especially deep thinker or voracious reader. Shirer, on the other hand, was an experienced foreign correspondent who cultivated intellectuals.

After December 1940, Shirer, left, lived a life of comfort in New York while Murrow continued to wear a war correspondent's uniform and report from London.



They set in motion a chain of events that would lead, in only one year, to radio's emergence a America's chief news medium and to CBS's decades-long dominance of broadcast journalism.

Despite their differences, or because of them, Ed Murrow and Bill Shirer were, for a few intense years, closer to each other than either would ever be to anyone else, wives and lovers included. Theirs was an extraordinary friendship, and after it shattered a decade later, the shattering would haunt them both for the rest of their lives.

For most foreign correspondents stationed in Europe at the time, "radio news" was an oxymoron. America's two largest radio networks—William Paley's CBS and David Sarnoff's NBC—had no reporters of their own crisscrossing the globe to find the news and relay it, with explanation and analysis, to the people back home. Instead, the networks had people like the early Murrow: functionaries whose job was not to report but to arrange broadcasts of various kinds—debates at the League of Nations, for example, or coronations, or the speeches of statesmen. Or, to cite a pre–World War II highlight of international broadcasting: CBS's live presentation in 1932 of a nightingale singing from England's Surrey woods. So successful was the program that radio editors voted it the most interesting of that year.

Murrow had been transferred to London in 1937 to become CBS's European "director of talks." Before he left New York, he was advised that the broadcast of the nightingale was the standard by which his performance would be judged. When he tried to join the American foreign correspondents' association in London, his application was summarily rejected. He clearly wasn't a foreign correspondent, and nothing in his background suggested he ever would—or could—join that elite fraternity.

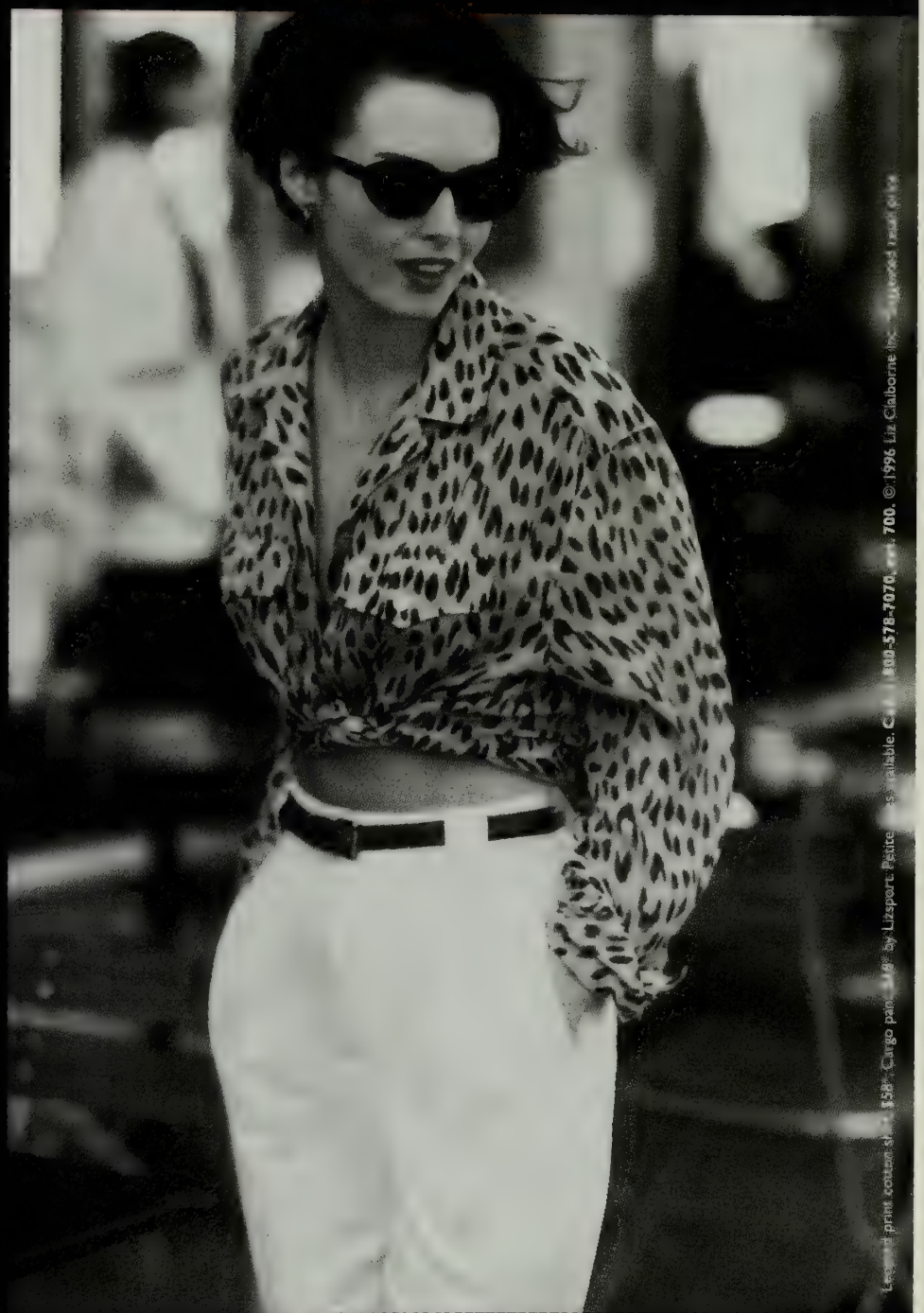
His real name was Egbert Roscoe Murrow. He was born April 25, 1908, in Polecat Creek, North Carolina, a hamlet with no automobiles, telephones, or electricity. His father was an impoverished dirt farmer, badly henpecked by his humorless, pious wife. After graduating from Washington State College in 1930, Murrow worked for the National Student Federation of America and, later, the Institute of International Education as an organizer of student conferences in the United States an Europe. In 1934 he became involved i helping Jewish academics immigrate t America from an increasingly ant Semitic Germany. That same year h married Janet Brewster, from a promi nent but not wealthy Connecticut fami ly. In September 1935, Murrow wa hired by CBS, and in April 1937 h was dispatched to London as Europea representative.

Later that year, when New Yor agreed to expand the network's Euro pean operations, Mur row decided to hire a honest-to-God foreig correspondent. At th suggestion of Ferdinan Kuhn of *The New Yor Times,* he got in touc with Bill Shirer in Berli

A graduate of Coe Co lege in Cedar Rap ids, Iowa, Shirer ha come to Europe 12 year before. He had travele extensively and ha worked for both th *Paris Tribune,* an of shoot of Colonel Robe McCormick's *Chicag Tribune,* and the riv *Paris Herald.* Then, f Hearst's Universal New Service, he had covere Hitler's rally in Nure

That same day he received a cabl gram from London. It read: CAN YO MEET ME ADLON [HOTEL] 8/27 FOR DI NER? MURROW, COLUMBIA BROADCAS ING. Shirer had no idea what it w about, and frankly he didn't much car He had left America before rad amounted to anything, and he rarely l

The season's "in" spot.



The scene... are you dressed for it?

LIZ claiborne

Claiborne, New York

tened to it in Europe. Still, if you're out of work, a free dinner is a free dinner.

Shirer at first dismissed Murrow as just another handsome face in a custom suit. By the time they adjourned to the Adlon bar for drinks, though, he had revised his opinion. Murrow was an evangelist for radio. He acknowledged that the new medium hadn't yet fulfilled its promise, especially where news was concerned. But it would someday, and he and Shirer could help make it happen. He offered Shirer a job at the same salary Hearst had been paying—$125 a week.

"Is it a deal?" Murrow asked, and Shirer said, "I . . . I . . . guess so." They celebrated over brandy. "Oh, there is one little thing I forgot to mention," Murrow said. "The . . . uh . . . voice."

CBS's New York executives were demanding a voice test before agreeing to Murrow's choice for the job. Nine days later, practically paralyzed with nervousness, Shirer reported to a dingy room in the government telegraph office in Berlin. The official German broadcasting studios were not available to CBS, he was informed, because German radio had an exclusive arrangement with NBC. But he could have a microphone and anything else he needed.

It turned out to be hopeless. When he started talking, his voice quivered and, more than once, jumped an octave. Afterward, he didn't hear anything for nearly a week. Then Murrow called with astounding news: "The bastards in New York finally came through. They think you're terrific."

Actually, the bastards in New York had hated Shirer's voice and tried to prevent Murrow from hiring him. Paul White, the director of news and special events, was particularly opposed. Having listened to the tryout broadcast, he decreed that Shirer just wouldn't do. Murrow argued that White, as a former newspaperman, should know better than to expect a golden-throated announcer. War was coming. Finally White caved.

CBS decided that the best place for Shirer wasn't Berlin but Vienna. After he and the pregnant Tess moved to the city of her birth, however, Shirer felt that his hands were tied. Austria was one large tinderbox, and Hitler, determined to annex his homeland, was ready to put a match to it. The country's economy was declining, its people disaffected; anti-Semitism was on the rise. In those early months of 1938, Shirer and Murrow tried to persuade New York to allow them to report what was happening, but Paul White refused, saying that was not the job they had been hired for.

In February the Austrian chancellor, Kurt von Schuschnigg, capitulated to Hitler's demand that Austria lift its ban on the Nazi Party. It was Austria's death warrant. Shirer asked CBS for 15 minutes of airtime to explain what had occurred. New York wasn't interested; Shirer was ordered to Sofia for a broadcast of a Bulgarian children's choir.

By the time he returned home from Sofia on February 26, the Austrian government was crumbling. Tess required an emergency cesarean section to save her life and the baby's. To make matters worse, Shirer was promptly dispatched to Yugoslavia for yet another music broadcast. He returned on March 11 to find that Tess had phlebitis. Outside the hospital, a Nazi mob was rampaging. The chancellor had resigned. Austria was about to be swallowed by Hitler.

Shirer had the biggest story of his life, and he seemed to have it to himself—NBC's correspondent Max Jordan was out of town. This time Shirer wasn't going to listen to New York. He was going to report what he knew. He rushed to the Austrian state radio building, where men in Nazi uniforms refused to let him use a studio. Dejected, he returned to his apartment and was having his second beer when Ed Murrow called. He told Shirer to get on a plane to London. As soon as he arrived, he should go on the air and give the first uncensored eyewitness account of the Anschluss. Meanwhile, Murrow would come to Vienna to cover for him.

Hitler had ordered all correspondents, foreign and German, to be flown back to Berlin. Nuts to t

Shirer thought. He would damned well stay and, if possible, broadcast from Compiègne.



William Shirer's crowning moment as a war correspondent: he scoops NBC and German radio in reporting France's humiliating armistice with Germany at Compiègne, June 1940.

For Shirer, nothing was more important than this story, not even his critically ill wife. Seventeen hours later he was sitting in a BBC studio in London, earphones on, listening to the CBS announcer in New York say, "We take you now to London." After six of the most frustrating months he'd ever known, Bill Shirer was finally triumphantly, broadcasting the news.

But he wasn't first. NBC's Max Jordan, on learning of Austria's fate, had hustled back to Vienna. While Shirer's plane to London was still in the air, Jordan had talked his way into the Austrian radio studio and submitted his hastily typed script to the censor.

In New York, hearing of Jordan's broadcast, Bill Paley was frantic. Until the Nazi takeover of Austria, he had



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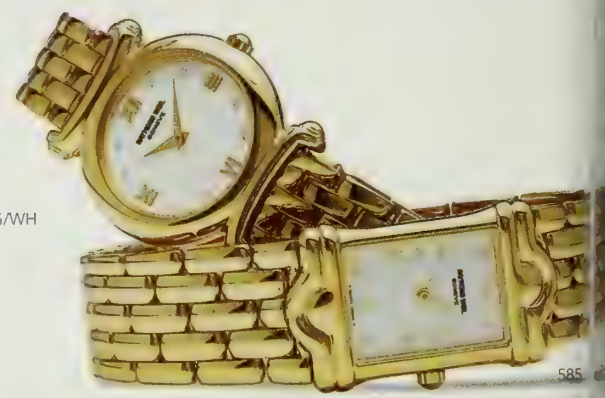
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GENEVE

sided with Paul White and stuck to CBS's policy of opposing any reporting by the network's employees in Europe. Reporting could easily lead to editorializing, to taking sides. But the Anschluss changed Paley's mind. NBC was *trouncing* CBS! White phoned Shirer in London. "We want a European roundup *tonight,*" White said—a 30-minute broadcast on the European reaction to the Anschluss, with Shirer and a member of Parliament in London, Murrow in Vienna, and American newspaper correspondents in Paris, Berlin, and Rome. Nothing like this had ever been put together before, and Shirer and Murrow had eight hours to do it. Murrow persuaded the Germans to give him a phone line from Vienna to Berlin, where his broadcast could be picked up and relayed by shortwave to New York. Special lines were arranged for Paris, and newspaper correspondents were tracked down. With little more than two hours to go, Shirer still hadn't located a member of Parliament, and one of the correspondents he'd found, Frank Gervasi of the International News Service, reported that the Italians could not arrange his broadcast on such short notice. Shirer told Gervasi to dictate his story to London and he would read it for him. Then Shirer at last located Labour M.P. Ellen Wilkinson in the country, and she agreed to rush back to London. Fifteen minutes before the roundup was to go on the air, a breathless Wilkinson arrived at the BBC studios, and Gervasi was still dictating his piece to a stenographer.

Finally, on March 14, at one A.M. London time, eight P.M. in New York, an exhausted Shirer put on his earphones and heard announcer Robert Trout say, "The program *St. Louis Blues* will not be heard tonight." In its place would be a special report, a "radio tour of Europe's capitals, starting with a transoceanic pickup from London."

And Shirer was on. Nothing in his soft, flat voice indicated either the excitement he felt or the crushing pressure he had endured over the last few hours. He opened by predicting that Britain would do little to stem the aggression of Hitler. The other correspondents and Ellen Wilkinson took their turns analyzing the apathetic reaction of European governments to Hitler's rapacity. As promised, Shirer read Gervasi's dispatch. And Murrow sketched a subtly sinister picture of a transformed Vienna: "The crowds are courteous as they've always been, but many people are in a holiday mood; they lift the right arm a little higher here than in Berlin and the 'Heil Hitler' is said a little more loudly."

Thirty minutes later the first European roundup ended, on time to the second. A jubilant Paul White was on the phone to Shirer. The broadcast was a triumph, he said, "so much so that we want another one tomorrow night—tonight, your time. Can you do it?" Shirer didn't even pause. "No problem," he shouted.

With that first roundup, CBS and radio in general were on their way to becoming full-fledged news sources. Shirer and Murrow proved that radio was able not only to report news as it occurred but also to put it in context, to link it with news from elsewhere—and to do all that with unprecedented speed and immediacy. They set in motion a chain of events that would lead, in only one year, to radio's emergence as America's chief news medium and to the beginning of CBS's decades-long dominance of broadcast journalism.

Shirer and Murrow had agreed that when Tess was strong enough the Shirers would move to neutral Geneva, where Bill could cover Hitler's next move free of Nazi censorship. Murrow flew from London to join the Shirers for a short holiday in nearby Lausanne, and for several blissful days they swam, drank, and talked of the war they were sure was coming and of their need for more correspondents to help cover it. The problem was that Paley, White, and most Americans were losing interest again in foreign news as the Anschluss crisis faded. The news roundups were discontinued.

Then, in September of that year, Germany turned its gaze on Czechoslovakia, and Hitler claimed the Sudetenland. On September 10, Shirer went to Prague to monitor the crisis. Before he left, he suggested to New York that he do daily five-minute broadcasts from Prague. They consented—if Shirer would promise to relinquish the time whenever there was not enough news to fill it. "My God!" he later wrote. "Here was the old continent on the brink of war . . . and the network was most reluctant to provide five minutes a day from here to report it!"

Soon, though, Americans sat riveted to their radios, intently listening for the cues from CBS in New York—"Calling Edward R. Murrow" and "Come in, William L. Shirer"—then listening for the voices themselves, cutting through the shortwave whine and stutter and crackle.

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"Ed cast his lot with Bill Paley, who wasn't worth a hundredth of Ed Murrow," William Shirer sai

"I remember saying to Ed, 'You'll get just what I got.' And he did in the end."

On September 30, Shirer was in Munich when the leaders of Europe's two greatest democracies, British prime minister Neville Chamberlain and French premier Édouard Daladier, handed the Sudetenland to Hitler.

There was no question that CBS outshone NBC—not to mention the other, smaller network, Mutual (ABC would not come along until 1943)—in the days leading up to Munich and at the conference itself. An exhilarated Bill Paley cabled Murrow and Shirer, "Columbia's coverage of European crisis superior to its competitors and is probably the best job ever done in radio broadcasting."

More and more American reporters headed across the Atlantic during the summer of 1939, drawn by the knowledge that in journalism war meant good jobs. Murrow let it be known that CBS was in the market for journalists who thought they could make the transition from print to radio. Soon he hired Thomas Grandin, a 30-year-old Yalie, and Eric Sevareid, a handsome 26-year-old reporter at the *Paris Herald.*

In Berlin on August 31, Shirer listened on headphones to a German broadcast of the Nazi terms for peace in Poland and simultaneously translated for his American listeners. That night, Germany shut down its long-distance phone lines. Shirer went to bed feeling completely shut off from the rest of the world. At six the next morning, he was awakened by a call from Sigrid Schultz, the Berlin correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune.* "It's happened," she said. Germany had invaded Poland. World War II had begun.

A week after Germany invaded Poland and direct communications between England and Germany were cut off, Murrow was telling American listeners what this war had done to his friendship with Shirer. "Other than official news broadcasts, his is the only voice from Berlin I'm likely to hear in a long time - and his voice reaches me by way of New York," said a wistful Murrow. He could only listen in on headphones now as Shirer did his broadcasts from Berlin to still-neutral America.

In Berlin, Shirer was cut off not only from Murrow but also from Tess and their little daughter in Geneva and, of course, the real news. Most of the news he received had a distinctly Nazi slant. Shirer used insinuation and irony to work his way around network rules and Nazi censorship. When the German press insisted that the Poles were firing on their own capital city, Shirer reported in a bemused voice, "There was a headline that struck me tonight: POLES BOMBARD WARSAW. I thought it was a misprint until I read the story under it, which turned out to be an official communiqué of the [German] High Command." The fine print of the communiqué, Shirer noted, acknowledged that the Polish bombardment was actually aimed at the attacking German troops.

Shirer also used popular American slang to get some of his dispatches past German censors. There were times, however, when he couldn't quite disguise his passion. In late September Shirer and other journalists watched the *Luftwaffe* bomb the virtually defenseless Polish town of Gdynia. German officers, he reported, "reminded me of the coaches of champion football teams at home, who sit calmly on the sidelines and watch the machines they created do their stuff. It was both tragic and grotesque. Grotesque that we should be watching the killing as if it were a football game."

As 1940 began, Murrow cabled Berlin and instructed Shirer to meet him for a little rest and recreation in neutral Amsterdam. Dazzled by the lights and abundant food, delighted to be in each other's company again, the two friends behaved, as Shirer wrote in his diary, "like a couple of youngsters suddenly escaped from a stern old aunt or reform school."

Their exuberance was evident in the one broadcast they did there together:

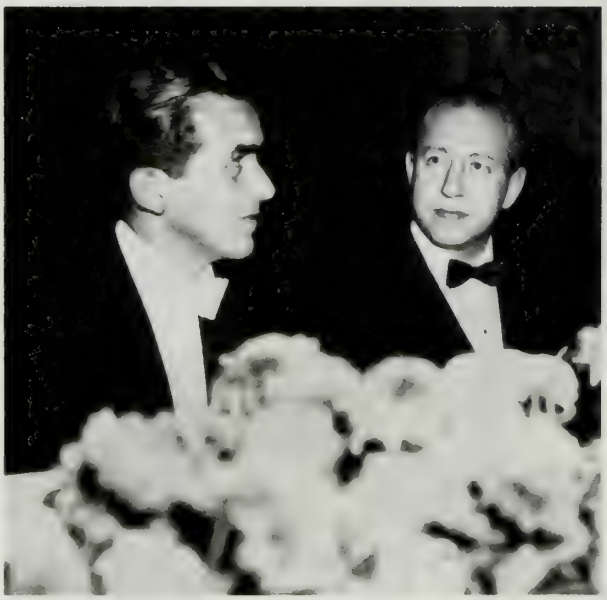
Shirer: You have no idea what it's like to get into a city and see the streets all lighted up.

Murrow: What do you mean I've got no idea? I saw streets lights, automobiles with rear headlights, and lights pouring out of windows tonight for the first time in five months.

Murrow ended the broadcast by saying, "Bill, let's go out and throw snowballs." Which is exactly what they did.

In June, Shirer was having lunch in Berlin when he heard about the fall of Paris. He rushed to Paris and picked up a tip from one of his German army sources that the armistice would be signed in the woods of Compiègne, north of Paris, where Germany had been forced to sign the humiliating surrender that ended World War I. In Compiègne, Shirer discovered German-army engineers tearing out the wall of the museum that housed the railroad car in which the 1918 surrender had been signed. The car, he was told, was to be moved to the exact spot where it had stood 22 years earlier.

The next afternoon, Shirer watched the armistice participants arrive. First came Hitler, who stepped from his black Mercedes and strode toward the clearing and the railroad car. The *Führer*'s expre



CBS president William Paley, right, honored Murrow for his distinguished European reporting at a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York in November 1941, one month before America entered the war.

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sion was grave, but Shirer remarked "in his springy step, a note of the triumphant conqueror." The French generals, their faces like marble, arrived and climbed into the railroad car. They listened, expressionless, as General Wilhelm Keitel began reading the terms of the armistice.

The actual signing of the armistice was to take place the following day, but at breakfast Shirer learned that Hitler had ordered all correspondents, foreign and German, to be flown back to Berlin. Nuts to that, Shirer thought. He would damned well stay and, if possible, broadcast from Compiègne.

Minutes after the armistice was signed, Shirer sat in front of a microphone next to the German communications van and repeated over and over, "William L. Shirer calling CBS and NBC in New York, calling CBS and NBC from Compiègne, France." Shirer's army source had asked him to broadcast to both networks, and he agreed, even though he was sure his effort was futile. He went ahead anyway, speaking for almost 30 minutes, outlining in precise and painful detail Hitler's humiliation of the French.

Shirer's report turned out to be the biggest story of his career. The next morning he learned that a technician in Berlin had thrown the wrong switch and sent his broadcast directly to CBS. He had beaten everyone, including the Germans, to the story by nearly six hours.

The London Blitz, which began in September 1940, was in a sense what Edward R. Murrow had been preparing for since he arrived in Europe in 1937. It had immediacy, human drama, and *sound*—sirens, bombs falling, antiaircraft guns. Murrow had been arguing that the future of radio news lay in on-the-scene reporting. He and Larry LeSueur and Eric Sevareid, who had joined him in London, were ideally positioned to prove his point.

In a program called *London After Dark*, Murrow, LeSueur, and Sevareid reported on the nighttime sights and sounds of the city. In Trafalgar Square, Murrow kept silent for a moment, letting his audience listen to the air-raid siren in the background. Then he said, "I'll just ooze down in the darkness alongside these steps and see if I can pick up the sound of people's feet." He laid his microphone on the steps of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields church, picking up the *click-click* and grind of heels and soles. "One of the strangest sounds one can hear in London in these dark nights," Murrow said, "is the sound of footsteps along the street, like ghosts shod with steel shoes."

Listening to Murrow's reports was like hearing an old friend describe the threatened destruction of other friends and their entire world. Murrow's listeners trusted him. If he implied, as he did more and more often, that England couldn't go it alone, that America would have to join the fight, maybe he was right.

Murrow became the most sought-after American in London. He dined with the Churchills, was courted by society hostesses, was invited to country-house parties by aristocrats. The apartment he and Janet maintained at 84 Hallam Street became a gathering place for generals, dukes, members of Parliament, and Cabinet officials.

A month after the Blitz began, Eric Sevareid decided to return home. He was sick and exhausted, and he hadn't seen his wife and twins, born in Paris before it fell, in four months. His final broadcast from London was one of the greatest of his career:

> London may not be England, but she is Britain and she is the incubator of America and the West. Should she collapse, the explosion in history would never stop its echoing. Someone wrote the other day, "When this is all over, in years to come, men will speak of this war and say, 'I was a soldier,' 'I was a sailor,' or 'I was a pilot.' Others will say with equal pride, 'I was a citizen of London.'"

Bill Shirer was also going home. The Nazis had begun to find censors who understood the nuances of American speech that Shirer had used to such good effect. More and more, they were shredding his scripts until they made no sense at all. He could no longer use the words "Nazi" or "invasion" on the air. He couldn't call Germany "aggressive" or "militaristic" or anything else that might create an unfavorable impression in neutral America. When Shirer complained about the censorship to Paul White, White cabled back: BILL WE THOROUGHLY UNDERSTAND, SYMPATHIZE CONDITION IN BERLIN BUT FEEL WE MUST CARRY ON WITH BROADCASTS EVEN I ONLY READING OFFICIAL STATEMENT AND NEWSPAPER TEXTS.

The hell with that, Shirer thought. H advised New York that a friendly Ge man official had told him the Nazis wer building an espionage case against hir For this reason, if no other, he had t leave. Joseph Harsch, who reported fro Berlin for *The Christian Science Monito* and who was a friend of Shirer's, doub ed that the Germans were preparing an trumped-up spy charges. "I don't believ he was ever in any danger," Harsch said

One reason Shirer wanted to retur was to publish his diary. He had wi nessed Hitler's rise and had recorded i his diary what he saw, heard, thought and believed, censoring nothing. If eve there was a time to share his musing with the world—and to do it profitably- now was that time. Besides, his wif and daughter had already returned t the States. He went directly to Bill Pale who agreed to an unpaid three-mont leave. Smuggling the diaries pas

Murrow began a passionate affair with Pamela Churchill (later Pamela Harriman), the beautif daughter-in-law of the prime minister. "She just bowled him over," said Charles Collingwood.

Gestapo officials at the airport, Shire left Berlin on December 5, 1940.

He arrived in New York to full-cour press publicity treatment. SHIRER BAC FROM BERLIN, said the headline in *Th New York Times*. Shirer gloried in the a claim and quickly began to doubt the wi dom of returning to Berlin. So what if Pa ley and White were pressuring him? H didn't have time to worry about that no not with every book editor in New Yor clamoring to publish his *Berlin Diary* an every magazine editor, from *Time*'s Her ry Luce to the *Reader's Digest*'s DeWi Wallace, wanting articles from him. I the end, Shirer gave the book to Blanch Knopf, the wife and partner of Alfre Knopf, who paid a $10,000 advance fc it, an impressive figure at the time.

Berlin Diary, which the Book-of-th Month Club chose as its July 1941 mai selection, was an immediate commerci and critical success. Within weeks was at the top of the best-seller lis and eventually sold more than 500,00 copies. With the book's triumph, CB finally agreed that Shirer could remai in the United States. Paul White wer up to Cape Cod, where the Shire were vacationing that summer, and o fered a new contract, including an i crease in Shirer's already substanti

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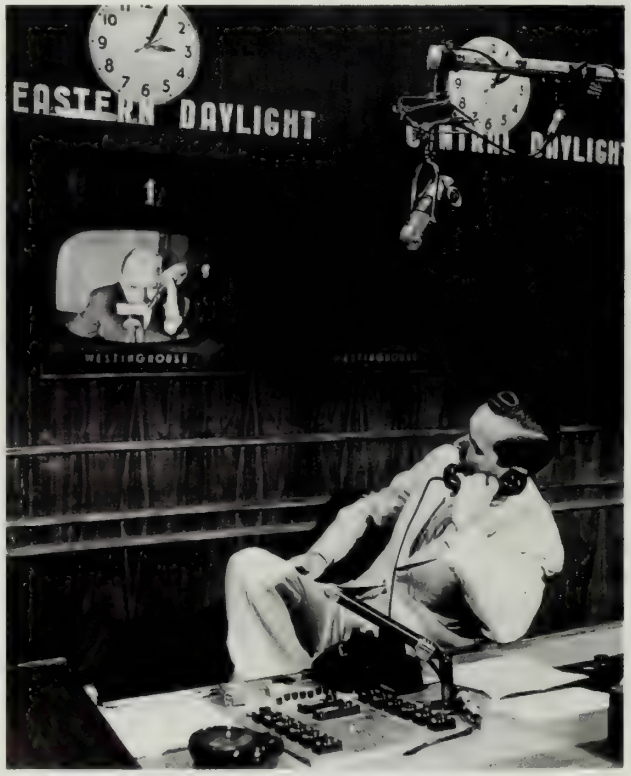
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salary and a Sunday show of his own.

Before leaving Europe, Shirer had promised Murrow he would go to London in the fall of 1941 to pinch-hit while Murrow took home leave. He stressed in a letter that spring that he would return only for the time Murrow was away. In the end Shirer reneged on even a temporary return to London. Things were going too well for him in New York. Shirer had been all but flat broke when Murrow hired him in 1937. Now he had money and the perquisites of fame: invitations to lecture and to join New York's exclusive Century Association and the Council on Foreign Relations. He even went to Hollywood as a consultant for a movie called *Passage from Bordeaux.*

The principal victim of Shirer's egomania was his wife, Tess. Just when it seemed that she and Bill could have a normal life, the marriage was confronted with a new challenge: Tilly Losch. When Shirer was in his mid-20s, he had seen the dancer in a Noël Coward musical and had been smitten. More than a decade later, Shirer was in his office in New York one day when his old friend John Gunther stopped by. With Gunther were movie directors Frank Capra and Anatole Litvak and Tilly Losch. At '21' that night, Shirer and Losch became engrossed in each other. "I felt myself falling in love with her," he wrote years later. Soon, his wife and his new mistress would each be pleading with him to give up the other. He refused.

Edward Murrow, his role greatly diminished at CBS-TV by 1960, reports local results in that year's election.



were our dead . . . were mankind's dead."

Among the notables on the dais with Murrow were Bill Paley, Paul White, and the network's other top news attraction, Bill Shirer. Murrow and Shirer had been so close once, but now there were strains in the relationship. Murrow resented Shirer's reneging on his promise to sit in for him in London. He disapproved of the way Shirer was profiting from his war experiences with his book and lecture tours. (The money Murrow made from *his* lecture tour that year went to charity.)

Ed and Janet Murrow were invited to

"I wish goddamned television had never been invented," Murrow grumbled. In 1946 there were sets in the entire United States. The next year there were 190,000, and by 1949 one million

Ed Murrow was now taking *his* turn on the celebrity whirl, having returned to the States for an eight-month break in November 1941. He was to do a national tour, then rest. At a banquet hosted by CBS at the Waldorf-Astoria, poet Archibald MacLeish paid eloquent tribute to the things Murrow had already accomplished in his war reporting: "You burned the city of London in our houses and we felt the flames that burned it. You laid the dead of London at our doors and we knew that the dead

have dinner with the Roosevelts at the White House on December 7. After the news of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Mrs. Roosevelt called to say the invitation still stood. The president did not dine with them, but the First Lady said her husband wanted Murrow to remain afterward. A few minutes past midnight, Murrow was ushered into the Oval Office, where Roosevelt soberly sketched for him the magnitude of the disaster: the Pacific fleet badly crippled,

75 percent of the American warplanes i the Pearl Harbor area destroyed on th ground, thousands killed or wounded That the president would confide all thi to Ed Murrow alone was a remarkabl indication of the great distance Murrov and CBS had traveled in four years.

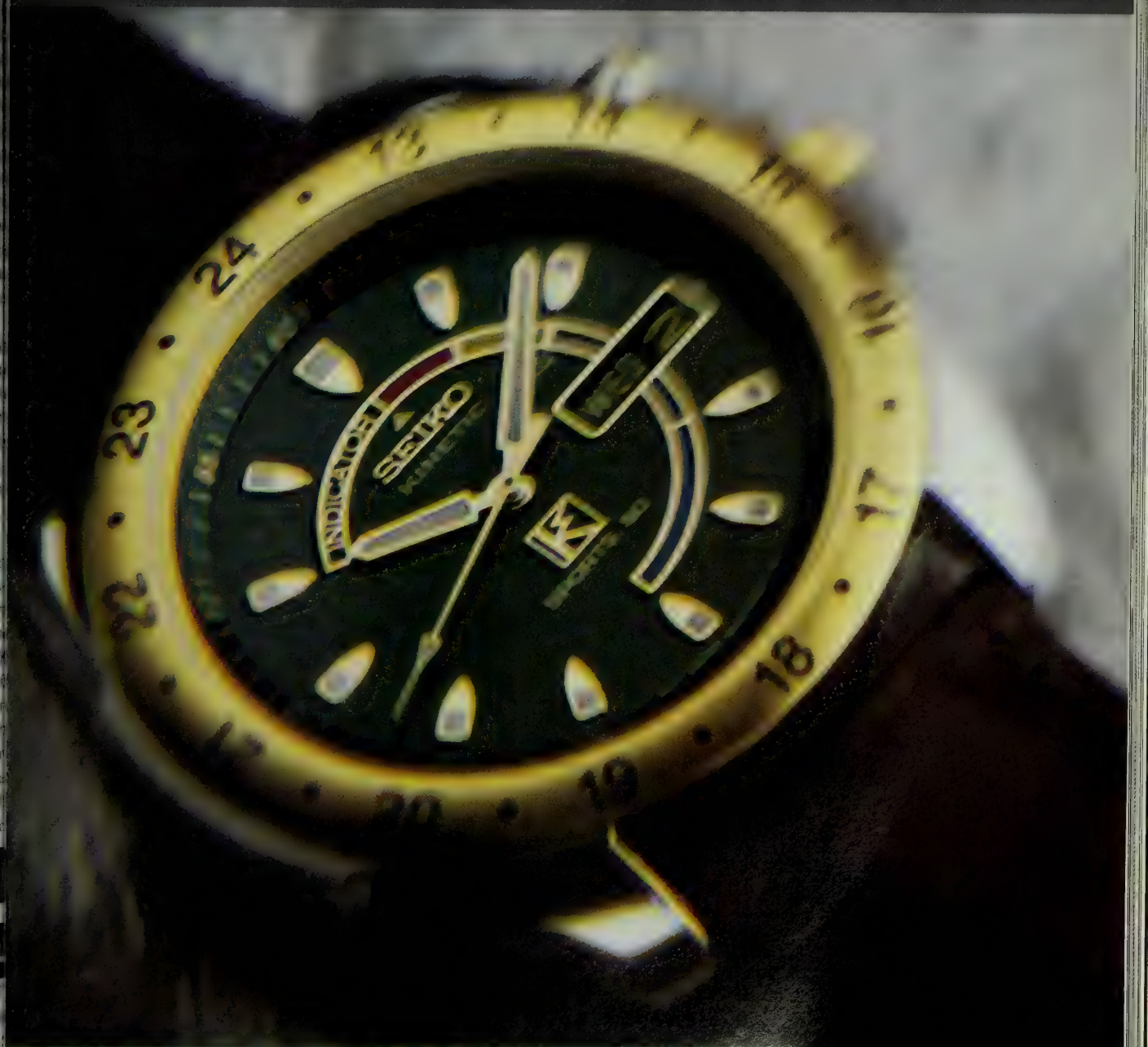
Before D-day, there was a lot of pok er and partying in London, wher conventional morality had in man circles been laid to rest for the dura tion. The fever infected even Ed Mu row, who began a passionate affa with Pamela Churchill (later Pamel Harriman), the beautifu daughter-in-law of the prim minister. Estranged fro Winston Churchill's so Randolph, the bright an charming Pamela was know for her sparkling dinner and soirées. "She just bowle him over," said Charl Collingwood.

Murrow even considered c vorcing Janet, but in the en he could not bring himself do it. His decision probab stemmed from guilt and l love for Janet, who, after years of marriage, gave bir to their son, Charles Casey.

The Murrow Boys who we still with CBS when the w ended—Eric Sevareid, Lan LeSueur, Charles Collingwoo Winston Burdett, Howard Smith, Bill Downs, Richard Hottelet, and William Shire had achieved a status beyo what any of them could ha imagined. They were, said pu lisher Michael Bessie, w knew them well, "*the* class a of American journalism—"golden boys!

Murrow, for professional and perso reasons, wanted to keep the group gether under the CBS umbrella, or, m accurately, under *his* umbrella. He gai the power to do so by moving from L don to New York in 1946 and accept a job that Paley had been urging on h since before the war ended: vice pr dent and director of public affairs. In fect, Murrow would be in charge of C News, which had only just become a

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arate division. He would outrank news director Paul White and have direct control over the Boys' destinies.

Initially, Murrow had wanted Bill Shirer to replace him in London as chief European correspondent. But Shirer refused. He was now one of New York's most noted and best-paid journalists. He and Tess were fixtures on the New York social circuit. And Shirer's affair with Tilly Losch continued unabated. Sometimes the Shirers got together with Ed and Janet for old times' sake, but the spark just wasn't there anymore.

On March 10, 1947, Shirer's lovely world collapsed. He received a telephone call from an executive at the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, who told him that the J. B. Williams Company, the large soap manufacturer, after almost three years of sponsorship, had decided to drop his Sunday broadcast. Shirer was stunned. His weekly 5:45 P.M. program had not long before received a 6.9 Hooper rating, the highest of any Sunday news program. (More recently, though, the ratings, like news ratings generally, had been slipping.) Moreover, Shirer insisted later, no one at Williams or CBS had expressed any dissatisfaction with his performance. Shirer immediately suspected that he was being punished for the outspoken, liberal positions he took on the air.

"Television was never the same after the first *See It Now*," said Don Hewitt, who directed the premiere epis and later borrowed bits of the format to create *60 Minutes*. "Ed Murrow made television respectable."



Ed Murrow, left, with Charles Collingwood and Eric Sevareid, two of the stars of his team, works on the state governors' elections in 1950.

It was not an illogical assumption. As relations between the United States and the Soviet Union started to decline almost immediately after the war, American liberals were more and more on the run. To conservative watchdogs, liberals had become "fellow travelers," "pinkos," "Reds," or "Commies."

When President Truman declared what became known as the Truman Doctrine and asked Congress for $400 million in aid for the governments of Greece and Turkey to help them resist Communist-backed guerrilla insurgencies, Shirer, among other liberal commentators, attacked the plan. The government in Athens, he said, was the same corrupt, repressive oligarchy that had ruled Greece before the Germans occupied it in 1941.

Shirer's criticisms of the Greek government (and of Chiang Kai-shek's regime in China) drew increasing fire from the right. That must be why I am being dropped, Shirer thought. But he was sure Murrow and Paley would never stand for it. They would find Shirer another sponsor and keep him in the same Sunday slot. Shirer phoned Murrow. Was the program his or the sponsor's? After saying he'd get back to him, Murrow went to Paley. He reminded the chairman of the huge contribution Shirer had made to CBS, and argued that he should keep the program and the time.

But Shirer had crossed the chairman of CBS before, and now Paley saw his chance to get even. Murrow, who had had plenty of experience of his own with Shirer's arrogance, and who felt that Shirer had grown lazy in his reporting, went along with the boss. Finally he picked up the phone and called Shirer's office. Sponsor or no sponsor, Shirer was to be replaced on the Sunday program by another commentator. CBS would try to find him a new time slot and, eventually, a new sponsor. Until then he would be "sustaining"—that is, unsponsored.

As it became clear to Shirer that he had lost the battle, his anger increased. At the very least, he insisted to Murrow, he had the right to tell his listeners that he was being taken off the air. The two men agreed on a vague statement, which Shirer delivered on March 23. When Shirer emerged from the studio after the broadcast, several reporters were waiting to question him about what was going on. He was being throttled by his sponsor, he said. But that was hardly the worst of it: CBS, by forcing him to give up his regular broadcast time, was making it *easy* for the sponsor. In effect the network was endorsing the authority of Williams—or any other sponsor—to dictate the content of news broadcasts.

Among the protesting telegrams that Murrow and Paley received was one signed by Dorothy Parker, Arthur Miller, Gregory Peck, and—most painful for Murrow—several of his own good friends, including John Gunther and Vincent Sheean. There were even direct attacks on Murrow from others he respected. Now that he was a CBS vice president, they suggested, he had turned into just another corporate hack.

Murrow asked Joseph Harsch to take over Shirer's Sunday program. Harsch, who had a daily news-and-analysis program on CBS at 11:45 P.M., was as outspokenly liberal as Shirer, in fact Murrow hoped would help quell the escalating controversy. announcing the shift from Shirer Harsch, Murrow said, "We believe that Mr. Harsch, with his long experience in Washington and abroad, and his access to news sources in Washington, will improve Columbia's news analysis in this period." The statement was salt in Shirer's wounds, as Murrow must have known it would be.

Murrow made one last try at patching things up. On March 28, he and Shirer met in the bar at the Berkshire Hotel near CBS headquarters, and agreed that they had been acting like idiots. Over a couple of drinks they worked out a compromise in which Shirer would be given a new, sponsored time slot on Saturday

vening. In return the protests against the etwork would end. Exhilarated, they repared a statement for the press. All ney had to do was run it by Bill Paley.

But when Murrow and Shirer pre-ented the compromise to Paley in his ffice, he rejected it out of hand. He as mortified by the onslaught of criti-ism against his network and was cer-ain Shirer had engineered it. "As far as 'm concerned," Paley told Shirer, "your sefulness to CBS has ended."

There was stunned silence. According o Shirer, all Murrow could say was "We ad an agreement. But if you don't like , Bill, you're the boss." At that moment ne Murrow-Shirer friendship ended.

After Shirer left CBS, he did a weekly 5-minute news-and-comment program or Mutual until 1949, but he never again ound a full-time job in broadcasting. In 950 he was listed in *Red Channels,* the nti-Communist blacklisting bible of roadcasting, as a Communist sympathiz-r. With that he became unemployable.

Early on in this troubled time, Shirer egan work on a monumental history of Nazi Germany. In 1960, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* was published by imon & Schuster. It became a phenom-nal best-seller—more than two million copies sold by the Book-of-the-Month Club alone. It also won the National Book Award, and suddenly money, fame, and prestige, which meant so much to Shirer, were restored to him.

"I wish goddamned television had never been invented," Murrow grumbled. But nothing, certainly not Murrow's grumbling, could stop it. People were buying television sets as fast as they could be built. In 1946 there were 6,000 sets in the entire United States. The next year there were 190,000, and by 1949 one million. By 1951 there were 10 million and counting. And the three TV networks—CBS, NBC, and the ill-fated DuMont (ABC didn't move into national TV until 1954)—seemed to be creating new entertainment programming as fast as the manufacturers were turning out sets. On June 8, 1948, *The Texaco Star Theater,* featuring Milton Berle, was launched, quickly followed by Ed Sullivan's *Toast of the Town,* Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts,* and, in 1950, *Your Show of Shows,* with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca. Ed Murrow and the Boys, grumbling all the way, were forced to come to terms with television.

"This is an old team trying to learn a new trade," Murrow said into the camera on November 18, 1951, squinting through his own cigarette smoke, as he began the premiere broadcast of *See It Now,* the first documentary series in television history. "My purpose," he continued, "will be . . . to lean over the cameraman's shoulder occasionally and say a word which may help illuminate and explain what is happening."

He switched to a report from Eric Sevareid in Washington on Korean War casualties. From Paris, Howard Smith described the latest nuclear-disarmament proposals. Done in a "magazine" format now familiar to television viewers but new at the time, the first *See It Now* put everyone on notice that the series would not dabble in the mindless trivia of what then passed for television news. "Television was never the same after the first *See It Now,*" said Don Hewitt, who directed the premiere program and who, a couple of decades later, borrowed bits of the format to create *60 Minutes.* "Ed Murrow made television respectable."

The truth was, however, that Paley had never felt as strongly about Murrow and the Boys, or their calling, as they had imagined. By the mid-50s, Paley's priorities were clear. Television news

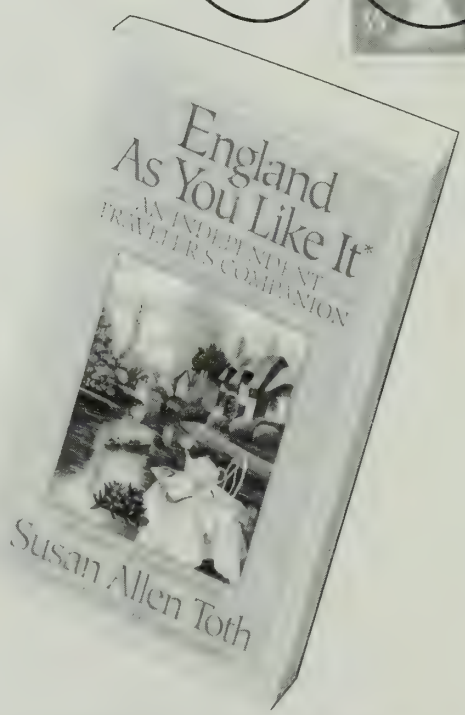
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programs were generally relegated to late night and the Sunday-afternoon "cultural ghetto." *See It Now* was one of the victims of Paley's new priorities. In 1955 the program lost its sponsor and its scheduled weekly slot. From then on it appeared fewer than 10 times a year—"See It Now and Then," wags called it. Content wasn't the problem so much as revenue. Far more money could be made with such programs as *I Love Lucy, The Ed Sullivan Show,* and *Gunsmoke.* Even better, for a while, were the high-powered, big-buck quiz shows such as CBS's *$64,000 Question* and NBC's *Twenty-One.*

After Sig Mickelson took over the combined television and radio news operations at CBS in 1954 and subsumed Ed Murrow's proudly independent fiefdom, Murrow seemed lost. He still had *Person to Person,* his lighter-than-air, split-screen celebrity-interview show, and his nightly radio broadcast. But he was beginning to think he might be finished at CBS.

When Murrow learned that *The $64,000 Question* and other quiz shows had been rigged by their producers, he found it just too much to take. In October 1958 he lashed out at his own bosses in a scorching speech to the Radio and Television News Directors Association in Chicago. He denounced recent cutbacks at CBS News and said the hunger for profits of network executives had turned television into little more than a medium of "decadence, escapism, and insulation." "This instrument can teach," he declared. "It can illuminate. Yes, and it can even inspire. But it can do so only to the extent that humans are determined to use it to those ends. Otherwise, it is merely wires and lights in a box."

Paley was livid. Murrow had embarrassed the chairman in public, just as Shirer had done in 1947. Murrow would not be dumped as Shirer had been, but he would soon know what it felt like to be a pariah. On the night of the 1958 elections, instead of doing commentary, Murrow was put in charge of the eastern states' returns, chalking up the latest numbers on a blackboard and reporting them to anchor Walter Cronkite. He accepted the assignment without protest, but, said Howard Smith, "he had been number one for so long that that was quite a blow."

In January 1961 the great Edward R. Murrow–CBS epic ended. Murrow accepted an offer from newly elected president John Kennedy to become director of the United States Information Agency—"a beautiful and timely gift," said Janet Murrow.

Edward Murrow with his ever present cigarette in a formal portrait taken shortly before he left CBS in 1961 to become director of the United States Information Agency.



"This instrument can teach," Murrow said, denouncing television's hunger for profits in a speec

1958. "It can illuminate. Yes, and it can even inspire. Otherwise, it is merely wires and lights in a

Four years later, Edward R. Murrow was dying of cancer at the age of 57. His left lung had been removed in October 1963, and a few months after that he had stepped down as U.S.I.A. director. He tried recuperating in California, then returned east to friends and his beloved farm in Pawling, New York. But the cancer soon metastasized to his brain, and he had to undergo surgery again. During his long illness, the Boys would visit.

Murrow and Shirer had barely spoken since 1947. Murrow, however, had hoped all along to repair their shattered friendship. Janet Murrow called Tess Shirer one day and invited them to lunch. Tess said she would do her best to persuade Bill, and Shirer grudgingly agreed to go.

Over lunch the two couples laughed and reminisced about the years before the war when two young men, best friends, traipsed about Europe and did things no one thought could be done. Then Murrow, impossibly emaciated, asked Shirer to ride around the farm with him in his Jeep. Shirer did not want to be alone with Murrow and protested he didn't think he was up to the drive. Murrow insisted.

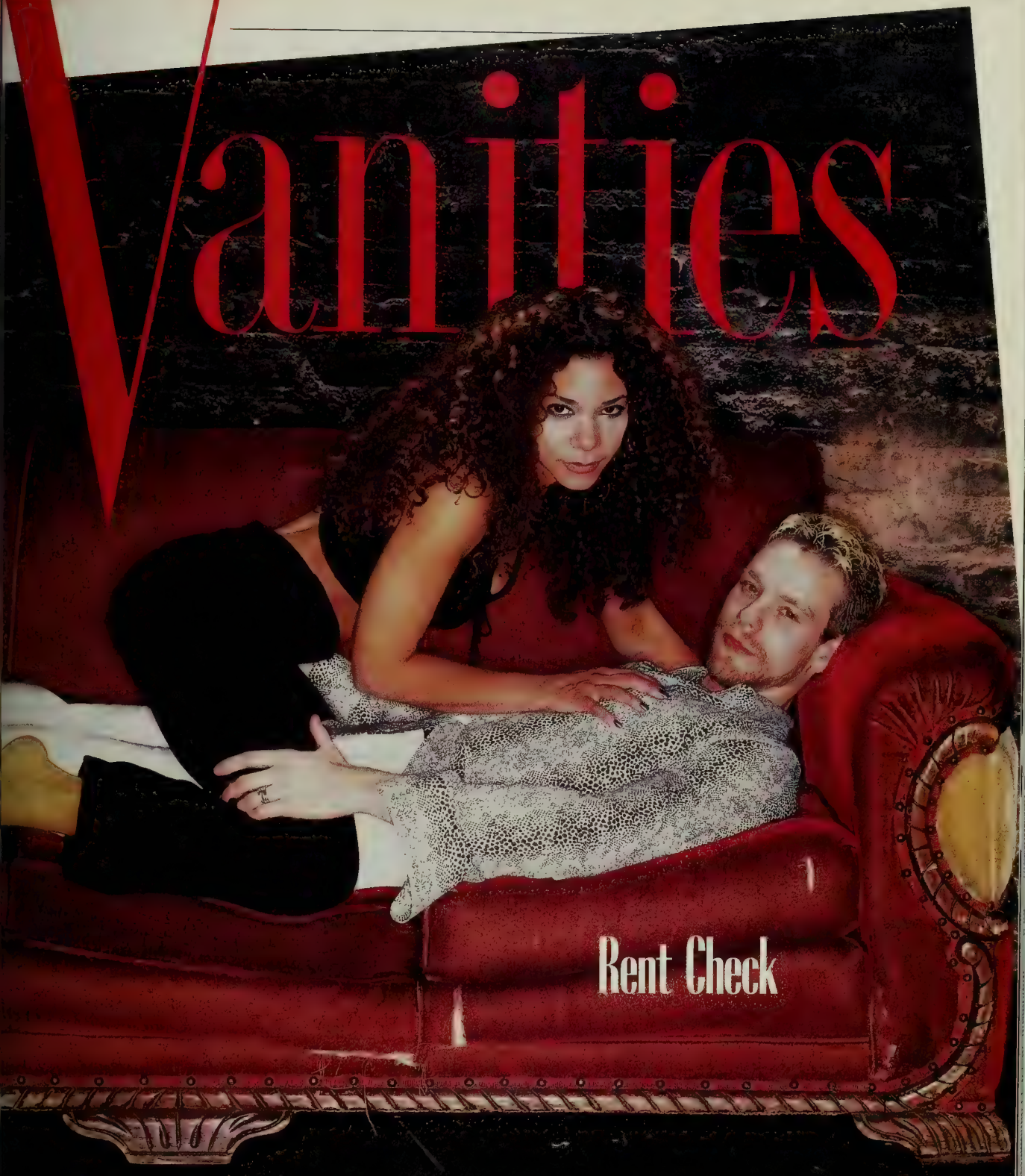
Twice in the circuit around the farm Murrow tried to turn the conversation to the hows and whys of Shirer's departure from CBS. Both times Shirer cut him off and changed the subject. Murrow, defeated, fell silent. He started the Jeep and drove back to the house. Everyone chatted amiably enough over a civilized pot of tea. Then the Shirers rose to leave, and the Murrows walked them out to their car and thanked them for coming. It had been, Murrow said with a weak smile, "much too long a time."

After Shirer's marriage to Tess ended in divorce in 197[illegible] he married two more times. In late 199[illegible] when he was almost 90 and had only a few more months to live, he still had not forgotten or forgiven his CBS bosses. "Ed cast his lot with Bill Paley, who was not worth a hundredth of Ed Murrow," he said. "I remember saying to Ed, 'You'll get just what I got.' And he did in the end." Why didn't Shirer reconcile with Murrow in Pawling, knowing how desperate Murrow was to end their feud before he died? "Ed didn't have to do what he did to his best friend. I just didn't want to make up after 20 years. I may have been wrong," he said softly, "but that's the way I felt about it." □


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Vanities



Rent Check

The gifted cast of *Rent*, the electric Off Broadway musical about young artists surviving AIDS in New York's Alphabet City, is on a mission. Fueled by celebrity-filled audiences, the move to Broadway, and a rumored Lloyd Webber London production, their crystalline voices are lifted every performance in homage to composer Jonathan Larson, who died of an aortic aneurysm at age 35, hours after the show's final dress rehearsal in January.

While inspired by Puccini's century-old opera *La Bohème*, and compared to the 1968 rock opus *Hair*, *Rent* is much more exuberant. Even at the memorial for Larson, the company—including **DAPHNE RUBIN-VEGA** and **ADAM PASCAL**, who play romantic ruffians Mimi and Roger—couldn't help dancing joyously. "Jonathan's music is so moving that we had to get up and perform the way he wanted it," says Pascal. The celebration continues this month at the Nederlander Theatre.

—SUSAN KITTENPLAN

Photograph by JESSE FROHMAN

Look, lady:

It's not my dog.

My dog stays tied up all day.

Besides, my dog went to obedience school.

No way it's my dog.

Lots of dogs run loose in this neighborhood.

I guarantee you it's not my dog.

Dear Neighbor:

It's your dog.



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Vanities

Sheffer's *Season*

Best known as the non-Brad Pitt brother in *A River Runs Through It*, Craig Sheffer has developed a bit of an identity problem. "People certainly respect my work," he says, "but I haven't had a lot of notoriety." Still, he's notorious enough to have become one of the more diverse Hollywood hyphenates in years. Currently, the 36-year-old producer-writer-artist is completing both a novel about his Pennsylvania childhood and a screenplay about actor-assassin John Wilkes Booth, whom Sheffer says was "the Brad Pitt of his day."

This summer, Sheffer will be seen in two films—the black comedy *Head Above Water* and the Tantrically sexy *Bliss*. In May, he stars in the CBS mini-series *A Season in Purgatory* (based on Dominick Dunne's best-selling novel), which has him as a charismatic congressman with a dark secret. "I love going nonstop," Sheffer says. "That's what I do—create!" —MICHAEL MUSTO



Sheff's special: Producer-writer-artist Craig Sheffer.



Clockwise from left: Wild Flowers, *by Snowdon;* *William Kennedy's* The Flaming Corsage, *his latest novel set in Albany;* *Zelda Fitzgerald at Salies-de-Béarn, January 1926.*

Hot Type

Everyone knows Zelda Fitzgerald was F. Scott's wife and muse, who swung from chandeliers and ended up in an asylum (a sort of literary Courtney Love, but with better clothes and hygiene). What you might not know is that Zelda was an artiste in her own right; now her compelling artwork, diaries, and letters have been amassed in **PETER KURTH** and **JANE LIVINGSTON'S** striking and evocative *Zelda—An Illustrated Life* (Abrams).

Also this month: lensman **SNOWDON'S** *Wild Flowers* (Clarkson Potter) is posy portraiture at its most sublime. **JANE MENDELSOHN'S** novel, *I Was Amelia Earhart* (Knopf), imagines the life of the patron saint of lost luggage if she had miraculously crash-landed on an island. Friendship with a Caribbean revolutionary's daughter results in a travel writer's imprisonment in **MARY MORRIS'S** *House Arrest* (Doubleday). **PHILIP NORMAN'S** *Everyone's Gone to the Moon* (Random House) finds an aspiring journalist in 60s London ensnared in a love triangle with his mentor and a young vixen. The relationship between a southern rock 'n' roll god and a Waspy lawyer is revealed in **JAY** "Voice of a Generation" **McINERNEY'S** new novel, *The Last of the Savages* (Knopf). **THOMAS HOVING'S** *False Impressions* (Simon & Schuster) takes delight in exposing the most scandalous and embarrassing art fakes. A dramatic 1908 murder-suicide is the catalyst for **WILLIAM KENNEDY'S** novel *The Flaming Corsage* (Viking), set in Albany. *The Killing Fields* (Twin Palms), edited by **CHRIS RILEY** and **DOUG NIVEN**, documents the living images of 100 people executed by the Khmer Rouge. **JACOB WEISBERG** scolds Democrats and calls Newt & Co. on the carpet in his *In Defense of Government* (Scribner). Reporter **JUDITH MILLER** provides an insider's take on the struggle for Arab peace in *God Has Ninety-Nine Names* (Simon & Schuster). Professional gossip and literary debutant **WILLIAM NORWICH** takes a curtsy with his first novel, *Learning to Drive* (Atlantic Monthly Press). Two dramatic trials are the subject of dentistry-obsessed **A. S. BYATT'S** new novel, *Babel Tower* (Random House). And, finally, our own **GEORGE WAYNE** bends over backward to stoke America's hankering for hunks in *Male Supermodels: The Men of Boss Models* (D.A.P.). —ELISSA SCHAPPELL


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Vanities

Saint Paul

So far this decade Paul Westerberg has broken up his band, ended his marriage, quit drinking, left his manager, and attempted to get out of his recording deal. "I didn't have a master plan," the 36-year-old singer declares. "Each one was a matter of survival." In his 10 years leading the much-loved Replacements, Westerberg stacked up the sorts of accolades associated with the lives of the saints—and the record sales to go with them. But despite ecstatic reviews, his first solo album, 1993's *14 Songs,* got lost amid Warner Music's corporate civil war. Westerberg's poetic soul did not crowd out a punk's willingness to pick a fight with the big boys, but the label refused to let him go and promised to make it up to him next time. Well, next time is here. Westerberg has recorded a collection of thoughtful songs called *Eventually,* to be released this month. "I've made a folk-pop record. I'm very comfortable with that," he says. "I'm totally aware that people are going to say it isn't as raw as it used to be. Well, I'm not *supposed* to be. I would be embarrassed." The length of the stretch limo Warner has provided to ferry the Minneapolis native around New York suggests that this CD must have the sort of promotion budget not seen since Caesar attempted to exercise his option on Cleopatra. "Now that I'm settled down they give me the big car," Westerberg says. "Where was it when I was young and wild and could have filled it with floozies?" —BILL FLANAGAN



Musician Paul Westerberg's latest recording is Eventually.

Night-Table Reading



Rudolph Giuliani, *mayor of New York City:* The Good Life and Its Discontents, *by Robert J. Samuelson (Times Books). "It is an excellent analysis of modern-day America."*

Nicole Miller, *designer:* Henry James' Midnight Song, *by Carol De Chellis Hill (Norton). "Despite its being a novel, this book uses real historical figures. It is a mystery that takes place at the turn of the century."*





Dr. Isadore Rosenfeld, *physician, author:* Konin: A Quest, *by Theo Richmond (Pantheon). "I'm riveted by* Konin *—a haunting return to the generic* shtetl *of my forebears."*

Oliver Stone, *director:* Giants and Heroes: A Daughter's Memories of Y. A. Tittle, *by Dianne Tittle de Laet (Steerforth). "A strangely intimate memoir of the great quarterback, about a time when guys struggled at paying jobs in the off-season and played football for the sheer hell of it."*



Vanities



Martha Stewart

Could revive a tired campaign with topiary baskets or McCoy pottery. And what tough-talking journalist would question her delicious fruit compote?

Dole will appear positively vibrant, compared with the cryogenically preserved, late great American.

Walt Disney





Karl Lagerfeld

He holds a fan. Dole holds a pen. Together they hold the party together.

As his own veep, Dole can now refer to himself in the third person with impunity.

Bob Dole





John du Pont

Sort of hard to explain.

SELECT-A-RUNNING-MATE

AN INTERACTIVE CARTOON



Cartoon by BARRY BLITT


Who better to endorse the all-American, nutrient-rich, wholesome beverage than me? I mean do you really think a radical-looking, earring-clad, stonewashed desert boy could convince women they need at least three glasses of milk a day to meet the calcium requirement? I don't think so.
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HEART

"Basketball chose me," says Teresa Edwards, the only U.S. player to have participated in three successive Olympic Games, "because as a child it was the one sport in which I could outperform the boys."

ANATOMY OF A CHAMPION

What does it take to win? Heart, desire, discipline, agility, speed, strength—and the firm conviction that "silver sucks." In search of the Olympic ideal, DAVID HALBERSTAM profiles two Atlanta hopefuls on the U.S. fencing team, who face tougher challenges than most American athletes

The American fencers spent three days living the comparative high life in Madrid after competing in La Coruña, on the western coast of Spain. They practiced during the day at a Madrid fencing club, and they lodged in two rooms at the Hotel Lisboa, which cost them $20 each a . On tour they sometimes stayed in one room—breakdown hotel beds to put their mattresses on the floor a necessary skill for American fencers. But at the Hotel Lisboa they had their own bathrooms, as well as telephones and television sets, so it was a considerable bargain. With a World Cup event coming up in Venice, they had to decide whether to stay on in Madrid or go to Rome.

It was not an easy call. On the side of Madrid was the relative luxury of the Hotel Lisboa and the fact that Madrid was significantly cheaper than Rome. In Rome's favor was the fact that Nick Bravin (on the cover of this magazine), at 24 the senior member of the team as well as its de facto travel agent, translator, and general mentor, spoke better Italian than Spanish. Also, Bravin believed


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that the younger members of the team, who did not know Rome well, would benefit by wandering through the streets of one of the great cities of the world.

Rome it would be. The next morning Bravin went to a local travel agency, where he found that it would cost them some $700 each to fly to Rome, but less than $200 each to get there by train (second class)—a grim, cramped, exhausting 23-hour trip. The airfare represented a good deal of money for the team; their dilemma was of the kind shared by many amateur athletes from America who, while representing one of the richest countries in the world, play sports that do not televise well or about which the American public cares little. Bravin was certainly used to these kinds of problems and was skillful at getting around them; he soon found just what he was looking for—a leg of a Thai Airways flight that would take them from Madrid to Rome for about $100 a person.

At the Rome airport Bravin consulted his tattered notebook containing a list of the cheapest hotels in the world's capitals and started calling around. At the first seven places, he struck out, but at the eighth, the Hotel Contilia, he found one room still available, at $120, or $30 a head. On this trip there were only four of them, rather than the usual five, since teammate Peter Devine was sick with the flu and had gone ahead to Venice to rest for the World Cup event there. They played hearts to see who got the worst bed—the one they jokingly called "the crippler."



DESIRE

Modern pentathlete Michael Gostigian won an unprecedented fourth U.S. national championship last November, competing in horseback riding, swimming, épée fencing, pistol shooting, and a cross-country run. Eight months earlier he had suffered a partially collapsed lung after a bad fall.

Fencers are marvelous athletes, smart and surprisingly strong, with great footwork and great hand-to-eye coordination. The three events (and their weapons) in fencing are the foil, the épée, and the saber. Foil fencing, which uses a thin, rectangular-shaped blade, is athletically and intellectually demanding because it has the smallest target area—the torso, back, and groin. Bravin, in addition to being a world-class poor person's travel agent, was also a star of the individual foil in America, a three-time N.C.A.A. champion as a Stanford student, and a three-time national champion. He had been the first American in years to show that he might be able to compete at fencing's highest level—against the mighty Europeans, who domina sport and who subsidize it handsomely. According to Borack, a former Olympic fencer who now serves captain of the American team, the annual American get is roughly $400,000, while the Italian government its team more than $6 million.

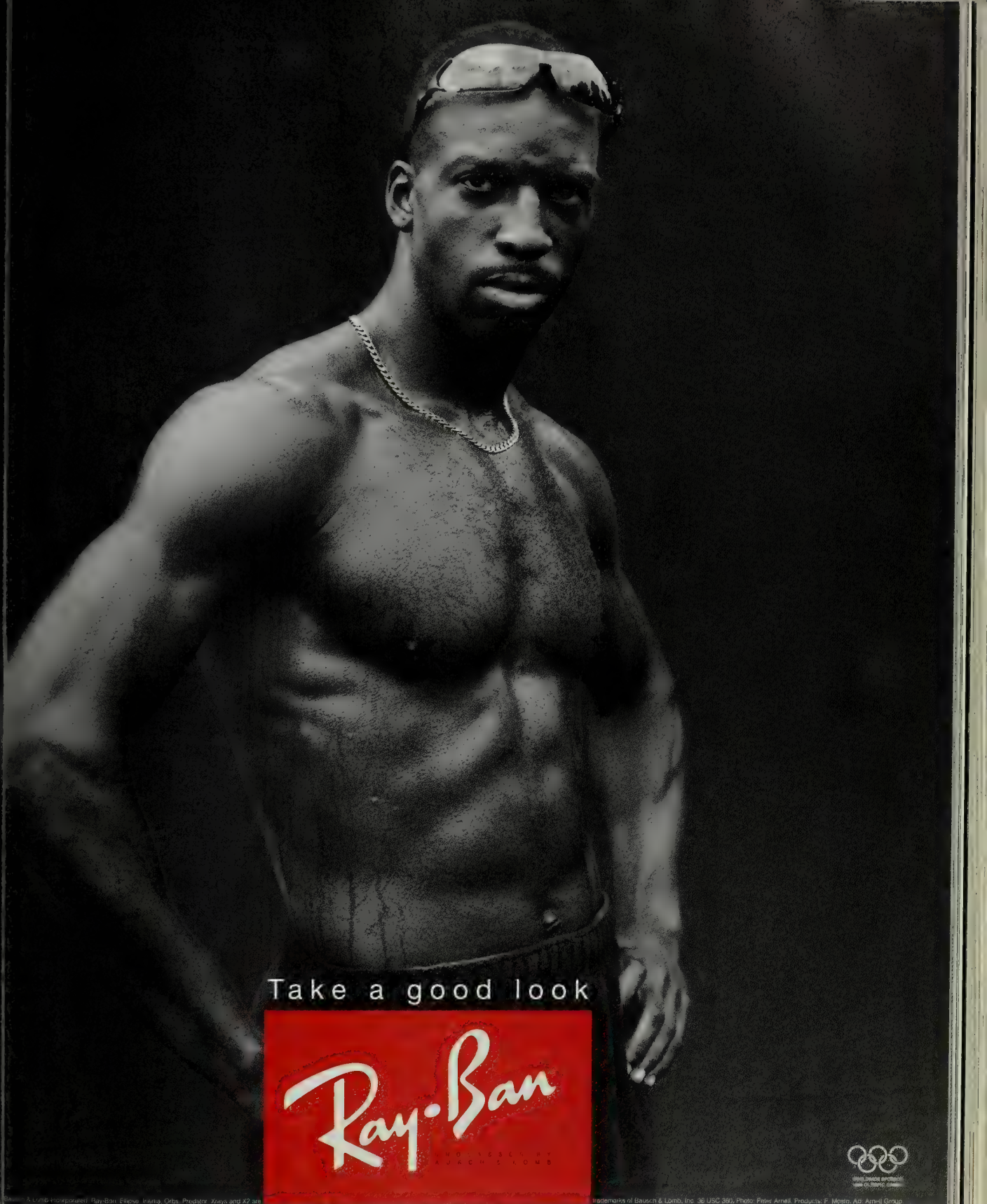
Nevertheless, Nick Bravin had come to believe th versity had its own rewards, that by dint of being f to economize he knew not only Europe's castles an seums but also its working-class bars. He had made fi as he might not have had he been protected by wealt celebrity status. Be all, he and the other ican fencers had learn make sacrifices and t care of one another had learned to be mates and good fr even as they had fierce competitors.

This current gro Americans in the Bravin, 24, Cliff I 18, Peter Devine, 19 McClain, 20, and Za Longenbach, 24—we prisingly closely ma in skills and the mo ented team this co had produced in thought Bravin's ol lege coach, Zoran T Tulum, originally fro goslavia, had con America 10 years and developed a gru admiration for the ness of American fe whose rewards had completely internali

Among the team that Nick Bravin wa ing to the Hotel C was a young man Cliff Bayer (pictured i the Games Begin .

As a high-school senior, he had burst onto the n scene to become the wunderkind of American fe stunning Bravin in particular by coming from beh the 1995 national championship finals and beating When Bravin looked at Bayer he saw nothing less th image of his younger self. "Cliff is extremely hungr like I used to be," he said. "He has a lot of physica but above all he has the gift of attitude. He wants t you on every point, and he is afraid of no one, afi no reputation."

Bravin himself had won the first of his three n championships in 1991 at age 20. In the words of Zor lum, he was as hungry as a wolf then, as audacious



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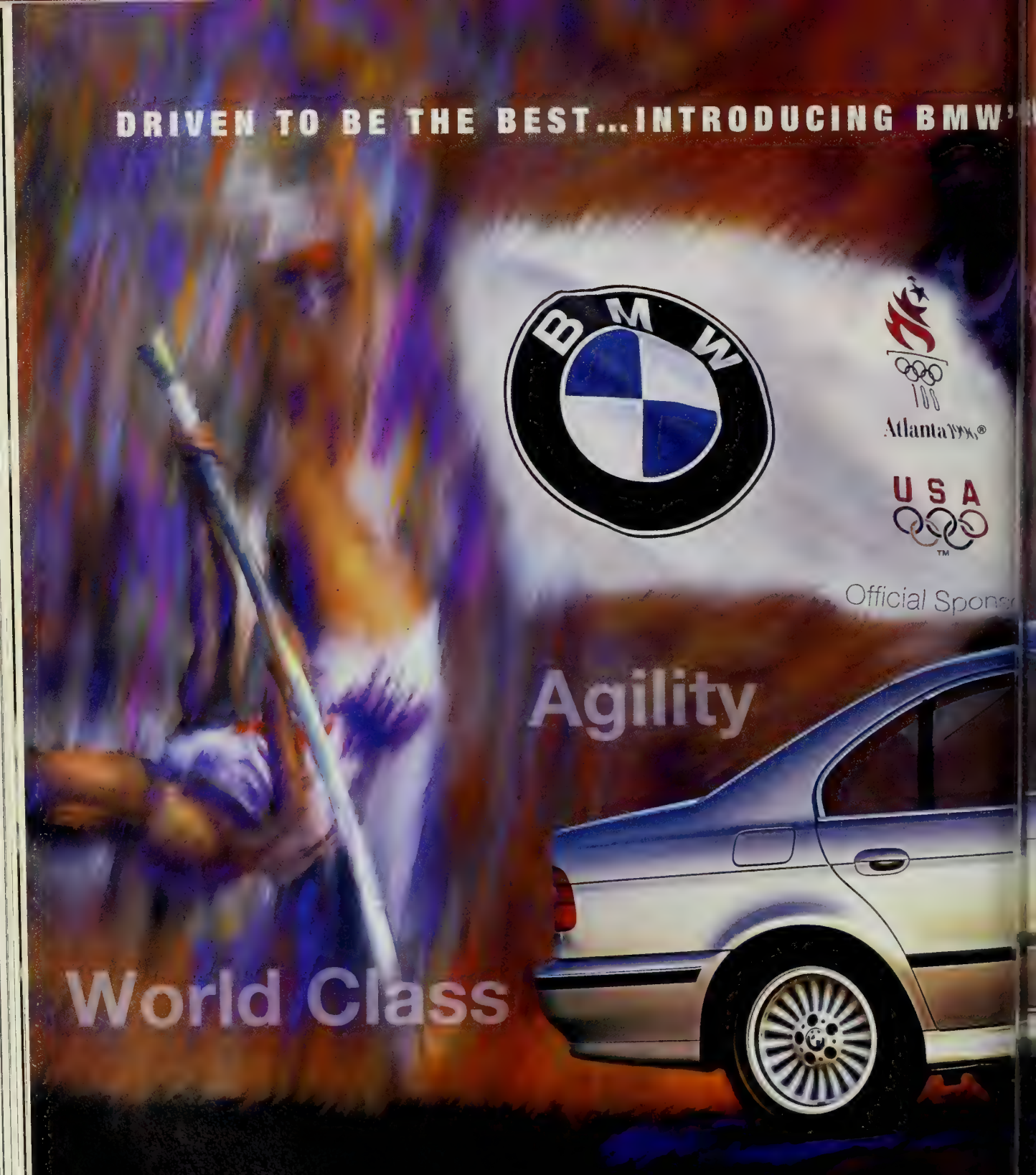
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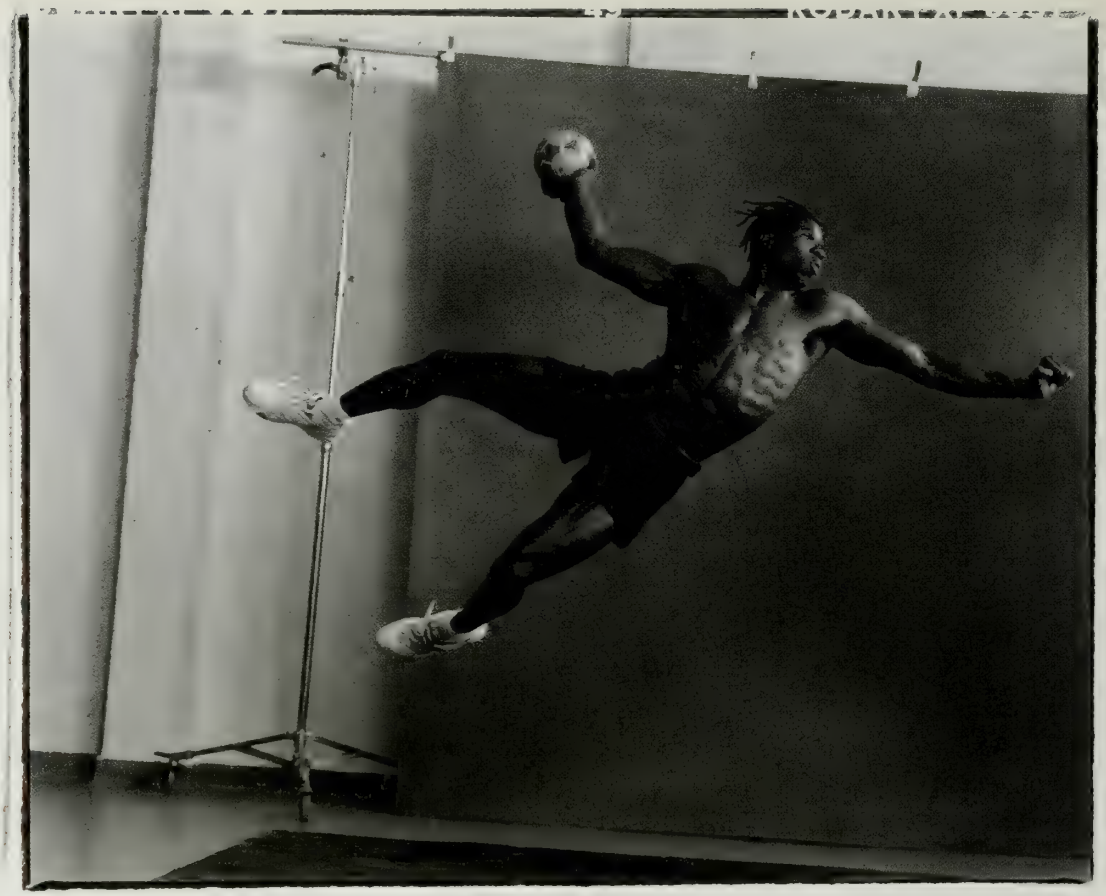
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DISCIPLINE

Long Island native Darrick Heath played with an Austrian handball team to fine-tune his game. He rejoined his U.S. teammates before the U.S. Olympic Festival in 1995.

was fearless, and he had taken particular pleasure in knocking off better-known fencers. By 1994 he had begun to beat some of the best fencers in the world, Elvis Gregory of Cuba and Dimitri Chevtchenko of Russia among them. There was talk that he might become one of the giants of the sport.

Then, to Tulum's dismay, Bravin entered Columbia Law School and lavished the singular intensity he had previously given to fencing on his studies. By March of this Olympic year his ranking had fallen to No. 4, just behind Bayer, Devine, and McClain. Since only the top three will make the Olympic team, decided in June after the national championships, Bravin found himself in a tight spot. He was certain that technically he was a better fencer than ever, but he had begun to wonder whether he still had the hunger that Tulum talked about so often. The wolf, according to Tulum, was always the hunter. It sized up its prey and thought of nothing else. Hunting was a matter of life and death to the wolf; so should fencing be to the true champion. Bravin was still fast—Rápido, his Cuban competitors had nicknamed him—but fast was not enough. The antelope is fast, but you cannot fence if you are an antelope, Tulum would say. The wolf triumphs because it thinks of nothing else, it is always the hunter.

As a fencer, Bravin knew that Tulum was right, but at this point there were other things in his life. He foun had other athletes before him, that the ascent was the part. On the way up you had no title to lose.

He had been drawn to the sport almost by chance growing up in Los Angeles. His older brother, Jess tried fencing, and Nick, who was then about 12, t along. He immediately decided that he too wanted to fencing lessons. Shawn Bravin, his mother, was skep She knew her youngest child was bright and gift many things, but he was also easily bored. She had many of his fads, including Bravin piano and Bravi lin lessons, evaporate overnight. Yet eventually she g and bought him all the requisite gear.

At first he had not particularly liked fencing, b stayed with it, in no small part, he decided later, to his mother wrong. He had always been quick, no r what sport he played, and almost from the start his c es saw great potential. Soon, with their encourageme began going more than once a week.

It was not the dashing, swashbuckling swordpl imagined from the movies, the glorious pleasure of st his opponent with a sword. Rather, it was technical ery, footwork drills, using muscles in his arms and l ways he had rarely used them before. But after six m or so, his coaches finally let him compete, and he lo

He won his first four tournaments. At the start, pe



AGILITY

Founding member of the Women's Professional Volleyball Association Karolyn Kirby has been the sport's M.V.P. four times during the past six seasons.

ved competitions too much. He was brash and impa- hotheaded and unwilling to listen to his coaches. He the individual nature of the competition, and he out something about himself: he hated to lose. His es homed in on that instinct. "How many fencers in nal eight actually want to win a tournament?" Ed rds, one of his first coaches, asked him. "All eight," n answered. "No," said Richards, "four of them are just to be there, two want to do well, and *two* want n. Remember that and be one of the two."

s Bravin, who was six years older than Nick, went off rvard and fenced on the Harvard team. Coming home college for a holiday break, he was stunned to find ange in his little brother. Not only had he become a or fencer, but all his exceptional qualities, intellectual physical, had been fused together through this de- ing sport. It was also who Nick Bravin had become erson—skillful, strong, confident, audacious.

fenced at increasingly higher levels, while still play- ootball at Alexander Hamilton High School in Los les—he was one of the smallest men on the team. chedule was brutal: up at six A.M., school starting en, football practice from two to five in the after- fencing practice at six. His biggest decision in days was whether to go home briefly for a bite t after football practice or go directly to fencing.

He was 16 years old, still growing, and perpetually exhausted. But his friend Al Carter would not let him sleep through his fencing lessons. They were about the same age and the two best fencers in the area. Carter would call up, listen to his friend's complaints that he was tired and in pain, and then tell Bravin he would pick him up in 15 minutes. The two thought of little else but college and future Olympic glory; the vanity license plate on Carter's car in those days read: 92 GOALD. They would attend the same college and lead it to a national championship. Many schools courted them and the University of Pennsylvania, a traditional fencing power, seemed likely to get them.

But Bravin visited Stanford and was overwhelmed by the beauty of the campus if not the quality of the fencing. Stanford was hardly known as a powerhouse in the sport. That meant the level of competition in daily practice was not nearly as good as it was at Penn or Columbia. Also, Tulum, the new coach, was unknown to Bravin, and in fencing the personal relationship of the coach to his fencers is considered critical. Tulum was wary of the ways of American college recruiting. When Bravin asked Tulum for a trial lesson, Tulum said no, he did not do auditions. What do you mean, no? thought Bravin. I'm twice as good as any fencer you have, and I may be the best fencer



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SPEED

The 1995 Men's Eight rowing team: Jon Brown, Sean Hall, Fred Honebein, Bob Kaehler, Jeff Klepacki, Jamie Koven, Mike Peterson, Steve "Scrappy" Segaloff, and Don Smith. "Being a coxswain prepares you for life," says Segaloff.

you ever get, and you're saying no to me? "No," Tulum repeated as Bravin stood there dumbstruck. "I'm not going to give you a practice lesson. You're not going to try me out." Zoran Tulum had his rules, and he had his suspicion that altogether too many middle-class American kids were spoiled. "We'd like to have you, but if you want to take your talent elsewhere, that's fine with me."

Bravin was stunned. Every other college in the country with a fencing team wanted him; his choice meant committing four years of his life to a school and a coach, risking his chances of becoming a national champion. Yet this man would not even give him a trial lesson. "All I can offer you," Tulum added, "is hard work and good weather. Period."

In a way their meeting was like a fencing bout, Bravin later figured out. Tulum was pitting his ego against Bravin's. There was something about that and something about Tulum's sheer bluntness that Bravin liked. In the end it was a hard decision, so he called his older brother and asked his opinion. Jess told him that fencing was important but that competitive fencing was not forever—he might break a leg on any given day and end his career. Jess told him to make his decision based on the school, not the fencing team or coach. So, while his friend Al Carter went to Penn, Nick Bravin decided to go to Stanford.

Bravin and Tulum were both driven and willful, and at first the two constantly battled. Bravin did not consider the competition among his teammates good enough, so he would go off to practice at a club in San Francisco. Th meant missing practice, which irritated Tulum and h teammates. Tulum threatened to kick him off the tear "We're better off without you," Tulum would say.

Yet Tulum was a very good coach. He was shrewd knowing how to challenge his young star. One of the fir things he did was print up a sign for Bravin: SECOND SUCK it said. Not only did Bravin become a better fencer, he b came more passionate about fencing. His objective was n merely athletic but in time spiritual as well. He wanted th peace of mind that came with reaching the highest level his abilities. He wanted to try to be the best at one thin even if he did his best and failed. He was aware of the dar ger implicit in so singular an ambition, that it demanded a overwhelming amount of sacrifice—exams taken on air planes to tournaments, fitting in homework while his class mates were having fun. He knew he was giving up part o his youth. But the alternative was worse: to stop just shor of true excellence. There were, he thought, altogether too many people who did that, who were haunted for the res of their lives by the question of how good they might have been had they tried just a little harder. Whatever else, h vowed, that question would not go unanswered in his life.

Tulum preached that fencing was 50 percent athletic and 50 percent psychological and intellectual, that in addition to the physical talent of a Michael Jordan you needed the strategic ability and the psychological acumen of a Gary Kasparov because you had to stay several moves ahead of



STRENGTH

In 1995, John Godina set the N.C.A.A. shot-put record of 72 feet 2¼ inches, competing for U.C.L.A.: "Maybe I am destined to be the best of all time. Who knows?"

your opponent. Attitude was crucial. In fencing, if you think someone is better, he'll end up being better. For years a kind of national inferiority complex had plagued American fencers. At international meets they saw foreign teams that were so well subsidized they even came with their own cooks. Such wealth and power engendered a certain amount of swagger. The Americans felt like the poor stepchildren of the sport and were beaten all too readily. To draw an American in an international tournament, Bravin noted, was virtually regarded as drawing a bye. He himself had done poorly in the 1992 Olympics. But then he had been only 21, and since fencers reach their peaks in their late 20s and early 30s, he still had a bright future.

Two years later he was coming into his own and just beginning to beat some of the best fencers in the world. It was at this point that he entered law school, and he found it was hard to be a wolf both at fencing and at his studies. Tulum, of course, had not been happy with the idea of law school—it was a terrible distraction, he thought. "Every day you don't practice all out," he said, "is like losing three days: the day you lose by slipping just a little, the day you lose by not getting just a little better, and the day you lose because your opponent gets better." Bravin had tried to stay in shape, but it was difficult. In 1995 when he arrived in Louisville for the nationals he thought he was fencing well and was confident he would win his fourth national championship. But Tulum thought he had been coasting on his name for a while.

Now, as Bravin negotiated Rome for his younger colleagues, Cliff Bayer was No. 1. When Bravin was winning his first national championship, Bayer had been only 13, still collecting baseball cards. True, he collected them feverishly, determined to have a better set than any of his friends. The son of a New York City doctor, he walked a neighbor's dog for $20 a week so he could buy more cards. He also became so skillful at trading cards, his brother, Greg, later remembered, he picked up the nickname Ripoff Cliff. There were complaints from neighboring parents to the senior Bayers that Cliff had snookered their kids.

Bayer, like Bravin, took up fencing because his older brother had done it. He had become impatient with baseball—he thought his teammates did not play as hard as he did. In fencing he found a sport where there was no one to blame but himself when things went wrong. His first coach, Miklos Bartha, a Hungarian émigré now in his 70s, was a distinguished figure in New York fencing circles. Bayer's father, Dr. Michael Bayer, remembers when Bartha told him his son would make a champion: "I looked out and saw nothing, but Miklos had a practiced eye and he knew what made a great athlete—the willpower and the instinct. He could look at a little boy of nine and see it all: the character, the inner toughness, and the drive." Like Bravin, Bayer did not enjoy the drudgery of the early training—the repetitious drills of advance and retreat, the dancing classes with swords. But he rose to competition, *(Continued on page 205)*



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It will celebrate the athletes of the 1996 Olympic Games. An Olympic Portfolio by Annie Leibovitz will appear as a unique work in progress at the Swatch Pavilion in Centennial Olympic Park during the Olympic Games.

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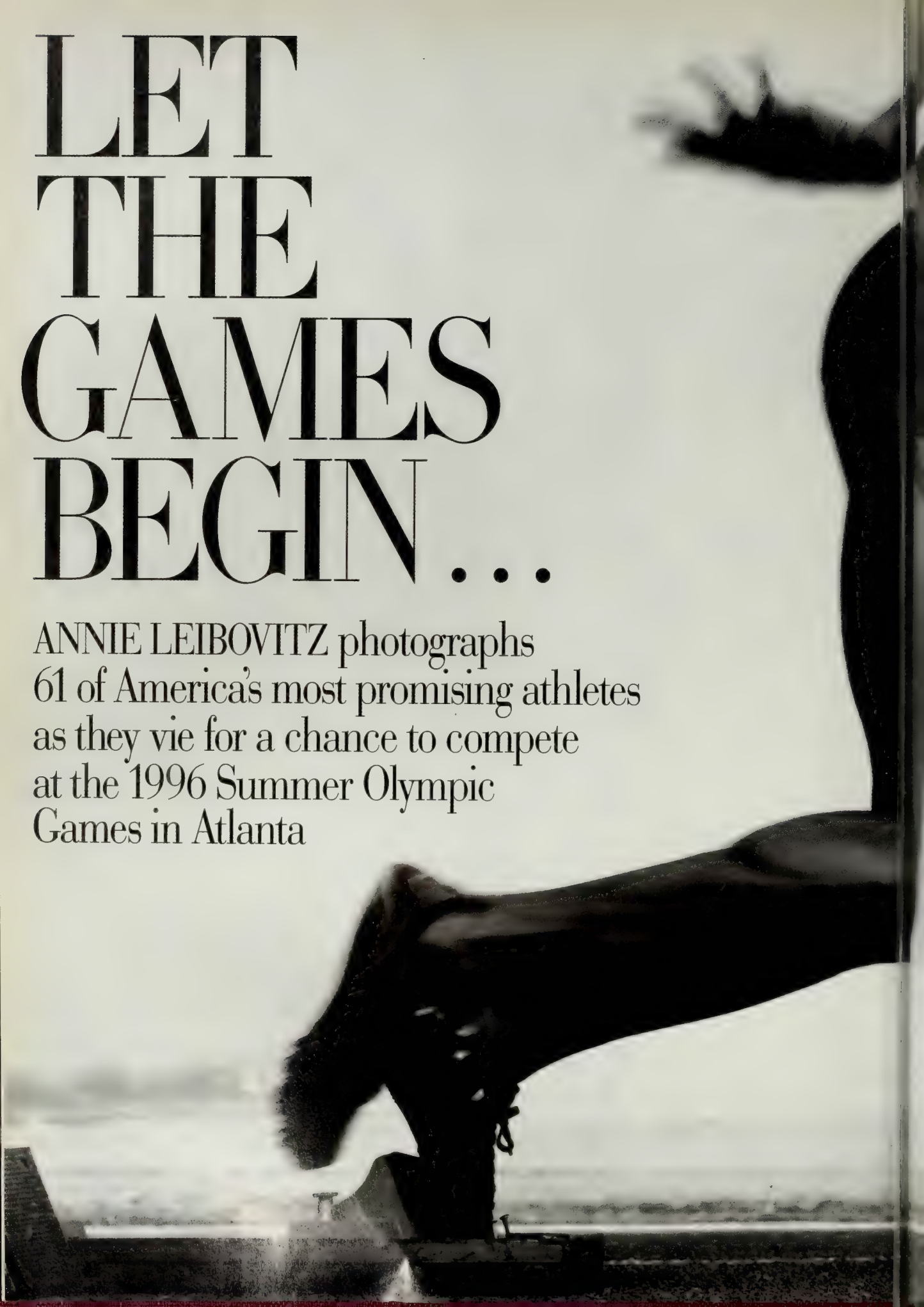
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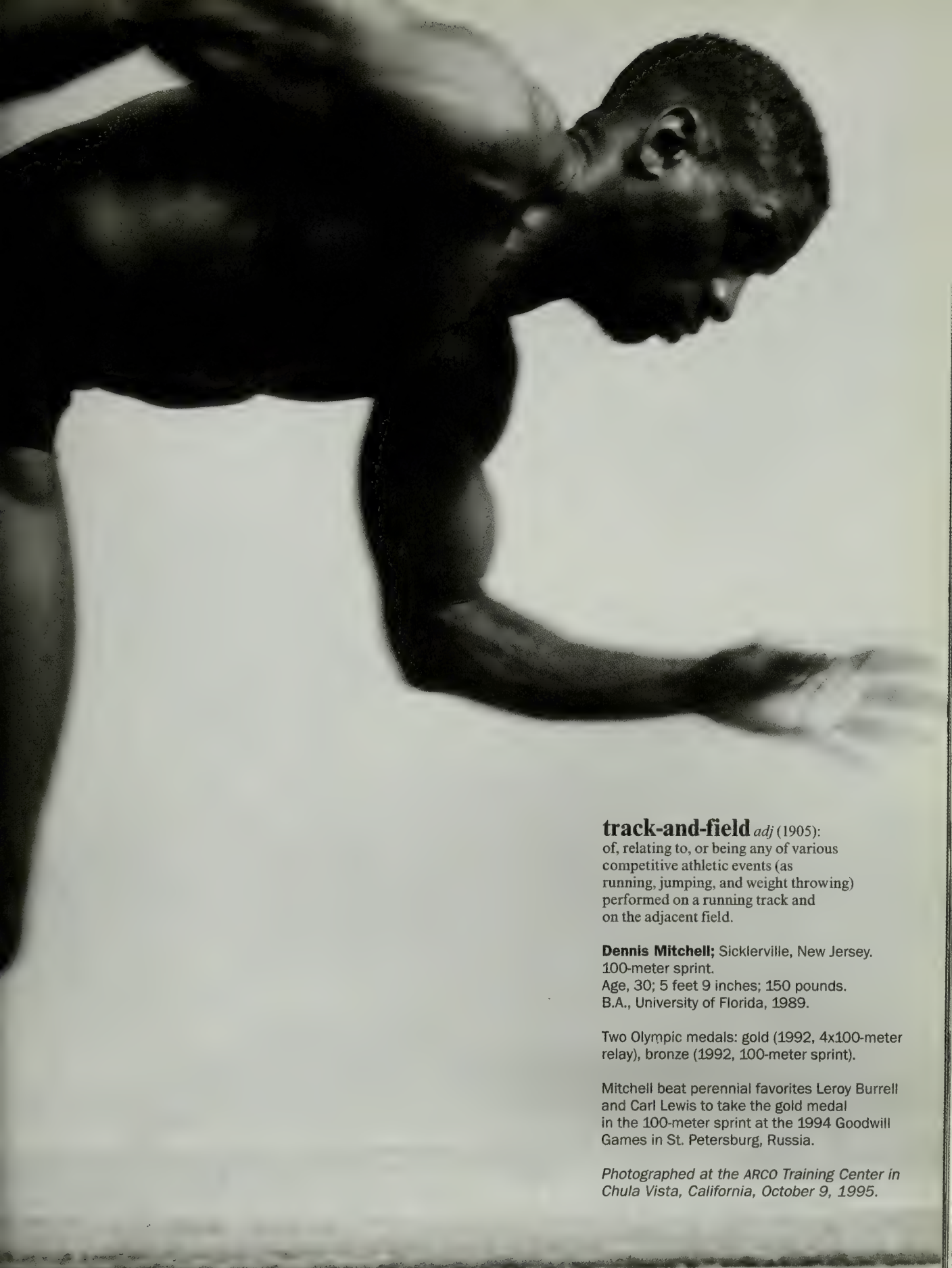
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ANNIE LEIBOVITZ photographs
61 of America's most promising athletes
as they vie for a chance to compete
at the 1996 Summer Olympic
Games in Atlanta





track-and-field *adj* (1905):
of, relating to, or being any of various competitive athletic events (as running, jumping, and weight throwing) performed on a running track and on the adjacent field.

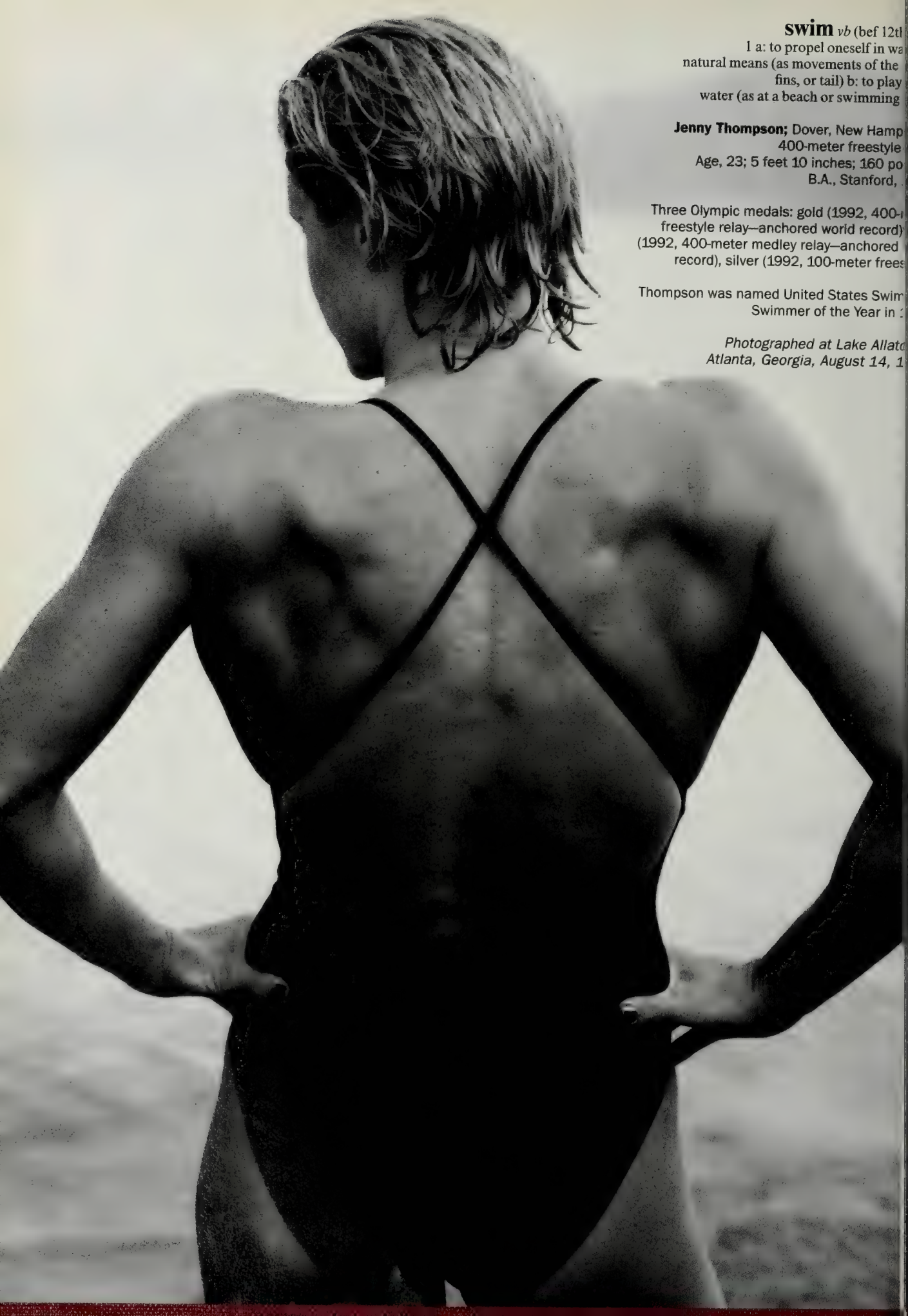
Dennis Mitchell; Sicklerville, New Jersey.
100-meter sprint.
Age, 30; 5 feet 9 inches; 150 pounds.
B.A., University of Florida, 1989.

Two Olympic medals: gold (1992, 4x100-meter relay), bronze (1992, 100-meter sprint).

Mitchell beat perennial favorites Leroy Burrell and Carl Lewis to take the gold medal in the 100-meter sprint at the 1994 Goodwill Games in St. Petersburg, Russia.

Photographed at the ARCO Training Center in Chula Vista, California, October 9, 1995.

All photographs on pages 125 through 159 from "AN OLYMPIC PORTFOLIO," by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ, sponsored by Swatch. The exhibition will be seen at the XXVI Olympic Games. Styled by LISA LaMATTINA.



swim *vb* (bef 12th
1 a: to propel oneself in wa
natural means (as movements of the
fins, or tail) b: to play
water (as at a beach or swimming

Jenny Thompson; Dover, New Hamp
400-meter freestyle
Age, 23; 5 feet 10 inches; 160 po
B.A., Stanford,

Three Olympic medals: gold (1992, 400-
freestyle relay--anchored world record)
(1992, 400-meter medley relay—anchored
record), silver (1992, 100-meter frees

Thompson was named United States Swim
Swimmer of the Year in

Photographed at Lake Allato
Atlanta, Georgia, August 14, 1



dive *vb* (bef 12th cen):
1 a: to plunge into water intentionally and esp. headfirst; *also:* to execute a dive

Mark Lenzi; Fredericksburg, Virginia. Springboard.
Age, 27; 5 feet 5 inches; 145 pounds. B.S., Indiana University, 1990.

One Olympic medal: gold (1992, three-meter board).

Lenzi was seven-time U.S. springboard champion;
he retired from diving in 1993 and later attended flight school,
but resumed training in April 1995.

Photographed at the Heritage Park Aquatics Center in Irvine, California, February 13, 1996.


USA



wa·ter po·lo *n* (1884):
a goal game similar to soccer that is played in water by teams of swimmers using a ball resembling a soccer ball.

From the 20-member
U.S. Men's National Water Polo Team:
**Troy Barnhart, Chris Duplanty,
Kirk Everist, Chris Humbert,
Rick McNair, Alex Rousseau.**

Gold medalists at the 1995 Pan American Games.

First men to pose in the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue, 1994.

Photographed in Culver City, California, February 11, 1996.



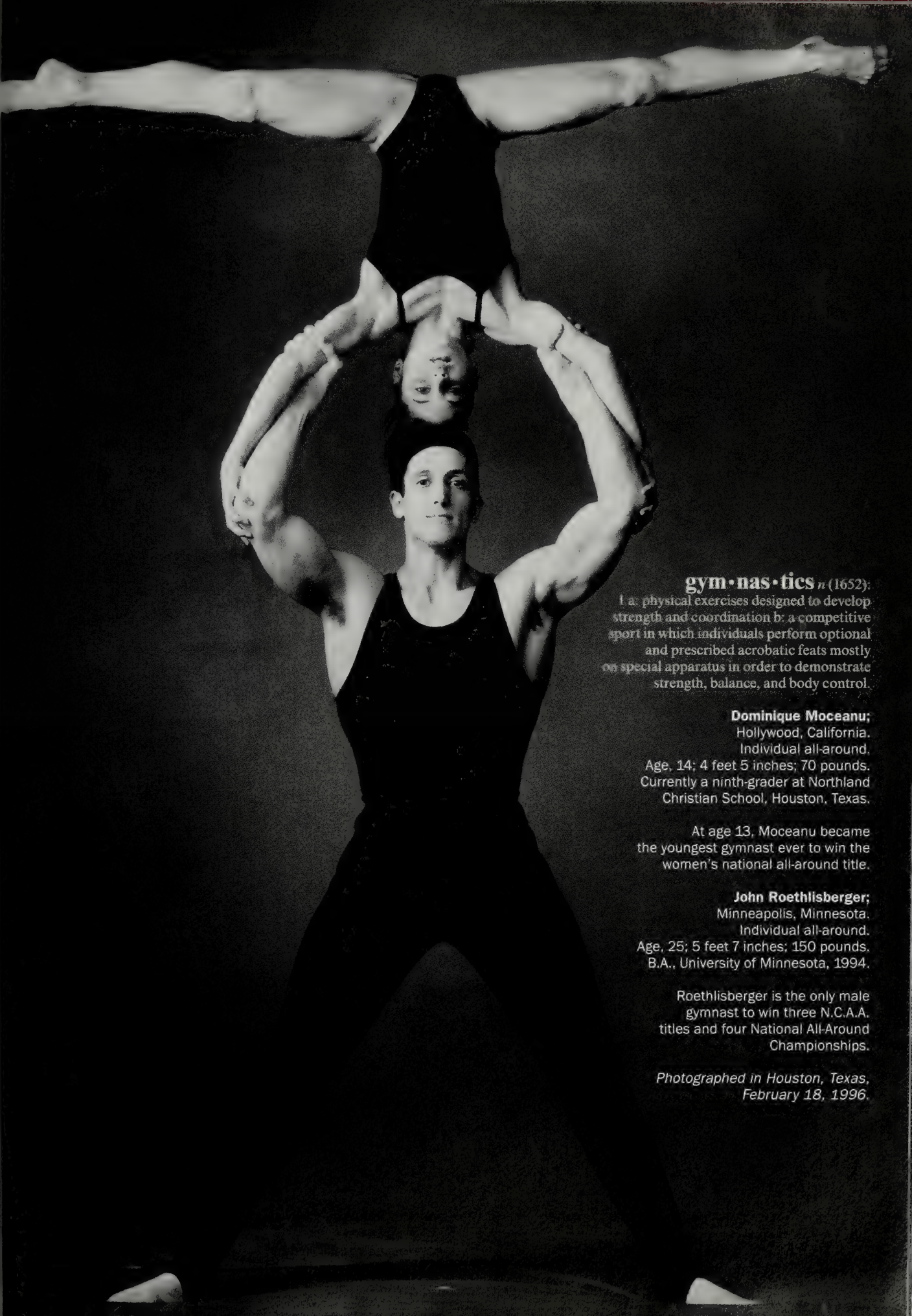
cy•cle *vb* (18
2: to ride a cycle; *specif:* bicy

Rebecca Twigg; Seattle, Washing
Individual purs
Age, 33; 5 feet 7 inches; 125 pour
B.S., University of Washington, 19

Two Olympic med
bronze (1992, individual purs
silver (1984, road ra

Twigg retired from 1988 to 19
but returned to set w
record of 3 minutes 36.081 seco
in 3,000-meter individual pur
at 1995 World Cycling Championsh
in Bogotá, Colombia (e
with a steel plate and se
screws holding her bro
collarbone togeth

Photographed at
velodrome at Memorial F
in Colorado Sprin
Colorado, August 24, 19



gym·nas·tics *n* (1652):
1 a: physical exercises designed to develop strength and coordination b: a competitive sport in which individuals perform optional and prescribed acrobatic feats mostly on special apparatus in order to demonstrate strength, balance, and body control.

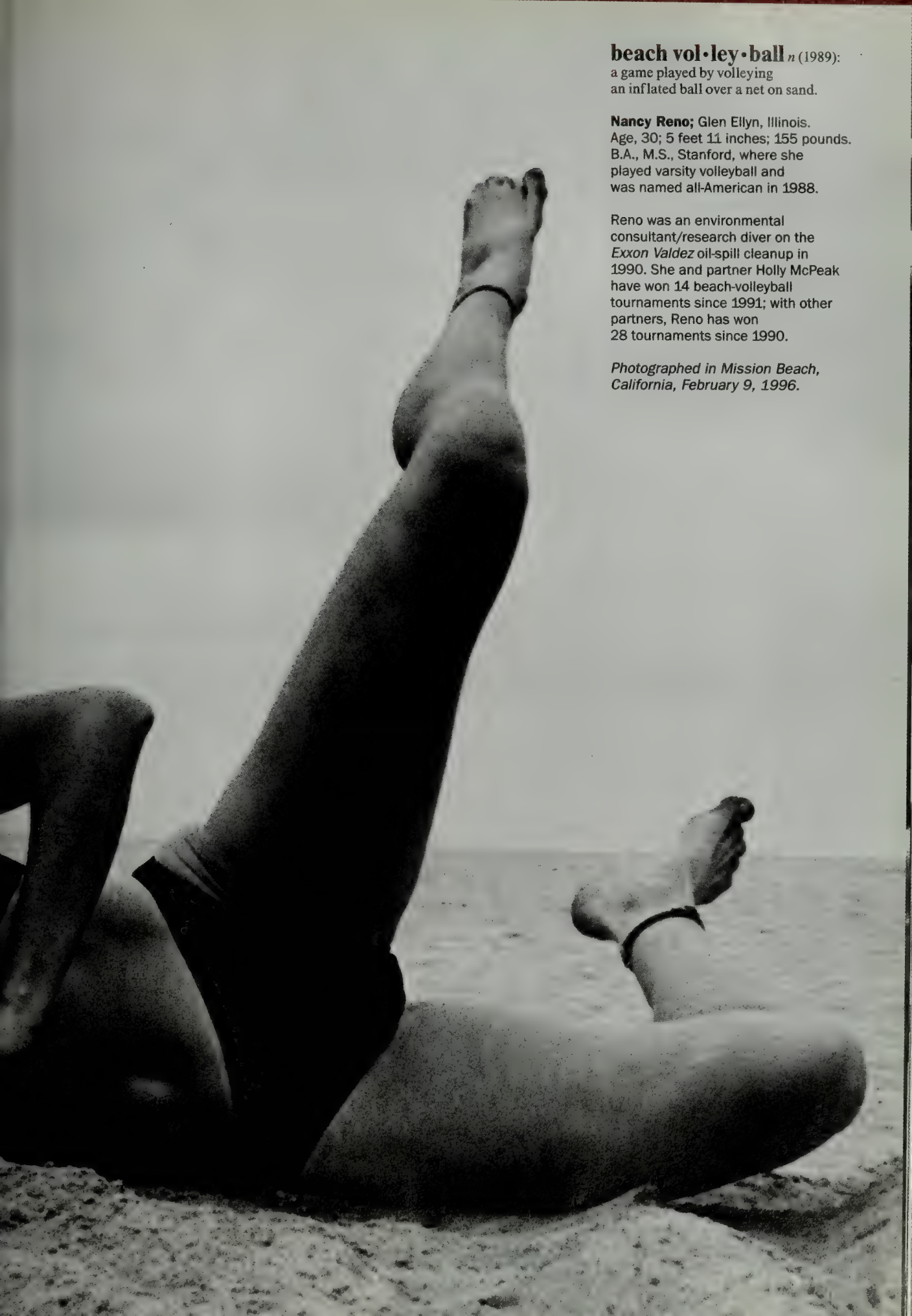
Dominique Moceanu;
Hollywood, California.
Individual all-around.
Age, 14; 4 feet 5 inches; 70 pounds.
Currently a ninth-grader at Northland Christian School, Houston, Texas.

At age 13, Moceanu became the youngest gymnast ever to win the women's national all-around title.

John Roethlisberger;
Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Individual all-around.
Age, 25; 5 feet 7 inches; 150 pounds.
B.A., University of Minnesota, 1994.

Roethlisberger is the only male gymnast to win three N.C.A.A. titles and four National All-Around Championships.

Photographed in Houston, Texas, February 18, 1996.

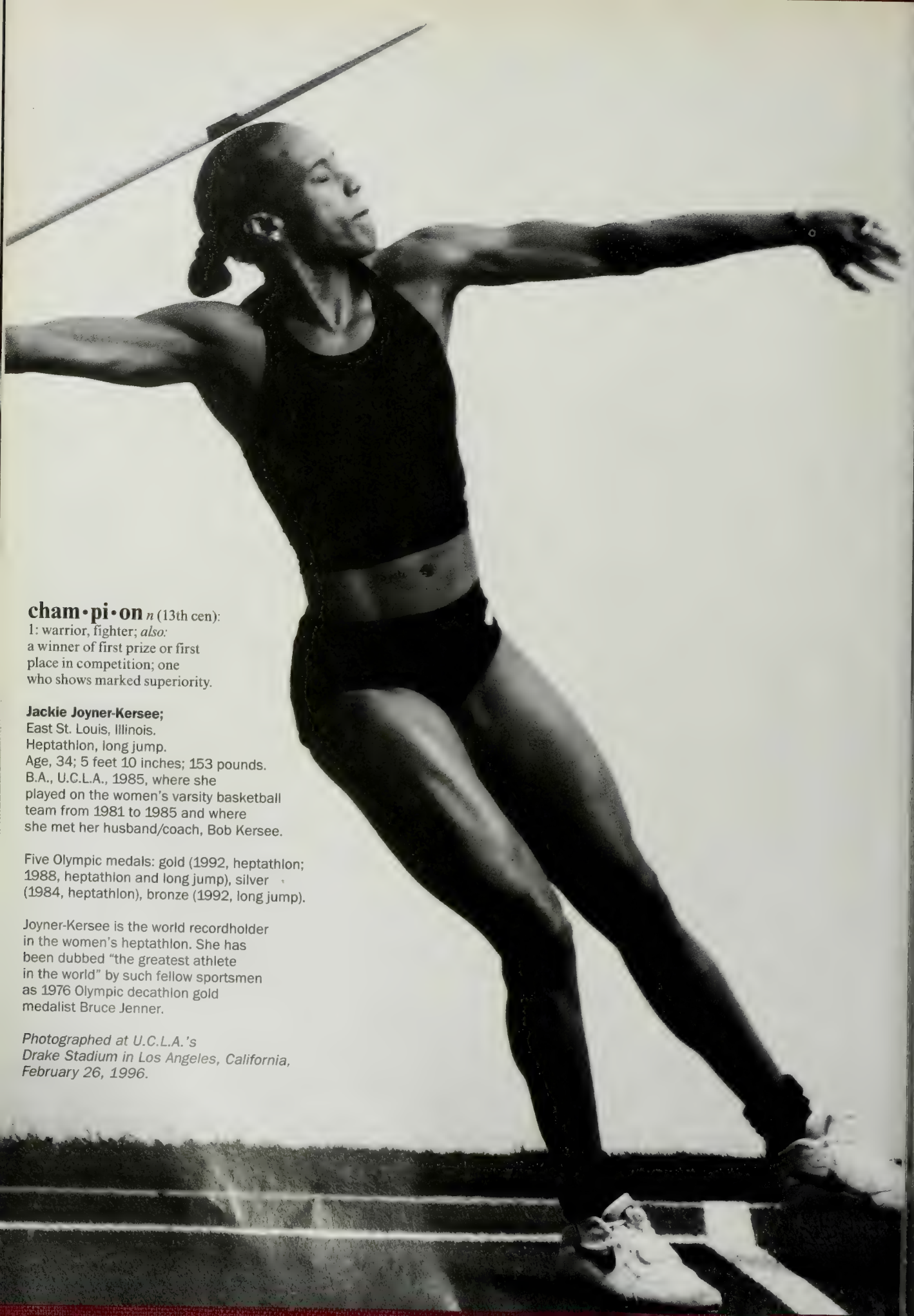


beach vol·ley·ball *n* (1989):
a game played by volleying
an inflated ball over a net on sand.

Nancy Reno; Glen Ellyn, Illinois.
Age, 30; 5 feet 11 inches; 155 pounds.
B.A., M.S., Stanford, where she
played varsity volleyball and
was named all-American in 1988.

Reno was an environmental
consultant/research diver on the
Exxon Valdez oil-spill cleanup in
1990. She and partner Holly McPeak
have won 14 beach-volleyball
tournaments since 1991; with other
partners, Reno has won
28 tournaments since 1990.

Photographed in Mission Beach,
California, February 9, 1996.



cham•pi•on *n* (13th cen):
1: warrior, fighter; *also:*
a winner of first prize or first
place in competition; one
who shows marked superiority.

Jackie Joyner-Kersee;
East St. Louis, Illinois.
Heptathlon, long jump.
Age, 34; 5 feet 10 inches; 153 pounds.
B.A., U.C.L.A., 1985, where she
played on the women's varsity basketball
team from 1981 to 1985 and where
she met her husband/coach, Bob Kersee.

Five Olympic medals: gold (1992, heptathlon;
1988, heptathlon and long jump), silver
(1984, heptathlon), bronze (1992, long jump).

Joyner-Kersee is the world recordholder
in the women's heptathlon. She has
been dubbed "the greatest athlete
in the world" by such fellow sportsmen
as 1976 Olympic decathlon gold
medalist Bruce Jenner.

Photographed at U.C.L.A.'s
Drake Stadium in Los Angeles, California,
February 26, 1996.



greco-roman wrestling *n, usu cap G & R*
wrestling in which the use of the legs in attack or defense is forbidden and a fall is gained by the contestant who pins both his opponent's shoulders to the ground.

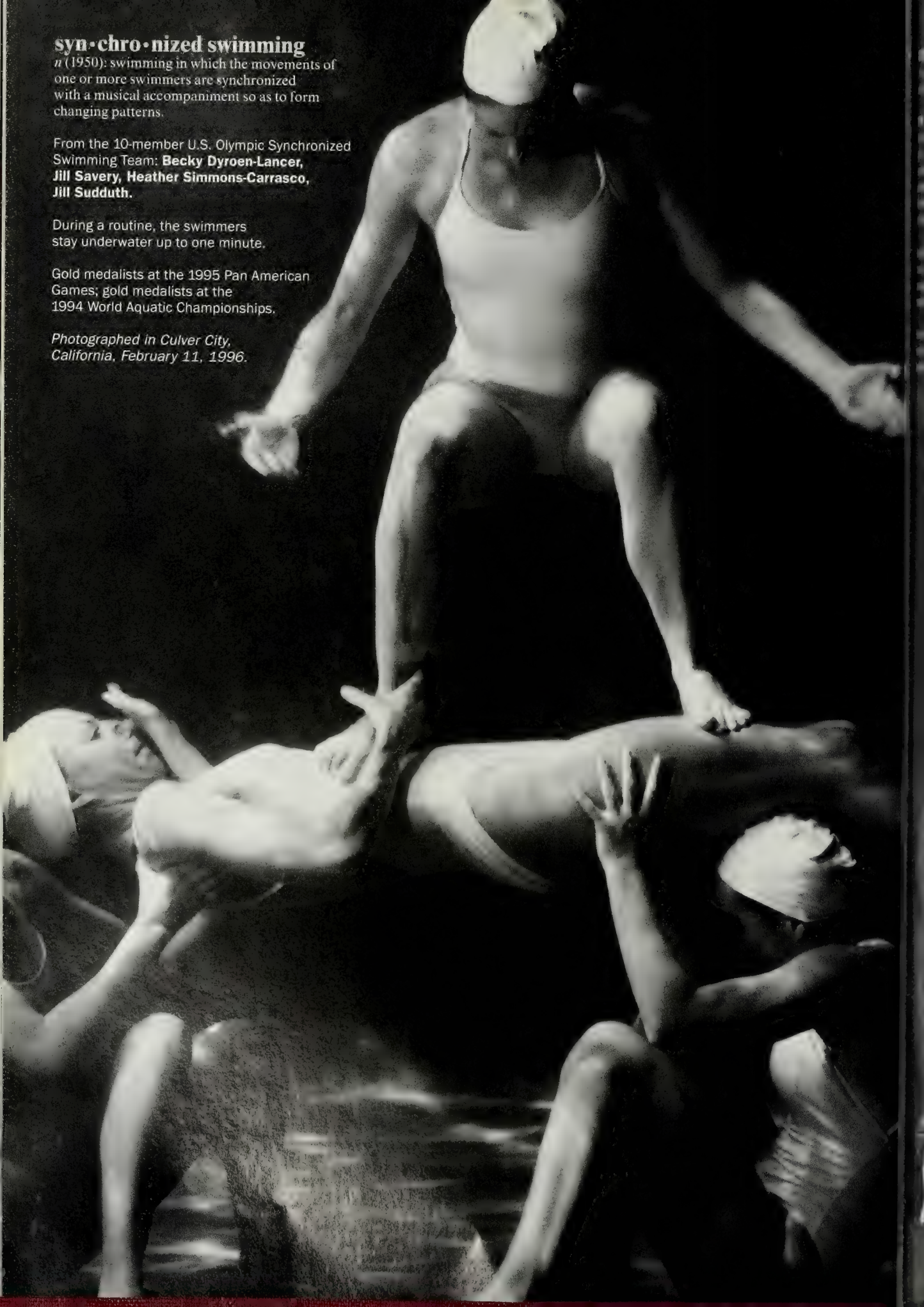
Matt Ghaffari; Tehran, Iran.
Age, 34; 6 feet 4 inches; 286 pounds.
B.B.A., Cleveland State University, 1984.

Four-time World Cup Greco-Roman wrestling champion; World Championships bronze medalist in 1995 and silver medalist in 1991; two-time Pan American Games gold medalist.

James Johnson; Greenville, North Carolina.
Age, 38; 6 feet 4 inches; 220 pounds.
B.A., University of Kentucky, 1976.

1994 World Cup silver medalist;
1991 Pan American Games silver medalist.

Photographed at the Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs, Colorado, July 28, 1995.



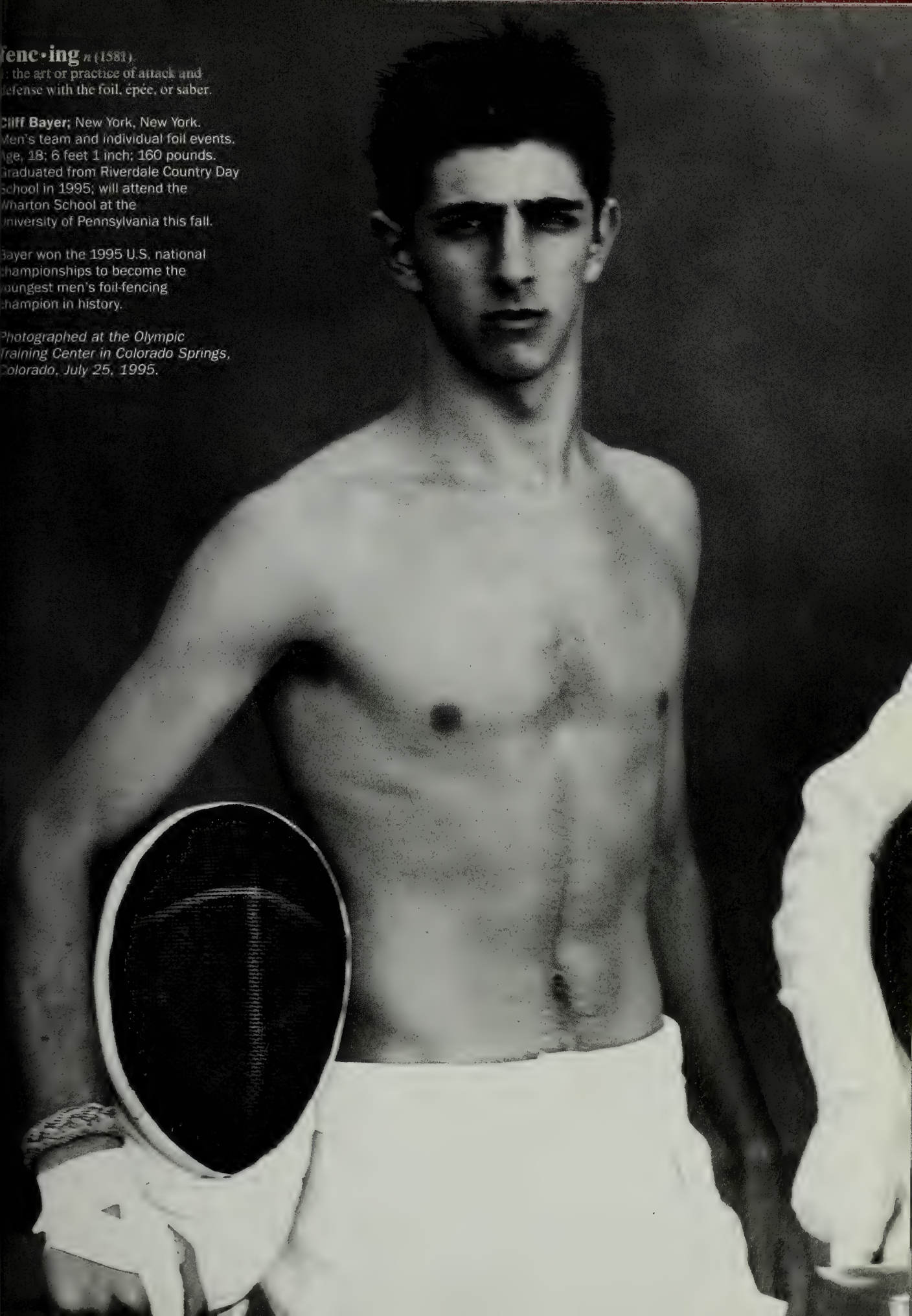
syn·chro·nized swimming
n (1950): swimming in which the movements of one or more swimmers are synchronized with a musical accompaniment so as to form changing patterns.

From the 10-member U.S. Olympic Synchronized Swimming Team: **Becky Dyroen-Lancer, Jill Savery, Heather Simmons-Carrasco, Jill Sudduth.**

During a routine, the swimmers stay underwater up to one minute.

Gold medalists at the 1995 Pan American Games; gold medalists at the 1994 World Aquatic Championships.

Photographed in Culver City, California, February 11, 1996.



fenc·ing *n* (1581)
: the art or practice of attack and defense with the foil, épée, or saber.

Cliff Bayer; New York, New York.
Men's team and individual foil events.
Age, 18; 6 feet 1 inch; 160 pounds.
Graduated from Riverdale Country Day School in 1995; will attend the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania this fall.

Bayer won the 1995 U.S. national championships to become the youngest men's foil-fencing champion in history.

Photographed at the Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs, Colorado, July 25, 1995.



field hock·ey *n* (1903): a game played on a turfed field between two teams of 11 players each whose object is to direct a ball into the opponent's goal with a hockey stick.

From the 24-member U.S. Men's Senior National Field Hockey Team: **Nick Butcher, Steve Danielson, Daniel Eichner, Shawn Hindy, Binh Hoang, Steve Jennings, Ryan Langford, Ben Maruquin, Marq Mellor, John O'Neill, Brian Schledorn, Otto Steffers, Phil Sykes, Tom Vano, Steve Van Randwijck, Steve Wagner, Eelco Wassenaar, Scott Williams.**

Photographed at the ARCO [illegible] Center in Chula Vista, California, February 26, 1996.



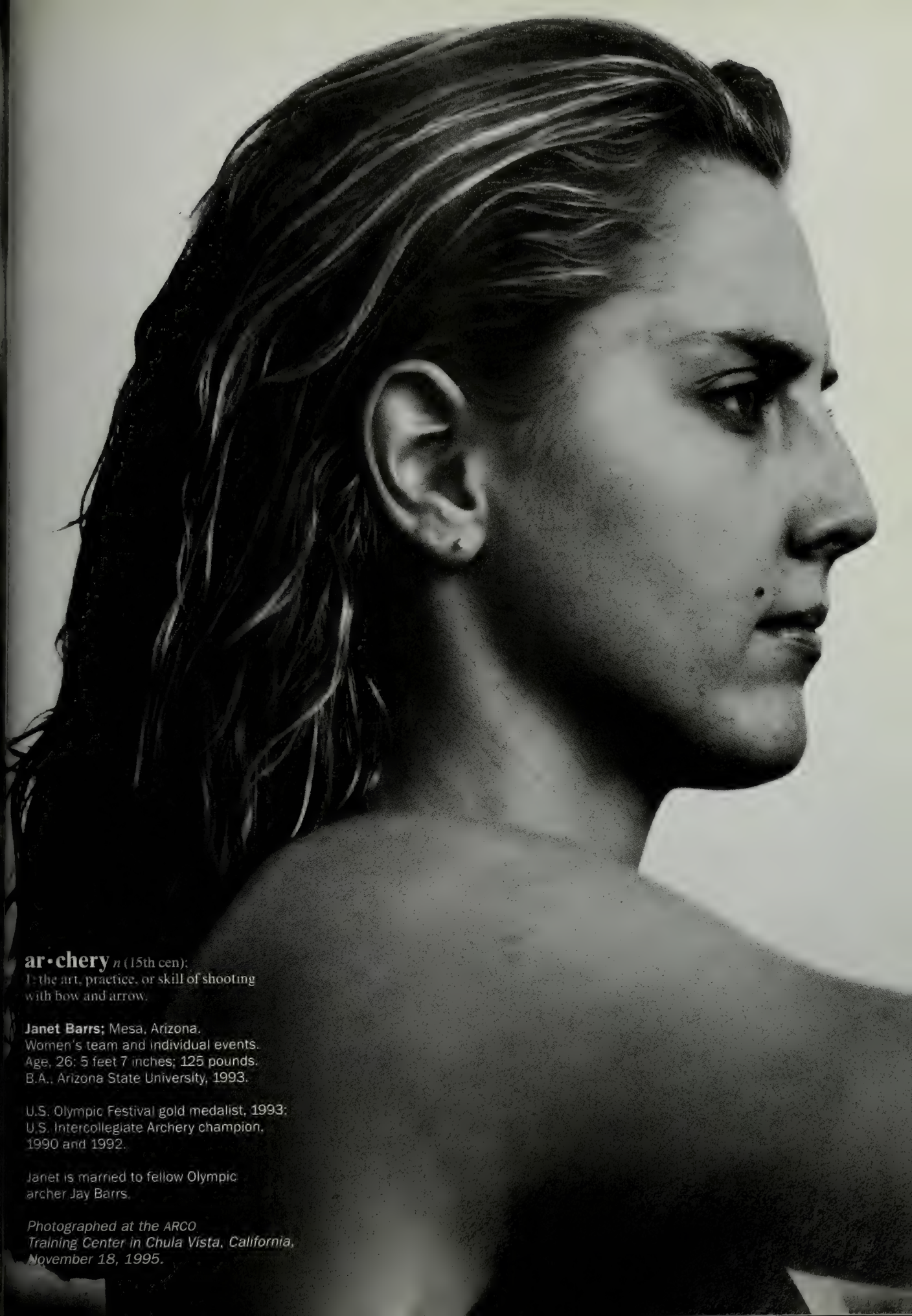


weight lift·ing *n* (1897)
to lift barbells in competition
or as an exercise.

Wes Barnett; St. Joseph, Missouri.
Age, 26; 6 feet 1 inch; 238 pounds.
B.A., University of Colorado, 1994.

Best lifts: Snatch—165 kilograms
(363.75 pounds),
American record, March 16, 1995.
Clean and jerk—212.5 kilograms
(468.25 pounds),
American record, July 26, 1995.

*Photographed at the Olympic
Training Center in Colorado Springs,
Colorado, July 27, 1995.*



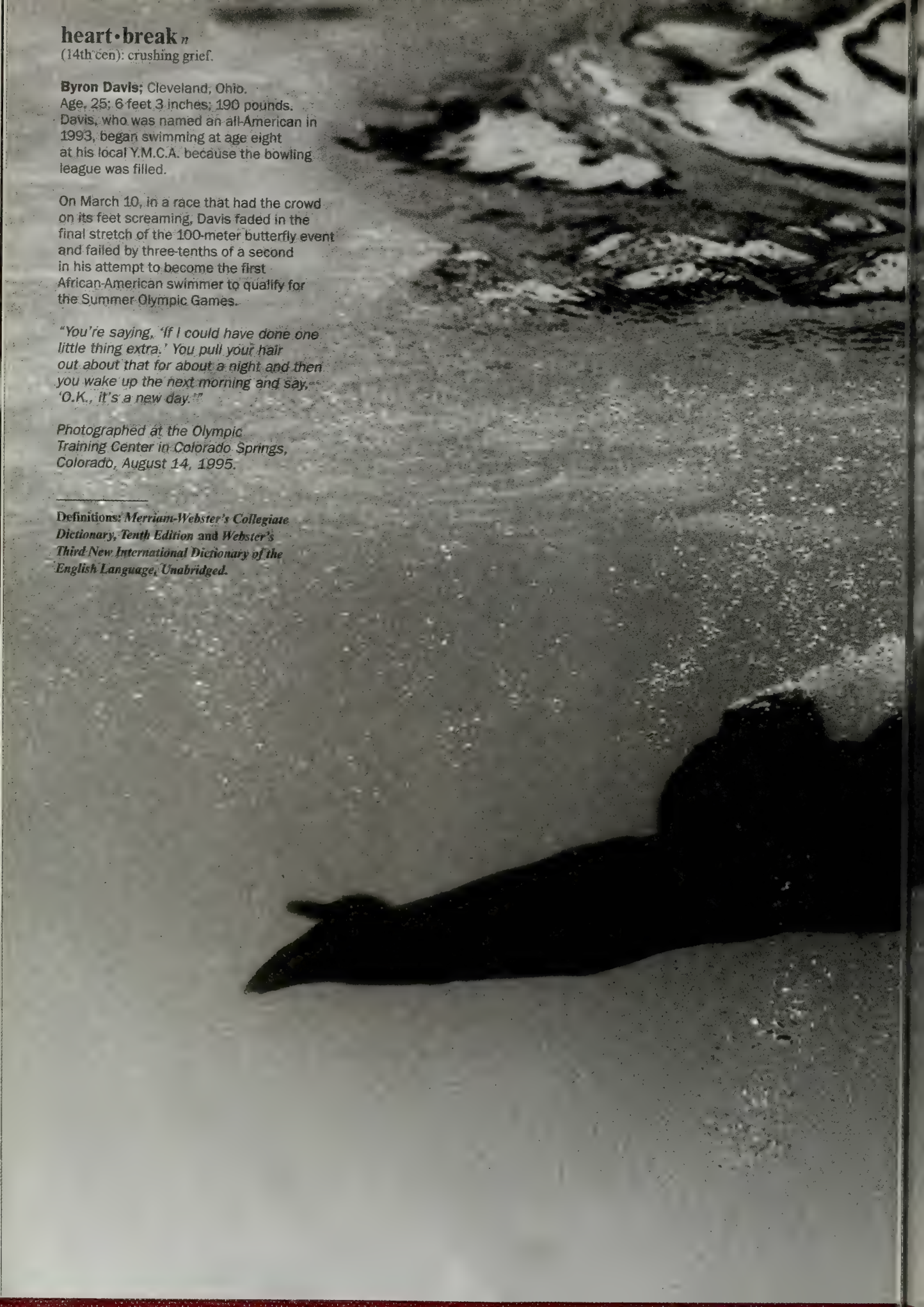
ar·chery *n* (15th cen):
1: the art, practice, or skill of shooting with bow and arrow.

Janet Barrs; Mesa, Arizona.
Women's team and individual events.
Age, 26: 5 feet 7 inches; 125 pounds.
B.A., Arizona State University, 1993.

U.S. Olympic Festival gold medalist, 1993;
U.S. Intercollegiate Archery champion,
1990 and 1992.

Janet is married to fellow Olympic archer Jay Barrs.

Photographed at the ARCO Training Center in Chula Vista, California, November 18, 1995.



heart·break *n*
(14th cen): crushing grief.

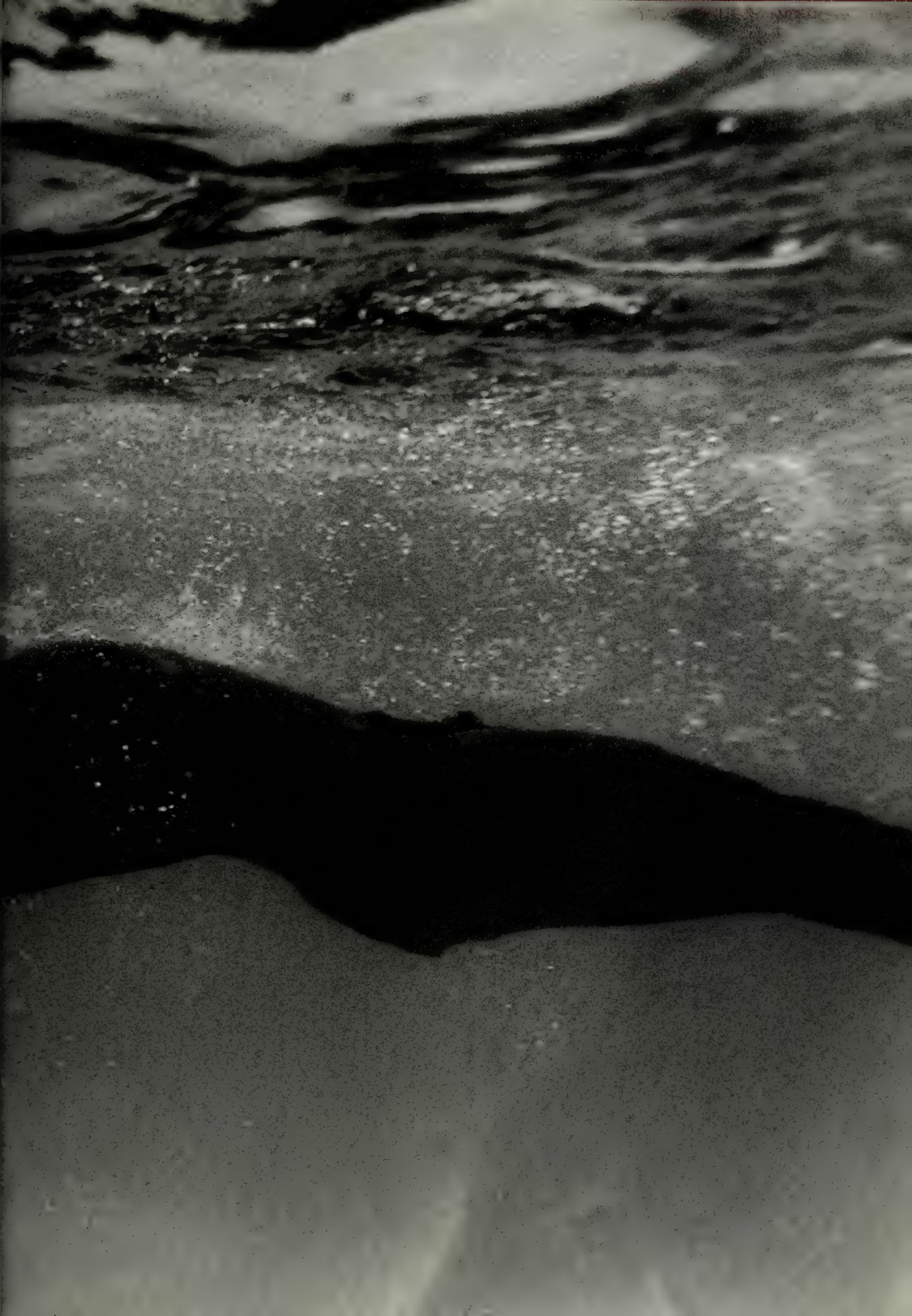
Byron Davis; Cleveland, Ohio.
Age, 25; 6 feet 3 inches; 190 pounds.
Davis, who was named an all-American in 1993, began swimming at age eight at his local Y.M.C.A. because the bowling league was filled.

On March 10, in a race that had the crowd on its feet screaming, Davis faded in the final stretch of the 100-meter butterfly event and failed by three-tenths of a second in his attempt to become the first African-American swimmer to qualify for the Summer Olympic Games.

"You're saying, 'If I could have done one little thing extra.' You pull your hair out about that for about a night and then you wake up the next morning and say, 'O.K., it's a new day.'"

Photographed at the Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs, Colorado, August 14, 1995.

Definitions: ***Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Tenth Edition*** **and** ***Webster's Third New International Dictionary of the English Language, Unabridged.***





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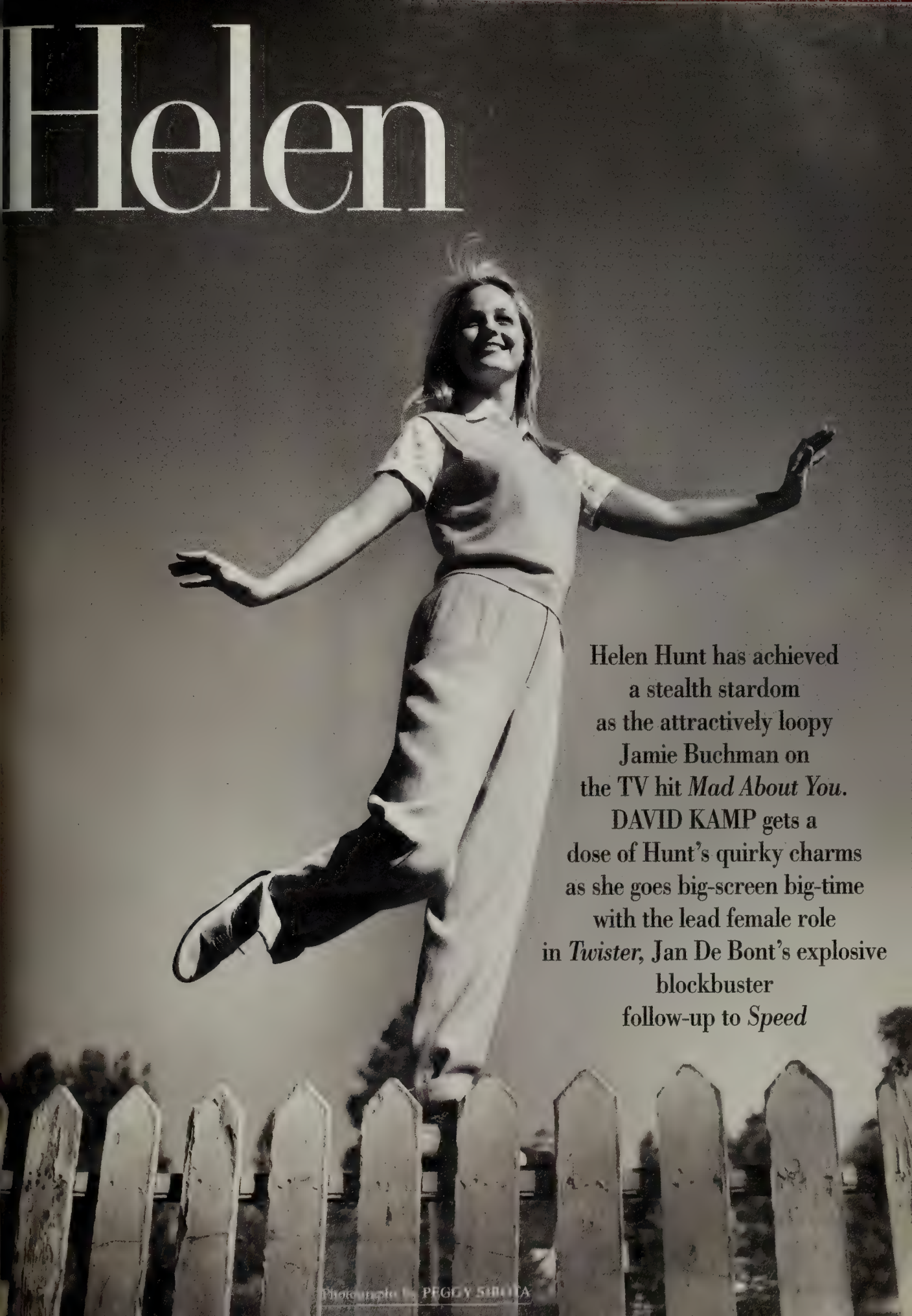
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Mad About



HUNTING GROUND On location at the YMCA of Pasadena's beautiful Camp Bluff Lake, Hunt spoofs her girl-next-door image.

Helen



Helen Hunt has achieved
a stealth stardom
as the attractively loopy
Jamie Buchman on
the TV hit *Mad About You.*
DAVID KAMP gets a
dose of Hunt's quirky charms
as she goes big-screen big-time
with the lead female role
in *Twister,* Jan De Bont's explosive
blockbuster
follow-up to *Speed*

Photographed by PEGGY SIROTA

"Reading hundreds of potential 'Hers' and 'About Men' columns each week," announced *The New York Times Magazine* on January 21, "editors found increasing repetition: toys for boys, sharing a motel room, resentment of parents. Meanwhile, many writers have offered affecting and instructive stories in which gender is not the fulcrum. Consolidating 'Hers' and 'About Men' into [a new column called] 'Lives' opens the way for such stories."

For Helen Hunt, it was a date that will live in infamy. "I'm so mortified by it that I cannot describe it," she says. "There's something so comforting about reading . . . " A pause, and a smirk at the words to follow: " . . . gender-specific stories. I lived for the 'Hers' column every Saturday night, when my Sunday *New York Times* would come. I think what they've done is the most malicious thing, and I can't believe it's gone!"

Well, you offer, trying to soothe, at least they've got that new, non-gender-specific thing called "Lives."

"I hate it! Can I just say I hate it? I should be writing them a letter. I hate it so much!"

It comes to light that Hunt and the *Times Magazine* have a bit of a history: specifically, she submitted her own potential "Hers" column for publication a year and a half ago, and the editors told her it needed work. "They said it was two separate pieces—write one or the other. But it didn't feel that way to me. It's two stories converging to say one thing. I felt like they were kind of right and kind of wrong, and I couldn't find my way to doing it the way they wanted me to do it." So no revisions were ever exchanged, and the piece never ran. Out of this tale of missed opportunity comes, strangely, a reassuring thought: Helen Hunt really is like that. Animatedly decrying the demise of a favorite column, candidly hashing out the details of a pet project that didn't come off, waiting with bated breath on Saturday night for the arrival of the Sunday *Times*—these are precisely the sorts of things that Jamie Buchman, Hunt's character on the NBC sitcom *Mad About You,* might do.

Mad About You, now winding up its fourth season, is a quiet hit, neither the merchandising juggernaut that is *Friends* nor the quotable warhorse that is *Seinfeld;* it has its little patch, which it works with aplomb. Pauline Kael once wrote of Louis Malle's *Murmur of the Heart,* "This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie *enjoying* its privileges." So it is with Hunt's show, an anomalous (for TV) look at a happy upper-middle-class marriage, less relentlessly fretful than *thirtysomething,* less rose-tinted and didactic than *The Cosby Show,* a miles away from the *Weltschmerz* of Ingmar Bergman *Scenes from a Marriage,* which, if memory serves, at o point has Erland Josephson kicking Liv Ullmann's he in. Jamie Buchman is a publicist, her husband, Paul (Pa Reiser, who is one of the show's creators), is a docume tary filmmaker, and they live with their big, agreeable d in an enormous apartment on lower Fifth Avenue in Ma hattan. They stay in, they dine out, they read in bed, th make love, they occasionally get on each other's nerve and, above all, they prefer each other's company to an one else's. It's all so cozy, without being saccharine, th *Mad About You* evokes an even greater desire than usu to hear that the actors are really as friendly and sharp the characters they play. You want to know that Hel Hunt *is* Jamie Buchman, and even though this turns o not to be the case—for starters, the former displays an er dition and seriousness not readily apparent in the latter it's nice to discover that there are similarities enough: t self-deprecating sense of humor; the serene demeanor c casionally punctured by surprising, contagious bouts loopiness; the scrubbed, unfussy presentation of a woma who likes looking pretty but is a little past trying to loo cool. It's nice to learn that even in real life Hunt has fa en for a funnyman (her steady boyfriend is Hank Azar from *The Birdcage* and *The Simpsons*) and that she spen every Thanksgiving with her friend Anthony Edward *ER*'s saintly Dr. Mark Greene, about whom she says—fu ther happy confluence of fiction and reality—"Tony's menschy guy. He totally is. He's just what you think."

Odd, then, for Hunt to be turning up, of a places, in the starring role of what promi es to be this summer's biggest zillion-dolla explosion-laden blockbuster: *Twister,* Jan D Bont's follow-up to his 1994 hit, *Speed.* Sa dra Bullock's turn behind the wheel in th earlier film marked the beginning of h continuing reign as America's favorite ordinary-seeming f mous woman, and the current Hollywood wisdom ha Hunt, as the latest of De Bont's leading ladies, about to b come similarly huge. (Typical industry thinking: It's trend—it's happened once before!) Up to this point Hunt feature-film roles have tended toward the urban, talky, an professional: she has been the whippersnapper agent to Bi ly Crystal's elderly comedian in *Mr. Saturday Night* an more notably, the conflicted book editor who ministers t her extramarital lover, a paralyzed writer played by Eric Stolt in Neal Jimenez's astonishingly good independent film, *Th Waterdance. Twister,* produced by Steven Spielberg's An blin Entertainment company, represents something of a d parture. As its title suggests, the film looses De Bont's gi for kinetic mayhem on the subject of tornadoes. Hunt an Bill Paxton play Jo and Bill Harding, an estranged scie tist couple who specialize in monitoring and chasing to nadoes in the rural Midwest. Michael Crichton's screenpla pulls a deft gender reversal, positing Jo as the fierce, d termined obsessive with a difficult past and Bill as th flummoxed, sensible spouse who, *(Continued on page 21*

C MPY

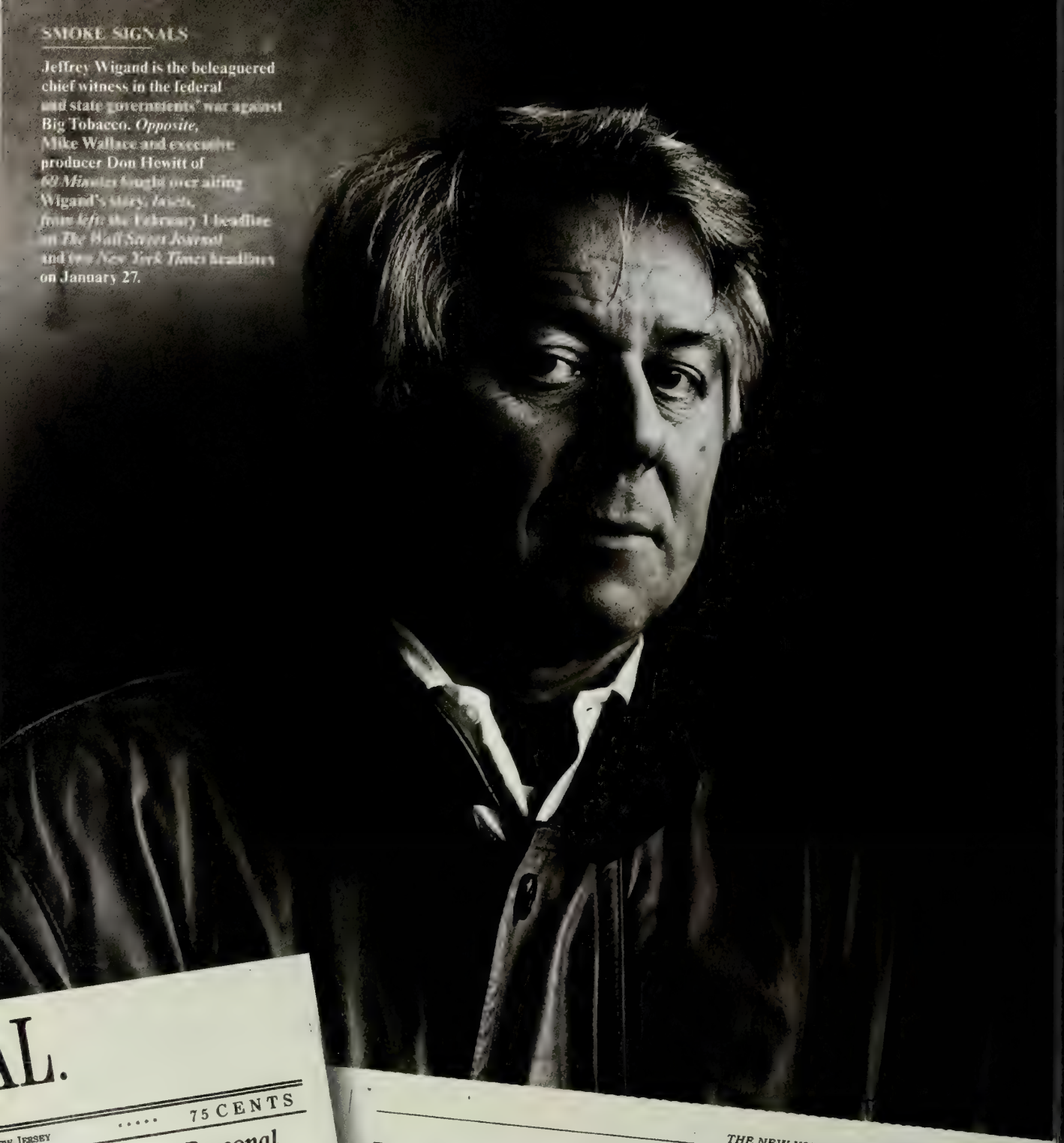
T ugh she says she's fallen for
k Azaria of *The Simpsons* and
***Birdcage,* Hunt likes the**
asional holiday away with her
friend, actress Helen Slater.
two "live like nuns, not talking
ach other all day, just
ling books and meditating."



"She's been working nonstop since she was a kid, and kept her head above the madness."

SMOKE SIGNALS

Jeffrey Wigand is the beleaguered chief witness in the federal and state governments' war against Big Tobacco. *Opposite,* Mike Wallace and executive producer Don Hewitt of *60 Minutes* fought over airing Wigand's story; *inset,* from *left,* the February 3 headline in *The Wall Street Journal* and two *New York Times* headlines on January 27.



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EW JERSEY ..... 75 CENTS

Bulletin

ground Report
n Industry
inance

Getting Personal
Brown & Williamson
Has 500-Page Dossier
Attacking Chief Critic

THE NEW YORK TIMES **NATIONAL** SATURDAY, JAN

Details of Tobacco Executive's Assertions Are Disclose

By BARNABY J. FEDER

The details of accusations made by a former research chief of the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation against the company and senior executives became public yesterday with the disclosu

the testimony is untested. A lot of it is demonstrably false, but this man is making a career out of fooling the press and flouting the law."

The company h

to turn on the industry, responded that none of those acc

against him

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO

Photographs by NIGEL PARRY



MUCH

Angrily, painfully, Jeffrey Wigand emerged from the sealed world of Big Tobacco to confront the nation's third-largest cigarette company, Brown & Williamson. Hailed as a hero by anti-smoking forces and vilified by the tobacco industry, Wigand is at the center of an epic multibillion-dollar struggle that reaches from Capitol Hill to the hallowed journalistic halls of CBS's *60 Minutes*. MARIE BRENNER investigates

I
The Witness

"I am a whistle-blower," he says. "I am notorious. It is a kind of infamy doing what I am doing, isn't that what they say?"

It was never Jeffrey Wigand's ambition to become a central figure in the great social chronicle of the tobacco wars. By his own description, Wigand is a linear thinker, a plodder. On January 30, when he and I arrange to meet at the sports bar at the Hyatt Regency in Louisville, he is in the first phase of understanding that he has entered a particular American nightmare where his life will no longer be his to control. His lawyer will later call this period "hell week." Wigand has recently learned of a vicious campaign orchestrated against him, and is trying to document all aspects of his past. "How would you feel if you had to reconstruct every moment of your life?" he asks me, tense with anxiety. He is deluged with requests for interviews. TV vans are often set up at DuPont Manual, the magnet high school where he now teaches. In two days Wigand, the former head of research and development (R&D) at the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., will be on the front page of *The Wall Street Journal* for the second time in a week. Five days from now, he will be on *60 Minutes.*

Wigand is trapped in a war between the government and its attempts to regulate the $50 billion tobacco industry and the tobacco companies themselves, which insist that the government has no place in their affairs. Wigand is under a temporary restraining order from a Kentucky state judge not to speak of his experiences at Brown & Williamson (B&W). He is mired in a swamp of charges and countercharges hurled at him by his former employer, the third-largest tobacco company in the nation, the manufacturer of Kool, Viceroy, and Capri cigarettes.

In the bar, Wigand sits with his security man, Doug Sykes, a former Secret Service agent. Wigand is worn out, a fighter on the ropes. He has reached that moment when he understands that circumstances are catapulting him into history, and he is frightened, off his moorings. He wears silver-rimmed aviator glasses, which he takes off frequently to rub his eyes. Although he has been on the *CBS Evening News* twice in the last five days, no one in the bar recognizes him. Wigand is 53. He has coarse silver hair, a small nose, and a fighter's thick neck from his days as a black belt in judo. There is a wary quality in his face, a mysterious darkness that reminds me of photographs of the writer John Irving. Wigand wears the same clothes I have seen him in for some days—jeans and a red plaid flannel shirt, his basic wardrobe for a $30,000-a-year job teaching chemistry and Japanese.

In front of us, on a large screen, a basketball game is in progress. "They kept me up until two A.M. last night. Just when I thought I was going to get some sleep, the investigators called me at midnight. At six A.M. I was gotten up again by someone from *60 Minutes* telling me that I should relax. How am I supposed to relax?" Wigand stares at the TV screen. "You are becoming a national figure," I say. Wigand suddenly sputters with rage. "I am a national figure instead of having a family. O.K.? I am going to lose economically and I am going to lose my family. They are going to use the trump cards on me."

I follow Wigand out of the Hyatt and down the street to a restaurant called Kunz's. A light snow is falling. By this time, Jeff Wigand and I h spent several days together, and I accustomed to his outbursts. A fo of moral outrage seems to have d en him from B&W, and he is of irascible and sometimes, on perso matters, relentlessly negative: "W does your brother think?" "Ask hi "Is your wife a good mother?" "A her." His expression hardens; he treats into an inner zone.

"When you were in your 30s, h did you think your life was going turn out?" I ask him. Wigand is longer belligerent. His voice is qu modulated. "I thought I would very successful. Affluent. I started $20,000 a year and wound up $300,000 a year. That was pretty nic

All through dinner, Wigand ke his cellular phone on the table. rings as we are having coffee. He plodes in anger into the receiver: "W do you want to know where I a What do you want? What do you me what am I doing? It's 10 o'clock night. . . . What do you need to c nect with me for? I am not a trai dog. You are going to have to expl to me what you are doing and w you are doing it so *I* can participat Wigand narrows his eyes and shak his head at me as if to signal that is talking to a fool. He is beyo snappish now. I realize that he is spe ing to one of his legal investigato who has been putting in 16-hour d on his behalf, mounting a counter tack against his accusers. "You ca just drop into Louisville and have drop what I am doing. No, you ca I AM NOT LISTENING. O.K.? FINE. Y TELL HIM TO FIND SOMEBODY ELSE

Wigand slams the telephone on table. "Everyone on the legal team pissed off because I am in Louisvi You know what the team can do! he was going to come down tod why didn't he tell me he was co ing?" We walk out of Kunz's and truc back through the snow toward t

"I am going to lose economically and I am going to lose my family. They are going t use the trump cards on me."

Hyatt. Across from the hotel is the B&W Tower, where Wigand used to be a figure of prestige, a vice president with a wardrobe of crisp white shirts and dark suits. "I am sick of it. Sick of hiding in a hotel and living like an animal. I want to go home," he says with desperation in his voice.

Jeffrey Wigand and I met at an anti-smoking-awards ceremony in New York on January 18. Wigand was receiving an honorarium of $5,000, and former surgeon general C. Everett Koop was going to introduce him. Wigand radiated glumness, an unsettling affect for a man who was in New York to be honored along with such other anti-smoking activists as California congressman Henry Waxman and Victor Crawford, the former Tobacco Institute lobbyist, who died soon after of throat cancer. "I am not sure I should be here," Wigand told me moments after we met. "Something terrible has happened to me. Brown & Williamson has gotten private records from the Louisville courthouse. A local TV reporter has come to my school to ask about my marriage. They are trying to ruin my life. When I get back to Louisville, I may not have a job. A public-relations man in New York named John Scanlon is trying to smear me. I have five sets of lawyers who are representing me, and no one can agree on a strategy." Then he said, without any special emphasis, "If they are successful in ruining my credibility, no other whistle-blower will ever come out of tobacco and do what I have done." One hour later he was on the stage accepting his award and giving a halting history of his conflict with B&W. "My children have received death threats, my reputation and character have been attacked systematically in an organized smear campaign," he said, his voice breaking.

When I saw Jeffrey Wigand for the first time in Louisville, he was at the end of one crisis and the beginning of another. We had been scheduled to meet for our first formal interview that evening, and I waited for him to call me. Out of necessity, Wigand has become a man of secret telephone numbers and relayed phone messages; there is an atmosphere of conspiracy around any meeting with him, with tense instructions and harried intermediaries. On my voice mail in the hotel, the messages grew increasingly dramatic. "This is Dr. Wigand's security man. He will call you at four P.M." "Marie, this is Dr. Wigand. Some problems have developed. I am not sure I can have dinner." At one point I picked up the telephone. "How are you?" I asked. "Let's put it this way: I've had better days." Then: "The F.B.I. is coming to check out a death threat." Later: "My wife, Lucretia, wants me to leave the house. I am trying not to be served with papers." Finally: "I don't have a place to go."

By the time Wigand decided to move temporarily into the Hyatt, it was 10:30 P.M. I walked downstairs and knocked on his door. I was surprised by the change in his appearance in just one week. He leaned against the TV on the wall, diminished and badly shaken. "I have lost my family. I don't know what I am going to do," he said.

He had hurriedly packed a few shirts; he was missing even the lesson plans for his classes the next day at the high school. Before coming to the Hyatt, Wigand had broken down at home in the presence of an F.B.I. agent who had come to investigate a death threat and a bullet that had been placed in the Wigands' mailbox the night before. Wigand said his wife told him, "You have put us all in danger, and I want you out of the house."

Over the next two weeks, he would hide in Room 1108 at the Hyatt, registered under another name. On January 26, his second night in exile, I joined him to watch himself as the lead story on the *CBS Evening News.* Wigand was fraught, particularly sour with one of his lawyers, Todd Thompson, when he walked into the room. "Don't you say hello to me, Jeff?" he asked. "I am angry at the world," Wigand answered. He was sitting at a small table. On his shirt was a button that read: IF YOU THINK EDUCATION IS EXPENSIVE, TRY IGNORANCE. "I have no idea where my wallet and diary are!" he said. "Why should she have my assets? Why should I continue to pay her expenses?"

That same day *The Wall Street Journal* had published a front-page, 3,300-word story with an extract from a lengthy deposition Wigand had given in late November about his experiences at B&W. The deposition would be used in a massive lawsuit filed by Michael Moore, the attorney general of Mississippi, against the major American tobacco companies. Wigand is a key witness in a singular legal attempt by seven states to seek reimbursement of Medicaid expenses resulting from smoking-related illnesses. Each year, 425,000 Americans die of such illnesses; through tax money that goes to Medicaid, the general population pays for a significant portion of the billions of dollars of health costs. If the state attorneys general, with an assist from Jeffrey Wigand, were to succeed in proving that cigarettes are addictive, the cigarette companies could be forced into settling the hundreds of thousands of plaintiff actions that would result. A number of the lawyers representing the states are working on contingency—in some cases hoping to earn fees of 33 percent—and recently *The Wall Street Journal* raised the question "Should state governments be getting into bed with the contingency fee bar?"

Wigand is tentatively scheduled to testify late this spring. In his deposition, Wigand had talked about the dangers of a number of additives in cigarettes and pipe tobacco, the addictive properties of nicotine, and the alleged attempts at B&W to camouflage such information. *The Wall Street Journal* rested on the bed, as did a copy of the most recent death threat Wigand had received: "We want you to know that we have not forgotten you or your little brats. If you think we are going to let you ruin our lives, you are in for a big surprise! You cannot keep the bodyguards forever, asshole."

Wigand looked up to see his own face on TV. Mike Wallace was interviewing him.

WALLACE: Last August we talked with Jeffrey Wigand, previously the $300,000 research chief at Brown & Williamson. He is the highest-ranking executive ever to reveal what goes on behind the scenes at the highest level of a tobacco company.

WIGAND: We're in a nicotine-delivery business.

WALLACE: And that's what cigarettes are for?

WIGAND: Most certainly. It's a delivery device for nicotine.

The telephone rang. It was Wigand's father, and Wigand told him he was

on CBS. There was no pleasure in his voice. Suddenly, a copy of the death threat I had just read was on the screen. Wigand shouted, "How the hell did they get that? Don't I have any privacy at all?"

That night we had dinner at the revolving restaurant at the top of the Hyatt. As we sat down at the table, Wigand looked out the window. "I don't believe this," he said. "We are directly across from the Brown & Williamson Tower." I could see fluorescent light glowing on a single floor in the otherwise darkened building. "What is that?" I asked. "That's the 18th floor. The legal department. That is where they all are working, trying to destroy my life."

The restaurant revolves slowly, and each time the B&W Tower came into view, Wigand would grimace. "Look at that," he said. "They are still there, and they will be there tomorrow and they will be there on Sunday. . . . You can't schmooze with these guys. You kick them in the balls. You don't maim them. Don't take prisoners."

The anti-tobacco forces depict Jeffrey Wigand as a portrait in courage, a Marlon Brando taking on the powers in *On the Waterfront.* The pro-tobacco lobbies have been equally vociferous in their campaign to turn Wigand into a demon, a Mark Fuhrman who could cause potentially devastating cases against the tobacco industry to dissolve over issues that have little to do with the dangers of smoking. According to New York public-relations man John Scanlon, who was hired by B&W's law firm to help discredit Wigand, "Wigand is a habitual liar, a bad, bad guy." It was Scanlon's assignment to disseminate a wide range of damaging charges against Wigand, such as shoplifting, fraud, and spousal abuse. Scanlon himself, along with B&W, is now the subject of an unprecedented Justice Department investigation for possible intimidation of a witness. For First Amendment specialist James Goodale, the charges and countercharges B&W has attempted to level against Wigand represent "the most important press issue since the Pentagon Papers." Goodale, who represented *The New York Times* during that period, said, "You counteract these tactics by a courageous press and big balls."

The B&W executives appear to be convinced that they can break Wigand by a steady drumbeat of harassment and litigation, but they underestimate the stubborn nature of his character and the depth of his rage at what he says he observed as their employee. A part of his motivation is the need for personal vindication: Wigand is not proud that he was once attracted to the situation he came to find intolerable. According to Wigand's brother James, a Richmond, Virginia, endocrinologist, "If they think they can intimidate and threaten him, they have picked on the wrong person!"

It has become a dramatic convention to project onto whistle-blowers our need for heroism, when revenge and anger are often what drive them. There is a powerful temptation to see Jeffrey Wigand as a symbol: the little guy against the cartel, a good man caught in a vise. However, Wigand defies easy categorization. As a personality, he is prickly, isolated, and fragile—"peculiar as hell" in Mike Wallace's phrase—but there seems to be little doubt about the quality of his scientific information. Wigand is the most sophisticated source who has ever come forward from the tobacco industry, a fact which has motivated B&W to mount a multimillion-dollar campaign to destroy him. National reporters arrive in Louisville daily with questions for Wigand: How lethal are tobacco additives such as coumarin? What did B&W officials know and when? And what does it feel like, Dr. Wigand, to lose your wife and children and have every aspect of your personal life up for grabs and interpretation in the middle of a smear?

When Jeffrey Wigand tells the story of his life, he does not begin with his childhood. Instead, he starts with the events surrounding his forced exit from B&W and doesn't veer too far from that theme. For most of his life, Wigand defined himself as a man of science, but a scientist in the ethos of middle management, "a workaholic," and hard-driving businessman. He is corporate Everyman, part of a wor of subsidiaries and spin-offs, golf weekends and rides on the compa plane. He uses phrases right out the lexicon of business—"game plar "troubleshooter." He was "director corporate development at Pfizer," th a "general manager and marketi director" at Union Carbide in Japa Later, as a senior vice president marketing at Technicon Instrumen he was responsible for "a state-c the-art plant" that "optimized" t "manufacturing facility" for biolo cal compounds.

The son of a mechanical engine Jeffrey Wigand grew up in a stri Catholic home in the Bronx, the ol est of five children. When he was teenager, the family moved to Plea ant Valley, a town in upstate Ne York near Poughkeepsie. Wigand's f ther stressed independence and insi ed that his sons help build their ne house. Wigand had to control his ang at his parents' strictness. Accordi to James, their mother was "a co individual" who had little understandi of children. "I am sure my father w kill me if he reads this," James sai "but I felt that my parents believ that children were more to be tol ated. I always had the feeling how mu was being done for us, how much v owed for this opportunity!"

A gifted chemistry and biology st dent, Jeff flourished in the quiet a mosphere of the science labs and hop to study medicine. As a freshman Dutchess Community College, he r cross-country track and "worked as scrub nurse at Vassar Brothers Hc pital," James recalled. Then he su denly announced to his parents th he was dropping out of college ar joining the air force. "It was a rebe lion to get away," James said. "M mother just about freaked out. . But if you make someone so su pressed, the anger kind of builds up

It was 1961. Wigand was sent to M sawa, an American air base in Japa where he ran an operating room. got hooked on the language and on ma tial arts," he said. He volunteered an English teacher at a Catholic c phanage. He was sent briefly to Vie nam, he told me, although he brushe off the experience: "It was 1963, ar

It was obvious to Wallace and Bergman that an attempt was being made to ruin Wigand's reputation.



SILENT PARTNER

Lowell Bergman, a producer for Mike Wallace on *60 Minutes*, came upon Jeffrey Wigand in connection with a tobacco story involving Philip Morris and soon learned of Wigand's own struggle with Brown & Williamson.

nothing was going on." I wondered at he defensive tone in his voice. Later B&W would challenge whether he had been in Vietnam at all. (According to one investigator, he was there for about month.)

When he came back to the States, e wrote a master's thesis on vitamin B_{12} and later earned a doctorate in iochemistry at the State University f New York at Buffalo. He was offered a $20,000-a-year job with the Boehringer Mannheim Corporation, a German health-care company. In 1970, t a judo class, Wigand met Linda, is first wife, a legal secretary from Eden, New York. Seven months after hey married, in 1971, Linda developed multiple sclerosis. At the time, Vigand was still working for Boehinger Mannheim in New York, but e moved on to Pfizer and then was ecruited for a lucrative position at Union Carbide. He was to form a ubsidiary to test medical equipment n clinical trials in Japan. He was 34 ears old, fluent in Japanese, basking n his new status.

Wigand is proud of his time at Union Carbide—"I was right at the top," he aid—but Linda grew progressively veaker. "Jeff searched the world for pecialists," recalled Conrad Kotrady, Salt Lake City doctor who has known im since graduate school. "He attacked he problem as if it were an assignment, but then her condition became ncreasingly difficult for him." Wigand urrowed into his work, withdrawing rom the agony of watching his wife isintegrate physically. In 1973 their aughter, Gretchen, was born.

Wigand has a quality his brother ecalled as a kind of personal shutown—an ability to close off his emoions when things get difficult. As inda's condition worsened, Wigand istanced himself from her and his baby. I really did not have a marriage," he old me. "If I said I didn't play around, would be lying. Linda came back to he States, and something happened in my parents' house. She went home to Buffalo." Several years passed before he saw her or his daughter again, and eventually the marriage unraveled. Linda's parents believed that Wigand had abandoned their daughter, one friend recalled. "I thought Linda was dead," Wigand said quickly. "That's what a friend said." Wigand made little attempt to communicate with his daughter. It is Kotrady's belief that Wigand did not want to upset her by taking her away from a stable home with loving grandparents.

Wigand met his second wife, Lucretia, in 1981 at a sales conference at Ortho Diagnostic Systems, a subsidiary of Johnson & Johnson, where he was a director of marketing. She was a sales rep. He was, he later remembered, attracted to her cool demeanor and willowy good looks. Lucretia had spent part of her childhood in Louisville, the daughter of two doctors who separated when she was eight. Lucretia's mother, at one time on the staff of the National Cancer Institute, used to tease Jeff about Lucretia's expensive tastes. They married in 1986.

Soon Wigand moved on to a grander position as a senior vice president at Technicon, responsible for marketing blood-testing equipment. Wigand was filled with ideas, but he was often testy. Bob Karlson, his mentor at Ortho, recalled pulling on his ear at meetings to tell Wigand to pipe down when he got out of hand. "I have a very bad problem—saying what's on my mind," Wigand told me. "I don't take too much crap from anybody."

He was a perfectionist who kept a

file of correspondence with businesses he dealt with whose products were flawed. In one instance, he returned some hardware to a catalogue company. In another, he demanded reimbursement for a cleaning bill for water-damaged items. Later this file would be detailed and used against him as evidence in B&W's private investigation, suggesting that he had committed fraud. Wigand had a tendency not to share information, even with Lucretia. On the day before her 30th birthday, Wigand called her from the office: "My friends and I are coming home to celebrate." Later that afternoon, Lucretia used his car to go for a pizza. "All of his office was in the backseat." She recalled asking, "Is there something you want to tell me?" As it happened, some of Technicon's upper-management team, including Wigand, had been dismissed. In 1987 he was made president of a small medical-equipment company called Biosonics in Fort Washington, Pennsylvania. Wigand recalled a power struggle with the owner of the company, who recently wrote an article in *Philadelphia Forum* about his experiences with Wigand, accusing him of having bullied female employees and in one instance of having shined a light on his subordinates while he was asking about a company matter. Wigand denies both charges.

For one year Jeff Wigand did consulting work. He finally decided to pursue his dream of being a doctor, but Lucretia convinced him he was too old. Then he approached a headhunter, who asked if he would consider working for Brown & Williamson, the tobacco company. Lucretia was puzzled by the offer: "I said, 'Why do they want you? You know nothing about tobacco. You had—what?—17 yea of health care.' It did not make sens

From his first meetings with Al Heard, the head of R&D for BAT I dustries (formerly British Americ Tobacco), the conglomerate with billion in annual profits that ow B&W, Wigand shut his eyes and nored the Faustian arrangemer Heard said he wanted to develop new cigarette to compete with P mier, a product made by the R. Reynolds Tobacco Company (RJ which had little tar. The appeal w seductive for a man who prided hi self on his research skills, and W gand's title would be impressive: he of R&D. He would soon be paid mo than he had ever earned in his life $300,000 a year. His department wou have a budget of more than $30 m lion and a staff of 243. Shortly aft he began the interviews, Wigand too up smoking. He later said, "I w buying the routine. I wanted to u derstand the science of how it ma you feel."

From the beginning, Lucretia e couraged the move to Louisville. Sin her parents' divorce, her father ha remarried a couple of times. Alon with his medical practice, he owne tobacco land. A move back to Loui ville with Wigand in an importa position in that industry would pro ably impress Lucretia's father ar might draw the family closer toget er. Besides, she had just had a bab and she believed that life in Louisvil would be a boon for a child. "I thoug if I made big bucks she would b happy," Wigand told me.

When Wigand told his brother H was going to work for a tobacco co glomerate, James said, "You've g to be kidding." But Wigand was o timistic. "I thought I would hav an opportunity to make a diffe ence and work on a safer cigarett I talked to a lot of my friends fro



SUPERSLEUTHS

San Francisco–based private investigators Jack Palladino and his wife, Sandra Sutherland, were hired by Wigand's lawyer Richard Scruggs to mount a counterattack to the P.R. campaign being waged against Wigand. "This is a war," declared Palladino.

Palladino and Sutherland are the Nick and Nora Charles of modern criminal investigation.

college. They said, 'You know, you're never going to be able to come back. You can't go from tobacco back into health care.'"

II
The Firm

From Wigand's first days at B&W, it was apparent to him that there was a contradiction in his situation. On his good days he believed he was helping the world. On the other days he was a guy with a family who earned a large salary. He had a feisty, urban, go-getter personality in an unusual city; Louisville was a Velveeta town, clannish and sophisticated, once ruled by old families such as the Bingham publishing dynasty. At B&W, Wigand's intensity and uncongenial personality grated on many of his southern colleagues. Wigand believed that he was there to shake up the ossified atmosphere. Three months after he was hired, RJR withdrew Premier from the market because the taste was unpleasant, acrid, and synthetic. Had Wigand been shrewder, he might have thought that he was now in a trap. There was no real reason for a non-tobacco man to remain at the company. But he attempted to keep his contrarian nature under wraps. He went to company parties, and Lucretia volunteered to help at the Hard Scruffle steeplechase, a charity event. It is conceivable that B&W had sized Wigand up psychologically. He surely appeared to be highly ambitious, money-hungry, a potential captive to the firm.

In Louisville, the Wigands bought a two-story, red brick house in a pleasant suburb. There was an *allée* of trees in the middle of the road, giving a sense of affluence. Wigand had two offices at B&W, one at the R&D laboratory and one in the office tower. When he toured the lab for the first time, he was startled, he told me, to observe how antiquated it seemed. "The place looked like a high-school chemistry lab from the 1950s with all sorts of old-fashioned smoking machines. There was no fundamental science being done." There was neither a toxicologist nor a physicist on staff, a fact which Wigand found very unsettling. How, he thought, could you be serious about studying the health aspects of tobacco or fire safety without the proper experts? According to documents that later wound up in the University of California at San Francisco library, even in the 1960s research had been done for B&W which tobacco activists say proved that cigarettes were addictive and caused cancer. However, Wigand says he did not learn of those studies until he left the company.

Shortly after Wigand was hired, he was sent to an orientation session on tobacco-litigation matters at Shook, Hardy & Bacon, a Kansas City law firm that specializes in defending lawsuits for the industry. The firm is reputed to have its own in-house scientists and tobacco researchers. Shook, Hardy & Bacon and B&W lawyers were aware of the dangers that the company's research could pose in a lawsuit. B&W lawyers had devised an ingenious method for avoiding discovery of sensitive information: have it "shipped offshore"—a practice one attorney referred to as "document management." It was the suggestion of Kendrick Wells, an attorney in B&W's legal department, that staff be told that this effort was "to remove deadwood," and that no one "should make any notes, memos or lists." Wigand later testified that another law firm, Covington & Burling, sometimes edited scientific information on additives.

Nine months after Wigand went to work, he attended a meeting of BAT scientists in Vancouver, British Columbia. The top R&D executives from BAT's worldwide tobacco subsidiaries were there to discuss health matters and the possibility of a nicotine substitute. There was a feeling of excitement among the scientists that they could reduce health risks for smokers. By then Wigand had grown used to the euphemisms of his new industry. He understood that "increased biological activity" in reports was code for cancer and other diseases. At the meeting, Wigand would later testify, roughly 15 pages of minutes were taken by Ray Thornton, a British scientist. A copy was sent to Wigand, who circulated copies to upper management.

Soon after that, Wigand says, he was called into Kendrick Wells's office and asked to sign off on a 3-page synopsis of the minutes—a reduction of about 12 pages. In a recent deposition Wells testified that Raymond Pritchard, the then C.E.O. of the company, had assigned Wigand to produce a revised set of minutes.

Within the industry, BAT is known as "the tough guy" for its ferocious litigation strategy. As a foreign corporation it has never enjoyed quite as much political influence as the American tobacco companies, which donate vast sums of money to organizations as diverse as the African-American political caucuses, the Whitney Museum, and the political-action committees of dozens of candidates, especially Bob Dole. In the late 1970s the Federal Trade Commission (F.T.C.) investigated the advertising practices of all the tobacco companies. In a non-public report later read at a congressional-committee meeting, B&W's Viceroy cigarette was mentioned for a proposed test-marketing campaign that appeared to target minors. Several years later, a CBS anchorman in Chicago, Walter Jacobson, broadcast a segment about the report. B&W sued CBS, which paid a $3 million judgment after the case went all the way to the Supreme Court. B&W also clashed with RJR and Philip Morris over Barclay cigarettes and a false-advertising charge brought by the F.T.C. In 1987, B&W withdrew from the Tobacco Institute, an American tobacco lobbying group, for several years.

Although B&W employed 500 people in Louisville, Wigand chafed at the bunker mentality. "It was an incestuous society," he said. "Wherever you went—to dinners, to parties—the B&W people all stayed together. They never mixed." Many of the executives smoked, although in private they often talked about the risks. "Their whole corporate philosophy was 'Shit flows downhill.' You get paid very well. You have lots of nice benefits." Later he recalled, "I didn't trust anyone at B&W. I was a different animal."

Wigand felt that the scientific data at B&W was Stone Age, as he later told a friend. He brought new computers into the R&D facility and hired a physicist and a toxicologist. He worked on reverse engineering on Marlboros, attempting to discern their unique properties; he studied fire safety and ignition propensity.

After Vancouver, Wigand continued to push for more information. He be-

gan to hear mysterious names at company dinners—"Ariel" and "Hippo." "I did not drink at all then—only Diet Pepsi—and I would ask, 'What is that?' And suddenly people would clam up." As the head of R&D at B&W, he should logically have been aware of every aspect of the company's research. "There were essentially two research-and-development departments. They did the work on nicotine overseas." Wigand says he did not discover that Ariel and Hippo were research studies on health-related issues conducted in the 1970s at BAT in Switzerland until he read thousands of pages of documents taken from a law firm in downtown Louisville by a concerned paralegal named Merrell Williams, a Faulknerian personality with a doctorate in drama. "My perspective was like night and day," Wigand told me. "It was like being aware and not being aware. You look back on things that happened when you were present and you say, 'Hell, they knew about that all along.'"

Wigand began to keep an extensive scientific diary, both in his computer and in a red leather book. "I kept it day by day, month by month. I saw two faces, the outside face and the inside face. It bothered me. I didn't know the diary was going to be valuable." In one early entry, Wigand recalled, he recorded a promise made to him that he would be able to hire "a scientific and medical advisory committee." "Then, all of a sudden—poof!—it's gone."

Wigand's scientific ethics had been shaped during his years working for Johnson & Johnson; he admired particularly the stringent standards enforced by C.E.O. James Burke during the recall of shipments of Tylenol after a poisoning scare in 1982. At first he believed that Ray Pritchard was a man of honor like Burke. At lunch from time to time, he complained in private to Pritchard about Thomas Sandefur, then the company president. Wigand had come to believe that his safe-cigarette project was being canceled. He told *60 Minutes* that he had gone to ask Sandefur about it and that Sandefur had been harsh: "I don't want to hear any more discussion about a safer cigarette. . . . We pursue a safer cigarette, it would put us at extreme exposure with every other product." (On *60 Minutes,* B&W said this was false.)

Wigand made no secret of his lack of respect for Sandefur: "I wouldn't consider them all intellectual titans. Sandefur used to beat on me for using big words. I never found anybody as stupid as Sandefur in terms of his ability to read or communicate. . . . In terms of his understanding something and his intellectual capacity, Sandefur was just like a farm boy."

According to Wigand, Sandefur had a particular interest in B&W's manufacture of snuff. There were problems with bacterial fermentation, Wigand told me. "They could never get it fermented correctly. They could not get a consistent taste or particle size. They could not understand the tactility of soil bacteria and how it worked on the natural flora. What was the effect of ammonia to flora? Most moist snuff deteriorates after packaging. If you could find a way to sterilize it, you would slow up bacterial fermentation and have a safer product. No one had done this for four years."

Snuff was a critical product for B&W, Wigand said, because it is "start-up stuff for kids. . . . It was Sandefur's baby. You have to look at the age somebody starts smoking. If you don't get them before they are 18 or 20, you never get them." (Thomas Sandefur declined to make any comment for this article.)

According to *The Journal of the American Medical Association,* 3 million Americans under the age of 18 consume one billion packs of cigarettes and 26 million containers of snuff every year. For a cigarette company, the potential for profits from these sales—illegal in all 50 states—is immense, more than $200 million a year.

Wigand came to feel increasingly that there was "no sense of responsibility" on the subject of teenagers and smoking. He was disturbed by a report that on the average children begin to smoke at 14. He was surprised, he told me, by Sandefur's lack of interest in such matters, and he grew visibly testy. "I used to come home tied in a knot. My kids would say to me, 'Hey, Daddy, do you kill people?' I didn't like some of the things I saw. I felt uncomfortable. I felt dirty.

"The last year and a half I was the Brown & Williamson used to keep r isolated. How did they know I w trouble? I was asking some pretty d ficult questions: How come there w no research file? . . . When they drin they talk. I know a lot. My diary w reflect those meetings. I was not Thom Sandefur's fair-haired boy."

He withdrew into a stolid isolatio Lucretia knew something was wron she later told me. When she aske him how things were going at the o fice, he would say, "Fine." If sh pressed him, he would answer, "That work, and I leave that at the office His need to control his emotions cause him frequently to lose his temper home, Lucretia remembered.

There was also a major addition problem at home, a hole in the ce ter of his life. His older daught with Lucretia had serious medical pro lems. According to Wigand, "Rach was not diagnosed correctly from birt Both specialists and general pract tioners, including Lucretia's fathe unequivocally stated that Rachel d not have any problem, even after su stantive testing. I finally sought out respected adult urologist who mad the diagnosis of spina bifida. This r quired spinal surgery." In a rage, W gand threatened to sue the doctors wh had not diagnosed her earlier. It Wigand's opinion that his father-in law never forgave him. (Neither L cretia nor her father would commen on this subject.)

At work he grew increasingly v cal. After 1991, B&W's evaluation of him contained new corporate e phemisms. Wigand had "a difficult in communication." He was becom ing, as he later described it, a prob lem for Sandefur by sounding off meetings. For Wigand, the critica moment occurred when he read a r port from the National Toxicology Pro gram. The subject was coumarin, a additive that had been shown to hav a carcinogenic property which cause tumors in rats and mice. The mak up of coumarin was close to that a compound found in rat poison, bu until 1992 no one understood th possible dangers. The new report d scribed its carcinogenic effect. Whe Wigand read this in late 1992, h first reaction was "We have got t get this stuff out of the pipe toba

The relationship between CBS and Laurence Tisch's tobacco company, Lorillard, became a vexing problem for the news division.

co." One of B&W's products was Sir Walter Raleigh. Wigand told *60 Minutes* that when he went to a meeting with Sandefur, Sandefur told him that removing it would impact sales. Wigand got the impression that Sandefur would do nothing immediately to alter the product, so he sought out his toxicologist, Scott Appleton. Wigand says he asked him to write a memo backing him up, but Appleton refused, perhaps afraid for his job. (Appleton declined to comment.)

Driven by anger now, Wigand says, he determined to examine what happens when other additives are burned. He focused on glycerol, an additive used to keep the tobacco in cigarettes moist. He was involved in discussions about the nicotine patch and studied a genetically engineered, high-nicotine Brazilian tobacco called Y-1.

Wigand also began attending meetings of a commission on fire safety in cigarettes in Washington. He observed Andrew McGuire, an expert on burn trauma from San Francisco, who had won a MacArthur grant following his campaign for fire-retardant clothing for children. The commission met approximately 40 times and had four R&D scientists from tobacco companies as members, including Alexander W. Spears, the future head of Lorillard. As far as McGuire knew, B&W was not represented. "I would look out and I would see all these men in suits listening to our discussions. I assumed that they were tobacco-company lawyers, monitoring what we were doing," McGuire said. Wigand had several conversations about his experiments with additives with other tobacco men attending the meetings, but he never met McGuire.

In the summer of 1992, Earl Kohnhorst, a senior executive at B&W, called Wigand into his office. Wigand considered him a friend, and had urged him to stop smoking—as Wigand had. According to a memo Kohnhorst later wrote, the meeting was not friendly. Wigand apparently learned he was on notice, and Kohnhorst is said to have implied that he was difficult to work with and was talking too much.

Wigand says that his anger made it impossible for him to censor himself; he had come to believe his worth as a scientist was being violated by his association with the tobacco company. He also believed that the other scientists in the company would share his values. Wigand was determined to be on the record with his research on additives. He recalled writing a memo for the files on the dangers of coumarin. He felt, he later said, that he was being diligent. In January 1993, it was announced that Thomas Sandefur, Wigand's nemesis, had been named C.E.O. of B&W. On March 24, Wigand was fired and escorted from the building. He has testified that B&W never returned his scientific diary.

III
The Journalist and the Whistle-Blower

In the early spring of 1993, Lowell Bergman, an award-winning news producer at *60 Minutes,* found a crate of papers on the front steps of his house in Berkeley, California. Bergman's specialty at CBS was investigative reporting; he possessed a Rolodex of peerless snitches, C.I.A. operatives, and corporate informants. The grandson of one of the first female leaders of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, Bergman had a bemused, compassionate nature. He was close to 50 and had come to understand that life was a series of murky compromises. At the University of California at San Diego, he had studied with the political philosopher Herbert Marcuse and lived in a commune. Bergman's wife, Sharon Tiller, was a *Frontline* producer, and they had five grown sons between them.

Bergman often received anonymous letters and sealed court documents in his mailbox; it did not surprise him in the least, he told me, to find the box of papers on his porch. As always, Bergman was developing several pieces for Mike Wallace, the correspondent he worked with almost exclusively. They were close friends and confidants, but they argued ferociously and intimately, like a father and son. "Lowell can drive me crazy," Wallace told me. "Lowell would like to be the producer, the reporter, the correspondent, and the head of CBS News." Screaming messages and six A.M. phone calls were their standard operating techniques, but they shared a passion for corporate intrigue, and together had helped break the Iraq-gate bank scandal in 1992 and examine the accusations of child abuse at the McMartin Pre-School in Los Angeles in 1986. Shortly after the mysterious papers appeared on his steps, Bergman won a Peabody Award for a program on cocaine trafficking in the C.I.A.

At *60 Minutes,* the on-air personalities were involved in six or seven stories at the same time and took a deserved share of the credit for the show's singular productions, but the staff was well aware that the producers actually did the backbreaking reporting. In most cases, the producers had complete freedom to develop stories, and it was they, not the correspondents, who were in hotel rooms in Third World countries at all hours bringing along reluctant sources. Later, the correspondents stepped in.

Only rarely did correspondents know the explicit details of stories other teams were developing.

When Bergman received the box of papers, he took a look at the hundreds of pages of material. "They were a shambles," he recalled, "but clearly from a nonpublic file." The papers were very technical and came from the Philip Morris company. The phrase "ignition propensity" was repeated often in them. "I had never heard that phrase before," Bergman said. He called his friend Andrew McGuire, the only person he knew who had ever studied tobacco and fire. "Do you know anyone who can make sense of these papers for me?" Bergman asked. "I might have just the guy," McGuire said.

After being fired by B&W, Jeffrey Wigand remained optimistic for some time, Lucretia recalled. He came close to finding a lucrative job through a headhunter in Chicago. He gave as references Alan Heard and Ray Pritchard. He was surprised not to be hired immediately by another corporation, and soon he began to worry. He reportedly groused about his severance package to a friend at B&W, who repeated his remarks to his former boss. Several months later, Wigand learned that B&W was suing him for breach of contract. According to the suit, his medical benefits would be taken from him, a display of corporate hardball which would subsequently rebound. "If Brown & Williamson had just left me alone, I probably would have gone away. I would have gotten a new job," Wigand said. He reluctantly signed an onerous, lifelong confidentiality agreement so stringent that he could be in violation if he discussed anything about the corporation. Wigand felt trapped, and he did not know what to do.

When I spoke with Lucretia Wigand in Louisville, she used an unusual phrase, "skeletons in the closet," to describe her fear of what would happen if Jeff went public with his experiences at B&W. "What do you mean, 'skeletons in the closet'?" I asked. In repose, Lucretia is elegant and steely. She looked at her divorce lawyer, Steven Kriegshaber, who shook his head as if to warn her not to speak. "The so-called spousal abuse—you were worried about that?" I asked. "Sure," she said softly.

Alcohol and rage are at the center of what happened on a bad night in the Wigand marriage in October 1994. The tension in the family had become overwhelming while Wigand was negotiating the punitive confidentiality agreement. Since Rachel had been diagnosed with spina bifida, the marriage had suffered enormous strain. "I felt that during Lucretia's pregnancy with Rachel she somewhat overabused alcohol," Wigand said. "She drinks quite heavily." (Lucretia denies this.) Wigand himself had at one time been a drinker, but he had stopped when he felt out of control. After he was fired, he told me, it was not surprising that he began to drink again. Lucretia, he said, was "stunned" when she heard that he had once again lost a job. She raged that he had not told even her of his growing unhappiness in the company. She was frightened that he would lose any claim to their medical package.

Wigand recalled her mood as sometimes dismissive and unsympathetic. There are contradictory versions of the evening. According to Wigand, Lucretia "hit me in the back with a wooden coat hanger and ran upstairs into the bedroom." Furious, he chased her and then called the police. According to Lucretia, "Because of the amount he drank, he does not remember most of the evening. . . . I tried to leave. He took my keys away and was grabbing me. . . . I picked up the phone to dial 911. He ripped the cord out of the wall. He smashed my nose with the palm of his hand. The kids were screaming, I was screaming. I ran down the hall and picked up another phone and dialed 911. Jeff left the house before the police arrived." Whatever happened that night, Lucretia and Jeffrey Wigand both blame B&W for placing an unbearable strain on their marriage, and say that this episode played no part in their later divorce. Soon after, according to a lawyer close to the case, Wigand became concerned enough about his drinking that he checked into a clinic for four days of evaluation—which would later, in a 500-page dossier of allegations about his character, be reported as two weeks of hospitalization for treatment for anger.

Through an intermediary in t government, Wigand reach out tentatively to Andrew M Guire, whom he had observ in Washington. McGuire a phone call: would he spe to a former R&D executiv McGuire was intrigued. A bacco-industry witness could be valuable to him, since he was th pressing Congress to regulate fire safe "I don't know if this guy is for rea the government official told McGui "but here is his home number. C him." Wigand's voice on the phone w so strained and wary that McGu wondered if he might not be a tobacc industry spy. Nevertheless, he pass his name along to Lowell Bergma

For weeks Bergman tried to get W gand on the telephone. Each time woman answered, and she would t him, "He is not home." Finally she sa "He doesn't want to talk to you Bergman had become fascinated the court papers involving Philip Mo ris, and was convinced he needed th particular chemist to make sense them. He wanted a scientist, not anti-tobacco advocate. In Februa 1994, he decided to go to Louisvil "I did the old 'call him at midnigh maneuver. He answered the pho and I said, 'If you are curious to me me, I'll be sitting in the lobby at t Seelbach Hotel tomorrow at 11 A.M.'

At 11 A.M. a gray-haired man in windbreaker appeared and said, "A you Lowell?" Bergman looked up see a portrait of middle-aged anxie "I said to him, 'Let's go have a coffee.'

It was the beginning of an extrao dinary relationship. Bergman's pre ence in Wigand's life would eventua ly inspire him to come forward as whistle-blower. For Bergman, Wigan would become a source who needed unusual protection and hand-holding a fact which would ultimately jeopa dize his position at CBS. "As a perso the guy I met had been raped and v olated," Bergman said. Wigand to Bergman that he was suffering a "mor crisis." He said that he had alwa considered himself a scientist, and h called the type of research that we on at B&W "a display of craft."

"'O.K.,'" Bergman recalled sayin after their first day together, "'you can talk to me about Brown & Williamso because of your severance agreemen

Scruggs said of the campaign against Wigand, "There is no bigger lie than a half-truth."



STATE'S MEN

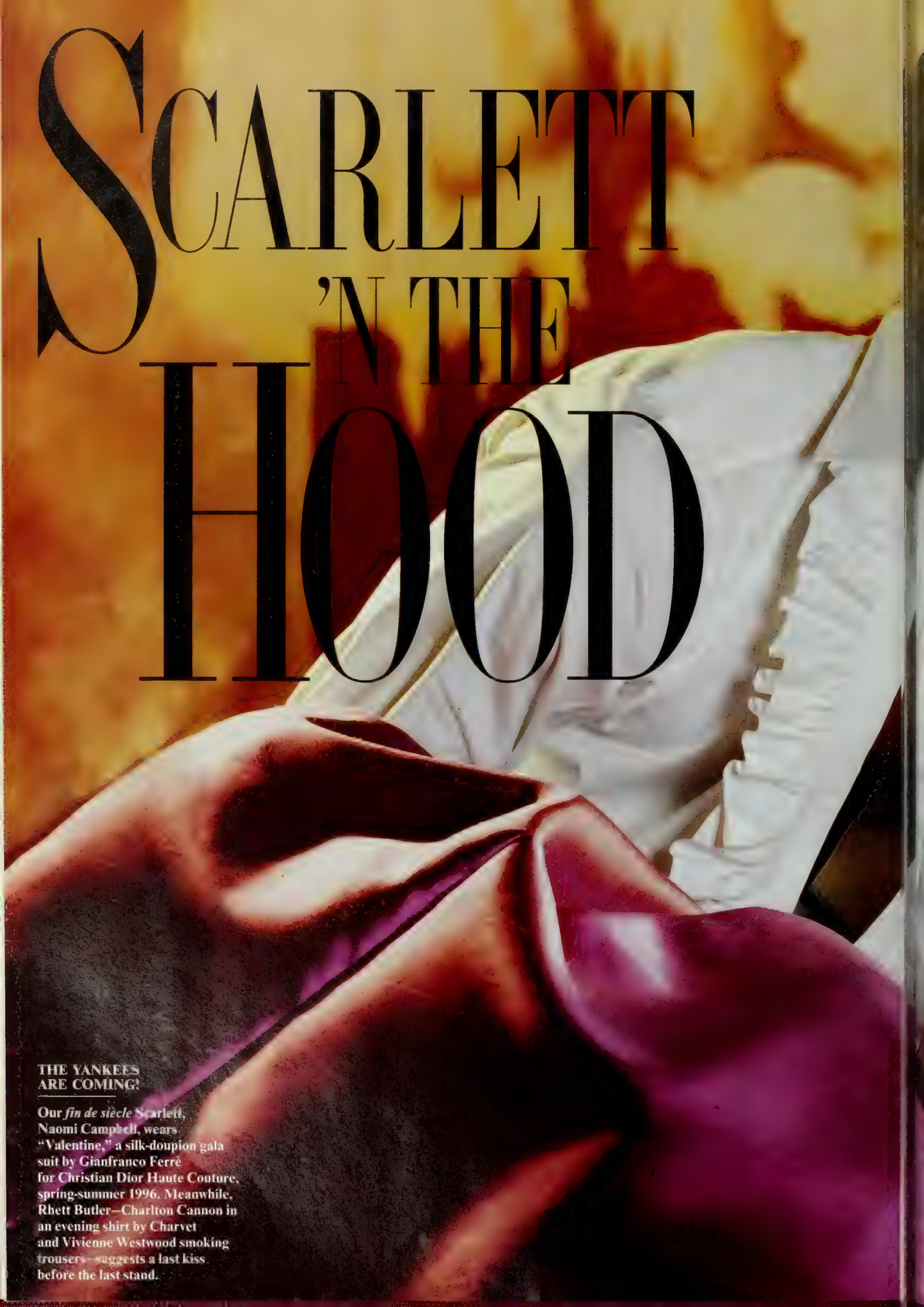
Mississippi attorney general Michael Moore and Richard Scruggs (with aviator glasses)—who is one of the chief lawyers representing Mississippi against the tobacco companies and who is also Jeffrey Wigand's lawyer—stand beside Scruggs's private jet.

but I have a problem. Can you analyze these documents for me?' He looked at two pages and said, 'Wow!'" After reading a few more pages about fire experiments, Wigand exclaimed, "Hey, they are way ahead of where we were."

Wigand agreed to examine the Philip Morris papers for Bergman. He was to be paid like any other corporate consultant, about $1,000 a day. "I was bothered. Everything I had seen at the joint-venture meetings said it was not technologically feasible," he later told me. "I was pissed off! They had a fire-safe-product study on the shelf in 1986 and 1987, and they knew it!" (A spokesman for Philip Morris says the company has been unsuccessful in this so far but continues to do research.)

Wigand flew to New York for a day to attend a screening of a version of the projected program at CBS. At the end of March, CBS broadcast an exposé of the Hamlet project, which involved a fire-safe cigarette developed at Philip Morris. "I was angry when I saw it," said Wigand. "They knew all along it was possible to develop a fire-safe *(Continued on page 206)*

SCARLETT 'N THE HOOD



THE YANKEES ARE COMING!

Our *fin de siècle* Scarlett, Naomi Campbell, wears "Valentine," a silk-doupion gala suit by Gianfranco Ferrè for Christian Dior Haute Couture, spring-summer 1996. Meanwhile, Rhett Butler—Charlton Cannon in an evening shirt by Charvet and Vivienne Westwood smoking trousers—suggests a last kiss before the last stand.



Yo, Rhett! Ghosting for the ultimate southern belle, LAURA JACOBS recounts her fashion breakthroughs—remember those fabulous curtains?—while KARL LAGERFELD and ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY summon the spirit of a thoroughly modern Tara



ANTEBELLUM GARDENER

Artfully arrayed in Gerald O'Hara's hand-me-downs, sole man Manolo Blahnik is Tara's gardener (as well as pump-and-slipper consultant). Backdrop painted by French set designer Stéfan Lubrina.

Fiddle-dee-dee," that's my philosophy!

Why, as the millennium turns there's more than a little fiddle-while-Atlanta-burns mentality on the catwalk. Day's night today and black's white today and white's black today!) and anything goes: boys in tattersall skirts, girls in Grandpa's waistcoat, men in bed linens, silk crinolines that could engulf an elephant (I'm not even counting what some of the couturiers wear).

It wasn't like this when I was a belle. Then there was just one shape—the bell—and it tolled for all women. In fact, haute couture as a business and an art officially began in 1858, just three years before the Civil War. Rhett, of course, knew all about it, running those blockades to Paris. That feather hat he brought me in my first widowhood was from the Rue de la Paix, the street made famous by Charles Frederick Worth, founder of the first house of couture. Worth's muse was Empress Eugénie, wife of Napoleon III—whatever looked good on her was what the rest of us were stuck with. Luckily, everything looks good on me.

I sometimes think I was ahead of Mr. Worth. Remember that green velvet dress I made from Mother's portieres, scandalizing Mammy? Well, if memory serves I pulled them down around 1866. Ten years later Worth came up with his *style tapissier.* Translated, that's "upholsterer's style," the technique of swooping skirts up and back, like draperies. Tasseled, fringed, and tufted within an inch of life itself, women soon looked like sitting rooms that moved.

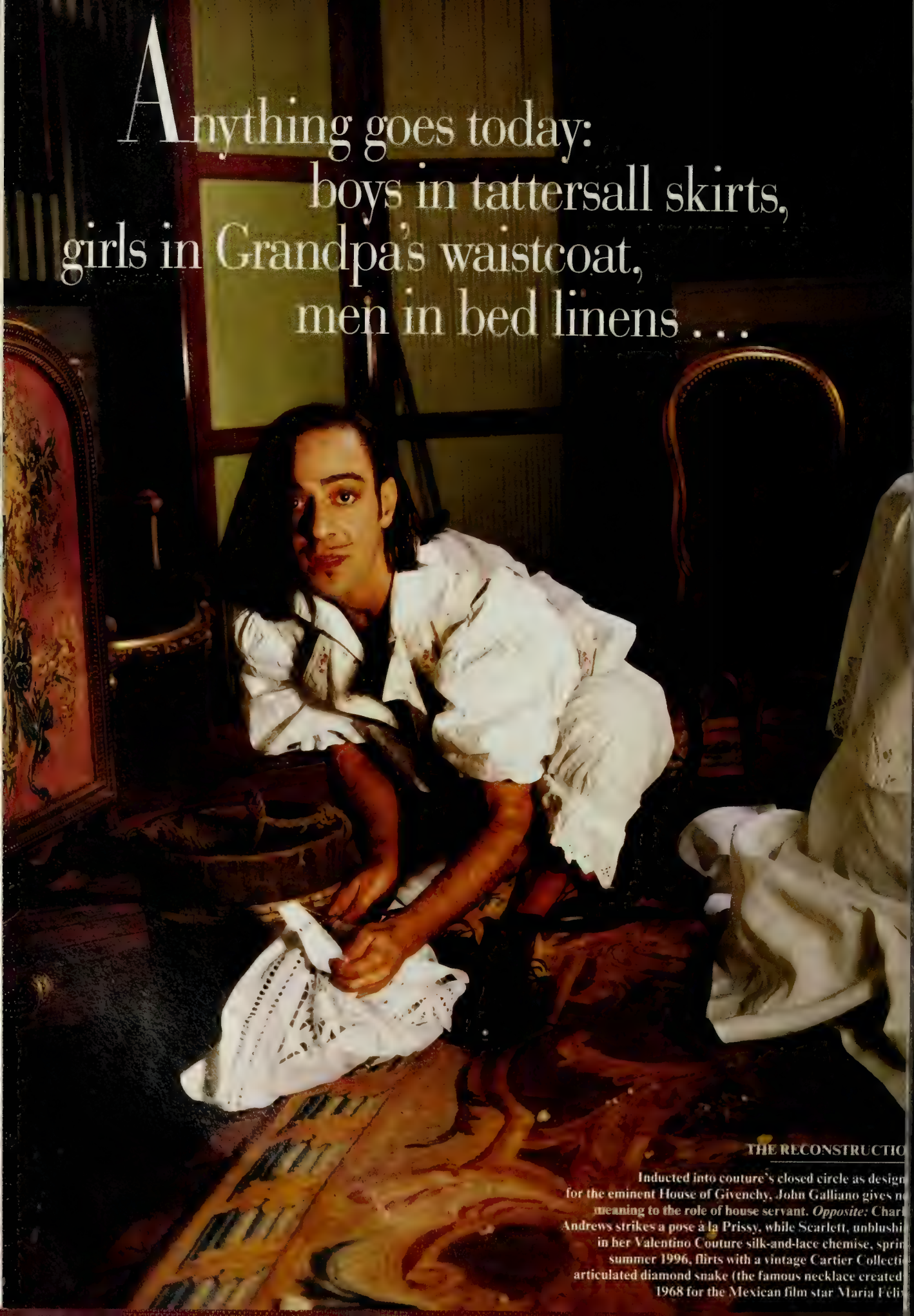




GOD'S NIGHTGOWN!

Top: Scarlett models the costliest evening gown in Paris—a creation that took 1,280 hours to embroider at the House of Lesage—from Karl Lagerfeld for Chanel Haute Couture, spring-summer 1996. *Right:* in a cameo as Mammy, and wearing his own white shirt and apron, Gianfranco Ferrè toasts proud papa Rhett, beaming in Vivienne Westwood's velvet greatcoat with fake-fur collar.

Anything goes today: boys in tattersall skirts, girls in Grandpa's waistcoat, men in bed linens . . .



THE RECONSTRUCTIO

Inducted into couture's closed circle as design for the eminent House of Givenchy, John Galliano gives n meaning to the role of house servant. *Opposite:* Char Andrews strikes a pose à la Prissy, while Scarlett, unblushi in her Valentino Couture silk-and-lace chemise, sprin summer 1996, flirts with a vintage Cartier Collecti articulated diamond snake (the famous necklace created 1968 for the Mexican film star Maria Féli







I've since read that Worth hated t metal cage that supported our b skirts, even though he was the o who made it fashionable. But I tell you, that cage was a secret weap of the southern belle. As the sch ar Catherine Clinton has noted her latest book, *Tara Revisit* (Abbeville), medical supplies we often smuggled under skirts, as were ha boots, and buttons. And wouldn't yo have loved to have seen the most famo Confederate hot-air observation balloon ev made? Sewn from the last silk south the Mason-Dixon line, it was a brillia patchwork of belles' ball gowns. Gener James Longstreet called it "the last si dress in the Confederacy."

Here's a funny fashion coincidence. A the very same moment that the concept haute couture—or the Paris Original—w born, mass production gained its first foo hold in the market, what with the improv ment of the sewing machine (they adde a second spool called a bobbin). Also bo with couture, and even more revolutiona than ready-to-wear, was an approach to fas ion that transformed the way we live: mean the institutionalized "rapidity change." No more the long, slow stylist drift—nearly 140 years later, styles chan every six months! Gone with the *WWD*.

At least I've been constant. Unlike th strange sisterhood the Fashion Press, will never view the gloom of widow's wee as a wardrobe cornerstone. Green is m color, and academics have annotated th way it echoes my eyes, evokes my Ashle envy, epitomizes my life force. (Frankl my dears, I prefer Blahniks to footnotes Recently I reread Ms. Mitchell's maste piece and noticed another consistenc my big scenes are always punctuated wit slaps or kisses. Well, no one can say wasn't equal-opportunity slapping and kis ing. I admit I've been difficult. I had t be. After all, if anyone was the first s permodel, it was me.

FRANKLY, MY DEAR . . .

Top: A nanosecond of harmony between Scarlett and Prissy—two stubborn daughters of the South—as Scarlett lounges in a lamé-lace-and-marabou evening dress from Emanuel Ungaro Haute Couture, spring-summer 1996; her handmade embroidered mules are from Manolo Blahnik.
Left: Rhett admires his trophy wife, who wears a white silk wedding gown embroidered with plumes from Emanuel Ungaro Haute Couture, spring-summer 1996. House servant John Galliano waits on the newlyweds.



FROM ATLANTA TO APPOMATTOX

House servants Shalom Harlow and Amber Valletta make off with the silver during the burning of Atlanta, dressed nattily in men's wear by Gianni Versace, fall 1996, with white evening shirts by Charvet.



17-INCH WAIST

Scarlett braces herself while "Mammy" Ferré (whose turban is an Hermès silk square) adjusts his grass-green taffeta gala dress, for Christian Dior Haute Couture, spring-summer 1996. Tulle gloves are by Chanel Haute Couture, spring-summer 1996.

If anyone was the first supermodel, it was Scarlett O'Hara.



BELLE OF THE BARBECUE

Strapless Scarlett rings true in an homage to the crinoline, from John Galliano for Givenchy Haute Couture, spring-summer 1996.

Born to wealth, she was also born to loss. But all the tragedy of her very public childhood could not prepare GLORIA VANDERBILT for the suicide of her 23-year-old son. In an excerpt from her poignant memoir, Vanderbilt remembers the day when the unthinkable happened



A Mother's

Photograph by WYATT COOPER

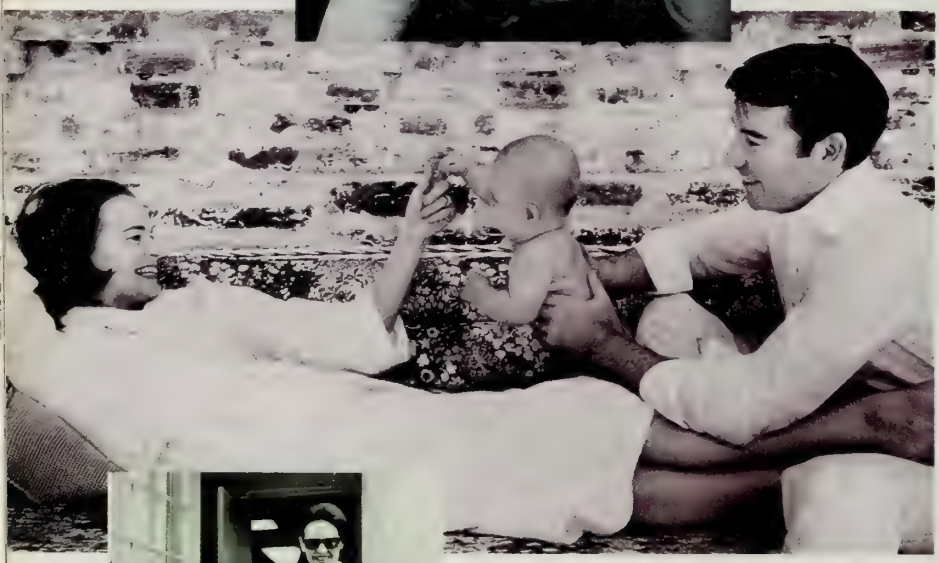


Gloria Vanderbilt Cooper with her son Carter, then six, in the pool at the Coopers' Southampton house, called Summertime, in 1971.

Tale



Wyatt Cooper, *right,* plays horse with his firstborn, two-year-old Carter, in a photograph taken by Gloria Vanderbilt. *Below,* the Coopers with newborn Carter at Faraway, their home in Connecticut, part of a Toni Frissell shoot for the February 1966 issue of *Vogue.*





Carter and his mother, *left,* on the steps of his school, Dalton, in New York, 1970. *Below,* the Coopers with their two sons, Anderson and Carter, at home in New York in a photograph taken for the June 1972 *Vogue.*



Some of us are born with a sense of loss t is not acquired as we grow. It is there fr the beginning, and it pervades us throu out our lives. Loss can be interpreted as ing born into a world that does not inch a nurturing mother and father. It's as if were trapped in an unbreakable glass b ble and forever seeking ways to break t and touch that which we are missing. I h you don't live in this invisible glass bubl but if you do I am one of you.

Those of us who are born in the glass b ble are already prepared and never quite t surprised—each loss somehow echoes t first loss, the one we know so well. So thing falls into place, so familiar it is alm a relief. Still, all my life, with each los have tried to break out of it. But instead breaking out, I found myself breaking ward, each loss stripping me to a deeper l er of myself until I came to the final loss, fatal loss that stripped me bare, the loss t had no echo, no memory of anything t had come before: the loss of my son Ca Cooper, a loss I thought I could not survi But I did. The unbreakable glass didn't.

I wish my mother, Gloria Morgan V derbilt, were living in New York tod just around the corner, so that I co go round and have a cup of tea w her, talk to her as I never was able when she was alive. She has been d about 30 years, and when I think of her, which is oft my relationship with her keeps changing. I perceive her ways I never had before, and as I do I come closer to h and so, of course, to myself. The last time I spoke to l was on the phone hours after Carter was born. She a her twin sister, my aunt Thelma, were to have come fr California for the birth. Because I had two sons by a p vious marriage, my husband, Wyatt Cooper, and I hop for a girl, and my mother did, too. But as the time proached she became gravely ill and was unable to ma the trip. I knew she was dying and for a desperate m ment I was going to lie and say our wish had been gra ed. I wanted so much to please her, to make her happy know that there would be a Gloria after she died, a G ria after I died, a Gloria named after her, as I had be But I didn't. I told her that she had a beautiful new gra son named Carter Vanderbilt Cooper. There was a pau and then she said, "Why, Gloria, you're going to star baseball team." I laughed with her, but what I really wa ed to do was cry—cry for having disappointed her aga cry for not being able to break out of myself and tell l how I'd longed to be close to her.

Even in the years of my childhood when I'd been ma

Excerpted from *A Mother's Story,* by Gloria Vanderbilt, to be published this month by Alfred A. Knopf; ©1996 by Gloria Vanderbilt.

o fear her, all I wanted was for her to love ne, touch me, so that I could merge into her. And even now I wanted to tell her how sorry was that I hadn't been born the boy she and ny father, Reginald Vanderbilt, had wished for—ie already had a daughter by a previous mar-iage. But he had taken it "rather well," she old me when I was 17, "when it turned out ou were a girl." Yes, my mother was unat-ainable, always out of reach. But with the ears I have come to understand it was not er fault—she was too young to have a child. But then, some women never should have one, nd I suspect she was one of them. It never ccurred to my 19-year-old mother or to my 4-year-old father that it was in any way sin-ular, immediately after my February birth in New York, or them to take off for Europe, leaving Naney Morgan, ny maternal grandmother, and Dodo, my Irish nurse, to ake the newborn to Newport. My mother and father did ot return until August, in time to supervise the annual ancy-dress ball given at my father's 240-acre estate, Sandy Point Farm. It is not surprising that these two women, ma-ernal grandmother and devoted nurse, became the only eal parents I came to know, love, adore, and feel safe vith. Nor was it unpredictable when my father died un-xpectedly a year later that my 20-year-old mother couldn't vait to shake free of Newport and move to Paris. Now I nderstand her eagerness. Newport was Newport—and, af-er all, it was 1925, and Paris was Paris, and it was all omewhere out there waiting to pursue: fun, life, that elu-ive *it* which will make our lives magical, brilliant, happy-ever-after. Of course, I didn't understand any of that until ears later. Then, happy and safe though I was with my wo devoted substitute parents, something was missing.

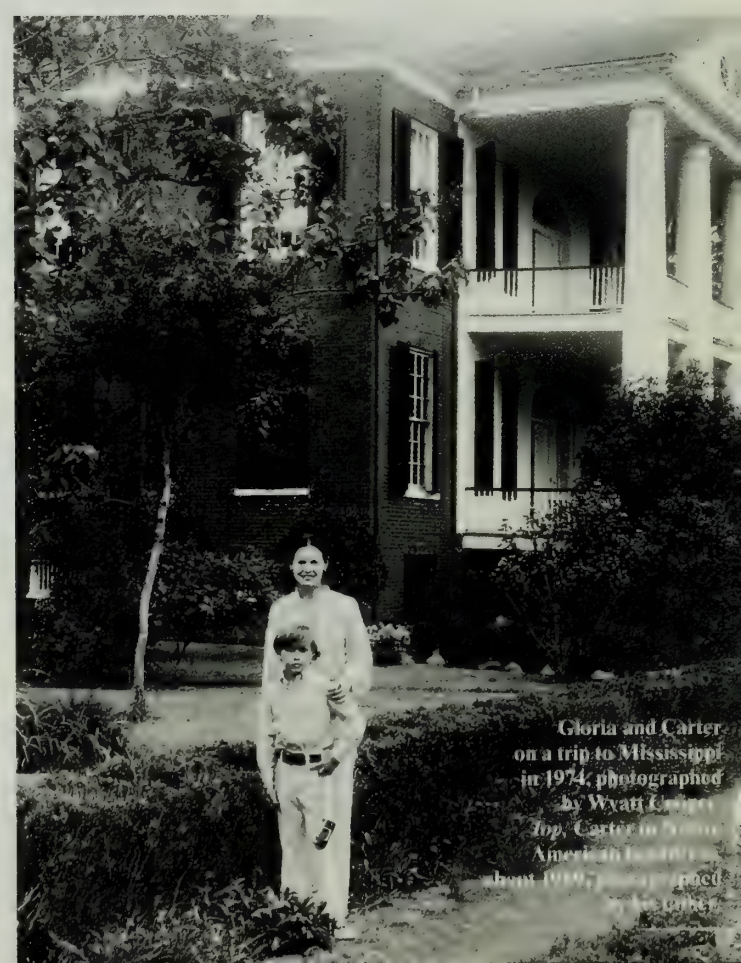
There was an apparition that came and went. Sometimes t came up close, looking at me through the unbreakable glass, smiling before disappearing. And who was it? Mother, was told. That's whose attention I kept trying so frantical-y to get. Later, after we moved to Europe, sometimes even desperately scribbling notes to my father—throwing them into he sea from one of the many ocean liners we seemed always o be on, or from car windows as we sped toward Monte Carlo or through the green of an English spring. (Had he oved my mother? Had he loved me? And if so, why didn't ie come back?) But as these specks of crumpled paper wadded nto balls crashed angrily through the glass bubble, they dis-appeared without a trace—for my father was dead.

Wyatt Cooper was born on a farm in Quitman, Mississippi, in 1927, graduated from high school in New Orleans, and attended the University of California at Berkeley and U.C.L.A., where he majored in theater arts. He became an actor on stage and television, a writer, and an editor.

We met at a small dinner in a friend's house in New York. From the first moment we looked at each other, before we even said hello, there was a shock of recognition

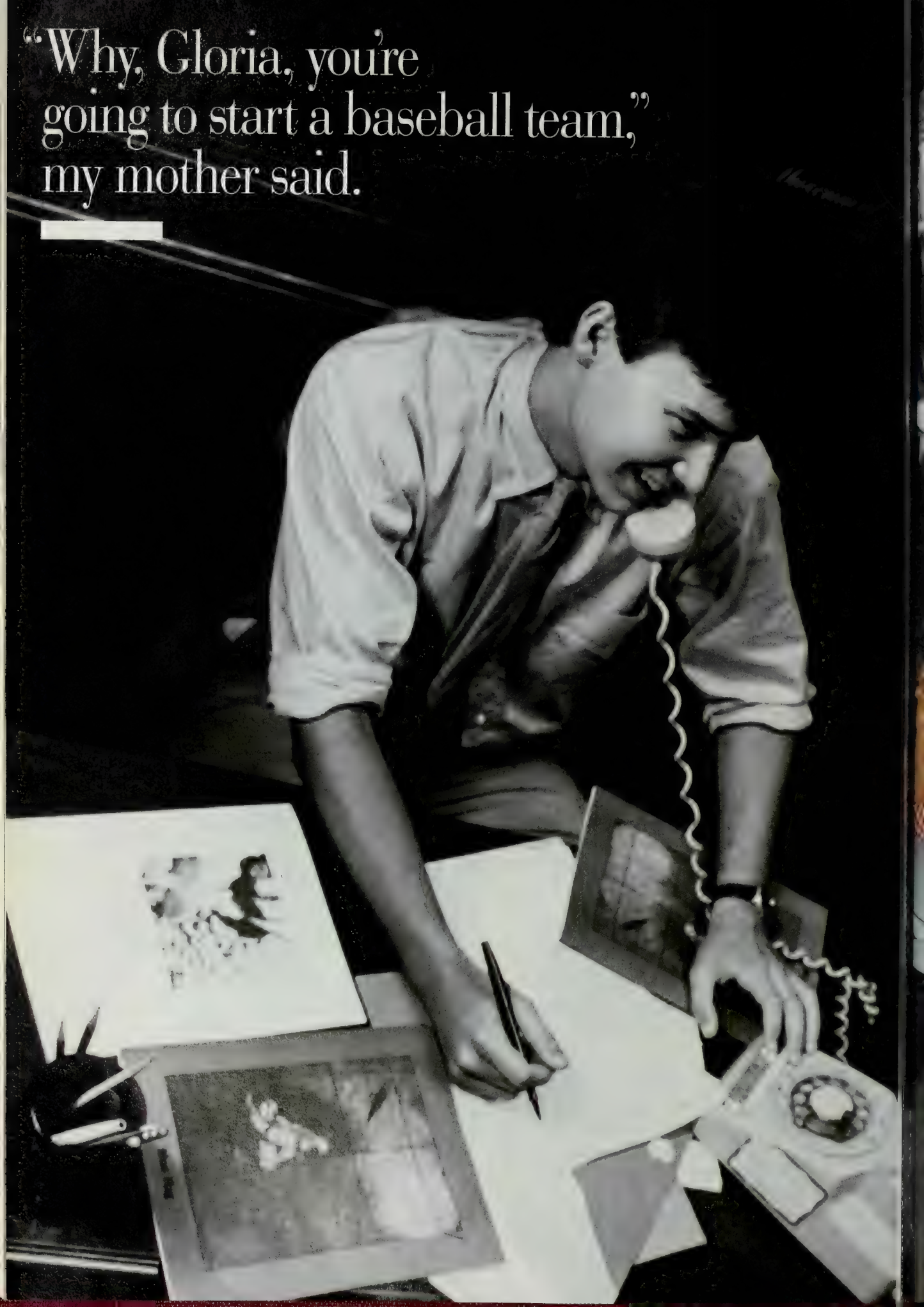


Carter appeared in his pajamas, talking as if he were awake. But he wasn't.



Gloria and Carter on a trip to Mississippi in 1974, photographed by Wyatt Cooper. *Top,* Carter in [illegible] America in [illegible] about 1930, [illegible] 1983.

"Why, Gloria, you're
going to start a baseball team,"
my mother said.





Carter Cooper at *Commentary* magazine in New York in 1987. *Insets, from top:* Carter, at three, jams with his half-brothers, Stan Stokowski, 17, left, and Chris Stokowski, 15; Gloria and Carter at the racetrack in Saratoga Springs, New York, when Carter was in prep school.

between us. We knew we would be not only important to each other but also together and part of each other for a very long time. We were both in our mid-30s, and I had two sons by a previous marriage. Wyatt had never been married, and as we came to know each other, we both knew that we wanted the same things—a life together, a family.

The wide wedding band he designed was crafted by Buccellati. Inside, his words, engraved: *Gloria—Wyatt—together without fear—trusting in God—in ourselves—in each other—with hope—faith—and love.* When he gave it to me he said, "Lots of happiness ahead for you, little one." And what he said that day did for many years come true.

On December 7, 1977, Wyatt Cooper had the first of a series of massive heart attacks. He was in New York Hospital from then until he died on the operating table, January 5, 1978. He was 50. At the time, Carter was 12, Anderson, his brother, was 10, and they both attended the Dalton School.

Carter graduated from Princeton in 1987, while Anderson was completing his sophomore year at Yale. From college Carter went on to become a contributor to *Commentary,* and later an editor at *American Heritage* magazine. He was well on his way toward the future he looked forward to.

On July 22, 1988, in New York City, Carter Cooper took his own life. I was there when it happened, and I thank God it was me and not his father, who could not have survived. But I may be wrong about that—I thought I couldn't, either, and I did. It was an aberration—a terrible accident—a misadventure—a mystery—then, as it is now. Those of us who knew and loved Carter are still trying to find answers.

To be pregnant has been for me each time the supreme joy. It is my greatest achievement, and it is hard for me to understand women who sometimes complain about the discomfort and loss of self-image they experience when they are pregnant, because I never felt so centered, so beautiful, so loved, so important. I loved my body and my spirit as never before. Each day came as a miracle. There was not a moment when I didn't feel my best self. I was doing the greatest thing in the world without having to do anything—all I had to do was *be.*

Wyatt was sometimes asked if Carter and Anderson were aware of the part my family has played in American social history—as if there were some singular circumstance in being a Vanderbilt that required special handling in telling one's children about it—and he was reminded of Sarah Churchill's reply when asked what it was like to be the daughter of Sir Winston and Lady Churchill. "It was like having a father and a mother," she said.

The answer, of course, as Wyatt said, is that they did know, and it seemed no more novel or particular to them than it would if the name had been less well known, and no more tact or discretion was required in relating Vanderbilt stories than there was in talking about his own,

less glamorous ancestors. Carter was fascinated by architecture and the preserving of landmarks; his principal interest in Vanderbilt history had to do with houses. He liked the Breakers at Newport better than Marble House or the house at Hyde Park; he wondered why Bergdorf Goodman, instead of tearing down my grandfather's Victorian mansion, which covered the block on Fifth Avenue between 57th and 58th Streets, couldn't have left it standing and simply set up shop in it and, in doing so, preserved it for posterity. He was curious about what sort of persons built the houses, particularly his favorite, Biltmore, in Asheville, North Carolina, and was fascinated by the fact that the estate had its own railroad and that the hundreds of acres of grounds were laid out by Frederick Law Olmsted, who designed Central Park. Both boys liked the idea that it was their great-great-great-grandfather William Henry Vanderbilt who brought to New York and had set up in Central Park the Egyptian obelisk called Cleopatra's Needle, around the base of which they often played.

One night late, midnight or so, when Carter was 11, his father was working, typing at his desk down the hall from Carter's room. Suddenly Carter appeared in his pajamas, standing there, talking as if he were awake. But he wasn't. Several times before, he had walked in his sleep, but this was the first time he was saying sentences that seemed to have no connection with this sudden visitation. As he spoke, Wyatt quickly typed his conversation, and when he stopped, he carried him back to his bed, sitting beside him until he was certain he was really asleep. The next day we showed Carter what he had said, but he had no recollection of walking down the hall or of standing talking to his father or of being carried back to his bed, and was most amused by this sleepwalking/-talking event. I'm telling you about this because it connects somehow with what happened later. I don't know quite how, but I think it does, and you'll see why when I tell you about it. I'd give anything in the world to have that piece of paper with Carter's words on it. It's in a box somewhere along with my papers (I save everything). Or it could be in one of the many files of Wyatt's papers, which I have not yet gone through because I am unable to decide which university to donate them to. Or it may be I postpone, can't let them go, as I miss Wyatt so much. I am haunted by the thought that if this paper with Carter's sleepwalking words could be found they would give us clues.

It ties in with Carter's dread of taking naps in the middle of the day, because they always disoriented him. On that Friday afternoon of July 22 he'd fallen asleep on the sofa of our library—the heat was unbearable, but he hadn't wanted the air-conditioning on. I'd been with him, went out for a minute, and when I came back he was stretched out on the sofa, asleep. I went to wake him, but hesitated. He hadn't slept for several nights, he was exhausted—so I let him sleep. After his death I tormented myself, and still do. Had I not hesitated, had I awakened him, it might not have happened.

After Carter and Pearson, the girl he loved, l broken up, months before that July day, he l told me about it but didn't want to talk ab it. At the time I tried as intuitively as I co to sense his feelings. She and I had beco friends, but since their breakup I hadn't he from her. I respected his wishes and didn't want to trude until he was ready to confide in me. Outwardly, presented his usual self—confident, in control of his l He liked his job at *American Heritage,* had many frien Soon, I was hoping he would get involved elsewhere a that he wasn't grieving over the breakup. He didn't se to be, but there was no way of really knowing. He k it all very much to himself.

I kept telling myself he was at the age of break away, making his own life—still, I constantly asked my whether I should intrude more aggressively into his l Back and forth I went, trying to reassure myself tha had found the right balance, knowing that had I been W att I wouldn't even be asking myself these questions, they wouldn't exist. Then a few months later I went New Orleans on business; when I returned, I told Car that I'd sent Pearson a postcard, as she and I had of spoken of that city. He was furious. He walked out of room, saying, "How about a little support here, Mom I followed him out into the hall, overcome with pain my insensitivity, but the door to the elevator was alrea closing. When he'd said that, "How about a little supp here, Mom?" it had never crossed my mind that I was supporting him in every way possible. I kept going o and over what he'd said, trying to reach him on t phone, but it wasn't until days later that he returned calls, and when he did he clearly didn't want to talk abo her or what had happened between us.

I wished it had been me who had died instead of father. Carter would not have shut him out. That co munication they had, always had, would be there for h to connect with. I felt that then, and I feel it now.

From Pearson Marx, Wednesday, July 27, 1988:

What can I say to you? I can't stop thinking abo you and Anderson. I can't stop thinking abo Carter, and now I know it's true, that the thi that happen in life can break a person in two it's like this for me, I can hardly bear to imag what it must be like for you. Everything is hau ed now. I keep looking around my room, ly on the bed where he lay beside me making me feel safe and stro I keep going through the presents he gave me, the delicate tique boxes, the books, the jewelry. I keep going through th two years of my life, the two happiest years I've ever had, membering all the things he gave me. A few weeks ago somec said to me about Carter: "He saw the beauty in you and co mitted to it." No one else has ever done this and it changed r Carter showed me what it was to love and he loved what it v to be transformed by that emotion. It was as though I had been bo again. And Carter did that for so many others. He saw the be ty when everyone else was blind, he could find it with his une ing eye, and once he had found it, he made it precious forevei

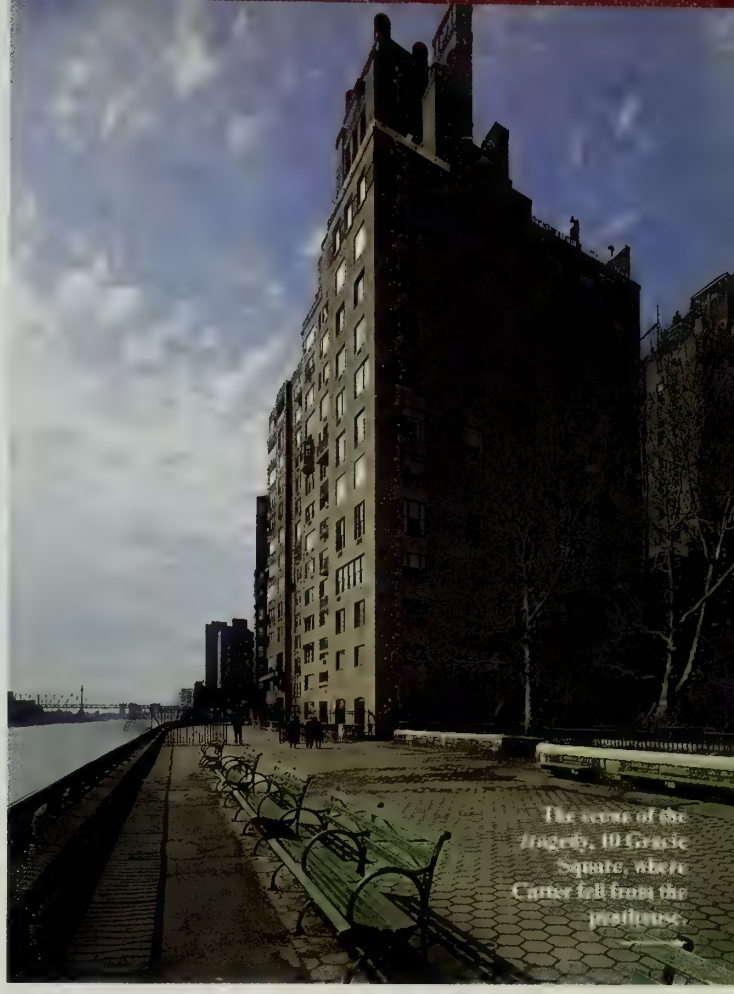
Gloria, I always used to say to Carter, "How did you get be so good? How did you get to be as good as you are? Y

"I'm moving back home, Mom," he said, back into his old room on the top floor.

hould write a book called *How I Got to Be So Good.*" I used o say it playfully, though I knew the answer. That kind of good- ess doesn't just happen. You and Wyatt and Anderson helped o make him the good, tender, beautiful creature he was. Before even met you, I said to him, "Your mother must be a won- lerful woman for you to have turned out the way you did," and e said, "She is a great lady." He loved you so much. He was o proud of you, so eager to say, Look, this incredible person s my mother. He worried about you too—he was such a worri- r, as we know. He used to say, "I want her to be happy, how an I help her to be happy and strong?"

So when I wonder what I can say to you, I can say he loved ou more than anything. I can say that I will love you and be rateful to you forever for giving him life, for bringing him into his world. I can say that he will be there beside us like an an- el when we are sad and suffering, but that in a way he will be ven closer to us when we are happy and laughing. Carter's ex- pressive face was made for happiness. He had the greatest laugh: ull-bodied, strong, rich with the joy of living. I know he is with s, urging us toward the time when we will be able to laugh again o that he can laugh with us.

The morning of July 22, Carter arrived unexpectedly. He now had his own apartment several blocks from his office. It was Friday around 11 A.M. and the hottest day of the year. "I'm moving back home, Mom," he said, back into his old room on the top floor, where he had lived dur- ng his days at Dalton and until he went to Princeton. How great, I said, but why not take Anderson's room, s he was in Washington that summer and later would e at Yale for his senior year. The two rooms were next o each other, and when we moved in, the boys had had nuch argument about which should have the larger oom. Anderson finally had won. The room had a fire- lace and spacious terraces around the top of the build- ng. Carter was pleased about having Anderson's room, nd he went over to the door leading from my bedroom o the terrace. The door was closed, and he looked out ongingly across the river. "I can't wait to go to Southamp- on," he said. Our family house had been rented for the ummer, and I said we'd go there the day after Labor Day, as soon as the tenants were out.



The scene of the tragedy, 10 Gracie Square, where Carter fell from the penthouse.

Then he came over and sat beside me on the foot of the bed. He put his arms around me and said, "Oh, Mom, I love you so much." I love you, too, I said, and we both laughed because I had rollers in my hair and they'd gotten squashed against his head as he hugged me. Can you stay for lunch, I asked him, or do you have to go back to the office? "No, I'll be here." I'll make spaghetti, I said, and we'll have lunch together and talk. I had a meeting at 12 at home which would take only half an hour, and I looked forward to lunch and the afternoon with him, eager to know what had brought him to the decision to move back home.

While I got myself together for the meeting, he went into the kitchen, where Nora, my assistant, who had known Carter since birth, was fixing lunch. Just as he did, Anderson called from Washington and I told him the good news and he said it was fine with him for Carter to take his room. I was almost ready when Nora came in to tell me the people had arrived for the meeting. I told her with joy that Carter was going to be moving back home. "Is he all right?" she said. "What do you mean, 'all right'?" I was almost annoyed with her. What could not be "all right" about his wanting to move back home? But I didn't pursue the matter. The people were waiting, and I was eager to get the meeting over with so I could get back to Carter.

The meeting over, I found Carter upstairs lying on Anderson's bed. There were two sliding glass doors covering the wall which looked out over the terraces and the East River, and in front of the river a walkway leading

into the park. He had opened the glass doors and the heat in the room was overpowering. Don't you want me to turn on the air-conditioning? I said, sitting down beside him. "No," he said, "it's fine the way it is." How about some lunch? I asked him. "That would be nice," he said. I told him I'd go down and arrange to have trays in the library. Years ago I'd discovered a recipe for spaghetti sauce that I'd make batches of and freeze, and this had become Carter's favorite meal. Soon it was ready and I went upstairs to him. He was lying on the bed as I'd left him, looking out through the doors toward the river. We went downstairs to the library and as we had lunch he told me he hadn't slept for several nights, and then he asked for more spaghetti. After you finish it, I said, why don't you stretch out on the sofa and let me turn the air-conditioning on? "No, leave it as it is," he said, and after a while he stretched out on the sofa, asking me to cover him with a quilt and for a pitcher of water, he was so thirsty.

Directly behind the sofa was a large window with a view of the river. He drew the quilt around him and stared out. I sat beside him. He looked at me and said, "Mom, am I blinking?" I was surprised, reassuring him that while he was asking me he had blinked several times. Carter, are you taking anything? "No," he said. Carter had never done drugs, although many of his peers had, and we had often discussed this. He was very health-conscious, worked out at the gym, abhorred smoking, never drank anything more than an occasional glass of wine at a party. Drugs had no place in his past, present, or future—and, indeed, the autopsy performed after his death showed there were no drugs in his system. Once, after having a tooth pulled, requiring anesthesia, he told me how he hated the anesthetic because it had made him unconscious. He didn't want to miss a moment, a second, of life.

It never occurred to me that day to ask him if he was taking any doctor-prescribed medication. He'd had allergies and asthma since he was a child, and I knew he had chosen to go to a new doctor recommended by a friend, but he had been reticent about it and I hadn't pressed. He seemed to be in charge of his life, and again I thought it part of growing up, of wanting to make his own decisions. Later, I discovered what the doctor had prescribed—a new respiratory inhaler. Soon after Carter's death I spent many hours with J. John Mann, M.D.—in 1988 at Payne Whitney in New York, later at the University of Pittsburgh's Western Psychiatric Institute and Clinic in Pittsburgh, and in 1995 at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in New York—talking to him, going over each moment, each detail leading up to Carter's death, trying to find answers to what had happened. Over and over, he kept coming back to the respiratory inhaler. Perhaps it would explain why Carter had requested the quilt and pulled it around him even though the day was so hot, why he was so hungry, so thirsty—would explain why Carter thought he wasn't blinking, why his eyes were glazed when later he came into the room before he ran up the stairs. This respiratory drug is described in the *Physicians' Desk Reference* as potentially causing central-nervous-system stimulation. An article in *The Journal of Allergy and Clinical Immunology* (1988, Volume 81, Number 2, pages 351–6 attributed "agitation, insomnia, terrifying nightmares a acute paradoxic, depressive states" to medications f asthma such as theophylline. Was his asthma worse a requiring the use of more medication? This drug was p tentially both friend and foe.

Was the asthma a threat to his mind? To quote on again from *The Journal of Allergy and Clinical Immunolog*

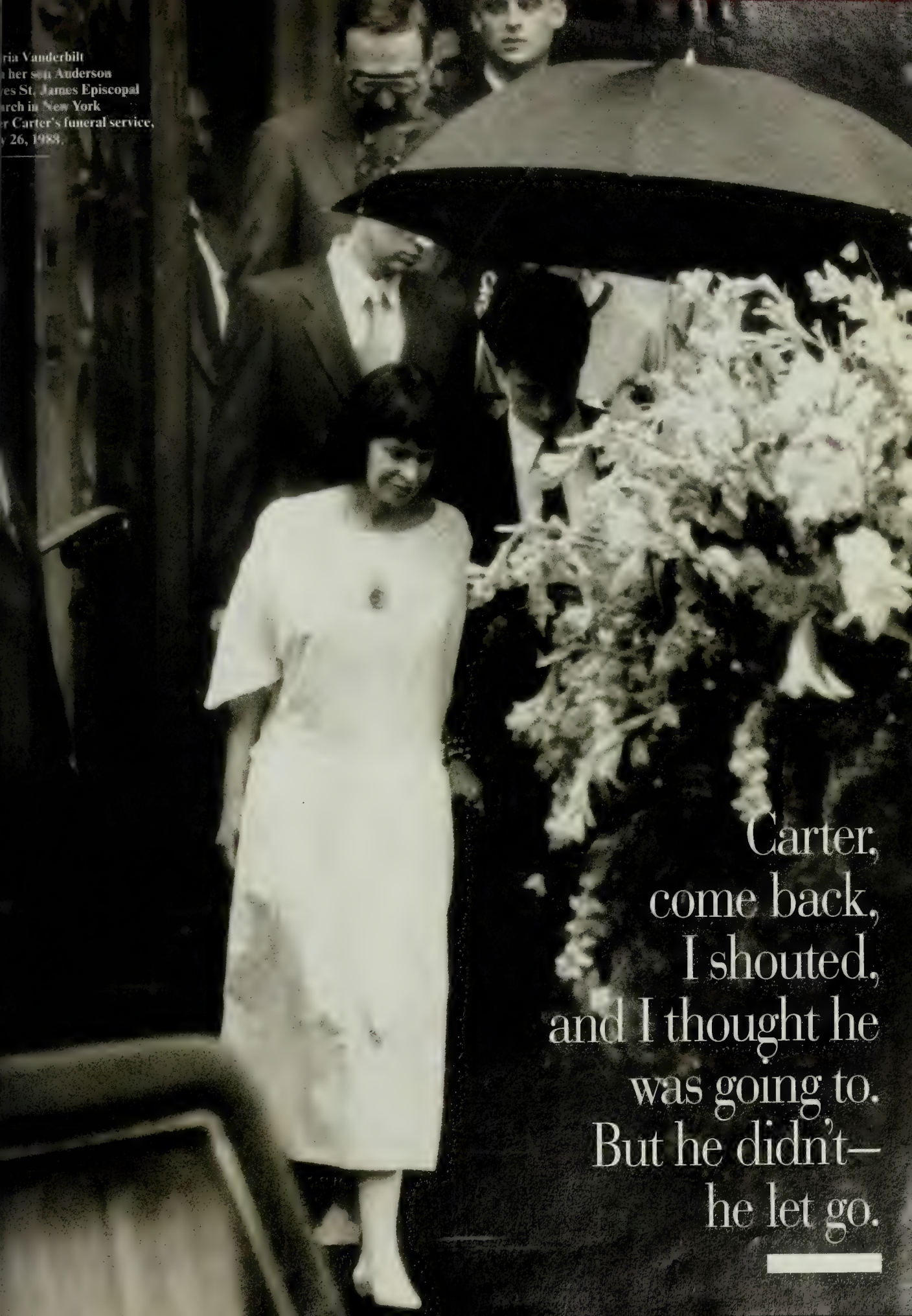
> Classic descriptions of the mental effects of hypoxia are to found in the works of Haldane et al. and have since been a ply confirmed. Marginal acute hypoxia produces subtle degre of impairment of consciousness with poor judgment, diminish alertness, reduced attention span, difficulty in performing int lectual tasks, in judging time, and with memory, particularly the area of new learning. Emotional symptoms can include em tional lability, irritability, or depression. Anxiety may be a notab feature of increasing hypoxia. There may be more obvious me tal slowing, irrational fixed ideas, and uncontrollable outburs Without reason [the patient] may begin to laugh, sing, burst in tears, or become dangerously violent.

The article concludes:

> The several mechanisms by which allergic diseases can lead psychologic changes have generally been poorly acknowledge We need to be more aware of the frequency of higher ment function impairment in moderate to severe asthma and of the ne vous system side effects of many of the drugs that we prescrib It appears very likely that misinterpretation of the significan of observations of such changes can be the origin of erroneo conclusions.

It is my belief that the respiratory inhaler was the k to the demon that took Carter's life. That July 22, whe I asked him if he "was taking anything," he knew I didn mean any doctor-prescribed medication, which we bot would have trusted, so when he said no, I knew that h wasn't taking any so-called recreational drugs. Yes, he w relieved when I told him he had blinked, and we laughe about it. But I was puzzled. Would you like to call D Young? I said. This was a cognitive therapist recon mended by another friend, whom I had only recent heard Carter had started seeing. Later I found out that h had canceled an appointment earlier that week with D Young, telling him he no longer needed to see him. N he had no interest in calling Dr. Young.

How about my reading to you? I said. We often did th together and it was one of my greatest pleasures. "Th would be nice," he said, and after some discussion we se tled on a short story in *The New Yorker* by Michael Cu ningham—"White Angel." In the story, while his paren are having a party a young man runs and crashes throug a closed plate-glass door that faces a garden and he killed. That's terrible, I said when I finished reading. "It a good story," Carter said, and it was. We discussed it f a while and then I asked him if he'd like me to read an thing else. "No—I'll rest a bit." How about my getting movie we can watch tonight? "*Road Warrior,*" he said. We'



ria Vanderbilt
her son Anderson
es St. James Episcopal
arch in New York
r Carter's funeral service,
y 26, 1988.

Carter,
come back,
I shouted,
and I thought he
was going to.
But he didn't—
he let go.

seen that so many times—how about Bertolucci's *1900,* just out on video. "Yes, I've been wanting to see that," he said, and I went into my room to get the number of the video rental to call. Then I went back into the library and asked him again if he wanted me to turn on the air-conditioning. But he didn't, and I left him to rest, going into the other room, leaving the door open. It was unbearable, the heat. I'll be close by, I said—let me know if you need anything, I'm right here.

From time to time that Friday I went back and forth to see if Carter was all right. Every time I passed the open door going into the library he was there, still asleep, stretched out on the sofa. I was grateful that he was getting sleep at last after those white nights. At about seven I was in my room taking off a pair of earrings when suddenly the door opened and Carter came in. Dazed, he came toward me, saying over and over, "What's going on? What's going on?" There was nothing going on—the room was quiet, we were alone, there was no sound. Nothing's going on, Carter, no one's here except us, I'm here, Nora's here, we're all here, nothing's going on, the Bertolucci video's here, nothing's going on. I was standing close to him, speaking very softly. He was in a daze, and I kept talking, talking, softly, softly, trying to center him, bring him back to himself. He clearly didn't know me, or where he was, or who he was—disoriented like someone woken unexpectedly from a deep sleep, his eyes glazed. "No, no," he said, shaking his head, pulling away.

I tried to hold him, but he had suddenly become determined—running like an athlete, fast, really fast, with purpose, energy, as if he knew where he was going, knew the destination. I ran after him, trying to pull him into the library—Carter, come here, I have to talk to you! I was panicked, almost screaming, trying to hold him, but he was running so fast, and although I had sneakers on he got way ahead of me as he raced through the halls, on up the stairs. When I got there, Anderson's room was empty. The glass doors were open exactly as they had been left that morning. There was a low stone wall surrounding the terrace, and Carter was sitting on top of it, about 12 feet away from where I stood, his right foot placed on top of the wall, the other on the terrace floor. What are you doing, Carter? I shouted, starting toward him. He put his right arm out, straight out rigidly in front of him; there was something military about it, extremely forceful, the palm of his hand held firmly out to warn me off. No, no, he said, don't come near.

Don't do this to me, don't do this to Anderson, don't do this to Daddy, I was screaming, reaching out, straining toward him. Will I ever feel again? he said, and I screamed Yes, you will, I know what pain is and I can help you, Dr. Young can help you, and I started down on my knees, my hands begging out to him, and I was going to say, I'm your mother, but I didn't, because he shouted No no no to me, don't do that—and I quickly obeyed—got off my knees—stood there reaching out to him. Do you want me to get Dr. Young on the phone? I shouted. Do you know his number? he said. No, I said, and he got up from the wall, standing straight, staring past me, past the river, the distant bridge, staring ahead as if he didn't see them. He stood with a terrible rigid tenseness and strain, struggling, battling inside himself. Then he said the number loudly and very clearly—then he shouted out Fuck you and I started toward him, but he had sat back again in the same position on the wall, only this time he was looking down at the walkway 14 stories below, mesmerized, swaying back and forth. I stood there afraid to move, afraid it would send him down—shouting Carter, Carter.

If Carter had intended to take his own life, he never would have done it in our home, in front of me.

Then suddenly a helicopter pass above us, high up in the fading summ light—he looked directly up as if it were signal, then turned and reached his ha out yearningly to me, and I moved t ward him, my hand reaching for his, b as I did he moved, as deftly as an athle over the wall, holding on to the edge as it were a practice bar in a gym. He firm and confidently held on to the wall, han ing down over the 14-story building—su pended there. Carter, come back, I shou ed, and for a moment I thought he w going to. But he didn't—he let go.

I ran down the stairs to the kitchen. "I couldn't be," Nora said. Yes, yes, I ke saying. But she wouldn't believe n and said, "Come, let's go and find him Together we ran u and I stood while sh went looking over th wall, but she saw not ing and started runnin around the vast terrac looking for him. Sh was right, of course, *hadn't happened.* Bu when she came bac Carter wasn't with he "I'll go down to th street," she said, and went on down with h into my room an stood in the spot whe Carter and I had stoo minutes ago. Somethin was in my hand—on of the earrings I been taking off when he'd first come int the room; apparently, I'd held on to i but was only now aware of this. It ha been in my hand as I ran after him up th stairs, onto the terrace, as I'd stood ther shouting to him, reaching out to him holding on to it as if it were a magnet tha would pull him off the wall, back to me.

Nora came back upstairs and said . . police. Yes, yes, I urged, we must ca them, do that, they are the authorities *they* would be the ones to tell us *it hadn happened.* I too started calling—D Young, certain that he too, an even high er authority than the police, would te me *it hadn't happened.* But all I got wa his voice coming from an answering ma chine, with no referral number to call, s I left a message. I had never met him and later, when I did, he told me tha when he picked up his messages Carter' name was cut off and he had sat up a night going through the names of his pa tients—dismissing Carter immediately a being the last person to consider. Whe

e finally heard, he still couldn't believe t. I kept going through my address ook, calling people, friends I loved, at andom—certain that the next one was oing to be the one telling me *it had not appened.* One man, a lifelong friend, ust said, "Did he leave a note?" It was ike a line of dialogue from a detective in n old movie—and the insensitivity of it nay be fascinating to me now, but at the ime it took my breath away.

Thursday, the night before Carter died, e'd made a call around midnight to Pearson, the girl he loved, the girl he'd roken up with. He wanted to see her—ight away. It was late, it was raining, she eeded to wash her hair, she wanted to ook pretty for him, so they talked for a while—and then made a date to see each ther for dinner on Monday, July 25. She called my house on Friday at eight o'clock—she couldn't stop thinking about im and had been trying to reach him all day at the office, but he wasn't there and his number at home didn't answer. Nora, who answered our phone, told her what had happened. Stunned, she said, "Is he all right?"

Suddenly there were sirens, and the room was full of people. Dr. Tuchman, our family physician, was standing in front of me. *He* would be the final one to know. I looked close into his face, saw it so clearly as I said, *Tell me it's not true?* I looked in his eyes and knew then that *it was true,* and I sat down on a bench in the hall and my mouth opened and a sound came—people were all around me, paramedics, one taking blood pressure, police were there, and the sirens, but the sound filling the rooms, the sky above, was not sirens—it came from an animal—on and on it went—but the sound was coming from me, and as it came—on and on—I split in two and the glass bubble cracked into a million pieces and was no more.

I kept going over it, moment by moment, from the time Carter came into the room to the time it happened. I still go over it, now and every day of my life, agonizing over what I could have done to prevent it. Pretended to faint—he might have come out of himself to help me. How stupid to have asked him for Dr. Young's number—I should have had the wit to tell him Dr. Young was already on the phone, come in to speak to him. I could have told him a car was downstairs—right now—waiting to take us to Southampton, where that morning when he first came into my room he had so longingly wanted to go. And I kept thinking how when I'd first seen him sitting there my impulse was to risk the distance, rush across the terrace, and, with all my strength, try to pull him off the wall, but I'd discarded it instantly, as seeing me running toward him might have sent him over before I got to him. But maybe I *should* have done that. Then—had I been calm and spoken softly as I had before, before he started racing out the door, racing upstairs, spoken in the softly lulling sound I had used when he had first come into the room dazed, instead of shouting to him when I saw him sitting on the wall—Carter, what are you doing? Had I done that—I could have saved him . . . But it happened so fast, my brain cutting in and out as if I were on a careering roller coaster, trying to stop it.

I knew that if Carter had intended to take his own life he never would have done it in our home, in front of me. Something had clicked him into something else, and the only thing that stopped me from clicking into it with him and following him over the wall was Anderson.

My bed had become a raft where I lay far out to sea, and one by one, or in threes or fours, there would come a life support, a friend, climbing onto the raft to be with me. I stayed there sobbing and sobbing for days, without eating, without combing my hair or brushing my teeth, without changing my nightgown or showering, until the day of the wake—and they understood. I didn't sleep but took no sedatives or medication. I didn't want to—what I wanted was to talk and talk, go over it again and again, and it kept me alive in some strange way I still don't understand.

The losses in my life over the years had been many, each loss stripping me down to another layer, bringing me closer to the center of myself. But the loss of Carter had not stripped off another layer—it had exploded the core of what I had known myself to be, and a new self would have to be born if I were to survive.

I started writing letters to Carter:

Monday—Afternoon—Carter—I don't know how to start this letter. It's a letter to you but it's really a letter to myself. I believe there is a logic in the world that comes from a Great Intelligence and that we have our place on earth and have been born and placed here and there is a logic and reason behind it. Carter, I'll never be

VANITY FAIR AGENDA

Celine Surroundings

Come by and visit the new Celine Boutique at 313 North Rodeo Drive, opening in April 1996. This new boutique will carry Celine's complete line of women's ready-to-wear and accessories. For store hours, please call 310-273-1243.

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the same. The pain I knew as a child I always thought of as my test and I imagined that nothing could ever hurt me in that way again. There was always a center hard as a diamond that no one could reach or take away from me. It was my final secret. . . . I am at the end of my life now, and all I want is to see that Anderson is all right, and Nora, and when that is done I want to go to you and Daddy. For I am certain that there is a place where you wait for me, a place far beyond my flawed and frail perception. And so there is no goodbye for us. Things will happen as they are meant to happen. With the same logic that took you from me.

Thursday—Carter—another day has gone by. I miss you. Sometimes I feel you are close by. Then there are times you are lost to me but inside the pain is there and I know it will never go away. Carter, I didn't understand what happened to me as a child and I don't understand what's happening now. I don't understand anything anymore. All I understand is pain.

Saturday—Carter, I believe beyond what has happened that there is a force, a Great Intelligence that is God—that nothing could have stopped you leaving as you did. That you know why now, that you are with Daddy that you both know why, and someday Andy and I will know and understand the logic of what happened.

Saturday—Carter—I don't have to pretend anymore about anything. Carter—I know you loved me and you knew I loved you. Destiny.

Friday—Carter—sometimes you are here so close—today, not present in that way. Are you all right? Are you with Daddy? Are you close to me as you are close together? Is it going to be all right—or am I going through the door to you?

As strangers we entered the room of the support group I joined, but later, sitting in a circle, we were not strangers, not even friends, we were a family, one that does not judge, for pain had stripped us bare. Oh yes . . . we knew each other well.

After our meetings I would walk home and find myself in a park stopping beneath a tree to circle the trunk with my arms, to feel my spirit merge on up to the branches, on up to the sky above. I felt wordless communication with strangers passing; others sitting at outdoor cafés, a woman walking her dog, were not alien to me, nor was I to them. I knew their pain, their joy—yes, even joy—for although I resided in a dimension where even the memory of it seemed forever lost to me, I knew joy existed somewhere for others. I too had once had it in my life. No one would ever be a stranger to me again, for I knew that if they had not already, the day would come when they would have to live through tragedy and loss as we all do and this connected us, not only now but forever. By giving myself to the visceral pain that possessed and consumed me, and by not fighting it, as each moment passed I gained energy, more than I'd had the moment before, and with this came an overpowering will to survive, because if I could it might help others who had experienced tragedy, for anyone who meets such testings of the soul without escaping into a glass bubble is helping to quicken the vibrations of the whole earth.

> Dazed, Carter came toward me, saying over and over, "What's going on? What's going on?"

Sunday (Juniper room, Galisteo Inn, Galisteo, New Mexico)—Carter—there is great peace, quiet here. At my first session at the Light Institute with a facilitator, Karen, I talked about you, about how it happened, how I don't understand but believe that it's part of the plan, the design—nothing could have been done to prevent it. . . . I lay with eyes open for a time. Karen, standing behind my head, hel in her hands and after a time touched neck and ears as I breathed deeply. eyes closed and I entered a hypnotic st The session was to concentrate on emotional center and the higher center

I envisioned a white light go through the top of my head, going down into my chest, the touch of hands sending it there into my stoma which became sore, and a hard ball glutinous texture was felt to be there. I visioned it to be an embryo, an emb who was me, who felt unworthy to born, who wanted more than anyth else to be loved, who was *afraid.* Then embryo became warm and decided to born. It rose up to Karen's han A golden light suffused me a moved up into my head—high and I imagined becoming an cient tree rooted in earth with branches reaching to the sky the tree outside the window at inn. But these branches had lea and flowers and a nest and wit the nest an egg that held a b that broke free and flew away, as it did, the tree cracked asun and I was free.

The embryo gave me a gift golden light so that I would be afraid.

Carter, are you close by? A we separated only by a veil?

A suicide is defined by *Random House Dictionary* "a person who intentiona takes his or her own life." Oft later, when Carter's friends fr Princeton and I talked, they said t whenever discussions had come up abo suicide Carter always said it was sor thing that he himself could never What happened was an aberration, l a stroke, or lightning hitting. It may ha been triggered by his allergy docto prescription.

But I still don't know, none of us the *reason* why it happened or what mons took possession of his fantasies he slept so deeply on the sofa in the brary that staggeringly hot July day. I lieve someday we will, and it will fit i place like the last piece of a puzzle, a when it does we will understand t there *is* a reason why terrible things ha pen in the world—we will understand t tragedies that come to us—understa *why,* in the same way that we understa joy but do not question it. The day w come—maybe sooner than we thinl when it will be made clear and, simplis

ough it sounds, I believe the answer it- lf will be so simple, so right, so true, at when we do understand we shall no nger cry out *Why, God, why?*—for with derstanding we shall be out of pain, out darkness into light. It takes a great leap faith to believe this, but I do, and in me measure it has brought me peace.

Each day, each year that passes as I live with Carter's death, I come to e it in perspective to the tragedies that ve happened and are happening every ay in our world—the Holocaust, Rwanda, Bosnia—tragedies so indescribable that one mother's pain is maybe not so important after all. Except to me, of course. But perhaps in some small way it will be to you—perhaps if you are suffering from loss and feel you can't go on, it will reach you, for what I am trying to say to you is: Don't give up, don't ever give up, because without pain there cannot be joy, and both are what make us know we are alive. You have the courage to let the pain you feel possess you, the courage not to deny it, and if you do this the day will come when you wake and know that you are working through it, and because you are, there is a hope, small though it may be, a hope you can trust, and the more you allow yourself to trust it, the more it will tell you that—although nothing will ever be the same, and the suffering you are working through will be with you always—you *will* come through, and when you do you'll know who you really are, and someday there will be moments when you will be able to love again, and laugh again, and live again. I hope this will come true for you as it has for me. □

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hampion

Continued from page 137) often beating lder and seemingly more talented boys ith the intensity of his will.

The first time he saw Bayer at a tournament, when Bayer was only 15, Tulum as struck by the boy's courage and inct for combat. "That child has a heart e size of his chest," thought Tulum, "the eart of a champion." Bayer himself did ot think he was a natural for the sport, ut he knew his desire was so strong hat he could turn his weaknesses into trengths. "Some people know instinctive- y why it is important for them to be the est," says Dave Micahnik, the University f Pennsylvania coach who successfully ecruited Bayer for next fall. "Cliff is that way—it is vital that he be the best."

On occasion the pressure of school and encing was almost too much for someone o young. Once, he fenced at the Junior World Cup in Giengen, Germany, with melancholy results. To get there he had to ake an international flight to Stuttgart, a rain to Heidenheim, and then a bus to Giengen. He was tired upon arrival, which affected his concentration, and he fenced poorly, not even making the top 32. Then e had to retrace his steps, lugging all his gear, trying to do his homework on the train, in order to rush back to school in New York. Unable to get a decent night's sleep on the plane, he wondered whether it was all worth it and thought about quitting.

But he knew he was getting better. In 1994, while still a high-school junior at Riverdale Country Day School in New York City, he came in third at the U.S. national championships. It was a stunning achievement. He was amused by the response of the older fencers to his success: "Who's this upstart kid who's doing so well, they were thinking, and I was thinking, Third, *that's not good enough, I can do better. I can win this whole thing.*"

By the time of his high-school graduation, at age 17, he was already ranked No. 3 in the country. He defeated Zaddick Longenbach, an Olympian in 1992, at a senior-circuit tournament in New Jersey. Both Longenbach and Bayer had worked out at Salle Santelli and the Metropolis Fencing Club in New York City, and Longenbach had been beating Bayer since Bayer was nine. Bayer's older brother, Greg, a former captain of the Princeton fencing team, had watched the match and was startled by what he saw. For the first time, he realized, his brother's physical abilities had caught up with his competitive instincts. Bayer himself felt he was ready to take on Bravin in Louisville.

In the first round of the 1995 nationals, Bayer was nervous. Yefim Litvan, his coach, sensed it immediately. "Relax," he said. "Just have fun here." That helped and as he relaxed he began to see his opponents' moves more clearly. He made the semifinals and thus qualified for the Senior World Championships and the World University Games.

The semifinal match with Longenbach was intense. For a while it was touch for touch. Bayer had never seen Longenbach so focused in a bout. But Bayer won, 15–13. That meant he would face Bravin in the final.

In 1994, Bravin had beaten Bayer, 15–11, at the nationals, but Bayer was not intimidated. His hero was the great Italian fencer Stefano Cerioni, the 1988 Olympic gold medalist, who was known as the most aggressive of fencers, a man who approached every match as if it were a street fight. Bayer wanted no part of a silver medal. He and his friend Sean McClain had their own saying: "Silver sucks." Now Bayer was sure that he could beat Bravin—after all, Bravin had not been much older when he had won his first national.

As the two prepared to fence, the air was electric. Bravin knew that he was now the hunted and that it was much harder than being the hunter. He knew also that the physical gap with Bayer had narrowed. He sized up the younger man and found he was altogether too much like he himself used to be, with little respect for existing hierarchies. Bravin remembered his second N.C.A.A. championship, in 1992. He had been ranked 24th, which annoyed him greatly, because in his own mind he deserved to be the favorite that year. He had responded by winning.

They both were fencing well. Bravin took an 11–8 lead. He was pleased and felt certain he would get a fourth national title. He began to think that Bayer too believed that the old order would hold, that Bravin was the champion and would continue to be so. Here he made his mistake. He relaxed and became overconfident. Certain he had established his superiority, he became less focused, less aggressive. Watching the match, Dave Micahnik saw Bayer go to the end of the strip after Bravin won a point, slap himself on the leg in anger, and let out a roar, as if he were waking up from some long hibernation. Then he came back and stormed past Bravin to win the bout, 15–12.

Yefim Litvan now believed that Bayer would become an Olympic medalist, but perhaps in 2000—this year, 1996, would be one in which to gain international experience. But Bayer, with the fearlessness of the young, thought otherwise, that there was no reason to enter a match thinking of it only as experience for the future.

In defeat Bravin realized he had probably lost something of his edge and certainly something of his mystique. He decided to take a year off from law school to work on his fencing and get ready for the Olympics. He needed to find out whether he still had the hunger, whether he could still be the hunter. □

Wigand

(Continued from page 181) cigarette, and they even gave it a code name: Hamlet. Get it? 'To burn or not to burn.'"

At the end of the *60 Minutes* episode, Mike Wallace questioned on-camera a Philip Morris executive who had announced that his company was filing a $10 billion lawsuit against ABC for a *Day One* broadcast about alleged manipulation of nicotine levels in its cigarettes. ABC had problems: one of them was a source nicknamed Deep Cough, who was an executive at RJR. If Deep Cough's identity was to be kept a secret, she could not testify in a libel suit.

In April 1994, Henry Waxman, the California congressman, was holding public hearings on tobacco in Washington. Wigand watched the live coverage on C-SPAN of the testimony of top executives of the seven largest tobacco companies. He was in his den with Lucretia when he watched Andrew Tisch, the chairman of Lorillard, testify, "I believe nicotine is not addictive." Then he heard Thomas Sandefur say the same thing. Wigand was furious. "I realized they were all liars. They lied with a straight face. Sandefur was arrogant! And that really irked me." Wigand, however, was hamstrung; he had the threat of a lawsuit hanging over his head. He could not criticize Sandefur publicly or his child might lose her medical insurance.

After Wigand started working as a confidential expert for CBS, his name began to circulate in anti-tobacco circles. He was soon called by the Food and Drug Administration. Would he consider advising F.D.A. experts on cigarette chemistry? His identity would be protected. For Wigand, the invitation to Washington was a major step toward regaining his self-respect. By the time F.D.A. commissioner David Kessler appeared before Congress in June 1994, he had reportedly been tutored by Wigand on ammonia additives and nicotine-impact boosting.

Wigand was invaluable; he even helped the F.D.A. circumvent a standard tobacco-industry tactic—"document dumping." If a company is subpoenaed for documents related to nicotine studies, it is common in the industry to respond "by driving a tractor-trailer to Washington and leaving 10 tons of documents at your door," according to a close associate of the F.D.A. In this case, perhaps with an assist from Wigand, the F.D.A. was able to ask B&W for specific papers.

That month, Wigand said, he received a threatening phone call. "Leave or else you'll find your kids hurt," the caller said. Wigand called Bergman in a panic. "I thought it could be a crank call," Bergman told me. "I knew Wigand was in a great quandary. He was bound up because of his contracts and yet he was filled with moral outrage." Bergman had been through this before with whistleblowers. He even had a name for Wigand's mental state: "transition time." He remained patient and faxed amusing drawings to Wigand's children.

Soon Wigand told Bergman another death threat had come. Wigand was becoming distracted, unable to concentrate. He had started to drink again. "I used to come home and drink three fingers of booze every night," he told me. One day when he had his two young daughters in the car, he stopped to buy a bottle of liquor. "I am no goddamned angel. I can't hide what happened. I had one of those big jackets with the big pockets. Instead of getting a basket, I grabbed it and put it in my pocket. And then I realized I didn't have cash. And I said, 'Wait a minute,' and I ran out. And then somebody came running after me. They said, 'Somebody has been stealing in here before.' The truth of the matter is that I had the bottle in my pocket. Was it hidden? No. Was it exposed? Yes. My children, Rachel and Nikki, were in the car. I had $300 in cash in the car. I said, 'I have money. Look.' I made sure that I showed the cop the money. Was it intentional? It was two days after the death threat. I wasn't thinking. Why would I want to steal a $10 bottle of booze? Give me a break. The whole thing was dismissed without adjudication. You can be arrested and charged with a lot of things in your life. Did you know that even Thomas Sandefur was once arrested and pleaded guilty on a D.W.I.?"

Wigand did not tell Bergman about the episode, but Bergman sensed that something was very wrong. He worried about Wigand's state of mind. He was at the beginning of a long dance to create a sense of trust in his source, who he felt had an incredible story to tell. "Other whistleblowers had come out of the tobacco industry to tell what they knew, but Wigand was singular. As an explorer, I felt, Wigand was Christopher Columbus," Bergman told me. "The bottom line is that this was a man with significant information, but it wasn't just that he had to worry about the obvious, which is Brown & Williamson crushing him, but he had to worry about what would happen in his personal life."

A lawyer from the Justice Department went to Louisville in April to take Wigand's deposition on cigarette ignition. Privately, he complained that the lawyers did not ask the right questions. He also worried about his signed agreement with B&W and claims he took its legal department's advice to stick to the company line. He testified that there was no possibility of developing a safe cigarette and that, as far as he knew, B&W had never committed fraud—testimony that would later be used to challenge his credibility. By this time Wigand had become a shadow expert on the tobacco industry. He was hired by ABC's law firm Wilmer, Cutler & Pickering to give technical advice in the $10 billion lawsuit Philip Morris had filed against ABC.

Wigand continued to tell Bergman that he could not talk about B&W until his severance package was completed, in March 1995. Wigand did not tell Bergman that he had signed a confidentiality agreement, but several of Bergman's finest pieces had been with sources who had been bound by such contracts. "The idea of somebody having a confidentiality agreement didn't even occur to me as a problem! That was my job, to get people to talk!"

In January 1995, Wigand began teaching school, much to Lucretia's surprise. He was making one-tenth the salary he had made at B&W, but he seemed quite happy

Wigand took up smoking. "I wanted to understand the science of how it made you feel."

Meanwhile, Bergman had been feeling the heat from New York. Mike Wallace was getting antsy: "For God's sake, Lowell, when are you going to get this guy on tape?" In March, Bergman met with Wigand and his wife at a French restaurant in Louisville. If Jeff went on-camera, Lucretia asked, what would they do if they got sued? Bergman said, "There may be anti-tobacco lawyers who would agree to represent you for free. But we don't even know yet if there is a story." Was there anything new to say on *60 Minutes*? Bergman next sent his associate producer to Louisville to do a preliminary interview with Wigand. She called Bergman after the interview and mentioned that Wigand had given her a copy of his B&W settlement agreement with the confidentiality clause. "He needs a lawyer," Bergman said.

In June 1994, *The New York Times* had run long articles based on thousands of pages taken from B&W—the cache of papers copied at a Louisville law office by Merrell Williams. Only in July 1995 did the University of California and tobacco expert Stanton Glantz put the documents on the Internet after successfully fighting off a serious lawsuit brought by B&W.

According to Bergman, "It took Jeff a long time to come out and decide that he wanted to tell his story. He used to say, 'Lowell, I want to do this, but I need support. I need my wife there. We can't do it yet, because Lucretia is not there.'" Wigand had continued to keep secrets from her: In May, the Wigands had come to New York as guests of *60 Minutes*. It was obvious to Bergman that Wigand had not told Lucretia that he intended to be interviewed. "He expected me to explain it to her," Bergman told me. All summer long Wigand debated about his public role, and Lucretia grew increasingly panicky. Meanwhile, he continued to advise Wilmer, Cutler & Pickering regarding Philip Morris's suit against ABC. He was even asked to testify for ABC if the case should go to court. Bergman read his name on a wire-service story. "I called him and went ballistic! I said, 'Do you understand that B&W will now go to court to keep you from testifying? Soon every news outlet in America will be calling you.'" Bergman had begun to corroborate Wigand's story from the taped interview he had made; he knew that the Merrell Williams B&W documents supported Wigand's assertions about addiction, disease, and the role of various individuals. "I wasn't doing a personality profile. I wanted to find out what he knew that was different."

In July, Bergman began to get con-

VANITY FAIR

AGENDA

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES

Images on the Move

SWATCH wants you to get an up-close-and-personal glimpse at America's heroes. The extraordinary images from **Annie Leibovitz's photographic portfolio of Olympic athletes** will go on an exclusive tour through select cities in the U.S., Europe, and Asia after the Games. Watch the Vanity Fair Agenda to learn where and when you can catch this timely exhibition.

Driving on Course

BMW is honored to be an official sponsor of the 1996 Olympic Games and the Official Mobility Provider for the 1996 Olympic Torch Relay presented by Coca-Cola. **BMW** will provide a full lineup of automobiles to escort the torchbearers and the Olympic flame on their 15,000-mile journey from Los Angeles to the opening ceremonies in Atlanta on July 19, 1996. Watch for exciting events at **BMW** dealerships and Community Celebrations in cities all along the route before the Olympic Games begin.

AVON Salutes The Olympic Woman

AVON, the official cosmetics, skin care, and fragrance sponsor of the 1996 Summer Olympics, is proud to present a special multimedia exhibition at the Games in Atlanta. The Olympic Woman will tell the inspiring story of a century of progress made by women in Olympic competition.

Beginning June 23, 1996, The Olympic Woman will use rare photographs, film, videotape, newspapers, and other displays to illustrate the development of women's participation in the Olympic Games. Visitors will be taken on a historic journey, beginning with the year 1900, when women were first allowed to participate in the Games, through to 1996, when the diversity and vitality of women's competition is stronger than ever before.

The exhibition will highlight personal memorabilia on loan from famous women Olympians, including Aileen Riggin Soule who, at age 88, is the oldest living female Olympic champion, and Alice Coachman, 73, who is the first black woman to win an Olympic gold medal.

The Olympic Woman will be on display at Georgia State University Alumni Hall in downtown Atlanta from June 23 through August 4, 1996.

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Wigand

cerned. "I could see right up front that Jeff was going to wind up testifying. Philip Morris knew about him, the Justice Department knew about him, and so did the F.D.A. I called up Ephraim [Margolin, a lawyer friend who was advising Wigand by this time] and said, 'Your client may wind up with a court order not to speak. Let's get the guy's story on-camera and lock it up!' Ephraim had my verbal understanding that we wouldn't run it until he was ready. Jeff was worried about homesteading his house in case he lost a breach-of-contract suit. He showed up in New York and said, 'Ephraim wants you to write him a note.' So I did." The note stated that CBS would not run the interview without Wigand's permission, and that they would reconsider the matter on September 3. It was a harmless exercise, Mike Wallace later told me he believed, intended to keep a source happy and calm.

Bergman told me, "I knew it was going to take months to check out what he had to say. And I thought, Fuck! If he is going to testify in the ABC case, then it will be out there on Court TV in October. We have their key witness, and we can run his story in October or November. I had already yelled and screamed about him listing his name. He was playing his control-freak games. I said, 'Great, you want to trust these people at ABC. What about this talk about ABC settling the lawsuit with Philip Morris?' I told him, 'The difference between ABC and CBS is that I will raise holy fucking hell if anything happens at CBS.'"

On September 12, Mike Wallace was asked to attend a meeting with Ellen Kaden, the CBS general counsel, Bergman, then president of CBS News Eric Ober, *60 Minutes* executive producer Don Hewitt, and Phil Scheffler, Hewitt's second-in-command. "I think we have a problem," Kaden said, and used the phrase "tortious interference," which she said involved persuading someone to break a contract with another party. Because Wigand had a confidentiality agreement with B&W, she said, CBS could be "at a grave, grave risk." She was proposing something unprecedented in the history of CBS News—stopping an important story in midstream for fear of a lawsuit that hadn't been threatened. Someone at the meeting voiced concern about an aspect of the story that showed Andrew Tisch, the chairman of Lorillard and the son of CBS chairman Laurence Tisch, with Thomas Sandefur swearing bef Congress that nicotine was not addict "How do you expect us to go on the with a piece that might put the ch man's son in jail?" someone said. Hew by disposition noisy and opinionated, muted, as were Ober and Wallace. H itt later recalled that he had had no tention of "playing cards with a stacl deck." He advanced none of the F Amendment arguments considered r tine, such as: How could you have a c fidentiality agreement when there w thousands of pages of supporting do ments on the Internet? And Hewitt ma no offer to press the issue with his bo Larry Tisch. Bergman, who was on way to London to interview BAT exe tives, was told to cancel the trip.

Don Hewitt's relationship with La Tisch soured after Tisch got cont of CBS in 1986. "I am not proud o anymore, but Mike Wallace, Wal Cronkite, and I were the cheerleaders Larry buying the network," he said. "T night Tisch bought CBS, we were all at our friend Mollie Parnis's slapping h on the back." A week later, Hewitt w to see him. "I said, 'Larry, we have be pretty good friends, and I need a favor said, 'You have handed me all of t money. Tell me what to do with it. Le me to a good financial adviser. W knows better than you?' I got the bru off. Later I heard he said, 'I not only p that son of a bitch all that money—n he wants free business advice!'"

The relationship between Hewitt a Tisch, who are both 73, grew icy, acco ing to Hewitt, when Tisch realized that could have no editorial influence on *Minutes*—an assertion Tisch denies. In fa the two men shared certain personal quirks: Hewitt was as voluble as Tis and, like his new boss, had a desire for spectability. Hewitt's peppery letters a messages were famous in the city, as w Tisch's pose of modest conviviality. A f years after Tisch became C.E.O., *60 M utes* produced a searing report on t American Israel Public Affairs Committ that Tisch didn't like. "He stopped talki to me at that point," Hewitt recalled. went to a reception that Warren Philli [publisher of *The Wall Street Journal*] h at the River House, a room full of peo like Punch Sulzberger and Kay Graham walked in and said to Larry, 'Hey, bo how are you?' He said, 'Don't you "H boss" me.' He turned his back and walk away! We next did a story on Temp Mount in which we say that the Jerusale police got out of hand, and somebody te

me that when Larry was asked about it his answer was 'Don't ask me. Ask Horowitz and Wallach, the two self-hating Jews who changed their names.' . . . We were the most profitable broadcast in the history of television. The fucker got out of here with all that money only because we kept his company afloat." According to Tisch, "This is nonsense! Jesus! This poor fellow has a complex. So many things have been attributed to me that I never said. What would I care what Don Hewitt's last name was originally?"

In the midst of the furor over the Temple Mount piece, Hewitt said to Tisch, "Larry, you are, in effect, our publisher. It is up to you to defend us." Tisch answered, "I am not your publisher and I have no intention of being your publisher." "That episode with Temple Mount unsettled Larry," a close friend of his recalled. "He had no idea that as the new proprietor of CBS News he had to respect his news division and their editorial judgment."

After Tisch took over CBS, the news division was stripped of a good deal of its power and reputation. At a time when ABC was expanding its news operation, Tisch cut the CBS budget drastically. He sold off the lucrative CBS record company, refused to invest in cable, and was outbid on broadcast rights to the N.F.L. football games that were the lead-in to *60 Minutes*. "You have to understand," a friend of Tisch's told me, "Larry likes money. Money is a game for him!"

The relationship between CBS and Tisch's tobacco company, Lorillard, became a vexing problem for the news division. According to someone who knows Tisch well, when he bought Lorillard, in 1968, he viewed it only as a potential investment. "Years ago, the Tisch family was not afraid of liability. If he had asked his technical people, 'Am I in any danger?' he would have gotten the typical answer back: 'You can't prove anything in a liability case since the surgeon general forced the companies to put a warning on the packs.'" Tisch could not have forecast then the sweeping change in tort litigation, the possibility of immense jury awards. There was no imagining in 1968 how medical costs would soar in a few years. "None of this was on the horizon," Tisch told me. "I couldn't tell you today whether or not I would have bought Lorillard 30 years ago. . . . There is no clear-cut proof about addiction. I am not a scientist. I never smoked. I take a drink, but am I an addict? Liability suits? This is all pure speculation. I hate it when people tell me what I have been thinking."

Lorillard became an immense cash bonanza for the Loews Corporation—the parent company controlled by Tisch and his brother, Robert—earning approximately $700 million a year. For several of Tisch's friends, a key to his personality can be found in the controversy that tore apart New York University Medical Center in 1989. Tisch was the chairman of the university's board of trustees, and it was believed that he would give a substantial gift. He announced that he and his brother would donate $30 million but with one proviso: the hospital would have to be renamed in their honor—a proposal which caused an outcry in the press. "Naming a hospital after tobacco men is just too ironic," Dr. William Cahan, a prominent surgeon at Sloan-Kettering, said in May 1989. "Around town, the University Hospital is becoming known as Lorillard General." But the hospital board gave in to Tisch's demand. According to Tisch, "There was not a great deal of negative feeling. I only received one or two letters about it. I thought the family was doing the right thing."

Lowell Bergman arrived at the Wigands' red brick house late in the afternoon on September 15. He was deeply concerned about the New York meeting and its ominous implications. His inner radar told him something was way off in the CBS decision, but he was a corporate employee. If he stormed out in a rage of protest, Wigand would be left unprotected. In the wake of ABC's recent settlement in the Philip Morris suit, Wigand felt doubly vulnerable and exposed, because his name was on the witness list. He said, "They're going to sue me, and I don't have any money." During dinner that night, Bergman received a phone call from Jonathan Sternberg, a CBS lawyer. "Leave that house right now," he told him.

At the end of September, Bergman spent a long weekend cutting a version of the B&W exposé. "I wanted to show Mike, Don, and Eric Ober exactly what it was CBS News wanted to kill." Bergman screened it for the three men that Monday. He recalled, "Hewitt was jumping up and down, yelling, 'Pulitzer Prize!'"

Soon after, Bergman ran into Phil Scheffler in the hall. The show's managing editor looked somber. "All he said to me was 'Stop!' in a loud, booming voice," referring to Bergman's reporting on Wigand.

In the research files of Nexis, the information-retrieval service, there are 220 newspaper and magazine stories that have mentioned "tortious interference"

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since CBS News made the decision not to allow the Wigand segment to go on the air. It is commonly believed that Tisch, who was in the midst of talks with Westinghouse concerning a merger with CBS, would not entertain the possibility of the threat of a tobacco-company lawsuit. Tisch had witnessed personally the consequences of tortious interference. In 1983 he had been brought onto the board of Getty Oil by Gordon Getty. Several months later he and Getty toasted a bid from Pennzoil to acquire Getty—a bid that would later be topped by Texaco. Pennzoil sued in a famous case in which Tisch testified, but Texaco was forced into temporary bankruptcy when Pennzoil won a record-breaking settlement. Still, Tisch denies that this experience had anything to do with the CBS decision. "What I went through had nothing to do with the B&W episode. I read about it in the paper, the same way you did," Tisch told me.

It was not widely known that a complex financial deal was going on at Lorillard about the time Bergman was trying to salvage the Wigand interview. At the end of 1994, the Federal Trade Commission had ruled that B&W had to sell off six of its discount, or value-brand, cigarettes—Montclair, Malibu, Crown's, Special 10's, Riviera, and Bull Durham—for anti-trust reasons. Lorillard was a logical buyer because, although it controlled close to 8 percent of the tobacco market with brands such as Kent, Newport, and True, it was decidedly weak in the area of discount cigarettes. The potential acquisition of Montclair and the other brands would round out the Lorillard product line and increase cigarette sales by more than five billion units. While the acquisition was being studied inside Lorillard, Westinghouse was negotiating for a merger with CBS, and speculation within *60 Minutes* was focused on the effect a possible lawsuit would have on the merger.

By mid-October, the Liggett Group believed it was the high bidder for the B&W cigarettes, according to a source close to the case. Just before the deal was ready to close, the general counsel for Liggett suddenly could not get the B&W lawyers on the telephone. He was stunned when he discovered that B&W had sold the cigarette brands to Lorillard. George Lowy, an attorney who represented B&W in the divestiture, has said, "Lorillard's deal was financially superior." Liggett is considering bringing legal action against B&W. The F.T.C. filing on the sale is unusual; some nine pages have been blanked out. The price of purchase and number of bidders are deleted. The deal was announced in late November, three weeks after *60 Minutes* killed its original story. But Tisch recently told me, "I don't know anything about it. I have nothing to do with Lorillard. I was spending my full time at CBS." Ironically, it is possible that the suit Liggett may bring would be for tortious interference.

In November, no one at *60 Minutes* was aware of the shuffle that was going on behind the scenes with the B&W brands. "I knew all kinds of litigation was possible," Bergman told me. "I kept saying to people, 'You are making news decisions in a corporate atmosphere where there is no appetite for this kind of story. There is possible perjury on the part of the son of the owner at the same time that the owner is trying to sell an asset at a premium price where the consequences of the story might affect the stock price. Think how history might record this!' "

By brushing against Big Tobacco, Tisch, Wigand, Bergman, Hewitt, and Wallace were all soon lost in a thicket of hidden dangers. Wigand was still oblivious to the gathering perplexities and the corporate forces arrayed against him. As far as Wigand was concerned, said Bergman, "I was the face of *60 Minutes*. I was there holding his hand when his wife freaked out." As for Bergman, he had worked for a year and a half to bring in one of the most important stories of his career, and by doing so he had put his employer and his future in jeopardy. Hewitt and Wallace were millionaires many times over, yet their public acquiescence to CBS's reluctance to air their story threatened to tarnish their distinguished careers.

"In the end, I made the call to Wigand to tell him that management had made the decision to kill the show," Mike Wallace told me. "Lowell did not have the heart to do it." Bergman was distraught: "My work depends on my word. We had never indicated to Jeff that there would be any problem." The decision to kill the segment, Wallace said, marked "the first time in 28 years that Don and I saw something differently." Hewitt, according to *60 Minutes* sources, was attempting both to please the authorities and to act like a newsman, a position that became known as "the Hewitt straddle" in the office. However angry Wallace was, he told friends he was too old to quit on prin ple, and he did not understand why He itt was siding with management.

Hewitt called a meeting of the sta "This is not a First Amendment issu he said, but several people in the roo strongly disagreed with him. "Gene counsel believes we have broken the la Suddenly Mike Wallace burst in a screamed at Hewitt, "I understand y have just said we should not have p sued the story!"—which Hewitt had not fact said. "Who told you that? If that what you think, I am quitting!" Hew said and stormed out of the room.

In November, Hewitt decided to run version of the B&W story without a W gand interview. Wallace prepared a ne piece for the Friday before the show w to run. It was Wallace's intention broadcast management's decision, b when he saw the show, he realized l work had been cut by the CBS lawye In the hall he confronted Ellen Kade "Did you tell Larry Tisch about the W gand interview? Is that why the piece w killed?" Kaden denied it. Wallace was lentless. "It doesn't make sense. You a his general counsel. Why would you n have told him?" Wallace later recall that Kaden started to cry, a story she h denied. Kaden had sought advice from outside counsel, First Amendment sp cialist Cameron DeVore, but she refus to show Wallace any of the memos had written her. One former CBS exec tive surmised that no one at CBS ma agement was willing to take responsibili for killing the Wigand interview, and K den was left to take the fall.

Hewitt told a *New York Times* report that the new version was "better, I thin than what we had before." When an A sociated Press reporter called Bergma for comment, Bergman told him angri "The versions are apples and oranges Wallace was enraged when he read *Times* editorial accusing the program betraying the legacy of Edward R. Mu row. "I don't know if things will ever g back to normal," one correspondent sai "The fact is," Wallace told me, "that Do and I had a difference of opinion abo whether we should or should not push get this thing on the air. It turned bloo and icy from time to time."

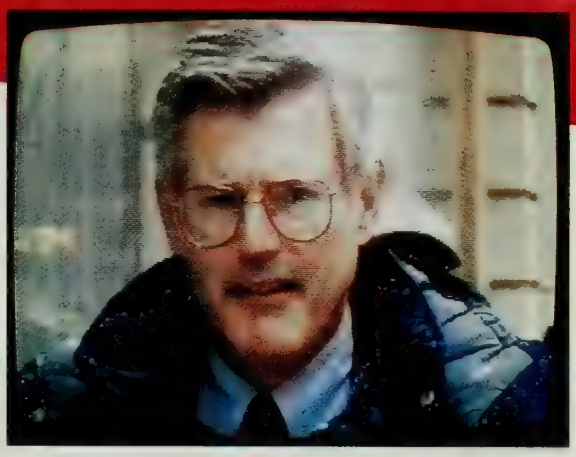
Except for Wallace, not one corr spondent picked up the telephone to ca Bergman. Wallace and Morley Saf were raging at each other. Safer even i sued a statement to the press attackir Wallace and Bergman for making a agreement with Wigand. The feud at *Minutes* offered a rare view inside th

There will be a third act, and Jeff Wigand will be unmasked," John Scanlon told me.

sychodynamics of TV news. "It became oisonous and contagious, with many eople wanting to hang Lowell," CBS roducer George Crile said. In a fit of ique, Don Hewitt told several staffers o distance themselves from Bergman. oon a reaction developed within the of- ice. The staff felt as if it were living in a otemkin village. Their very integrity ested on their ability to tell a story accu- ately, despite confidentiality agreements. llen Kaden would later tell friends that he was furious that Wigand's identity ad been leaked to the *Daily News*. She laimed *60 Minutes* for it and for the at- acks against her in the press. It was Ka- len's belief that she was only doing her ob, trying to prevent CBS from entering he nightmare of tobacco litigation that ABC had endured. She later recalled earning of the million pages of red pa- er that Philip Morris had delivered to ABC—the color red could not be photo- copied—and noted with alarm that a Vir- ginia judge had ruled that this was not an abusive tactic.

In Washington for an interview with President Clinton in mid-December, five *60 Minutes* correspondents rehearsed in a hotel room. Everyone agreed on areas and questions, but when the president arrived, the reporters started shouting as if it were a free-for-all. Mike Wallace demanded of one, "Why did you steal all of my lines?" The issue was Clinton, but the undercurrent was lethal, a shared understanding that tobacco and all its implications were driving them apart. Soon after, the news of the CBS sale to Westinghouse was announced. Larry Tisch's Loews Corporation made nearly $1 billion on the sale. CBS general counsel Ellen Kaden made close to $5 million. And Eric Ober would receive around $4 million from severance and stock options.

"At Christmastime, I was disinvited from going to Lucretia's father's place," said Wigand. The debacle at *60 Minutes* was all that was needed to make their marriage collapse. A few weeks earlier, in late November, Wigand was leaving school when he noticed a car coming at him across the parking lot. "I thought it was the end," he later told me. In fact, it was another subpoena from B&W, demanding that he appear in court for violating his confidentiality agreement. Soon after, he flew to Mississippi to give a deposition in the state's case. "Are you aware that when you get back to Kentucky you could very well go to jail?" his lawyer Ephraim Margolin, a criminal-defense expert, reportedly asked him. "I better think about this," Wigand said. That afternoon Wigand was very late arriving at the one-room courthouse in Pascagoula. Approximately 15 lawyers from the tobacco companies were waiting, betting that he would not show up. Wigand took some time to make up his mind. "Fuck it. Let's do it," he finally said to Margolin. It was the real beginning of his new life, but Wigand worried about Lucretia. "She didn't understand what I was doing. All she cared about was that it disrupted her economic system."



COMPANY-LINE MAN
Kendrick Wells, a B&W attorney, denied that the minutes of a health-related meeting in Vancouver were improperly altered.

"We were a quiet little company before all this happened," an executive for B&W's Kool brand tells me on a plane ride to Louisville. "Then we wound up on page one." I ask him the standard question in Tobacco Land: "Do you want your children to smoke?" He responds irritably, "I see where you are going with this. You are going to say that an unnamed Kool spokesman doesn't want his daughter to smoke. . . . I think tobacco has been singled out unfairly."

IV
The Attack

In late November, the litigator Stanley Arkin, one of more than a dozen lawyers working for B&W to head off the Justice Department's investigation into the tobacco industry, recommended that B&W hire public-relations man John Scanlon and Terry Lenzner, the former Watergate deputy counsel who is the head of Investigative Group Inc., a firm that specializes in legal work for corporate takeovers. Since his days as a liberal Republican lawyer, Lenzner has traveled philosophically from being someone who out of principle forced the Nixon administration to fire him to being an ambitious investigator in his 50s who would like to compete with Jules Kroll, a leader in the field. Like Arkin, Lenzner is attracted to the game of big-time corporate litigation, but, according to several former partners, his business has suffered recently. Lenzner's assignment was to prepare a lengthy dossier that B&W could use to torpedo Wigand's reputation with Jimmie Warren, the innovative Justice Department prosecutor running the investigation into the tobacco executives at Central Justice, the elite unit of the Justice Department which monitors national policies. "Wigand is the major witness against them in the federal grand jury in both Washington and New York," John Scanlon told me.

Scanlon and Arkin had worked together before. In 1989 they volunteered to help Covenant House, a shelter for teenage runaways in New York, defend Father Bruce Ritter, the director, against sexual- and financial-misconduct allegations—an ironic assignment for Scanlon, who at one time had wanted to be a priest. As part of the public-relations campaign, Covenant House held a press conference in which confidential information about Ritter's 26-year-old male accuser was made public—a classic destroy-the-accuser technique. According to *Newsday*, the ploy backfired, however,

in a groundswell of revulsion from New York social workers and resulted in more than five other boys' coming forward to make similar accusations against Father Ritter.

Scanlon is the foremost practitioner of what he calls "guerrilla P.R." For columnist Murray Kempton, Scanlon is this generation's Roy Cohn—"a man proud of his infamies." During the McCarthy period, Roy Cohn was considered a master of the art of using false statements and exaggerations to impugn someone's reputation. As a young man, Scanlon was a passionate defender of left-wing causes, as far from the ethics of Cohn as it is possible to get. As he has gotten older, he has developed expensive tastes; he owns a million-dollar house in the Hamptons and another retreat in Ireland. Twenty years ago he began to build a business in corporate public relations. At first Scanlon's campaigns were a model of corporate responsibility: he helped create the gentle Mobil ads in the lower corner of *The New York Times*'s op-ed page in the 1970s. His fees have always been high—he now charges $350 an hour—but his clients became increasingly controversial. He represented both Philip Morris and Lorillard in the landmark case of the late Rose Cipollone, whose husband sued, arguing that her death had been related to cigarette smoking.

Scanlon's friends do not pass judgment publicly on his clients, although in private many are strongly critical. "Loyalty is the vice of the New York establishment," columnist Liz Smith explained. For some reporters, Scanlon is an unreliable apologist. For others he is a bon vivant whose motivations are not so different from Jeffrey Wigand's when he signed up to work for B&W. (Scanlon has acted as a consultant for this magazine, but is on a mutually agreed-upon leave of absence because of his relationship with B&W.)

Scanlon is part of the social network of prominent New Yorkers with country houses in the Hamptons. He occasionally hops a ride on a helicopter owned by financier Pete Peterson; the other passengers are Don Hewitt and his wife, Marilyn Berger. Very often on Sunday mornings, Scanlon, Peterson, and Hewitt have met for a catch-up conversation at the Candy Kitchen, a restaurant in Bridgehampton. Scanlon's clients find this access attractive.

B&W's campaign against Wigand surfaced in late December, when a *Washington Post* reporter phoned the office of Richard Scruggs in Pascagoula, Mississippi, and asked for a comment on Wigand's alleged history of spousal abuse and shoplifting as well as on his contradictory statements regarding fire safety and cigarettes. Scruggs, a law-school classmate of Michael Moore, the attorney general of Mississippi, made a fortune as an architect of the plaintiffs' suit against the asbestos companies in 1991. He flies a Lear jet and has an estate in Pascagoula near his childhood home. As one of the chief lawyers representing Mississippi's case against the tobacco companies, he has taken an interest in Wigand as a bonus witness and has become his personal lawyer, working pro bono at the invitation of Ephraim Margolin. Scruggs met Wigand in late October. "I was astonished when he told me his story," he recalled. Until he heard from *The Washington Post,* he told me, "I had never been engaged in a case involving a smear."

From Key West, Scruggs called Wigand, who was in Washington at the Justice Department. "Jeff was very, very upset," Scruggs recalled. On the telephone, Wigand gave Scruggs his account of the "abuse" and "shoplifting" episodes, but still Scruggs realized that he had a potential catastrophe on his hands. There was nothing that would be admissible in a court, but Scruggs dreaded the sound bite "Wigand is a wife beater" and knew it could potentially scare off the Justice Department. "There is no bigger lie than a half-truth," he later told me. Scruggs knew Wigand had few close friends, and was concerned about his growing isolation. Wigand had shut himself in his bedroom for 16 hours. He believed he would lose his job because of *The Washington Post.* Later, Scruggs would say, "Jeff is despondent. I was worried he would [illegible] ravel, and I didn't know what to do."

In New York, it was obvious to Mike Wallace and Lowell Bergman that a calculated attempt was being made to ruin Wigand's reputation. Over the Christmas holidays, Scanlon took Don Hewitt aside at a party at the wi[illegible] Avery Corman's and told him that Wigand was "a bad guy." Hewitt and Scanlon were not just longtime friends; Scanlon had advised CBS during the l[illegible] case brought against the network and Mike Wallace by General William Westmoreland in 1985. For weeks on the helicopter, Scanlon bombarded Hewitt and the Petersons with allegations against Wigand—he was a shoplifter, a wife beater. Hewitt was at first strongly influenced by Scanlon, he later recalled. "I heard that Wigand is a bad guy," Hewitt told Wallace. Scanlon had temporarily succeeded in diverting the story of B&W to a negative about Wigand's personality. Months earlier, Bergman had run a crime check on Wigand, but since he had not been convicted of anything, neither incident had shown up on the computer. In January, Scanlon visited Wallace at *60 Minutes.* "He sat in my office and told me, 'Mike, don't worry—B&W is not going to sue you,'" Wallace recalled. "That's when I knew John was working for them." Wallace and Bergman motivated Hewitt by stoking his competitive streak. "*Dateline* is going to put Wigand on the air, and he is our guy," Wallace recalled telling Hewitt. "How can we let our guy appear on NBC?"

Scanlon made a blunder by overplaying his hand. Hewitt's and Wallace's sense of fair play was aroused. They are known for never allowing their personal histories to get in the way of a story, but after weeks of Scanlon's hammering at Wigand's credibility, his strategy backfired completely, Hewitt later told me. Once, on the helicopter, Hewitt had told him, "John, you are full of shit." Hewitt later remarked, "What I should have said to him was, 'Look, John, if you want to go out and work for tobacco companies defending people's right to smoke, more power to you. The next time someone calls you a

"I used to come home tied in a knot. My kids would say, 'Hey, Daddy, do you kill people?'"

ks you to break a guy's legs, tell them to re a capo.'" By mid-January, Hewitt had ade up his mind that Scanlon's campaign against Wigand had to be part of ny coming *60 Minutes* report. "Mike and never even discussed whether or not we ould report it," Hewitt said.

"John was feeding me stuff all the me," Hewitt later told me. "He called e and told me the man was on a watch st at the liquor store. . . . He sent me o depositions done by Wigand. One of em, to the best of my knowledge, was nder lock and key and sealed. . . . I kept gging him on. He was my pipeline to rown & Williamson."

One night in January, I telephoned Scanlon at his house in Sag Harbor. "What can you tell me about Wigand?" I sked. Scanlon mentioned the contradictons in Wigand's testimony about fire-afe cigarettes, then warmed to his heme: Wigand, he said, "had been arested for wife beating" and had been shoplifting for a long period of time." He continued, "And then there's about 5 instances which he filed . . . insurance laims on lost luggage and hotel rooms roken into. . . . He's got a very, very haky record." It seemed obvious that he as recalling the details of a written nemo, although at that time I did not now of the 500-page dossier.

"Who has dug this up?" I asked. "Terry Lenzner's group?"

"Yes," he said. "They're the investigators for B&W. . . . I have been hired to o what I always do, which is to try to ind out what the story is and broker the tory, and I'm convinced that without a ingle iota of doubt he is a liar."

I asked Scanlon if he had ever met Wigand or posed these allegations to im. "No. I've read his testimony. I lon't have to ask him the questions." Scanlon paused. "You know, I have seen ape in which he says that he was an Olympic wrestler and a Vietnam fighter ilot." I asked him if I could see the ape. "Only off the record, and we wouldn't want it tied to us. We would have to have that firm agreement," he aid. I said I could not enter into such an rrangement. "We may not be able to alk, then, because what they are trying o say is that this is a smear campaign, nd it is not a smear campaign." I said I was troubled by the implications of our conversation, the way the people who had compiled the allegations about Wigand were disseminating them to destroy his credibility. "Of course they are," Scanlon said. "I mean, he is an incredible witness. Why wouldn't they? I mean, if you had somebody testifying against you, and you knew they weren't credible, what would *you* do?"

V
The Counterattack

The investigator Jack Palladino met Wigand at his house on the Colonel Anderson Parkway. In the world of hardball litigation, Palladino and his wife, Sandra Sutherland, are the Nick and Nora Charles of modern criminal investigation. Palladino wears $2,000 suits and splashy Balenciaga ties and speaks with a rapid-fire polish that hints of his childhood in Boston. At one time Palladino wanted to be a psychiatrist, and he has a persuasive narrative gift. Sutherland is the daughter of an Australian academic; her strength as an investigator is an intuitive sense of when something is amiss. They operate from the former I. Magnin mansion in San Francisco; they investigated the People's Temple in Jonestown in the 1980s and ran the counterattack against American Express's 1988 attempt to smear the banker Edmond Safra. They worked as well for the Clinton campaign in 1992, investigating accusations of Clinton's infidelities. The irony was that the couple usually work for Stanley Arkin, but this time they were on the other side. "I think Arkin would explain our working for Wigand as my 60s radical sympathies," Palladino said.

He was hired by Richard Scruggs to mount a counterattack, to disprove the charges in the dossier that B&W had hired Scanlon to disseminate to reporters. Palladino and his staff of seven investigators had to move quickly. An anonymous tip had already been sent to Joe Ward of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and to Doug Proffitt, a TV personality in Louisville who specializes in tabloid investigations. The letter to Ward had a "gossipy tone," Ward told me, and said that Wigand had beat up his wife. Ward immediately suspected that it had come from the tobacco industry, and he chose to investigate further. Ward told me that even the police report had no context that he was comfortable with. Doug Proffitt, however, was less concerned. On the evening he was preparing a report on Wigand's marital problems, I telephoned him. He sounded elated that he had a scoop. "I got an anonymous tip which I'm sure came from the tobacco industry. . . . There's a side of this man that has never been told before."

Palladino met Wigand after Proffitt had aired his report. He was surprised, he

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told me later, that Wigand asked him to explain to his 22-year-old daughter, Gretchen, the circumstances of the case, exactly how much was at stake. "He was in a paradoxical situation. At a time when the anti-tobacco forces wanted to make him a hero, he had isolated himself from everyone, including his own family," Palladino said. "Lock up all these papers and diaries before someone steals them," Palladino told him when he visited his home office. When Palladino relayed to Wigand the charges about him being detailed in phone calls to reporters, Wigand responded angrily, "What kind of bullshit is this?" Once Palladino realized what was happening to Wigand, he instructed his entire staff to put aside whatever they were working on and check every aspect of Wigand's past. "This is a war," Palladino said.

When Wigand meets me in the Hyatt coffee shop on Saturday morning, January 27, he is carrying a stack of newspapers. The testimony from his deposition against B&W is page-one news for *The Courier-Journal, The Lexington Herald-Leader,* and *The New York Times.* "You were on CNN this morning, Jeff," his security man says. "I bet you never thought, growing up on Bruckner Boulevard, that you would wind up on page one of the *Times,*" I say. "That is bullshit," he says. "I don't care about front pages."

I am flying with Wigand to New York, where he will be interviewed again for *60 Minutes.* "Wallace and Hewitt outed me, all right?" he says angrily—a reference to the fact that his identity was leaked to the New York *Daily News*—as we walk toward the Hyatt parking garage. "And I intend to tell Mike what I think of him on the air." ("We are mystified that he thinks that," Wallace later said.) In the hotel driveway, as we wait in the car for the security man to join us, Wigand sees a man crossing quickly in front of us. "Holy shit, there is Kendrick Wells!" he yells. It is eight A.M., and Wells, B&W's assistant general counsel for product litigation, is heading toward the company tower. "What in the world could they be doing so early on a Saturday?" Wigand asks nervously as we leave for the airport.

As Wigand and I were having dinner at the Hyatt the night before, the B&W lawyers apparently made a decision to attempt to counteract the publication of parts of the leaked deposition in *The Wall Street Journal.* Someone on the B&W legal team suggested that their entire 500-page confidential dossier be sent immediately to the *Journal*'s reporter, Suein Hwang. That would turn out to be a disastrous strategic error. No one at B&W had checked the accuracy of Lenzner's report, titled *The Misconduct of Jeffrey S. Wigand Available in the Public Record.* The list of allegations is dense and for most reporters immediately suspect. On the Sunday that Wigand taped at *60 Minutes,* Palladino met with Suein Hwang for seven hours, going over every charge in the report. "We didn't leave the Empire Diner until the early hours of the morning," Palladino later recalled. "The *Journal* editors decided they would investigate every allegation. When I got back to the hotel, I faxed my office: 'Drop everything and work on these charges.'"

The summary is divided into categories—Unlawful Activity; Possible False or Fraudulent Claims for Stolen, Lost or Damaged Property; Lies on Wigand's Résumés; Wigand's Lies About His Residence; Wigand's Lies Under Oath; Other Lies by Wigand; Mental Illness. The document is a smorgasbord of allegations, large and small. "On November 18, 1991, Wigand wrote to Coast Cutlery Company and returned an allegedly damaged knife for repair." "On March 19, 1992, Wigand wrote to Coach for Business requesting credit to his American Express card for two returned items." More serious for the Justice Department, the contradictions in his testimony on fire-safe cigarettes are detailed, which Wigand explains by the fact that time elapsed between his testimony in Washington, while he was still under a severance agreement with B&W, and what he was able to say about fire safety after analyzing the Hamlet-project papers.

In Washington, even President Clinton has started to grapple with the problem of Jeffrey Wigand. Does he reach out and embrace him as he did the late Tobacco Institute lobbyist Victor Crawford? At the moment, Clinton is battle-weary, according to one source close to him. He has survived the controversy surrounding David Kessler, the vigorous head of the F.D.A., an inside battle in which Health and Human Services Secretary Donna Shalala and White House Deputy Chief of Staff Harold Ickes lined up for Kessler, and Patrick Griffin, the president's liaison to Congress, and Erskine Bowles, a deputy chief of staff, questioned Clinton's continued support of Kessler. Griffin pointed out that Kessler would bring down on Clinton the possible loss of four tobacco states—Kentucky, Virginia, and the Carolinas—and the enmity of the tobacco lobbies. Last year B&W hired th Whitewater special prosecutor, Kenne Starr, to represent the company in its lo ing fight to prevent dissemination of th Merrell Williams documents. Recently top White House official called the hirin of Kenneth Starr "a travesty" because the possibility of conflict of interest in i vestigating the president as he attempts regulate the tobacco industry.

If Clinton were to embrace Wigand, would signal that the Justice Departmen had no reservations about his credibilit but as yet there has been no clear sign from Washington. David Kessler woul not be interviewed for *60 Minutes* co cerning his relationship with Wigan perhaps because the F.D.A. is careful t appear neutral as it attempts to chang the laws and force tobacco to be regula ed as a drug.

In New York we go to dinner at a Japa nese restaurant with Jack Palladino Wigand sits in a tatami room and orde baby eel in fluent Japanese. Palladino tel him, "You are a very important man a this moment. You have got to get out o Louisville. You should be at a major foun dation that is doing tobacco research. For Palladino, there is little about Wigan that reminds him of Edmond Safra, th banker—and the client of Stanley Arkin- he worked for who was also the victim o a smear. Safra was motivated by a sens of moral outrage, Palladino tells m whereas Wigand's level of tension is a sig of pure fear. At dinner, he is without de fenses. He says, "The only thing I have my teaching. I will not give it up. I ow the kids." In the car on the way back t the hotel, Wigand is irritable. "I feel I am being corralled by these guys."

Wigand is tired in New York, and com plains of chest pains. It is his intention t get a physical, including an EKG. H checks into the Shelburne, a modest hote at 37th Street, although *60 Minutes* has o fered to put him up at the more posh Es sex House, on Central Park South. "D you know what it would be like if I wer there with them?" he says. "They woul be down my throat every second."

Wigand is scheduled for his second *6 Minutes* interview Sunday afternoon. I the morning he calls me and says, " have to have a Save the Children tie. Thi is what this whole thing is about—smok ing and kids. Where can I get one?" Hi tone is intense, serious. "I won't go o the air without it," he says. I meet Wi gand in his room at the Shelburne. Pal ladino has already arrived, and pace back and forth trying to boost Wigand'

ense of himself before he is filmed. "You re a man who is trying to tell the truth. hey are trying to ruin your life. It is our story. You have to tell it the way ou see it." Palladino coaches Wigand n TV technique: "Don't use too many ouns or proper names. Don't be too echnical. What you want is for them—the V audience—to suddenly look up from heir cheese puffs and say, 'He is telling he truth.'" "I am a scientist," Wigand responds churlishly. "That is how I speak." "Yes," says Palladino, "but consider it his way: you are getting a chance to tell our story in front of an audience." While Palladino speaks, Wigand puts on fresh shirt and takes a Save the Children tie from a Bloomingdale's box. He nots it while looking in the mirror and hen visibly relaxes. "O.K., Jack," he ays. "I feel better now."

"It's simple," Palladino says. "Just tell he truth. That is all you have."

On one occasion in Louisville, I go to see the B&W public-relations man Joe Helewicz, a former reporter for the Baltimore *Sun*. I am brought to a reception area, a large room filled with smoke. On several tables there are containers of B&W cigarettes, Kools and Capris. Near me a salesman from Pitney Bowes smokes a Kool and says, "I am supposed to be quitting, but I like coming here, because the cigarettes are free." After some time I am taken up to the 18th floor to wait for Helewicz. This is the inner sanctum of the B&W legal department, the floor that was lit until midnight five days earlier. The tension is palpable; men in suits are huddled in several corner offices. I am shown to an empty office to wait. *The Wall Street Journal* has scheduled an exposé of the Wigand investigation for the next day's paper. The publication of the B&W deposition excerpt in the *Journal* has also lifted any restriction on CBS—now owned by Westinghouse—to air its long-delayed report. In private, the new CBS News president, Andrew Heyward, tells Wallace that the story is "a priority." In New York, Bergman is scrambling with a CBS crew, freed at last by Ellen Kaden to complete a process he began in 1994. The crew has waited outside Scanlon's apartment building to ambush him. Scanlon stood in the snow and said, "Wigand is a habitual liar." Earlier, he had shouted at Bergman on the telephone, "You guys are going to hose me."

While I wait for Helewicz, I review my notes from a dinner I had with Wigand the night before. Wigand had been to see a divorce lawyer that afternoon, a fact that would be known 12 hours later at B&W headquarters.

From a window I look down at the exact table where Wigand and I had dinner in the Hyatt's revolving restaurant. Suddenly I hear loud voices coming from Room 1821, then occupied by John Kiser, a B&W lawyer:

"Things have been a little hectic here."

"We need a divorce specialist . . . "

"Wigand said no to child support."

"Let's do it all!"

"This will be blazed in the streets and the back alleys!"

"It has nothing to do with the lawbooks!"

Sometime later I see Joe Helewicz. Within moments of our meeting, he tells me that, as far as he is concerned, Wigand is a liar and cheats at golf. "He's a paid mercenary," he says. "Is he talking to any other media besides CBS?" I do not answer, and he continues. "Why? Because they're not paying him. I don't know why you and a lot of others don't see it. Our business is out of favor. It's not politically correct. If somebody stands up to the tobacco business, they're a hero. Forget about the other side of the story."

I read to Helewicz parts of the conversation I have just overheard and ask him if that language does not indicate a smear or unethical corporate behavior. "You picked up part of a conversation, and that's a characterization of a campaign, because you picked up a couple of sentences out of context!" he says, but he refuses to allow me to interview the lawyer whose office the conversation was held in. "I would take issue with the word 'smear' when what you are doing is putting out fact about a person who is lying about you and making vast allegations."

Japanese class begins at eight A.M. in Room 312 at DuPont Manual in downtown Louisville. Wigand teaches a group of 32 students, who sit quietly after the bell and the Pledge of Allegiance on a closed-circuit TV. Wigand is adamant about not wanting to talk to his students about what he is going through. "I happen to love teaching," he says, "and I don't want to concern them." "*Hajime masu!*" he tells them. "Let's begin! We are going to do some *sumi* today—calligraphy. How many of you brought brushes?" In front of his class, Jeff Wigand is transformed. He is open and generous, and the class responds with noisy delight. At the end of the session, Wigand's students surround him at a small table as he dips a special Japanese brush into calligraphy ink. "The maneuver is very loose, all from the shoulder—you have to relax to do it right," he says. "It is about *flow*." His shoulder loosens, and his hand begins moving the brush across a page. He makes a small box, a long line, a special dot, a flourish. "You see this symbol in Japanese restaurants. Does anyone know what it is? This is known as 'happiness forever,'" he tells them. "It is all a matter of control."

Soon after *The Wall Street Journal* published its front-page article harshly skeptical of the 500-page dossier, Wigand moved into a two-bedroom apartment in Louisville. "I will feel better when I have my things around me," he said. He was particularly concerned about his computer, which contained one version of his B&W scientific diary. During a routine F.B.I. investigation of his most recent death threat, Wigand grew outraged that his privacy was being invaded. He had words with one agent, who reacted by obtaining a search warrant and impounding his computer, telling lawyers close to the case that Wigand was "a suspect" in the matter, although there was no evidence of any kind to suggest that Wigand had sent himself a death threat.

"They are not going to leave me alone," Wigand told me in early February. It was the day after the most recent episode—a break-in at the office of Joe Mobley, his divorce lawyer. "There have been a few fireworks," Mobley told me. "Four days after my employment, I did have a 'toss,' as they say in the vernacular. Nothing was taken, but the contents of my desk were

"You have put us all in danger," Wigand said his wife told him. "I want you out of the house."

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Wigand

thrown all over the floor." For Palladino, the break-in was "clearly a message." The clue, he said, was unmistakable: a pile of burned matches near the door.

According to *The American Lawyer,* there are now nearly 200 law firms working on more than 25 major tobacco cases, and Wigand could be an expert witness in all of them. His testimony has been sought for five ongoing investigations in the Justice Department. Wigand's lawyers announced in early February that he is countersuing B&W for invading his privacy, and he has charged that B&W abused the legal process by seeking to block his testimony. Like a Mob witness, Wigand has entered a shadowland of litigation. For investigators and lawyers, he has lost his former identity and is now referred to as "the client": "I am having dinner with the client." "The client has to be in New York for a meeting." There was recently a bomb threat at DuPont Manual.

There is no question that Wigand's presence in the middle of the tobacco wars is an accident, without grand design. "I just wanted to get the story out," he told Lowell Bergman after the *60 Minutes* segment aired. It is possible that his testimony could cause several former C.E.O.'s to be indicted for perjury, including Thomas Sandefur and Andrew Tisch. "I can't give you 25 reasons why I did it," he told me recently, but since Wigand appeared in the arena, there has been a revolution in tobacco history. Over St. Patrick's Day weekend, he was back in New York, far more sanguine than he had been in late January. That week Richard Scruggs had negotiated a remarkable settlement with the Liggett Group, which, in an unprecedented move, broke ranks with the other four U.S. tobacco giants and agreed to settle the states' claims and to accept proposed F.D.A. marketing regulations. The Liggett breakthrough was the inspiration of majority shareholder Bennett LeBow, a Wall Street buccaneer who, in alliance with corporate raider Carl Icahn, is hoping to take over RJR Nabisco. Liggett's settlement created a selling frenzy on Wall Street, and Philip Morris's stock plunged 16 percent in five days. Big Tobacco was suddenly like South Africa in the 1980s, as the giant structure started to crack. In March three more whistle-blowers came forward—former employees of Philip Morris. Shortly before Scruggs began negotiating with LeBow's lawyers, Ian Uydess, a scientist, was in Washington at the F.D.A. alleging in a 24-page affidavit that Ph Morris had routinely adjusted nicot levels. Meanwhile, *The Courier-Jour* reported that of the seven top executi who testified before Congress in 1994 t nicotine was nonaddictive, only one mains in place. Recently, Governor K Fordice of Mississippi has gone to cour try to stop his own attorney general, chael Moore, from pursuing anti-toba litigation, implying he was opportunisti captive of plaintiffs' lawyers.

While Scruggs was fielding calls ab the Liggett settlement, Wigand learn that the drawers in his home office h been jimmied open and his 1993 di had vanished. Wigand was in New Y to meet with Scruggs and Margolin to cuss an unusual tort suit—the intentio infliction of emotional harm—they considering filing against John Scanl and others involved in the B&W doss Scanlon, meanwhile, soldiered on B&W. "There will be a third act, and J Wigand will be unmasked," he told r Ellen Kaden remained angry; she co not see that she had set off a histo process by being concerned about tortio interference. In Washington, D.C., at end of March, a U.S. district juc seemed to override the Kentucky restra ing order by granting an emergency or allowing Wigand to testify before a fed al grand jury without briefing B&W fir

Wigand reached a point where nothi surprised him anymore, so he har reacted when he looked across the din room at the Essex House and noticed Uydess, the tall, balding new whistle-blow from Philip Morris, having breakfast. T two men nodded at each other—Uydess h once applied to Wigand for a job—but th avoided a direct conversation, perhaps order to prevent any suggestion of cons acy. Later, Uydess told me that he believ his own role was relatively minor, and th Wigand was the person "with real courag

"None of this would have happen without Jeff and Merrell Williams," Scrug told me. "In early November it looked li Big Tobacco had silenced the press. N who knows what will happen?" At H suhana, a smart Japanese restaurant midtown Manhattan, Scruggs toasted W gand. "You are an important man. I sal you." Wigand smiled, but his response w muted. I thought of a remark he had ma to me on a plane in January: "I wish could see the horizon." When we got New York that day, there was a drivi rain, with gales of wind. Wigand and I r through the parking lot to a car. He w suddenly released, laughing convulsive "Maybe this is a sign," he told me. □

Helen Hunt

Continued from page 168) against his better judgment, sticks with his gung-ho partner.

"I keep reading these articles, and everyone, from Arnold Schwarzenegger to my mom, is doing an action movie and saying, 'But this one's really about characters,'" Hunt says, eyes rolling. "But, having said that, I think this movie has much more character development than any other action movie I've seen or heard about. They really wrote a woman's part—in a big, huge, fat action movie—that's complicated."

Come to think of it, Bullock was no simpering ninny in *Speed;* De Bont, improbably for a former disciple of *Showgirls* director Paul Verhoeven, is emerging as a champion of women. "I had to fight with the studio to get Sandra, and I had to do the same for Helen," he says. "I like strong women, and I like to work with actors who don't feel like they have to be the same person in every movie."

Hunt fulfills the order—and does it with passion. As the "Hers"-column episode suggests, she is interested primarily in stories where, as the *Times Magazine* might put it, gender is the fulcrum. "I have a 17-year-old cousin I'm very close to," she offers, "and I'm gonna give the speech at graduation. An all-girls school—I like that it's all women. Somehow the fact that it's women makes me feel like I've walked in those shoes, so maybe there's something I can say that's inspiring or comforting or confusing or something."

Over and over again, she brings up her desire to tell women's stories. Example: last year, by virtue of her immense popularity on *Mad About You,* Hunt was offered several book deals, among them one of those face-on-the-cover jobs that get synopsized in the best-seller charts as "Anecdotes, observations, and meditations from the television actor." Given the current book market, taking on such a project can be as lucrative as getting a movie lead: Reiser's first book, *Couplehood,* was a No. 1 best-seller in both hardcover and paperback, and the rights to his second book, about his new parenthood, recently fetched a reported $5 million advance from William Morrow. Hunt asked one of the editors she met if, in the event she consented to do a book, she could do something different, maybe 15 essays about her experiences as a woman. Like 15 "Hers" columns? "I can tell you for sure it wouldn't have to do with

Credits

Fashion

Page 12: Styled by Jonathan Skow. **Helen Hunt's** shirt by Paul Smith, from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.; jacket by Ralph Lauren Collection Classics, from Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; jeans by American Rag Cie, from American Rag Cie, L.A.; vintage socks from Re-Mix, L.A.; shoes by Robert Clergerie, from Robert Clergerie, N.Y.C

Page 22: For **Nick Bravin's** and **Mark Henry's** Adidas sneakers, call 800-448-1796. **Sheila Hudson's** Reebok sneakers from stores nationwide. For **Michael Johnson's** Nike sneakers, call 800-344-NIKE

Page 115: Daphne Rubin-Vega's Vivienne Westwood top from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Dolce & Gabbana pants from Louis, Boston, Boston. **Adam Pascal's** Costume Homme shirt from Charivari, N.Y.C.; Alberto Biani pants from Traffic, L.A. Garth Condit for Visages Style

Page 118: Bottom, styled by Lee Moore for Visages Style; shirt, tie, suit, and shoes by Polo by Ralph Lauren, from Polo Ralph Lauren, Beverly Hills.

Page 121: Top, styled by Lisa von Weise for Marek; suit and tie by Matsuda, from Matsuda, N.Y.C.; shirt by A.P.C., from A.P.C., N.Y.C

Page 150: Jackie Joyner-Kersee's sneakers by Nike; call 800-344-NIKE

Page 166: Helen Hunt's Trina Turk jacket from Ron Herman/Fred Segal, L.A.; Paul Smith Spectacles glasses from Oliver Peoples, L.A

Page 167: Ralph Lauren Collection Classics clothing from Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; Robert Clergerie shoes from Robert Clergerie, N.Y.C

Page 169: American Rag Cie bathing suit from American Rag Cie, L.A.; Jil Sander coat from Jil Sander, Chicago

Pages 182–83: Naomi Campbell's Gianfranco Ferrè for Christian Dior Haute Couture suit by special order from Christian Dior, Paris. **Charlton Cannon's** Charvet shirt from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.

Page 185: Top, Karl Lagerfeld for Chanel Haute Couture dress by special order from Chanel, Paris. Bottom, Vivienne Westwood shirt and greatcoat from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. **Gianfranco Ferrè's** Hermès scarf from Hermès boutiques nationwide.

Page 187: Valentino Couture chemise by special order from Valentino, Paris and Rome.

Page 188: Emanuel Ungaro Haute Couture evening dress and wedding gown, both by special order from the House of Ungaro, Paris; Manolo Blahnik mules from Manolo Blahnik, N.Y.C.; Cerruti tuxedo from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

Page 189: Shalom Harlow's and **Amber Valletta's** Gianni Versace suits from Gianni Versace Boutiques nationwide; Charvet shirts from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C

Page 190: Gianfranco Ferrè for Christian Dior Haute Couture dress by special order from Christian Dior, Paris; Chanel Haute Couture gloves by special order from Chanel, Paris.

Page 191: John Galliano for Givenchy Haute Couture dress by special order from the House of Givenchy, Paris

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Richard Keo for Art & Commerce; Gucci Westman for Visages Style

Page 12: See credits for pages 166–69.

Page 22: Bottom, see credits for cover.

Page 115: Daphne Rubin-Vega's hair styled with Matrix Vavoom Pomousse. All makeup from Shiseido. On her eyes, Shadow Liner in Black Variations; on her lips, Advanced Performance Lipstick in Fiery. **Adam Pascal** groomed with products from Matrix. Linda Daniele for the Louis Licari Color Group; Jeorge Serio for Jed Root, Inc.

Page 118: Bottom, grooming by Ulli Schoeber for Célestine.

Page 121: Top, grooming by Kate Best for Trilise.

Page 125: Hair and makeup by Richard Keo for Art & Commerce.

Page 157: Hair and makeup by Jo Strettell for Visages Style

Pages 166–69: Helen Hunt's hair styled with Aveda Confixor. All makeup from Estée Lauder. On her eyes, Compact Disc Eyeshadow in Coral 1 and Coral 5; on her lips, Double Gloss in Wet Wet Roses. Darrell Redleaf-Fielder for Cloutier; Denise Markey for the Stephen Knoll Salon

Pages 183–91: Naomi Campbell's hair styled with Paul Mitchell Foaming Pommade. All makeup from Elizabeth Arden. On her eyes, Eyecolor Naturals in Silversmoke/Currant; on her lips, Luxury Lipstick in Spiceberry. Odile Gilbert and Sylvain Lehen for Marie-France; Tracey Gray for Calliste.

Page 189: Shalom Harlow's and **Amber Valletta's** hair styled with Paul Mitchell Super Clean Sculpting Gel. All makeup from Elizabeth Arden. On their eyes, Eyecolor Naturals Duo in Bare/Fawn; on their lips, Luxury Lipstick in Café Red.

Photographs and Miscellany

Page 14: From Black Star.

Page 58: Large photograph from Hulton Deutsch; top inset from Brown Brothers; bottom right, from NYT Pictures.

Page 60: Both from Hulton Deutsch.

Page 62: Right, from U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann.

Pages 64 and 66: From Gamma-Liaison.

Page 94: From top to bottom, by Scheler/Stern/Black Star, from Archive Photos, by Arnal/Stills, Pat/Stills

Page 96: Left, from Popperfoto; right, from the CBS Photo Archive.

Page 98: Left, from *Life* magazine, © by Time Inc.; right, from Archive Photos/Potter Collection.

Page 100: From A.P./Wide World Photos.

Page 102: From U.P.I./Bettmann.

Page 106: From FPG International.

Page 108: From Archive Photos

Page 112: From Globe Photos.

Page 118: Top right, courtesy of the Estate of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Page 121: Bottom left, by Edward Reed and Scott Foster; right, by Claire Yaffa.

Page 194: Bottom, courtesy of *Vogue,* © 1972 by the Condé Nast Publications Inc.

Page 197: Insets, top, from NYT Pictures; bottom, from Archive Photos.

Page 201: From NYT Pictures.

Helen Hunt

me being an actress or famous, but more to do with the women who came before me, like my grandmother and her mother, and my 17-year-old cousin, and why Meryl Streep is called 'over 40' instead of 'an actress.'" (The editor was receptive, but Hunt has decided to postpone the literary career.)

At 32, Hunt is representative of a generation of moderately famous actors who have been in the business for at least half their lifetimes, registering success in steady dividends rather than mammoth payoffs. Tim Robbins, Eric Stoltz, Anthony Edwards, Mare Winningham, Helen Slater: they're neither besieged superstars nor used-up John Hughes refugees. "I'm a slow-and-steady-wins-the-race sort of person," Hunt says, "and I get nervous when anything moves too quickly."

"People don't realize that Helen's the hardest-working gal in showbiz," says Stoltz, who first teamed up with Hunt in 1989, in a Lincoln Center production of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town,* and has since made guest appearances on *Mad About You.* "She's been working nonstop since she was a kid, and kept her head above the madness."

Indeed, given Hunt's curriculum vitae, her unshakable sanity practically warrants inclusion in *Ripley's.* Her father, Gordon Hunt, is a director and acting coach whose work kept the family toggling back and forth between the East and West Coasts throughout Helen's childhood. She began acting professionally at age nine, first playing the she-towhead in things like *Swiss Family Robinson* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* (in the latter she was Murray's daughter), then moving on to movie-of-the-week piffle ("I was a princess from outer space once [in a 1976 episode of *The Bionic Woman*]. I had these square-toed silver boots and a little lamé outfit, and I gave this deep, like, *Sophie's Choice* monologue about my people back home"), then spending a lonely late-teens sojourn in New York taking dance lessons, then returning to L.A. for further adventures on the soundstages, then back to New York in her early 20s, then back to L.A. yet again. She could easily be an awful, jaded, seen-it-all showbiz casualty in thrall to firearms, rhinoplasty, and Lady Blow. Why isn't she?

"She's always had this remarkable sense of balance," says her father. "She had a savvy about her as a teen that you would equate with that of someone in the business 20 years," says Anthony Edwards, who first met Hunt in 1981, when they were cast as brother and sister in a failed sitcom called *It Takes Two.* "I remember meeting her and thinking, She looks like she's 17, but she's going to take care of me."

Indeed, talking to her actor friends, you get the sense that Hunt is the rock of her group, the stalwart who keeps it all together, socially and mentally, for everyone else. Edwards says their Thanksgiving tradition arose 14 years ago when his parents had just divorced and she thought to invite him along to her friends' house in Connecticut. Slater, Hunt's best friend, tells of meeting her husband at an improv class to which Hunt had dragged her, and of going once a year with Hunt to Hawaii, where, *sans* their men, they "live like nuns, not talking to each other all day, just reading books and meditating." Stoltz is positively rapturous as he recalls the moment Hunt first cast her spell on him. He'd known her fleetingly, having been Edwards's college roommate at the time of *It Takes Two.* One night, "as I was driving home on the freeway she pulled up next to me, and we locked eyes and drove side by side and flirted for quite some time. For some reason, that moment always stayed with me—it sounds ridiculous, but some strange, hopeful connection happened that day."

Hunt has kept her head about her, it seems, by being a PBS-tote-bag kind of girl, immersed in literature, high culture, and worthy causes. Her house, in the unglamorous Valley, is the occasional converging site for a group of actors—Azaria, Slater, and *Mad About You*'s John Pankow among them—who devote their Sunday nights to the most earnest of exercises in actorly betterment, the informal Shakespeare workshop, wherein plays are spiritedly read aloud and BBC videotap of the Royal Shakespeare Company a dutifully scrutinized. Her musical tas run to opera, James Taylor, Joan C borne, and "the earlier, totally earth crunchy" Joni Mitchell. Her nightsta is stacked high with chunky, interesti books that, because she can talk the ta you can tell she's actually read: Walla Stegner's *Angle of Repose,* Gabriel Garc Márquez's *One Hundred Years of So tude,* Anne Lamott's *Operating Instru tions.* "There's a whole group of Nort ern California writers—Annie Lamo Armistead Maupin, Ethan Canin—who love," she says. "They all mention ea other in their books. I just want to fly t there and go 'Can I be in your club?'"

But before you assign her too ma Berkeley-Berkshire correctness points, b fore you get her completely stuffed in that tote bag, she pre-empts any presum tions of sanctimony with that same e dearing wryness she's assigned Jam O.K., she's pulling for Clinton this yea she's all for Ted Danson's save-the-ocea campaign, so what does she think of Joa Didion's line from *The White Album* abo liberal Hollywood's being "a dictatorsh of good intentions . . . devoid of irony"?

"'Devoid of irony'? Jesus, she's brutal! [Expansive laugh.] All right, we all just go . . . fuck ourselves!"

This talent for nimble self-effaceme has helped turn her into a relaxed, con dent actress with a particular gift for n ance. There's a wonderful offhandedne to the way Jamie Buchman bustles ha dressed through her apartment as sh prepares for work, countervailing h husband's assertion that khakis are th same thing as chinos by muttering, "Myt myth, myth: one is a color, one is style"—all the while never bothering break her stride, or even lift up h head. She's so real you can touch he Even Reiser gets caught up in the cogn tive confusion. "We have that shorthan way of speaking that real married co ples have," he says. "Some days we'll t between scenes in rehearsal and I'll sa 'Can I get you a cup of coffee, honey er, uh, I mean, *Helen?*'"

With Hunt, this kind of confusion quite easy to understand. □

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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

AURUS *April 20–May 20*

Why not leave a nice note on the refrigerator and a message on the boss's nswering machine and take off for parts unknown? With Saturn about enter your 12th house, such an escape must sound positively peachy. erhaps you could find a cute hideaway in Bristol or a house on the bay Sausalito, where you could knit toaster cozies to your heart's content nd sip your white wine with nobody the wiser. Even though working rough a problem is a more mature solution, with all the insane things oing on right over your head, maybe you should get out. If you can.

EMINI *May 21–June 21*

you were sitting on a throne right now, you'd probably be tearing off our crown and ermine robe and getting ready to cut out of the castle. ot that you're about to become a wild-eyed rebel, but with Saturn in our 11th house, moving toward the moon's south node (they'll meet next inter), you may feel rage not only toward the repressive, hypocritical straight world" but also toward certain associations or groups that once urtured you. Because you avoid confrontations, you'll probably hang on uch longer than you should. And all this in an election year!

ANCER *June 22–July 22*

Whether you're a beefy, redneck politico or a little lavender-and-lace old dy who just wants everybody to get along over major holidays, you ill now find yourself smack-dab in the middle of a mad game of Get he Leader—the leader being any authority figure around, including yourelf. If it weren't for the moon's node in your 10th house, you could ind true happiness this spring and summer sweating over a barbecue nd strutting around in your DON'T MIND ME—I'M JUST THE COOK apron. ut you can't seem to tear yourself away from politics. Beware.

EO *July 23–August 22*

Your field of vision could expand a thousandfold now as Saturn begins ts transit of your 9th house. This is the moment to reduce any gaps that nay exist between what you preach and what you practice. Be on the ookout for small-minded bigots, because with Pluto in Sagittarius they're ound to be everywhere. Enlightened Leos (including you) can rise above he racial/religious nonsense one finds on TV and in the newspapers these lays. According to your worldview, all people on the face of the earth hould love you, no matter where they hail from.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

Because the north node is transiting your 2nd house, this would be a great period for you to remain loyal, monogamous, and clear in your role s principal (maybe only) breadwinner, and to play the prosperous nerd. And if it weren't for the dratted 8th house, maybe you could do all that. nstead you'll be tempted to waste your days trying to get other people o pick up the tab, figuring out how to live forever, or desperately atempting to recapture sexual confidence, none of which is really possible t this time. But, hey, far be it from any astrologer to spoil your fun.

IBRA *September 23–October 23*

When are relationships easy? Almost never. In their infancy, of course, efore the whole truth is out, relationships are always wonderful. During he various stages of their evolution, relationships pass through harmonious moments and tranquil periods. Right now, though, as Chiron transits your sign with the moon's north node, you're faced with challenges hat could make any Libra bite right through a bullet. Will an honest ook at the whole truth strengthen the bond or wreck it? Do you hang n there? Or do you get out while you've still got your teeth?

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

Creative work has always been the one solid, blessed retreat from a world Scorpios often find hard to cope with. If work loses its kick with the south node in your 6th house, do what you can to jump-start it. Health is an issue, too. Normally when you come down with something, you shut yourself up in your lair, do your exorcist thing, and come out looking like a million bucks. Try a new trick, such as a pursuit that will produce long-term vitality. This is not a hint for you to live on sheep yogurt and move to Siberia. Although, extremist that you are . . .

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

Any old time is a darned good time to fall in love or have a baby, especially if you come from a loving home and have had some decent therapy (a very big if these days). When Saturn and the south node are both transiting your 5th house, however, no matter how mature and together you think you are, you rarely expect or are quite ready to accept the price demanded of you as a lover or a parent. If anyone can turn a bad situation into a good one, it's a Sadge. Raising your capacity for pain could be both helpful *and* fun.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

Don't feel guilty about fear of abandonment, outrage over lack of parental support, or confusion over how far family loyalties should be allowed to interfere with your life, because these feelings are in total harmony with the cosmic flow right now. With the moon's node at your midheaven until next year, the baby may be yowling with an earache, your father coughing his last cough, and the landlord screaming for your eviction, but the show must go on, and so must you. It can be invigorating to learn you're not as grown up as you thought you were.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

Although nobody ought to tell you what you should or shouldn't do (not that you'd listen, anyway), you really should carry yourself with the dignity befitting a person having Jupiter in the 12th house and Uranus near the sun. Hold fast to the principles of high consciousness (if you must seek the help of a minister or a phrenologist, that's your business). Don't be too shook up over sibling problems or get distracted by the cheap talk of the gossips next door. Put yourself in a lovingly wise and, if possible, silent state now. It's likely nobody will understand you, anyway.

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

The word "Pisces" should evoke images of fluffy-winged angels and strawberry Jell-O heaped with Reddi-wip. Members of your sign are supposed to spend their days memorizing hymns for their gig in heaven's choir. They should always be acting and looking as sweet and deliciously naughty as a dessert about to slide into a hungry, self-indulgent mouth. With the moon's south node dancing around your 2nd house, however, all you see is money, money, money! Who is that beggar out in the street? Is it you, or just your fear of what you could become?

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

Considering the hardship and embarrassment you've endured, you should be crowned with laurel leaves and carried through the streets, not rejected, passed over, or ignored. Human nature being what it is, though, people tend to detach and pull away and wait for you to sink, even if they don't write you off. With Saturn and the south node in your sign, you've got to fight to regain respect. In the process, don't get so angry that even your most loyal followers eventually get fed up and leave you, which won't do much for an already smarting ego—yours, that is.

Social Study

NBC's answer to Jim McKay (without the yellow jacket), Bob Costas is the most beloved sports broadcaster of his generation. This month he takes a swing at *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire

Bob Costas



What is your idea of perfect happiness?
The springtime warble of the birds through a breezy window, a refreshing quaff of pilsner, and all the time I need to review Larry King's Monday column.

What is your current state of mind?
Bemused.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Here's the two-two pitch . . . "

What is your favorite occupation?
Baseball announcer. On the radio. In the 50s.

What is your greatest fear?
Marge Schott in a lime teddy.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Absurdly high phone bills.

What is your favorite journey?
Over the Brooklyn Bridge to Patsy's Pizza on Old Fulton Street.

When and where were you happiest?
A long-ago midnight in Vegas, the dice in my hand and Lola Falana on my arm.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Height.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
The maze of tattoos crisscrossing my torso—what *could* I have been thinking?

Which talent would you most like to have?
I've always wished I could tap-dance.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
I could probably stand to be a bit more punctual.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
Well, we're all hoping Aunt Gertrude is out of the pen by Christmas.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
A red-eye flight next to a guy who is incensed his alma mater didn't get an N.C.A.A. bid.

On what occasion do you lie?
When a moody drifter asks me for directions.

What do you most value in your friends?
Perspective.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Alfalfa.

What are your favorite names?
Liberace and ♀.

What is it that you most dislike?
Being misquoted or misrepresented.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
That some of what I've done has earned the appreciation of reasonable people.

How would you like to die?
On a day when no really famous or accomplished people died.

What is your motto?
Actually I have two: "Look before you leap" and "He who hesitates is lost."

Will your heart pound any less because it's safe?

Will your goose bumps care that it's practical?



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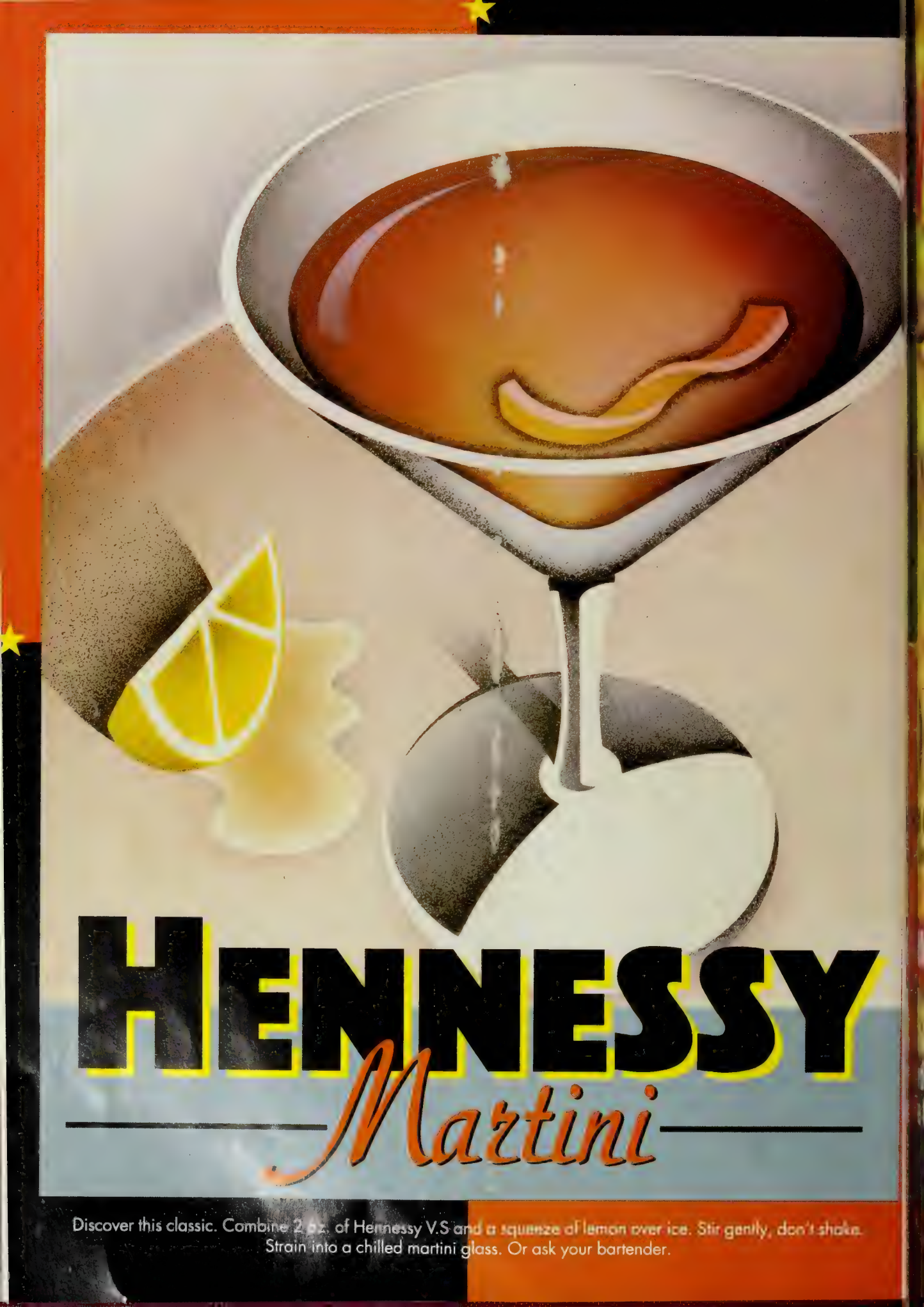


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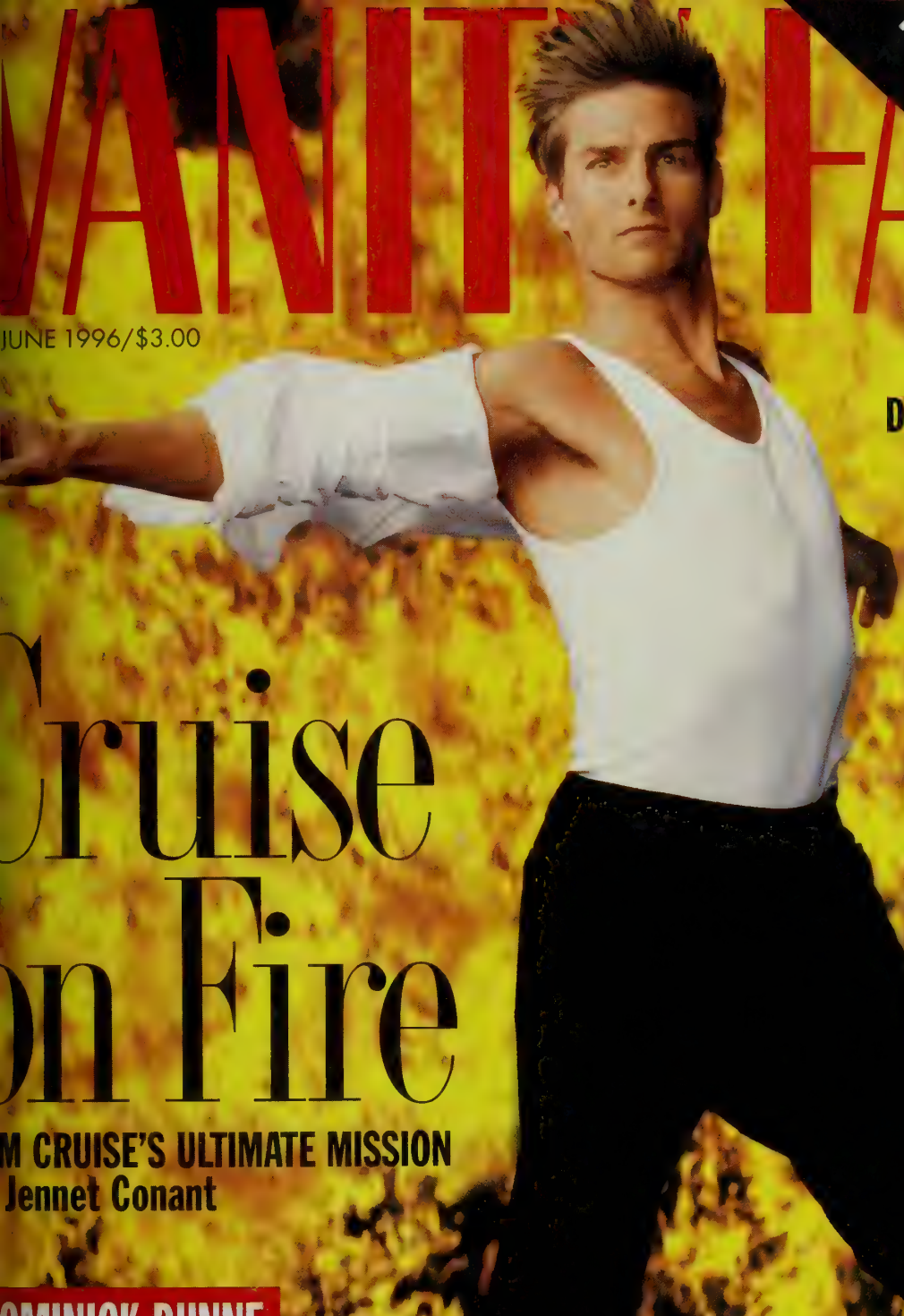
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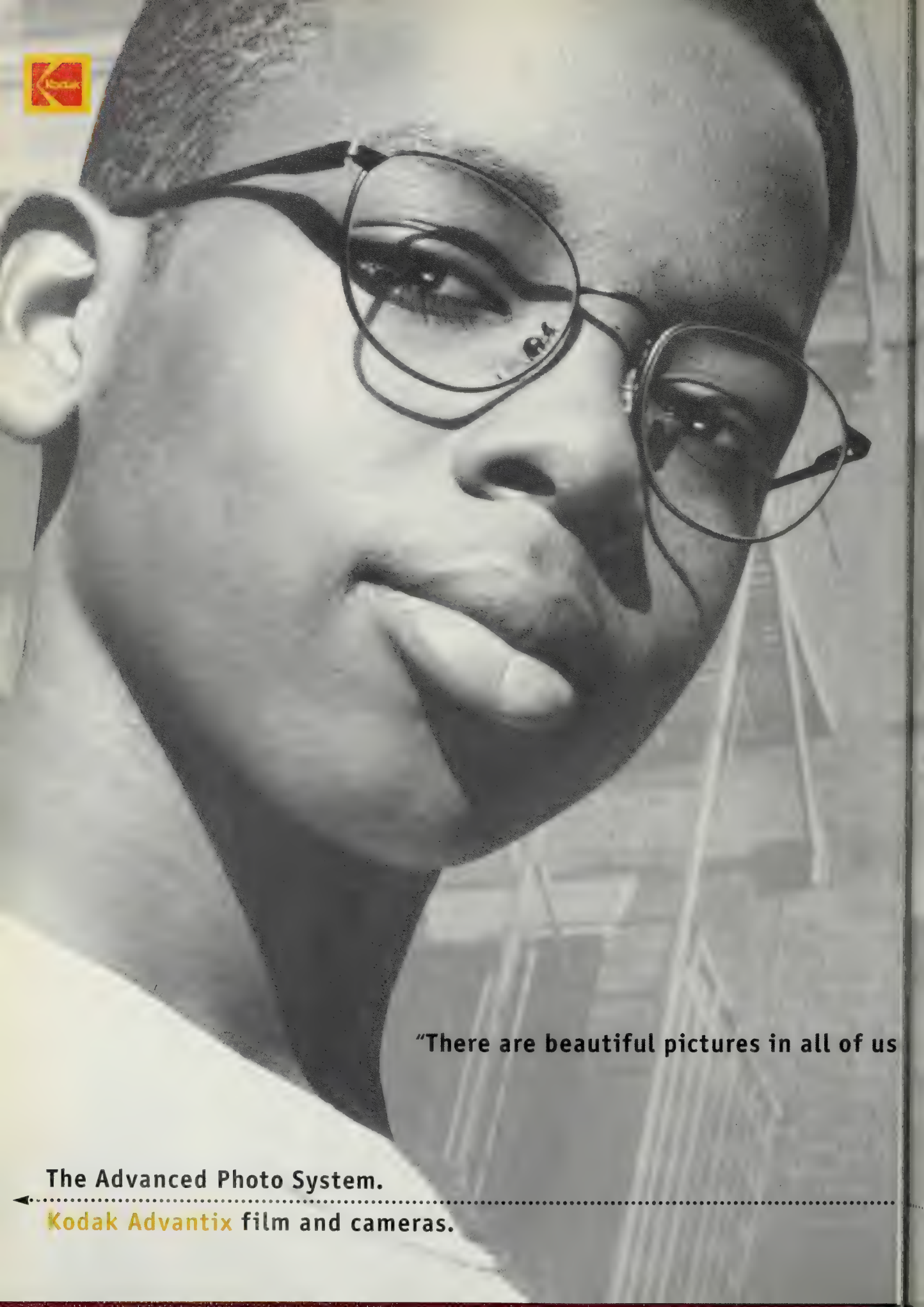
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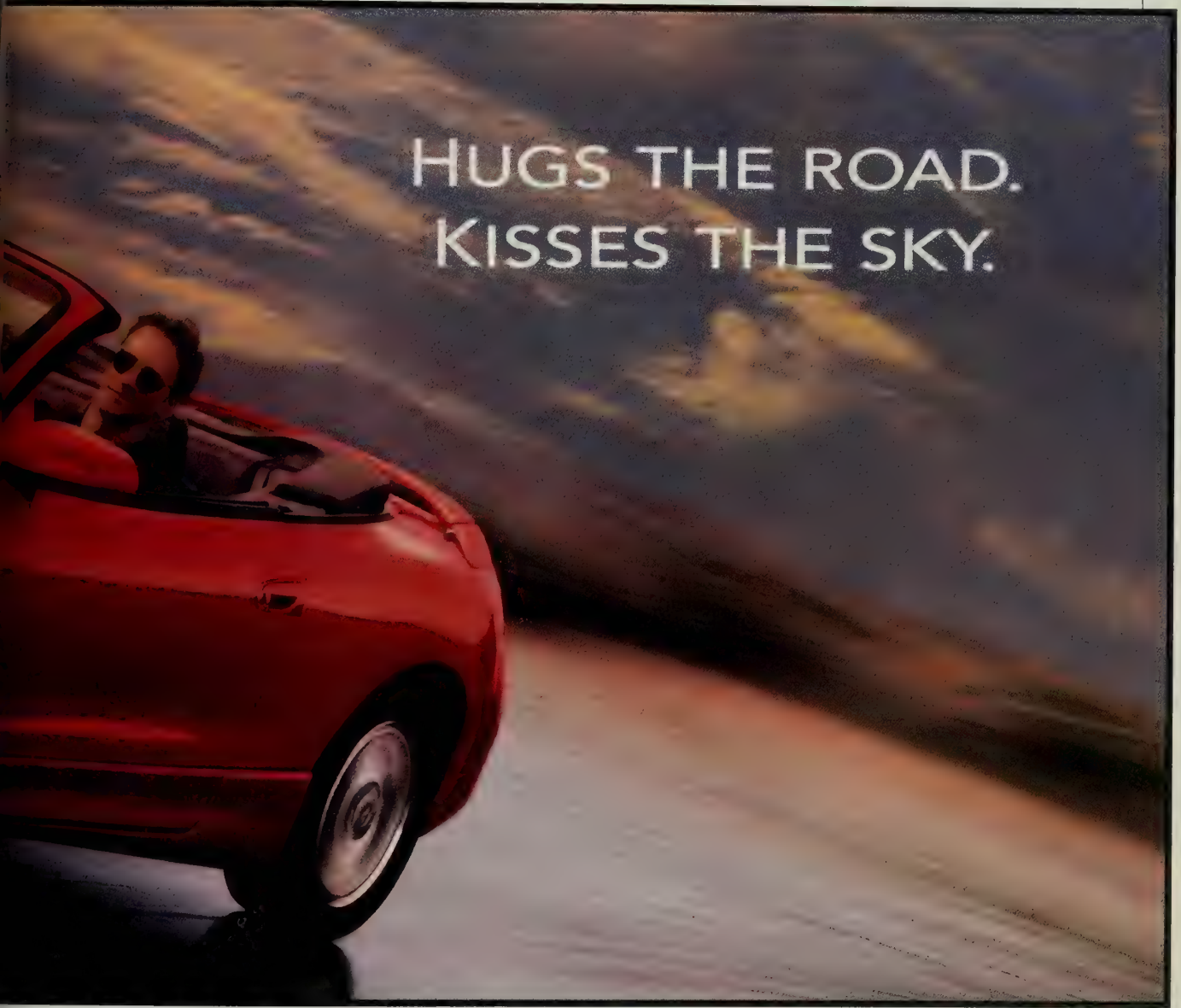


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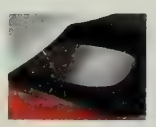




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Editor's Letter

Air Vanity Fair



Of *Vanity Fair*'s four-dozen-odd contributors, writers, and photographers, five are based in Los Angeles, nine in Washington, D.C., one in Philadelphia, four in London, one in Monaco, one in Florence, and two in Paris. The rest all live in New York. And remarkably—and this is good news for the airline and hotel industries—it seems that every story we do involves travel to a city other than the ones in which the writer and photographer live. With the exception of editors, who sit around the office all day watching their hair fall out and talking to friends on the telephone, travel is very much a part of the job here at *Vanity Fair*—and frequent-flier miles in the six digits are a corollary occupational hazard.

This month is a fitting example. David Margolick, who recently left *The New York Times,* where he had been a star reporter for 12 years, to come to *Vanity Fair* as a contributing editor, spent a month in Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, and the Golan Heights for his compelling profile of Benjamin Netanyahu, the hawkish challenger to Israeli prime minister Shimon Peres. Harry Benson flew into the mine-filled "Confrontational Zone" near Tuzla for his photo-essay on the U.S. peacekeeping troops in Bosnia. Bob Colacello went to Paris to interview renegade Saudi divorcée Mouna Al-Rashid. Gail Sheehy interviewed doctors in Florida, California, Washington, D.C., and New York to find out just how far the human life span can be stretched. Pascal Chevallier traveled to Stockholm for his dazzling photographs of Ingmar Bergman's new production of Molière's *The Misanthrope.* And Jacob Weisberg hopped on the New York–Washington shuttle for his profile of Hillary Clinton's controversial chum Susan Thomases.

Jennet Conant and Annie Leibovitz both went to Los Angeles to provide word and image for the cover story on Tom Cruise. And Dominick Dunne went back to Los Angeles for five weeks to witness the final days of the Menendez murder trial—a case he has covered for *V.F.* for six years.

All told, more than 75,000 miles were logged in the preparation of this issue. And that doesn't count the messenger sent across town to fetch the manuscript of Peter Duchin's new memoir, which is excerpted on page 158.

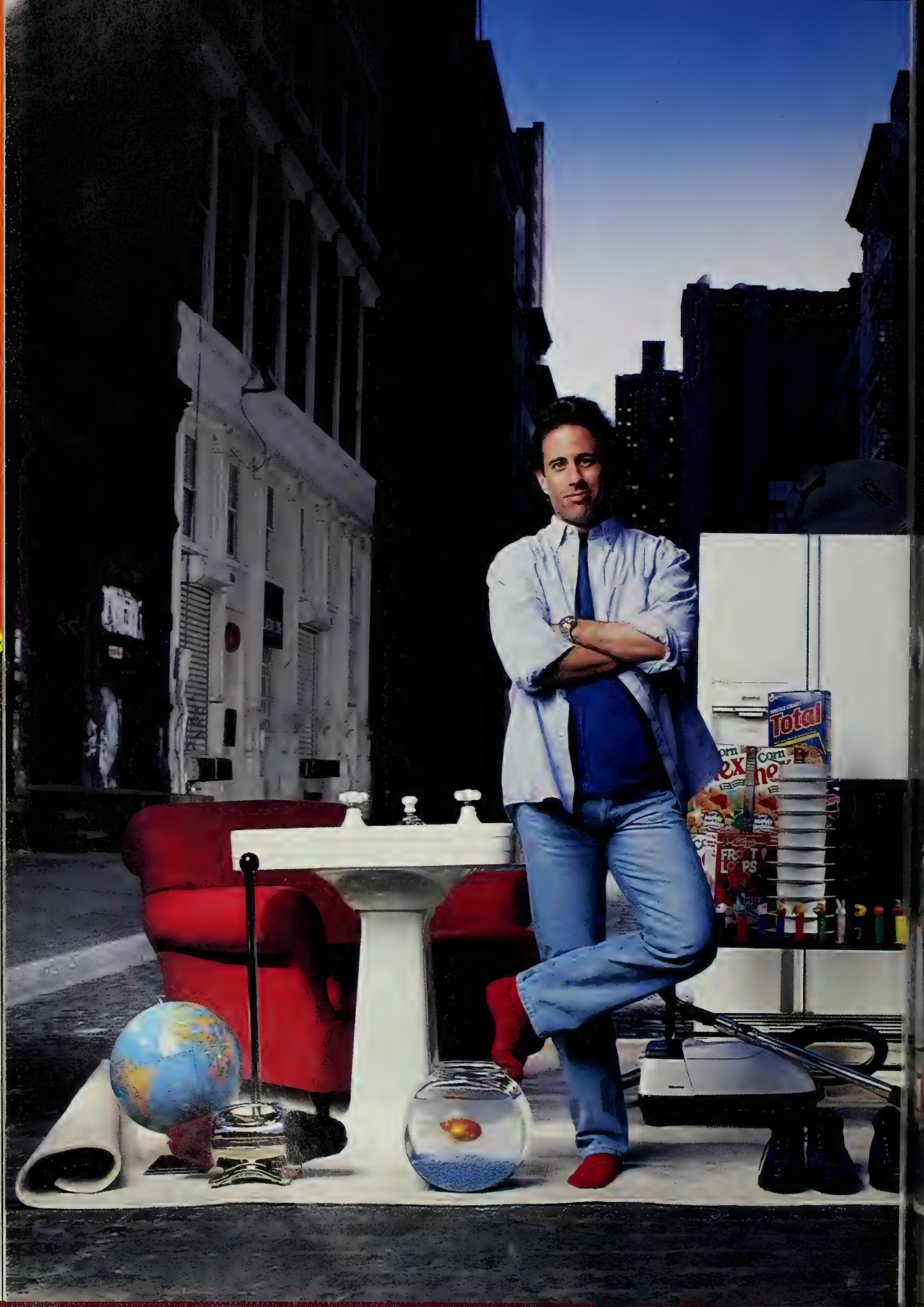


Cover *Cruising Altitude*



Tom Cruise throws caution to the wind, *above,* wearing a suit by Helmut Lang, shirt by Polo by Ralph Lauren, gloves by Giorgio Armani, and shoes by Prada. On the cover, the red-hot superstar sports shirt and pants by Polo by Ralph Lauren. Tank top by Polo by Ralph Lauren Gentleman's Underwear. Shoes by Prada. Grooming products from Clinique Skin Supplies for Men. Hair by Sally Hershberger. Grooming by Lucienne Zammit. Props styled by David Ross. Styled by Kim Meehan. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.


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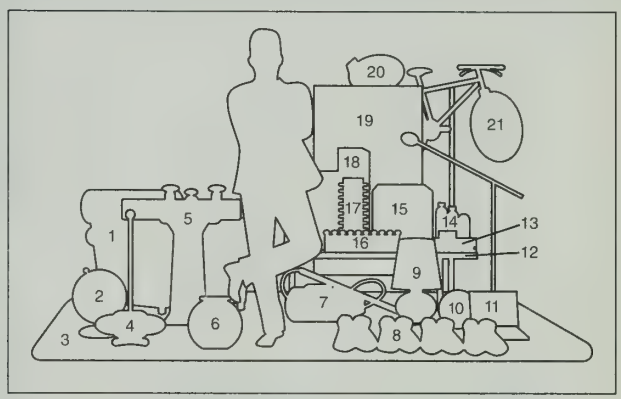


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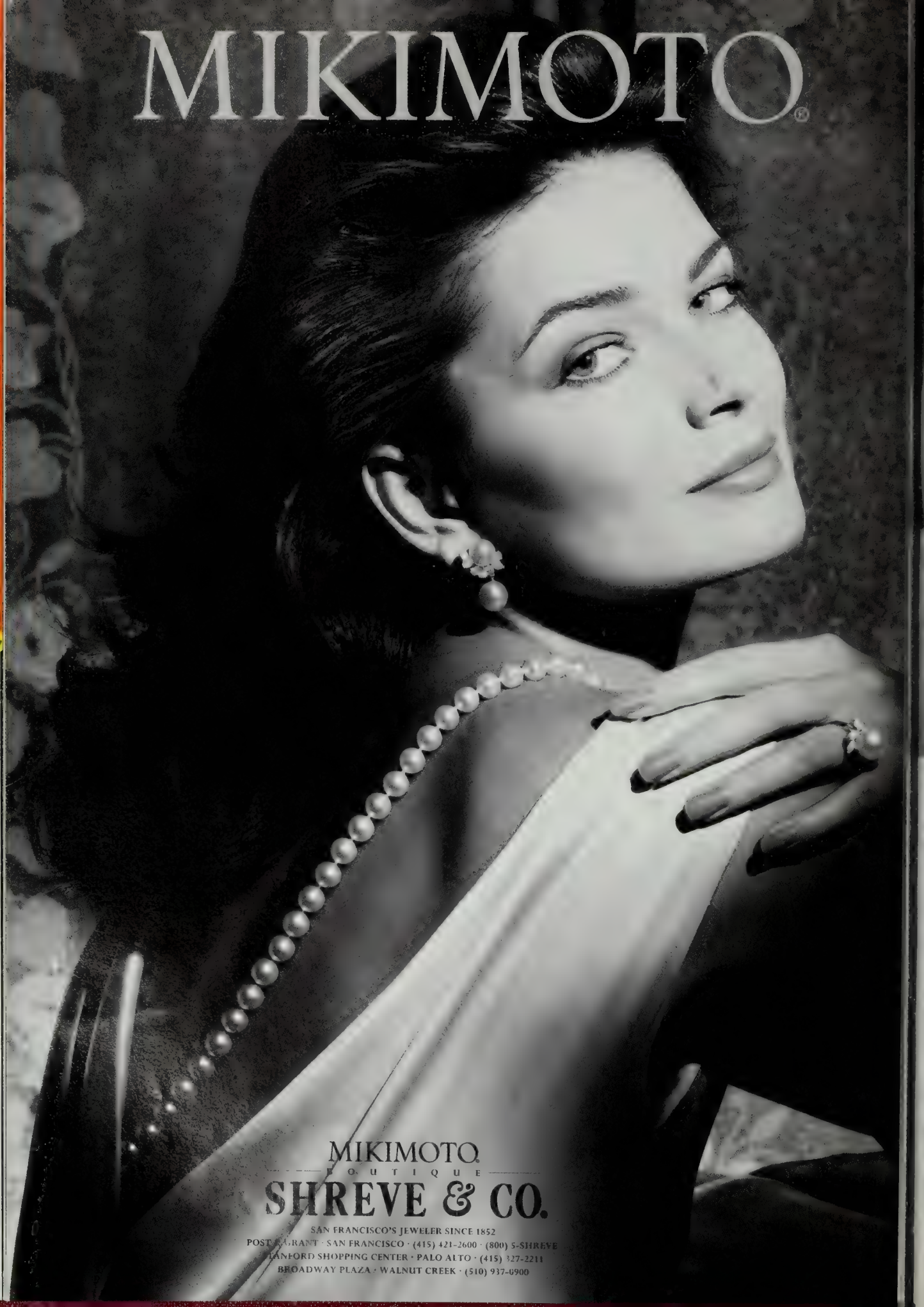
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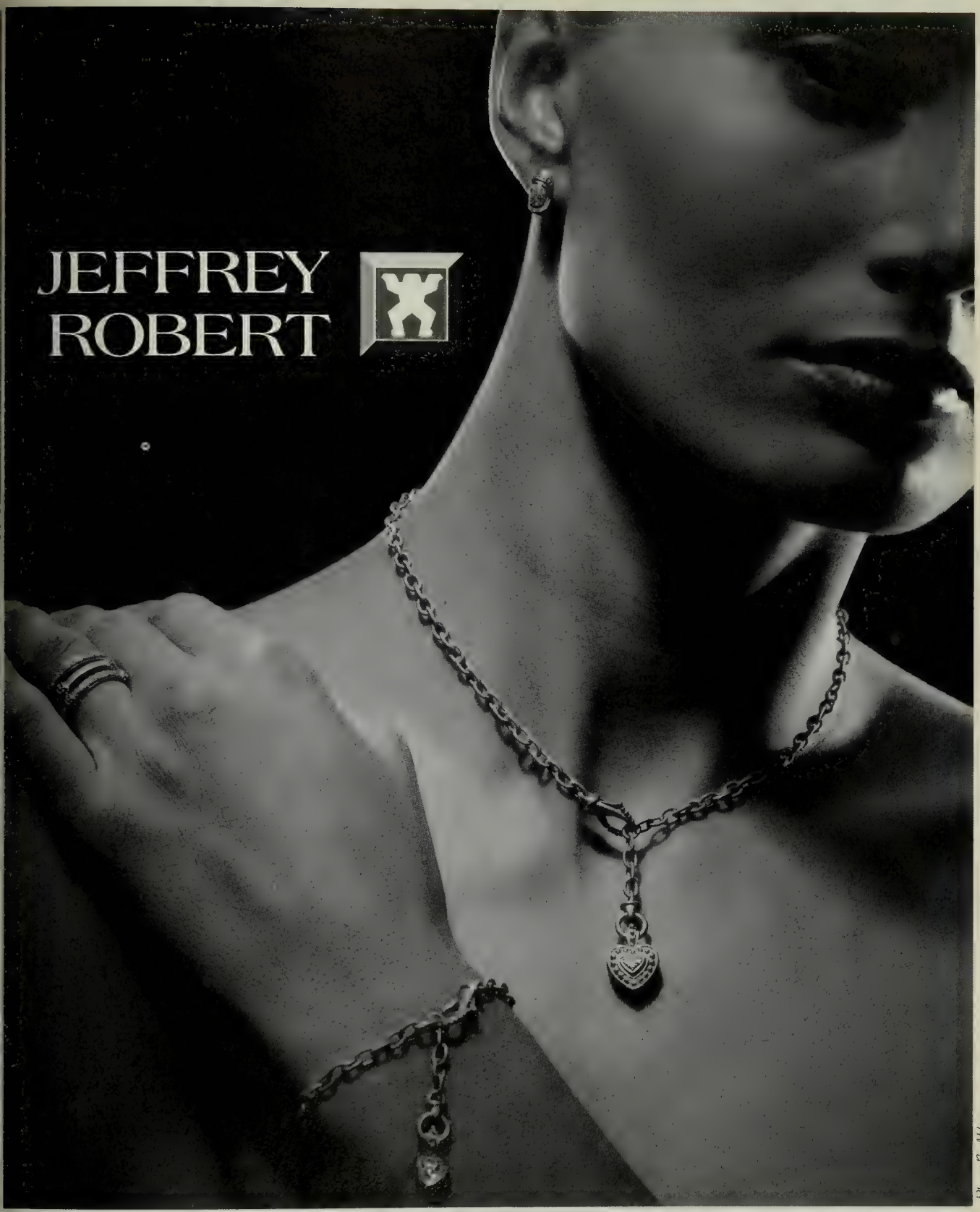


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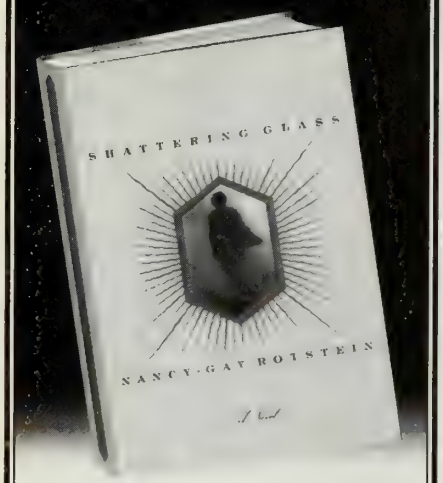
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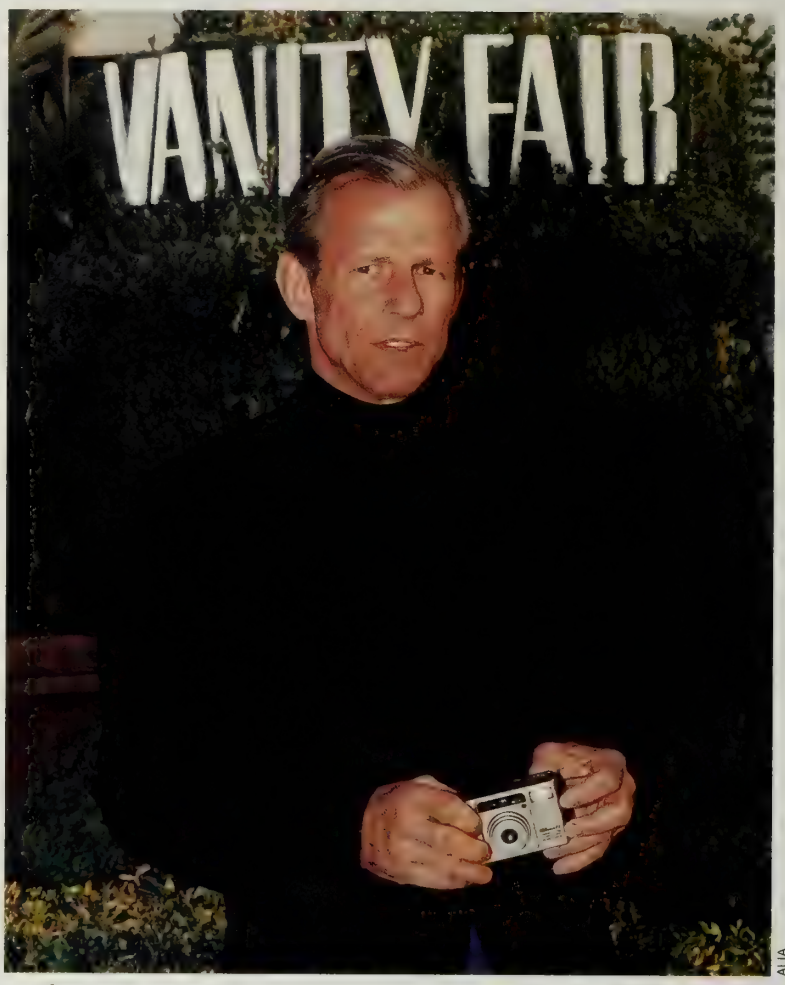
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ALIA

After capturing the 1996 Vanity Fair *Oscar party in Los Angeles, documented in pictures on page 114, photographer Peter Beard returned to Hog Ranch, his home in Langata, Kenya, to shoot Azzedine Alaïa's fall collection. His largest one-man show ever will open at the Centre National de la Photographie in Paris on November 6.*



RISKO

Contributing editor **Kim Masters** and **Nancy Griffin,** deputy editor at *Premiere,* are co-authors of *Hit and Run: How Jon Peters and Peter Guber Took Sony for a Ride in Hollywood,* due out from Simon & Schuster next month and excerpted in this issue.

Contributing editor **David Kamp** profiled actress Helen Hunt in last month's *Vanity Fair.*

Contributing editor Gail Sheehy's best-selling book New Passages: Mapping Your Life Across Time *(Random House) will be the subject of a two-hour prime-time television special set to air in late summer. On page 76, she continues her exploration into new territories of adulthood with a look at a scientific revolution in anti-aging that could push the baby-boomer life span to a century.*

(Continued on page 32)


TOMMY
HILFIGER





Picasso and

Left to right: Portraits of Marie-Thérèse Walter
Bust of a Girl, 1926. Musée Picasso, Paris • *Bather with Beach Ball*, 1932. The Museum of Modern Art •
Girl Before a Mirror, 1932. The Museum of Modern Art • *Portrait of a Young Woman*, 1936. Musée Picasso, Paris
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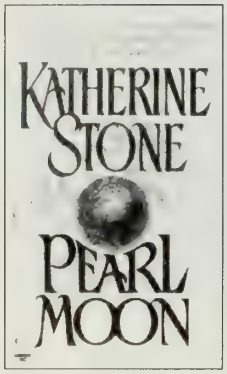
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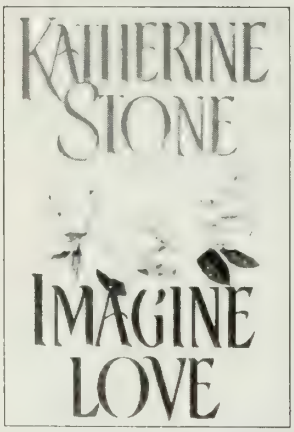
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(Continued from page 28)



JONATHAN DELANO

*"I have been to Desert Storm, Desert Shield, Haiti, Somalia, but those military exercises were like a holiday camp in comparison to Bosnia," says contributing photographer Harry Benson (*above, *with his assistant Jonathan Delano), whose photographs of the U.S. peacekeeping mission appear on page 121. "However, what struck me was that the morale was excellent, that the men and women knew why they were there."*

Contributing editor **Jennet Conant** says that her interview with Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman was "like old home week. We found ourselves catching up on our children and joking about how many times we've seen *The Lion King*."



KATHY AMERMAN

After 12 years covering legal affairs for The New York Times, *including such major stories as the O. J. Simpson and William Kennedy Smith trials, David Margolick has become* V.F.*'s newest contributing editor. On page 44, he reports on Benjamin Netanyahu, the man who would be Israel's next prime minister.*

World-renowned pianist and bandleader **Peter Duchin** and his orchestra have played every type of event from White House parties to a 50th-anniversary celebration at which the married couple were the only guests. Duchin's memoir, *Ghost of a Chance,* written with Charles Michener, is excerpted in this issue and will be published next month by Random House.

Jacob Weisberg is the national political columnist for *New York* magazine and a contributing editor to *The New Republic.* His book, *In Defense of Government,* has just been published by Scribner.

Special correspondent **Dominick Dunne** is working on a new novel, *Another City, Not My Own,* set in Los Angeles during the Simpson trial. The CBS mini-series based on his last novel, *A Season in Purgatory,* aired in May.

"It may seem Mouna Al-Rashid has come out of nowhere," says special correspondent **Bob Colacello** of the socially ambitious beauty who recently parted from her billionaire Saudi husband. "But she told me she spent all those years in Riyadh reading magazines like *Vogue* and *W,* memorizing the names and faces of everyone she wanted to meet."



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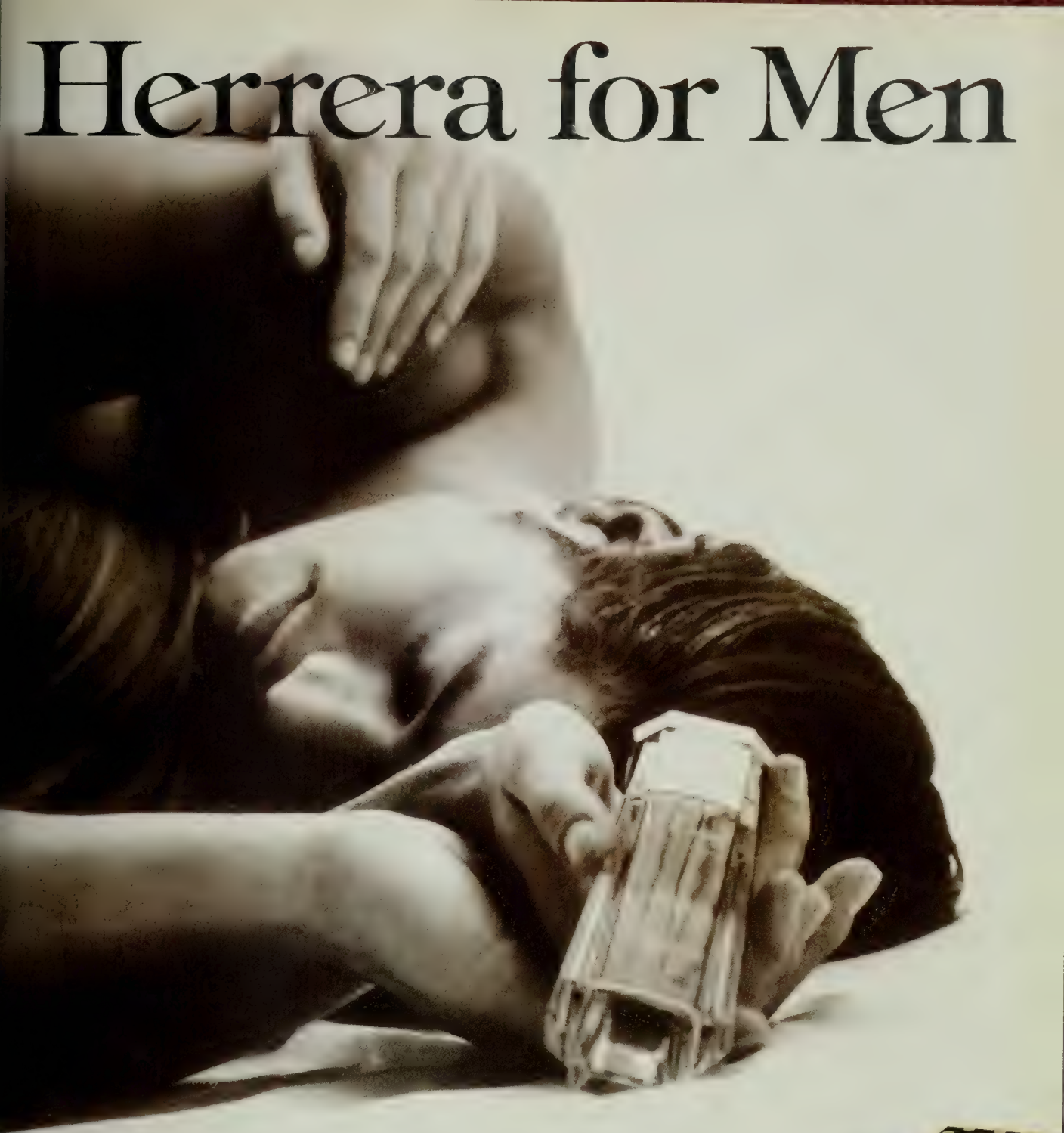
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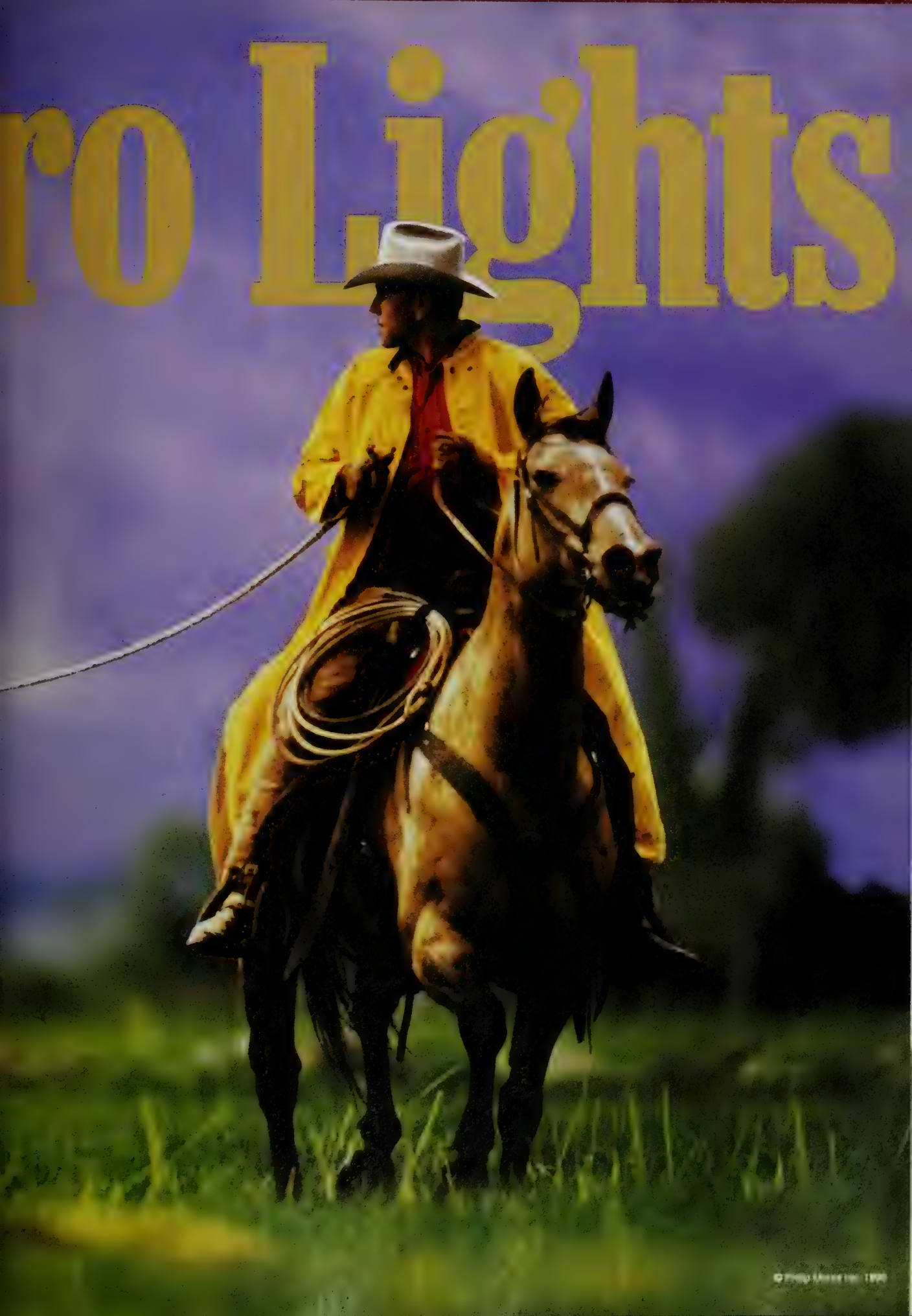
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Boulevardiers: The cover boys stop traffic on Sunset.

BOYS' TOWN

I would like to commend you on the cover of your April issue ["Hollywood '96: From Sundance to Sunset"], featuring some of the most promising actors of tomorrow. Kudos to you for recognizing the beautiful and amazing Benicio Del Toro before everyone else.

AMY WILSON
Dallas, Texas

The rising male stars on this year's Hollywood cover are confident, casual, and clothed. What a contrast to last year's cover, which featured the most powerful young women in Hollywood dressed for the auction block in high heels and a teaspoonful of lingerie.

AUBREY DUFFY
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Imagine my shock and disappointment when I saw that the men on the April cover were fully clothed! Based on last year's Hollywood issue, I expected . . . less.

KETRA OBERLANDER
Kansas City, Missouri

Do these young men have something to hide? Take it off, boys!

DEBORAH DALE
LEIGH ANN WATERFALL
Tucson, Arizona

Whew! Thank goodness Will Smith didn't fall off the edge of the three-panel cover of your homage to Hollywood! If your April issue is any sign of what African-American moviegoers have to look forward to in the movie industry, then we're in sad shape indeed.

BARBARA SAMUELS
Chicago, Illinois

The cover of your April issue is most indicative of the moral decadence to which this country has sunk. Any magazine that puts a bunch of thugs on its cover is nothing but garbage.

CELESTE A. AND J. E. SNEED JR.
Ozark, Alabama

How comforting to us mortals to discover that even Hollywood's hottest hunks can suffer a bad-hair day!

JACK VEDRA
Chicago, Illinois

One Man's Meat

A few things I went wild over in your stupendous second Hollywood issue: Photos of the denizens of Tinseltown—ranging from the hard-cash crisp (Mel Gibson, Angela Bassett) to the downright dreamy (Jodie Foster)—and recognition of new talent, especially that of Kevin Spacey. You saved the best for last with the reunited talent of Elaine May and Mike Nichols.

VICTORIA CUNHA
Chicago, Illinois

Firooz Zahedi's portrait of the cast of *To Kill a Mockingbird* brought tears to my eyes. Yes, Gregory Peck, you *were* good in that movie!

DEE JOELL
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

For a while, it seemed that only extinct dinosaurs ran Hollywood. Annie Leibovitz's photo of women directors shows that people in power are beginning to change.

MEAGHAN KIMBALL
Beverly Hills, California

Your picture of Antonio Banderas degraded the sultry, sensual, secretive quality that makes him so appealing. I would much rather look into his eyes and leave the rest to my imagination.

VERNA KALE
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

A friend of mine said that the word "Hollywood" appeared on the waistband of Antonio Banderas's swimsuit, but I confess I couldn't draw my eyes up that far. (Helmut Newton must have *very* steady hands!)

REBECCA HICKS
North Ridgeville, Ohio

After getting an eyeful of Antonio Banderas in your otherwise excellent portfolio, I thought to myself, Well, of course, what woman in her right mind *wouldn't*

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trash Don Johnson for a piece of that?

Me, that's who. One look at that overhung side of beef and I was ready to turn vegetarian on the spot.

PAT MYKETA
West St. Paul, Manitoba, Canada

The truly sexy centerfold was of the stylishly smart, fully dressed Kevin Spacey. He emanates more eroticism and sensuality with one bare hand (languidly draped over the edge of a table in Annie Leibovitz's exquisite photograph) than all those other, half-naked babes in toyland.

PAMELA W. MILLER
Los Angeles, California

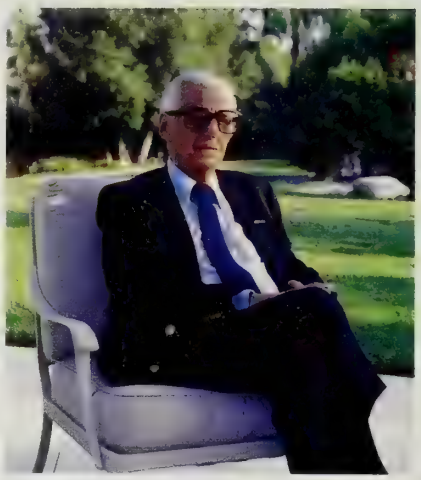
Your Hollywood issue painted a scary picture of a paranoid, small-town community ruled by cruelty, greed, and overindulgence. Surely, this couldn't have been your intention—or did I miss a double layer of irony here?

SANDRA HEERMA VAN VOSS
Cottingham, England

You know what I like about your magazine? Your very deft lifting up of the lotus leaves so one can see all the machinations going on in the Lotusland pond.

AMANDA DON
Tucson, Arizona

Frank Talk About Lew



Universal appeal: Lew Wasserman in the backyard of his Beverly Hills home.

The article about the Wassermans ["The Last Emperor," by Dominick Dunne, April] renewed my faith in marriage and mankind.

STUART ALTUS
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In the summer of 1970 I worked at a Universal Studios food pavilion. One evening at about 7:30 a water pipe burst. At 7:40 the fry cook and I called it quits; then two gentlemen ordered hot dogs. I explained that the booth was now closed.

At 8:30 the following morning my phone rang: I was fired. Why? Lew Wasserman had caught me closing the food stand before eight o'clock. Through sobs I tried to explain what had happened. I was put on hold; then my boss barked at me to get in right away. Without smile or comment he rehired me.

A couple of years ago a friend was having lunch with an acquaintance of hers at Universal and my name came up. Her friend's eyes lit up. "Is that the Susan Lehman that was fired by Lew Wasserman?" Thank you, Mr. Wasserman. Now, would you read my script?

SUSAN LEHMAN
Wayne, Pennsylvania

The Real McCall

Exceptionally funny writers who are also brilliantly gifted visual artists have never been in huge supply, so the relative anonymity of Bruce McCall ["Hollywood '37," April] is a baffling mystery. He is a true original.

DAVID ENGLISH
Somerville, Massachusetts

Sophisticated Lady

I was so thrilled to see a picture of "The Class of '27" ["Two Nights on the Town," by Ralph Barton and David Cowles] in the April edition. You see, I was a reader of *Vanity Fair* in the 20s—sophisticated teenager that I was! I've been so pleased to see the renaissance of *V.F.*, but this was an orgy of nostalgia!

EDNA PEARL
La Jolla, California

CORRECTION: Due to an error in transmission of final page proofs, the following material was not included in the American edition of "The Man Who Knew Too Much," by Marie Brenner, in the May issue: Jeffrey Wigand reportedly married when he was very young. If so, Linda was his second wife and Lucretia his third.

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: The Editor, *Vanity Fair*, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Address electronic mail to vfmail@vf.com. The letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.



PHOTO BY JOAN BARNETT

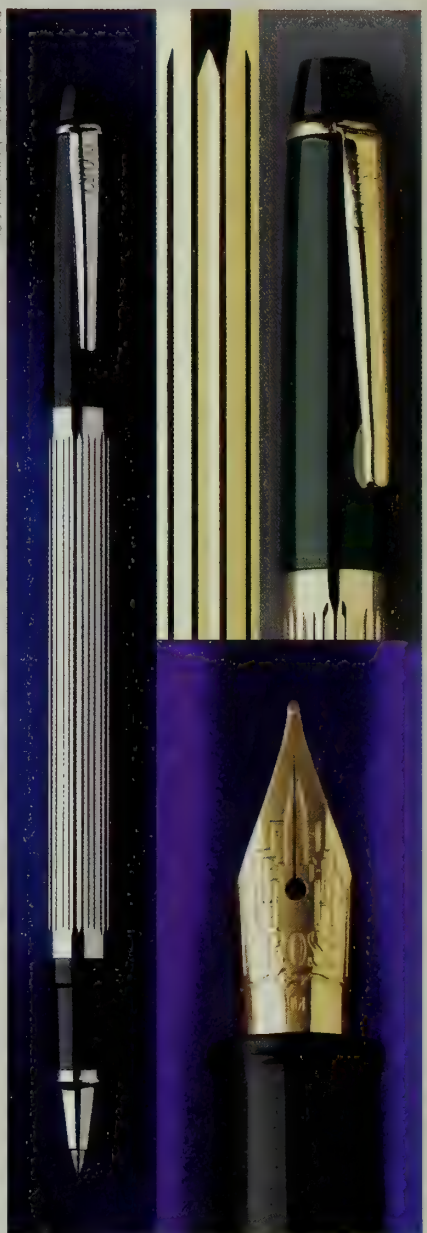
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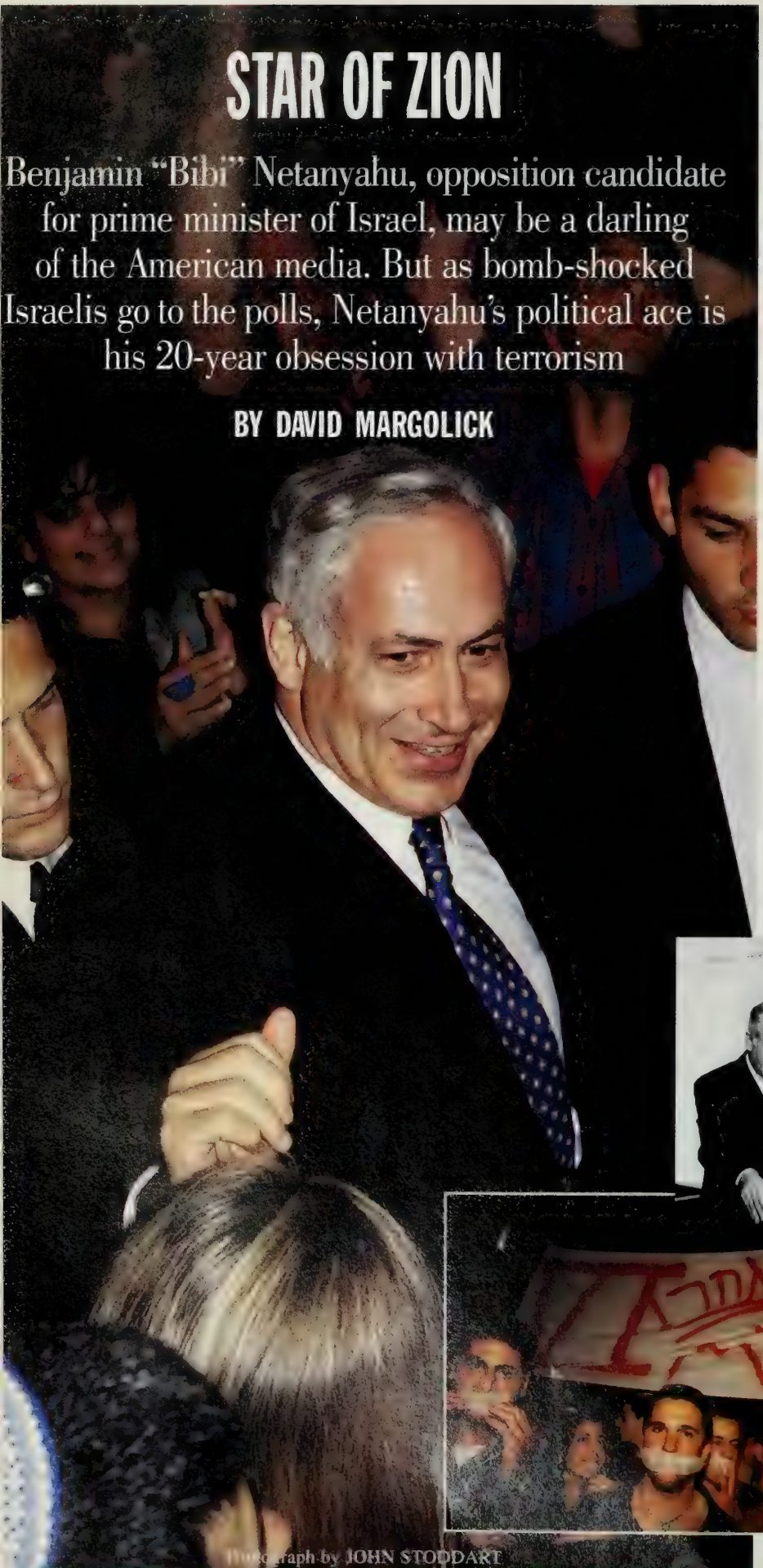
STAR OF ZION

Benjamin "Bibi" Netanyahu, opposition candidate for prime minister of Israel, may be a darling of the American media. But as bomb-shocked Israelis go to the polls, Netanyahu's political ace is his 20-year obsession with terrorism

BY DAVID MARGOLICK

One night in Los Angeles five years ago, well into his quest to become Israel's next prime minister, Benjamin "Bibi" Netanyahu had dinner with a group of liberal American Jewish activists, Barbra Streisand among them. It had promised to be the most hostile of audiences; several of the guests, like Streisand, supported Peace Now, which favored dramatic compromise with the Palestinians and partial withdrawal from the occupied territories—policies that Netanyahu had adamantly opposed. But in his stint as Israel's ambassador to the United Nations and as a fixture on CNN and *Nightline,* Netanyahu had grown accustomed to facing adversaries and, if not necessarily winning them over, at least winning their respect.

Netanyahu, who is challenging Israeli prime minister Shimon Peres in elections on May 29, had done his homework; he had made a point of seeing Streisand's latest movie, *The Prince of Tides,* and told her he liked it. And he had adapted his spiel to the locale. At one point he stared out the window, over the affluent Los Angeles neighborhoods of Westwood and Brentwood. "That's the distance across Israel," he told Streisand and the other peaceniks in the mellifluous, colloquial, accentless Americanized English that he had learned during high school near Philadelphia and college at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. "That's why we need the





Benjamin Netanyahu (here in Israel, 1996) is well known to Americans through his appearances on *Nightline*. *Inset, above:* Netanyahu and Clinton at the Knesset in Jerusalem, 1994. *Left:* right-wing Israelis protest in Jerusalem, 1996.

Photograph by JOHN STODDART



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depth of the West Bank"—as a buffer zone for national defense.

"We couldn't help but be impressed with the forcefulness and articulateness," said Danny Goldberg, president of Mercury Records, who was there. Through a spokesperson Streisand concurred, calling him "incredibly charming and very, very smart."



Netanyahu speaking in 1989. He has dismissed the peace process as "public celebrations on manicured lawns."

In the case of the Netanyahus, Kennedy comparisons are simply too tempting to resist.

When the oldest son fell in combat, all hopes were placed on his younger, handsome sibling.

Over the past 20 years, Netanyahu's career has been made and very nearly broken by crises far more serious than a few hostile dinner companions. It was effectively launched some 2,500 miles from Jerusalem in 1976, when a Ugandan soldier in Entebbe shot and killed his older brother, Jonathan "Yoni" Netanyahu, the only Israeli soldier to die in the now legendary operation to free 106 hijacked hostages. Bibi Netanyahu parlayed his brother's martyrdom, along with powerful connections and his own undeniable gifts, into the most meteoric rise in Israeli political history, becoming the leader of the right-wing, opposition Likud Party almost overnight in 1993.

When peace with the Palestinians broke out later that year, history seemed poised to pass by Netanyahu, who proved far better at criticizing the pact between then prime minister Yitzhak Rabin and Palestine Liberation Organization leader Yasser Arafat than at offering an alternative. Netanyahu eventually started to recoup his popularity, only to fall once more last autumn when Rabin was assassinated and his widow blamed him for helping to foment the hatred that preceded the murder. Suddenly pundits were no longer speaking of Netanyahu as an Israeli Clinton, the man who successfully imported American-style political culture to his country, but as an Israeli Dukakis instead.

But Netanyahu, now 46 years old, always has an ace up his sleeve against Shimon Peres and anybody on the Israeli left: terrorism. Israelis demand only two things of their leaders, said Tom Segev, a columnist for the newspaper *Ha'aretz,* and neither of them is honesty. "Israelis will take corruption, but not inflation or terrorism," Segev said. "They want to know how much their shekel is worth, and that there's no bomb under their car." When the faces of the terror victims are lined up on the front pages of the Israeli newspapers, like head shots from some yearbook of the damned, most people can identify friends or friends of friends among them. The few who don't share in the grief feel the fear.

The suicide bombers who hit, among others, two batches of bus passengers in Jerusalem and another group of pedestrians including children in Purim costumes in Tel Aviv earlier this year killed 58 innocent people—and also revived Netanyahu's flagging hopes. "They're giving Bibi the election," one of his friends told me joylessly as the death toll mounted. Instantaneously press predictions of Netanyahu's political demise were replaced by scenes of twisted bus hulks, wailing families, and the bearded Orthodox Jews of the burial societies retrieving bits of human flesh from trees with tweezers. Netanyahu, who has been faulted in the past for exploiting terrorist incidents for political gain, generally maintained a statesmanlike silence. Good taste was now good politics.

The upcoming election will be a referendum on the peace process, which Netanyahu has dismissed as "public celebrations on manicured lawns," and Netanyahu's hard-line alternative, which critics contend will be more "process" than "peace." Should the bombs start exploding again, or should the Israeli assault in Lebanon end badly or even inconclusively, Netanyahu is all but certain to win. But the election could just as easily be a referendum on Netanyahu's character, as the Labor Party is already making it. Normally, character is not an issue with Israeli voters; their leaders hang around forever and are known inside out. By these standards Netanyahu is almost a stranger. When Netanyahu's opponents speak of "character," however, it is invariably a code word for "Bibigate," the extraordinary sex scandal—involving a purported X-rated video—which enveloped Netanyahu in 1993.

Delving deeply into Netanyahu's personality is not an easy task. Even Michael Stoltz, one of his spokesmen, conceded that he has few close friends, and that "Bibi is a closed book when it comes to anything personal." (Of the Netanyahu family, Stoltz added, "They're all . . . I don't want to use the word 'touchy,' but they're careful about discussing themselves.") Those friends there are describe a lonely figure poised awkwardly throughout much of his life between Israeli and American cultures; someone who has pushed himself relentlessly, learning 50 new English words each week during summer vacations and often reading three books concurrently (his colleagues didn't like setting foot in the men's room after he had used it because he was too engrossed in his reading to take proper aim); someone who, with his intellect, experience, energy, education, courage, and dedication to his country, would seem uniquely suited to lead Israel, were it not for what many see as his arrogance, his ruthlessness, and his insincerity—the hole in his soul. While they know him best, his closest friends are just as unsure about Bibi Netanyahu as everyone else—maybe more so.

Kennedy comparisons may be hack-

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neyed, but in the case of the Netanyahu family they are simply too tempting to resist. Like the Kennedys, the Netanyahus are isolated, smug, tightly knit, and a bit paranoid. Like them, too, they had lofty dreams for their firstborn son, and when Yoni, like young Joe Kennedy Jr., fell in combat, all hopes were placed on his younger, handsome sibling. And like the Kennedys, the driving force in the family was a father convinced that he had never been sufficiently recognized or appreciated.

Before Random House published his magisterial study of the Spanish Inquisition last year, Benzion Netanyahu, now 86 years old, spent much of his academic career in obscure exile from the country he had fought to create—the price, he is said to believe, he paid for his fervent right-wing brand of Zionism. Long unheeded outside his home, he is worshiped within it. Bibi Netanyahu speaks of him not only as a wise man but as a seer who predicted nearly 30 years ago that spineless Israeli politicians would one day relinquish the land that their soldiers had just died to conquer in the Six-Day War. Though Bibi Netanyahu has pledged that once he is elected he will bring some civility to Israel's corrosive politics, he essentially shares his father's belief that their liberal opponents are little more than the weaklings and wimps that Zionism was designed to combat.

"My father said to me something I remember now," Bibi recalled. "He said, 'Within 25 years at most, they'll give back everything—including Jerusalem.'" His father, Netanyahu explained, understood the bedrock beliefs of the timid souls who ran Israel: that, as Netanyahu put it, "this is not our country, that we have no rights in here, that we're basically refugees who have taken someone else's land and are here by the grace of their generosity."

"That is certainly not my view," Netanyahu stressed.

To many American Jews, understanding and liking their more blunt and blustery Israeli cousins is a bit of a strain. But during his days in Washington and New York, Bibi was easy. The pashas of the American media—Abe Rosenthal, Larry King, William Safire, Charlie Rose—became his friends and vehicles. So often did he appear on *Nightline* that wags began referring to "Ted Netanyahu" and "Bibi Koppel." "He gives the great appearance of bluntness and candor," Ted Koppel said. "He applies to diplomacy the principle that George Burns applied to comedy: 'Sincerity is the secret of great comedy; if you can fake that, you've got it made.'" According to his principal press spokesman, Shai Bazak, when asked by one pollster to name their United Nations ambassador, more Americans said "Benjamin Netanyahu" than whoever it was. Strolling triumphantly on the streets of Manhattan between interviews at *The New York Times* and CBS, he attracted throngs of groupies. Bibi became the Tom Jones of the Jewish charity circuit, with adoring women all but throwing their house keys at him.

Members of the *New York Times* editorial board greeted him like a long-lost son.

But in Israel he has found it rough going. The press there views him as fundamentally artificial.

"Women like him. They tell me they like him," said Larry King. "Every time he's on, the next day people come over and say, 'Boy, would I like to meet him. Is he married?'"

Bibi's Americanized ways helped him bypass such grizzled Likud Party veterans as Ariel Sharon and David Levy, and outmaneuver the so-called Likud princes—Beni Begin, Dan Meridor, and Ehud Olmert—to take over the party in 1993. At the same time, they have given rise to stereotypes which, while demonstrably untrue, have proved difficult to shake. Despite his impeccable right-wing pedigree, critics insist that he has no convictions of his own, that he is purely the product of his pollsters. As Dedi Zucker, a member of the left-wing Meretz Party, put it, he is a creature out of Madame Tussaud's. And although he has written two serious books, reads Kant for pleasure, and can quote Churchill, he is routinely described as "shallow"—as Clyde Haberman once wrote in *The New York Times*, he is "accused by many in his own party of being, deep down, rather superficial."

Honest Israeli journalists, *Yediot Aharonot*'s Shimon Shiffer among them, concede that Netanyahu's charges of left-wing bias in the press are justified. But even a number of Netanyahu's friends admit that he has brought some of his problems upon himself, by speaking in sound bites and acting as if Israelis were as easy to manipulate as Americans. "Compared to any—repeat, any—politician in Israel, he is head and shoulders above them, in worldview, in intellectual concepts, in the ability to formulate thoughts, to grasp new ideas," said David Bar-Illan, executive editor of *The Jerusalem Post* and a friend. But Netanyahu, he admitted, had grown "addicted" to oversimplification. "Bibi sounds on TV like a parody of an American politician," he said.

"It looks as if since he moved to Israel that he is less deep and has less vision, though when you sit and talk with him you find it's all there," said Natan Sharansky, who has praised Netanyahu for anticipating and facilitating the mass emigration of Soviet Jews to Israel in the past decade.

Netanyahu's treatment in the American press has been gentle, as Ted Koppel has noted, because his reassuringly idiomatic English makes him sound much more reasonable than his policies really are. When he visited members of the *New York Times* editorial board, he was greeted like a long-lost son. "On a scale of 1 to 10 as a great guest," said Larry King, "he is an 8. If he had a sense of humor, he'd be a 10." But in Israel he has found it rough going. The press there views him as fundamentally artificial, a man whose very spontaneity is planned. The choreography goes beyond Netanyahu's most un-Israeli penchants for insisting on reshooting sound bites he does not like and dictating the most flattering camera angles. One prominent Israeli television reporter, Gadi Sukenik, said Bibi "blinks too much," nods his head to look sincere, and "talks like someone who knows he's handsome." Particularly cloying to him and others are Netanyahu's incessant references to his two young sons—including three in one recent 20-minute interview—a ham-fisted attempt, they believe, to play the family man after his highly publicized infidelity. Invariably omitted is any mention of his 18-year-old daughter from two marriages ago. Nahum Barnea, a politically potent columnist for Israel's largest newspaper, *Yediot Aharonot*, has said, "There's something . . . *unpleasant* about him which probably has nothing to do with his quality as a leader. . . . Most politicians are insincere but don't express their feelings. He is very fast to express feelings, and

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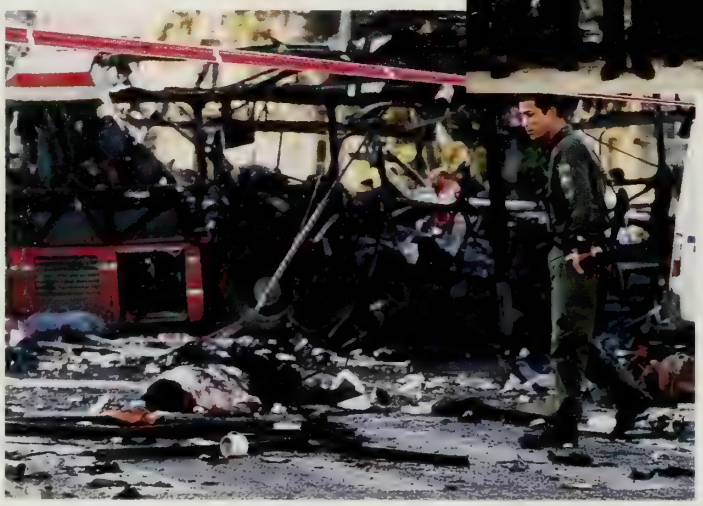
then you have difficulty believing him."

This visceral feeling is not limited to journalists and intellectuals. In Israel, cabbies are representative of Netanyahu's core constituency. And, according to Lily Galili of *Ha'aretz,* they invariably say the same thing about him: *I vote for Likud, but Bibi is* . . . they begin, at which point they take their hands off the wheel, lift them skyward, and wiggle their fingers, as if searching for a word that means "not quite real." And cheap: one cabbie noted an exposé in *Kol Ha'ir,* an irreverent weekly, in which Netanyahu was described as angling for discounts on everything from his wife's Toyota to the reception following his son's circumcision ceremony.

To American journalists with the right Nielsen ratings, Netanyahu is notoriously available.

But with anyone unknown, especially someone





Right: **Shimon Peres and President Ezer Weizman in 1996 at a Jerusalem memorial service for Rabin.** ***Below:*** **the first of five terrorist attacks last winter—a commuter bus was blown up. As the bombs started exploding, Netanyahu's political fortunes improved.**

When Yitzhak Rabin was assassinated, his widow blamed Netanyahu for helping to foment the hatred that preceded the murder. Pundits began speaking of him as an Israeli Dukakis.

working on a longer and more personal profile, he is skittish. Only after making me grovel and provide him with references was I granted a few audiences. During that time, which spanned the wave of last winter's terrorist attacks, his spirits evolved from defiant to exasperated to almost cocky; whether this reflected a change in tactics or his improving electoral fortunes I could not tell. By the end he was laughingly predicting he would be a "kinder, gentler" prime minister than he'd been an opposition leader, taking care when asked to repeat the line several times always to laugh in precisely the same spot.

Our first session, which took place in a cavernous room at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, was brief, and made shorter still by several calls on his cellular phone. (Netanyahu favors the polite "Hello" of Americans to the abrasive, indignant "*Ah*-lo!" of native Israelis.) Sometimes forcing a voice-activated tape recorder to work overtime, Netanyahu reiterated that nothing he had done prior to Rabin's assassination, including attending highly incendiary rallies against the peace process, required an apology. He also lamented to me that he liked Rabin personally, although this rang less true afterward, when I learned that he had previously lamented to a group of visiting American Jews that the slain prime minister was proving "harder to beat dead than alive." Responding to charges of superficiality, he poked a straw into the wedge of lemon floating on the surface of his soda water to suggest that my questions themselves were superficial. The real story was deeper down, he said, dipping the straw to the bottom of the glass. Submerged somewhere down there were the interlocking circles of left-wing journalists and right-wing rivals who together had cooked up the conventional wisdom (he calls it "C.W.") that he is shallow and unprincipled. Their campaign had hurt him in the short run, he said, but it had also bestowed upon him the greatest advantage a politician can have: to be underestimated. Netanyahu spoke with a sly, satisfied smile, the smile of someone who knows he is important enough to conspire against, clever enough to see through that conspiracy, and nimble enough once again to stay a step ahead of the conspirators.

There is in Netanyahu's public pronouncements these days a shiny new veneer of reasonableness. He speaks of bringing Israelis a "safe" peace, and to anyone who will listen, he ticks off the precedents of Nixon and the Chinese, Reagan and the Russians, Begin and the Egyptians, all instances where ostensible hard-liners buried hatchets.

But one can't help but feel, particularly when Netanyahu describes his own peace plan—involving a modified self-governing arrangement for Palestinian enclaves well short of statehood, and allowing for continued Israeli settlement of the West Bank—that these words are his stabs at statesmanship, bones thrown to battle-weary swing voters rather than statements of real conviction. One suspects that deep down he really believes what the right-wing Revisionist Zionist Vladimir Jabotinsky, whom his father once worked under and still reveres, wrote in his famous 1923 article "The Iron Wall": "As long as the Arabs feel that there is the least hope of getting rid of us, they will refuse to give up this hope in return for either kind words or for bread and butter, because they are not a rabble, but a living people. . . . Not till then will they drop their extremist leaders whose watchword is 'Never.'"

One hears echoes of Jabotinsky in Netanyahu's explanations of why, under his leadership, the peace process will continue, terrorism will not increase, and the intifada (the uprising of Palestinians in the occupied territories) will not resume. "The Palestinian Arabs are supremely realistic," he said. "They don't knock their heads against a stone wall."

One heard more on a blustery afternoon in early March on the rocky slopes of the Golan Heights, where he fought during the 1973 Yom Kippur War. With the snows of Mount Hermon in the

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background and cold raindrops falling, he spoke to the adoring children of Betar, the Jewish youth movement Jabotinsky founded in Eastern Europe when Eastern Europe still had Jewish youth. "We're standing here, and behind me is the Hermon," he said to hearty applause and occasional cries of "Bibi! Bibi!" "To us, to us, belongs the Hermon! To us, to us, belongs the Golan Heights! To us, to us, the Jordan Valley! To us, to us, above all, belongs Jerusalem—all of it! You can't talk about peace without talking about these things."

Netanyahu's paternal grandfather, Rabbi Nathan Mileikowsky, was born in Lithuania and ran a Jewish school in Warsaw. A passionate Zionist and legendary orator, he traveled throughout Europe, Siberia, and the United States urging Jews to return to Palestine. It was a voyage he himself was to make in 1920, going ashore near the fledgling city of Tel Aviv in a rowboat with his wife and young family. They had resolved to speak only Hebrew, and took the name Netanyahu—which means "given by God."

Mileikowsky had nine children, eight of them boys, the eldest of whom was Bibi's father. Benzion Netanyahu trained as a historian, but after local Arabs killed more than 100 Jews in a series of pogroms in 1929, he enlisted in the Revisionist Zionist movement of Jabotinsky. (Revisionists viewed such mainstream Zionists as Chaim Weizmann and David Ben-Gurion as compromisers and naïfs, blind not just to the implacable hatred of the Arabs but also to the catastrophe awaiting European Jewry, and they sought the immediate creation of a Jewish state on both sides of the Jordan River.) In the mid-1930s Benzion edited *Ha-Yarden,* the hard-line Zionist daily newspaper. In March 1940 he accompanied Jabotinsky to New York and was a pallbearer at his funeral five months later. After the war he lobbied Bernard Baruch, Dean Acheson, and Dwight Eisenhower to support the creation of a Jewish state. Netanyahu impressed the general by arguing that were the Jews to have a land of their own they would be less likely to agitate elsewhere.

In 1944, Benzion married Cela Segal, the youngest of seven children of a Lithuanian businessman who had moved to Palestine after several years in the United States. She was extraordinarily accomplished, one of the few women to enroll in Jerusalem's Hebrew University in the 1930s; she then spent five years in London reading for the bar. But apart from raising her sons, her career consisted of serving her husband's scholarly needs, insulating him from distractions, and typing and retyping his manuscripts. Yoni was born in New York City in 1946. Three years later, after they had returned to Israel, they had two more sons: Benjamin, nicknamed "Bibi," in 1949, and Iddo, in 1952.

Bibi and Yoni Netanyahu in Eilat, Israel, circa 1970. Killed in the 1976 raid on Entebbe, Yoni is a national hero, but some say his family has tried too hard to mythologize him.



His brother Yoni's death at Entebbe in 1976 was the start of an obsession with fighting terrorism that was prescient to some, opportunistic and monomaniacal to others.

The Israel to which the Netanyahus returned in 1948 was in some ways hostile territory to them. Its government was in the hands of Ben-Gurion. The right-wing opposition belonged to Menachem Begin, who built his party around *ha-mishpacha ha-lohamet*—the "fighting family" of the Jewish underground—rather than around theoreticians who had spent the War of Independence sitting on the sidelines. Netanyahu, who had earned his doctorate at Philadelphia's Dropsie College after World War II, hoped to teach at Hebrew University, but could not secure a post there. It was, he was convinced, because of his Revisionist politics, and it fed his feelings of resentment. (Even today Benzion refuses to speak to reporters, giving as a reason "Much unfairness has been done to me in the past. I'm used to it.")

So for the next 14 years Benzion continued his work on the persecution of *conversos*—Jews who converted to Christianity—during the Spanish Inquisition, and edited two projects: the *Encyclopedia Hebraica* and *The World History of the Jewish People*. Bibi Netanyahu insists, implausibly in the eyes of childhood friends, that his father suddenly ceased thinking, or even talking, about politics. "I don't remember one conversation in my entire youth ever talking about politics," he says.

In 1962, Benzion Netanyahu exiled himself and his family from Israel altogether, accepting a full-time teaching position at Dropsie College. He remained there for six years, then moved briefly to the University of Denver before joining the Department of Semitic Languages and Literature at Cornell in 1971. Throughout this period, he continued to labor indefatigably on his life's work, *The Origins of the Inquisition in Fifteenth Century Spain*. The book, for which Random House paid $200,000, appeared to critical acclaim last fall—all 1,384 pages of it. Scholars say the book is remarkable not just for its originality and erudition but also for its premise: that no matter what Jews do, including becoming good Christians, they will be persecuted and killed. It is remarkable, too, some say, for ignoring virtually everything written by anyone else on the subject for the last 30 years.

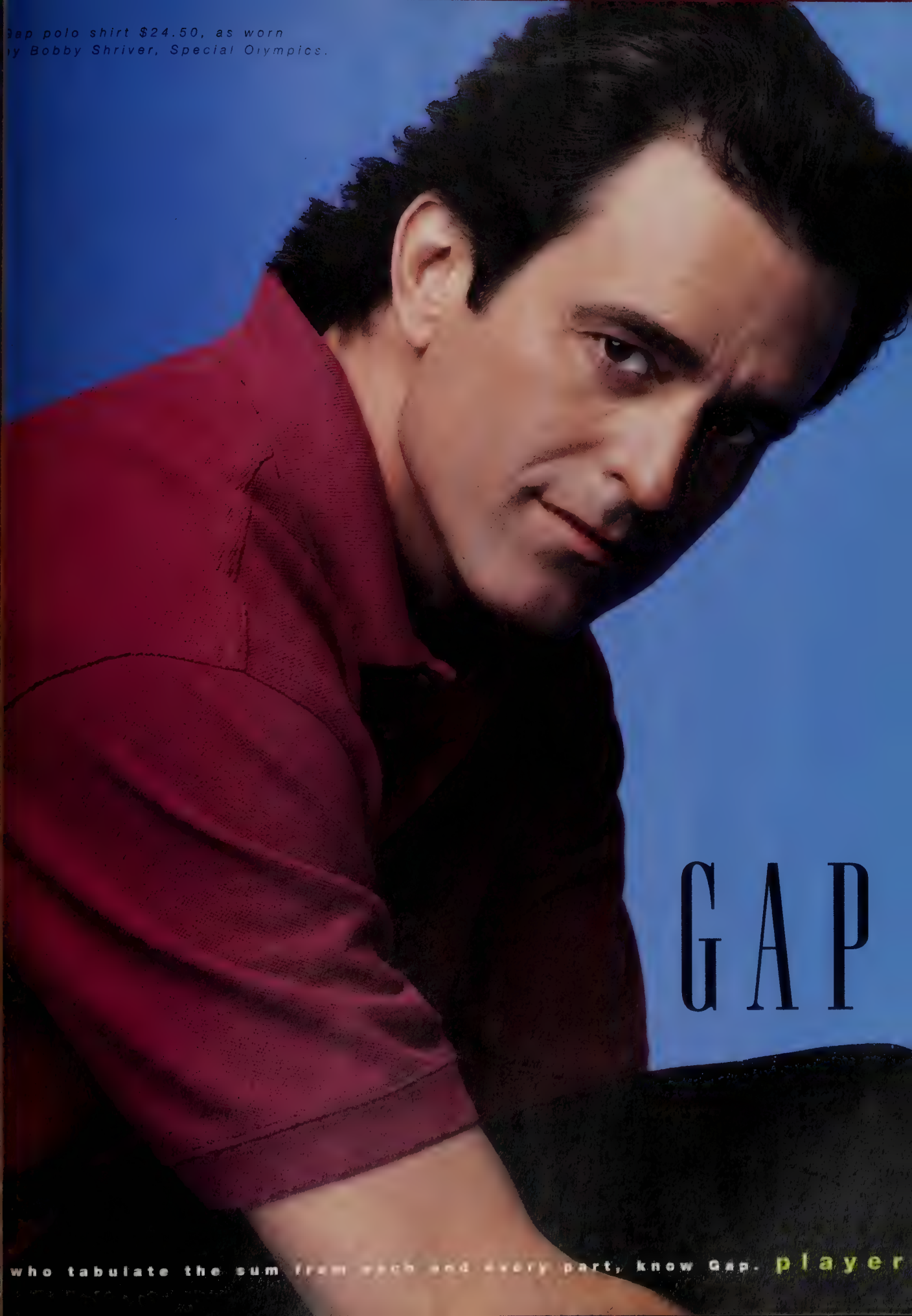
Those who know Benzion Netanyahu describe him as brilliant, powerful, vigorous, harsh, judgmental, vain, reclusive, meticulous, undiplomatic, and uncompromising. "A force of nature" is how Jason Epstein, his editor at Random House, puts it. He is also described as contemptuous of just about everyone else, including professional colleagues, politicians of all stripes, Arabs, Sephardim, and Orthodox Jews. "Everyone was 'stupid' *(Continued on page 63)*

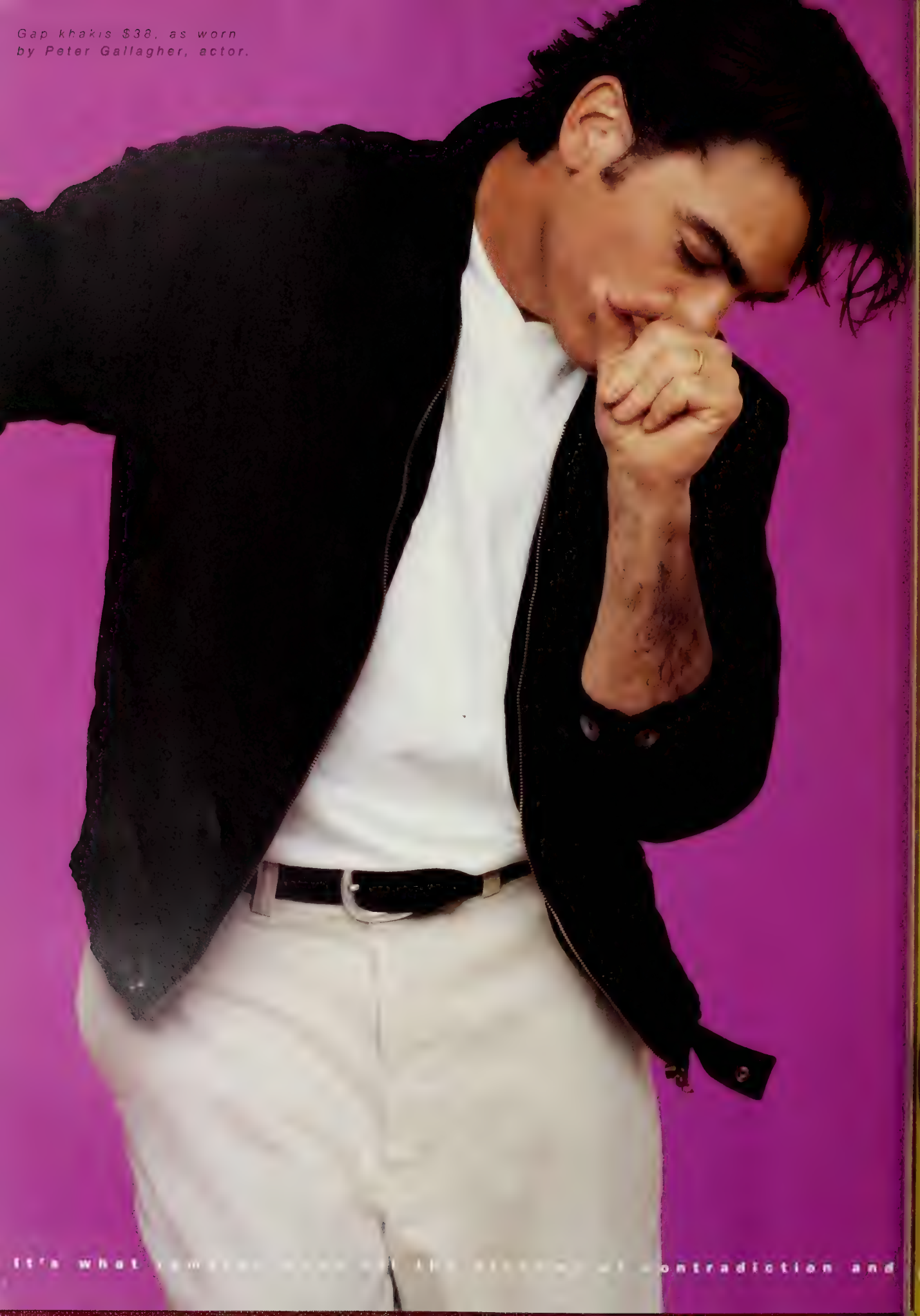

Gap khakis as worn
by Me'Shell NdegéOcello,
musician/singer/mother.
GAP

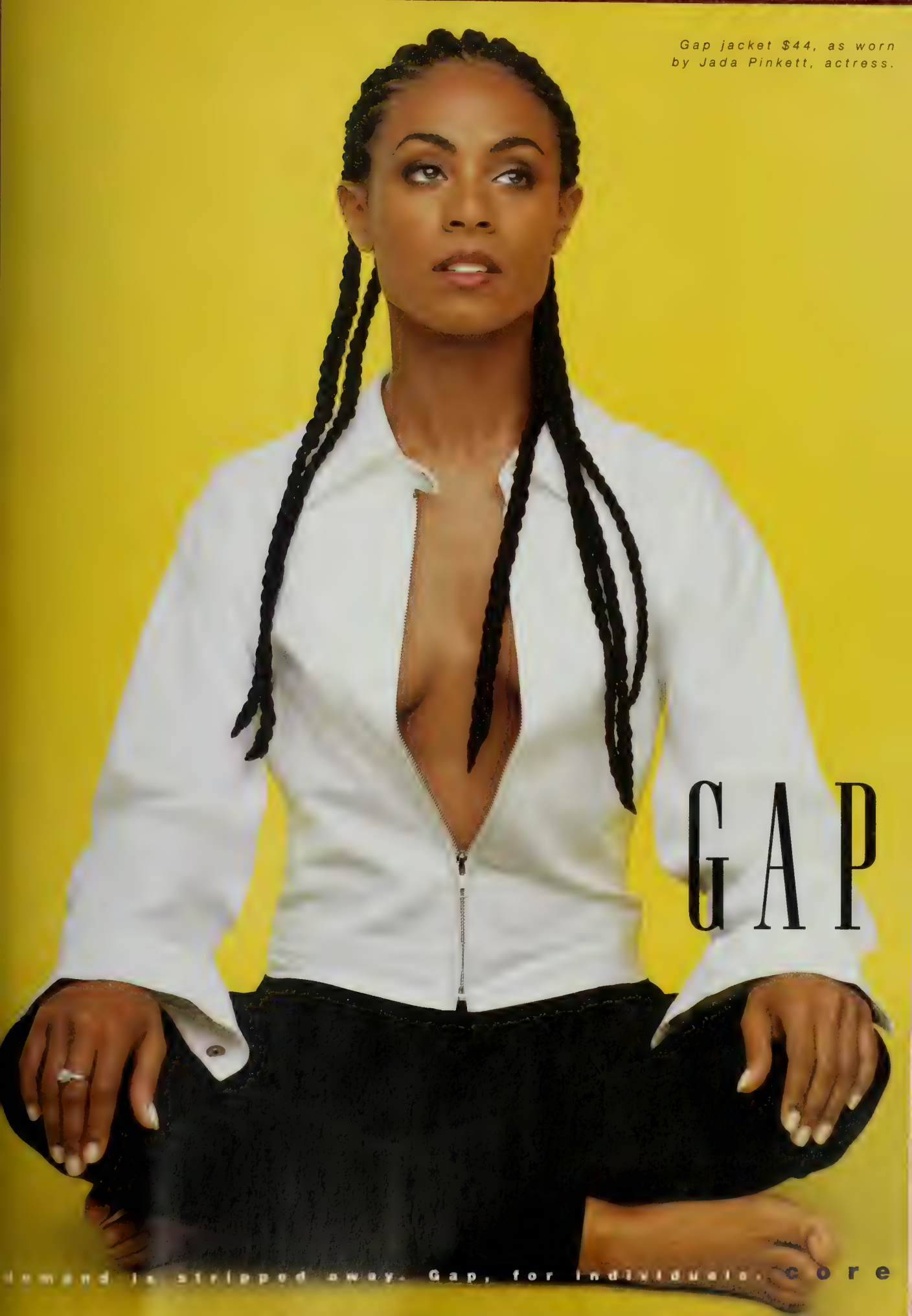

invention
It's the why and how of change— the way in
which we wrestle spring to summer, former
into next. Pure Gap, for transformations.
photographed by Herb Ritts.

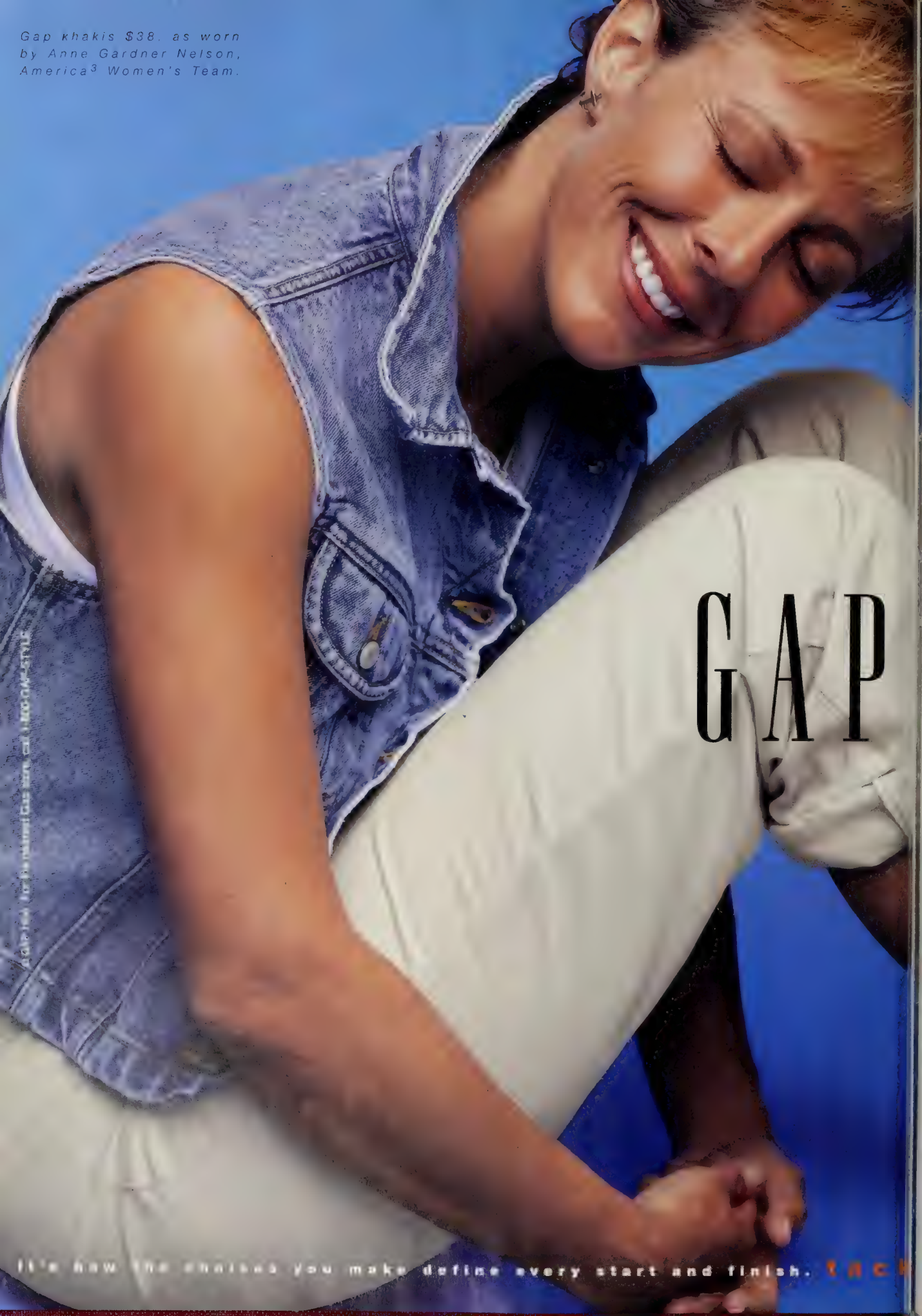

Gap v-neck t-shirt $16.50, as worn
by Liv Tyler, actress.
GAP


Gap denim jacket $44, as wo
by Kyle Foste
Little League World Series team captai
It's that relationship you only hold with something larger. Thos


Gap polo shirt $24.50, as worn
by Bobby Shriver, Special Olympics.
GAP
who tabulate the sum from each and every part, know Gap. player


Gap khakis $38, as worn
by Peter Gallagher, actor.
it's what
contradiction and


Gap jacket $44, as worn by Jada Pinkett, actress.
GAP
demand is stripped away. Gap, for individuals. core


Gap khakis $38. as worn
by Anne Gardner Nelson,
America3 Women's Team.
GAP
it's how the choices you make define every start and finish.

(Continued from page 54) or 'ignorant,'" said someone who knew him in the United States. "'Idiots!' was a word he used frequently."

Always in the Netanyahu family there was pressure to produce. "All three sons were never childish," one of Netanyahu's childhood friends said. "There was always this feeling that the burden of the world was on their shoulders, that they had to prove themselves physically and intellectually." Before giving any major speeches at the United Nations, Bibi would first read them over the phone to Benzion, and even now, friends say, he does little without consulting him. One friend recalled with amazement how he tried to see Bibi not long ago and Benzion all but said his 40-odd-year-old son could not come out and play—he was too busy writing a speech. At his own son's recent birthday party at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem—a bizarre event, according to those in attendance, where politicians outnumbered four-year-olds—Bibi traipsed around brandishing his father's newly published book.

One friend recalled with amazement how Netanyahu's father recently all but said his 40-odd-year-old son could not come out and play—he was too busy writing a speech.

But the quest for his father's approval, say people who know them both, was probably quixotic. "Bibi takes appropriate positions, but he doesn't have anything like the old man's profundity and strength, and I'm sure the father knows that," said one friend.

"A mutual-admiration society" was how someone who knew the family characterized it. "If there's someone who doesn't say nice things about him," Bibi's mother said of her son in a terse phone interview, "that means they don't know him."

"Bibi grew up in that atmosphere: 'We are right, they are completely wrong,'" a childhood friend recalled.

Everything—friends, outside interests, and children—took a backseat to the father's work. Israelis, accustomed to staying close to home when their children are in the military, are flabbergasted to learn that the Netanyahus remained abroad when all three of their sons served simultaneously in one of the Israeli Army's most dangerous units. When Bibi was wounded during one mission, his parents did not return to Israel to visit him in the hospital. Indeed, Benzion almost passed up Yoni's wedding because he was too busy reviewing 15th-century documents in Spain.

Bibi Netanyahu cried when, at age 14, he was suddenly forced to leave Israel for an alien place called Pennsylvania. But he prospered at Cheltenham High School in Wyncote, a suburb of Philadelphia. Contemporaries remember him as outspoken, well versed in current events, very good at soccer, and critical of the self-indulgent softness of their lives. His teachers remember his great intelligence, his leadership ability, his stubbornness.

He says that while he appreciated parts of American culture, particularly its open-mindedness, he disliked its "rootlessness" and "lack of a sense of belonging," especially among Jews there. Summers, he made a beeline for Israel, where he would hang around with old friends. But America had gotten to him more than he might have realized, and not just by making him an exponent of the Vietnam War and the free-market economics of Milton Friedman. A political misfit when he left Israel, he was a cultural misfit when, in 1967, he returned for army duty. He did not know the popular songs, read books in English rather than Hebrew, and seemed unable to understand the customs of a country built on an ideal of interdependence; one colleague recalled how Bibi objected when, during a meal, he reached to borrow Bibi's spoon. "He was a lonely soldier," this man related. "He didn't have what everyone else had: friends, a landscape, a city, a country, a language."

That same loneliness, his colleagues feel, drove him to join the Sayeret Matcal, the army's elite border-reconnaissance unit, and to become a superachieving soldier. While some feel that he subsequently made too much of his military duty (in Israel, captains are no big deal), he was clearly brave, conscientious, and generous, someone who quite literally—when it came to carrying fellow soldiers on stretchers—shouldered his share of the load and more. As well as getting shot in the arm while rescuing hostages from a hijacked Sabena airliner in 1972, he participated in a 1968 night raid on Beirut International Airport, in which he helped blow up 13 aircraft. In a third operation, on the Suez Canal, only the efforts of two fellow soldiers saved him twice from drowning under the weight of his gear.

In the army, too, comrades noticed his extraordinary devotion to his family. Even before Yoni left Harvard to join Bibi's unit, his baby brother was talking him up. To one soldier who asked Bibi to describe Yoni, the memory is still vivid 25 years later. "He gave me a feeling it was a stupid question," the man recalled. "It was a very snobbish smile. They were Netanyahus. 'We're Netanyahus, something special. Don't worry and don't ask.'"

Despite his ambivalence about the United States, in 1972, Netanyahu opted for college at M.I.T., where he majored in architecture, then took a master's in business administration. Though his course load was twice as heavy as most of his classmates', he found the time to combat what he thought was the pervasive anti-Israeli feeling on campus. He lectured extensively and persuasively, sometimes rehearsing in front of a mirror to prepare.

It was also while in Massachusetts—where Bibi simplified his name for Americans to Ben Nitay—that he learned, on July 4, 1976, of his 30-year-old brother's death. His parents were not to find out until Netanyahu and his first wife, an Israeli woman called Micky, drove to Ithaca to tell them. When Bibi and Micky arrived, Cela Netanyahu ran out the door to greet them, only to freeze halfway. "He's dead, isn't he?" she suddenly asked.

Those who knew them both say that Yoni and Bibi Netanyahu were not at all alike: the elder brother was more introspective, more complex, more philosophical, more brooding, more romantic, more loving, more sincere, equally devoted to his father but more independent of him. Just as no one ever describes the young Bibi Netanyahu as "innocent" or "naïve," no one has ever said Yoni was "opportunistic" or "cunning." Nevertheless, the brothers were extremely close. Yoni's letters to Bibi are filled with love and encouragement. "You're the only true friend I ever had," he wrote Bibi in 1967. "I think I love him more than anyone else in the world," Yoni had written three years earlier.

Bibi can sound like a human juke-

box, emitting a wide range of canned sounds depending on which button is pushed, but on the subject of his older brother, at least, he sounds utterly genuine. One veteran American reporter in Israel thinks the unarticulated but real reason Netanyahu has said he would refuse to meet with Arafat is that he holds him accountable for Yoni's death. Asked at a press conference in February to justify his position, Netanyahu refrained from his usual torrent of well-lubricated, honey-roasted rhetoric. "Well, I don't want to and I hope I never have to," he simply said. The position may be untenable nowadays for an Israeli prime minister, but it is oddly principled.

A veteran reporter thinks the unarticulated but real reason Netanyahu has said he would refuse to meet with Arafat is that he holds him accountable for his brother's death.

Of all of Israel's military heroes, few have come to occupy as lofty a pedestal as Yoni Netanyahu. Partly it was because he was a handsome, charismatic, and exceptionally gifted young man, the sole casualty of an operation that electrified the world. Partly it was because Israel's leaders—among them then defense minister Peres, who delivered a eulogy at Yoni's funeral—believed the country needed a hero after the disastrous Yom Kippur War. And partly it was because the Netanyahu family labored—consciously, unceasingly, and in some ways excessively—to make Yoni a public icon, even though he was at bottom a modest and intensely private person. Shortly after Yoni's death, Bibi told one friend that his brother could now be turned into the kind of mythic figure Israel needed. "This country does not know what it has lost," Bibi told someone at that funeral. "It has lost the next Ben-Gurion."

Quickly, the family sought to arrange not one book about Yoni but three: the collection of his letters that Israeli children now read, a biography, and a book of tributes. Among the authors the family discussed for the biography were James Michener and Irwin Shaw. As good as Yoni's Hebrew was, they corrected and polished it in the published letters. His final letter, filled with despair about his future, was included, but only with a long afterword by his two younger brothers seeking to explain away his angst. Pictures showing Yoni at his grittiest were favored; letters showing him at his tenderest were not. The family reportedly was unhappy with the man they had chosen to write the biography, apparently because it wasn't sufficiently adulatory. To this day there is a large bust of Yoni in their home, and Benzion dedicated his book "with unrelieved grief" to his memory.

Others who participated in the Entebbe operation knew that Yoni's role in it, as well as his military record and long-term prospects in the army, was somewhat overstated. But no one was much inclined to quarrel; Yoni was a bona fide hero. Schools, parks, children, streets, scholarships, sporting events, even the Entebbe raid itself were named after him. "Why tell children that Peter Pan can't fly?" Moshe Zonder, a reporter for the Israeli newspaper *Ma'ariv,* was once asked when he was doing a piece about Yoni's career.

But that, apparently, was not enough for the Netanyahus. In 1991 the youngest Netanyahu son, Iddo, revisited—at the behest of Bibi and Benzion, many believe—his brother's story in a book, *Yoni's Last Battle.* People dismissed Iddo's claim, which seemed unsupported by the evidence, that Yoni was shot from the front by a German terrorist rather than from the rear by a Ugandan soldier; while the family evidently felt that that made him still more heroic, did such distinctions really matter? But many were outraged by Iddo's efforts to build up Yoni by denigrating others in the operation.

Two weeks before his brother's death Bibi had begun a job at the Boston Consulting Group, a prestigious corporate-strategy operation, where he worked for, among others, Ira Magaziner, later President Clinton's health-care guru. But in the wake of the tragedy, his heart was no longer in his work. He took a leave of absence to set up what he called the Jonathan Institute, a vehicle designed to combat international terrorism and to prove, as Netanyahu told me, that terrorism is "a weapon of warfare of states and therefore can be combated with relative ease." From the papers presented there Netanyahu put together *Terrorism: How the West Can Win,* a book that Ronald Reagan reportedly recommended to all senior figures in his administration and cited as an influence in his illegal funding of Nicaraguan contras. It was the start of Netanyahu's 20-year obsession, which was prescient to some, opportunistic and monomaniacal to others.



Netanyahu being interviewed in Jerusalem by CNN correspondent Linda Scherzer during the 1991 Persian Gulf War. Minutes before, citizens were advised to put on gas masks.

In 1978 he and Micky, then a doctoral candidate at Brandeis University, had a daughter, Noa. But shortly thereafter, according to a family friend, Micky discovered he had been having an affair with a colleague at B.C.G., an English-born Harvard Business School graduate named Fleur Cates, and Micky immediately left him. Netanyahu soon returned to Israel, where he took a job with Rim Industries, an Israeli furniture company. Hungering for something more meaningful, he found it a demoralizing time. In May 1981, he married Fleur. (Because only her father was a Jew, Fleur was technically not Jewish herself, so she converted.) Associates describe Bibi and Fleur as superficially similar, yet quite incongruous. "I remember thinking what an odd pair they were," said one. "He was intense and focused; she was intense but in a very different, very fluttery way."

MARIO SURIANI

The following year Netanyahu's political career took off, when the newly named Israeli ambassador to Washington, Moshe Arens, an old family friend of the Netanyahus', asked him to be his deputy. Two hard-liners softened by their American accents, Arens and Netanyahu were peculiarly well suited to defend the unpopular Likud line in the United States during the 1982 Lebanese war. Convinced that television was the best way to influence policy, particularly during a presidency in which the president did not read much, Netanyahu began honing his television skills. "I covered a lot of diplomats in Washington, and he was one of the best," said Wolf Blitzer, who like Netanyahu himself became famous via CNN. Ted Koppel said, "I remember saying to Israeli friends that I wouldn't be surprised to see him as prime minister. . . . They thought it was preposterous. . . . He was seen as too much of a self-promoter."

Bibi soon landed a more plum assignment: Israel's ambassador to the United Nations. Over the next four years, he helped expose the Nazi past of the U.N.'s own former secretary-general Kurt Waldheim; worked to repeal the notorious "Zionism is racism" resolution; sought to remedy Israel's diplomatic isolation, particularly from African states; and pushed for permission for Soviet Jews to emigrate.

Despite his natural gifts, he was still interested in self-improvement. "One look at him, I knew he didn't need any fucking help," said David Garth, the prominent political consultant to whom Bibi once went for advice and access. Later, Netanyahu worked with Lilyan Wilder, a speech consultant in New York, often calling her both before and after his *Nightline* appearances.

For our second encounter, for which I had been allotted all of half an hour, we moved to Netanyahu's office at the Knesset. On the bookshelf along the windowsill is his own book *A Place Among the Nations: Israel and the World* in Arabic—No. 3 on Jordan's best-seller list, he has said. There are also several volumes of Jabotinsky in Hebrew, the Hebrew version of Yoni's letters, *Clinton: Portrait of Victory,* and *Safire's New Political Dictionary*. "To Bibi, who digs this lingo," the author's inscription reads. Nearby is a Harvard Business School mug and three pictures of his current wife and young sons. There are none of his daughter.

Quickly, things turned testy. How can he shake the notion that beyond a sound



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bite he had nothing to say? "I'm not going to even try," he replied wearily. "People can read my books, they can hear my statements, they can listen to my speeches, they can make up their own minds." How can he combat the idea that he had sacrificed his humanity to his ambition? "Well, you don't," he snapped. "I'm obviously a robot, who's programmed and without feelings," he added, appending a hearty guttural laugh that is Bibi-ese for contempt. "This is nonsense. David, I'm not going to sit here listening to a litany of . . . you know . . . that's just too . . . it's not *serious*," he said. Within moments, he ordered me to turn off my tape recorder. The interview and his cooperation were over.





Above: **Netanyahu with third wife Sara and son Yair in 1996. Colleagues say she has isolated him from friends.** ***Left:*** **consultant Ruth Bar, hired by Netanyahu to improve his image, became his mistress.**

Netanyahu's star power in New York quickly became the talk of Tel Aviv. In 1986 the political pundit Chanan Kristal predicted in one newspaper article that the 1996 election would pit Bibi Netanyahu against Ehud Barak, currently foreign minister. In 1988, Netanyahu won a Knesset seat, and when Arens was named foreign minister in the national-unity government, he once more made Netanyahu his deputy. From there, Netanyahu represented Israel on television during the Gulf War, wearing a gas mask on CNN during SCUD attacks.

When his opponents speak of "character" it is a code word for "Bibigate," the extraordinary sex scandal—involving a purported X-rated video—which enveloped Netanyahu in 1993.

Fleur Netanyahu accompanied her husband back to Israel, but the strains in their marriage, which friends characterize as highly competitive to begin with, grew in proportion to Bibi's fame, and in 1988 she sued for divorce. Some say the cause was not infidelity, as was widely suspected, but neglect, physical and intellectual. (Some also speculate that Netanyahu viewed Fleur, who spoke little Hebrew and looked as conspicuously foreign as she sounded, as a local liability.) Friends regret Fleur's departure because, they say, she had been a source of wise counsel and had kept his ego under control. Fleur now works in venture capital for Ronald Lauder, one of Netanyahu's supporters in New York. Though she recently remarried, "Ms. Fleur Netanyahu's office" is how her secretary still answers her phone. "Are you planning to call either of his former wives?" Netanyahu spokesman Michael Stoltz asked apprehensively when I began this story. In fact, neither would speak with me.

Armed with money from abroad and an aura of success, Netanyahu seized control of the Likud. Any problems he encountered were once more of his own making, and they concerned women, not politics. Netanyahu's friends say that, far from being a Lothario, as was reputed, he was actually quite naïve. One New York friend recalled one of Bibi's encounters there, when, as he put it, "a very well-known journalist basically spread her legs and said, 'Let's talk.' He was like an 11-year-old kid," the friend said. "It was over his head. Sex is not a big part of Bibi's life." Friends say his two divorces are testaments to his problems with women. So, too, they say, is his third marriage.

Contemporaries describe his current wife, Sara Netanyahu, who was born in a small town near Haifa to a religious family, as quite ordinary. One of Bibi's American friends called her an "A-I-R-E-S-S," his way of telling me not just that Sara had been a stewardess when she met her husband but that she was not nearly the intellectual equal of Bibi or either of his first two wives. Sara soon became pregnant, and several months after that, in March 1991, they married. Before too long Netanyahu began an affair with Ruth Bar, an attractive, married political consultant who had been hired, ironically enough, to gussy up his image.

Sara, who is nine years Bibi's junior, learned of the dalliance in January 1993, two months before the election for the Likud leadership, when an anonymous caller told her that her husband had "a thing" for Bar. Within 24 hours, Netanyahu was on prime time with three extraordinary announcements: he had been unfaithful to his wife; someone had supposedly videotaped him "in compromising romantic situations" with the other woman; and his opponents were threatening to release the tape unless he dropped out of the race. He called the threat "the worst political crime in Israeli history, perhaps in the history of democracy," and charged that his old Likud rival David Levy, though not mentioned by name, in cahoots with "criminals who use the methods of the Mafia," was behind it.

Levy indignantly denied the charge. The press had a field day; "I'm Bibi's lover" stickers began popping up on car bumpers. The police could find no video; Netanyahu eventually apologized to Levy, who, gritting his teeth and angling for a Cabinet post, promised his support in this upcoming election.

Had word of his affair just filtered out, Netanyahu might even have scored points in macho Israel, where he seems a bit of a straight arrow. Israelis knew and hadn't much cared that Ben-Gurion, Moshe Dayan, even Golda Meir had extramarital affairs. But the episode made even sympathizers question both his coolness under fire and his credentials as a bona fide Israeli. "For a man who was born here, it was an amazing blunder," said David Bar-Illan. "There was something American, something childish, something not quite mature or self-possessed, about it."

Asked about the episode, Netanyahu

TOP, BY JOHN STODDART; BOTTOM, BY ZIV KOREN

forsakes sound bites for sound nibbles, and not especially polished ones at that. "I made a mistake, and I apologized for it," he said. "That's all I can say about it." Did he panic? "This is simply false." Did it show that his instincts were more American than Israeli? "This is wrong. Very wrong. It's wrong."

"Bibigate" did not derail the Netanyahu juggernaut. In March 1993 he crushed both Levy and Beni Begin for the Likud leadership, becoming the youngest major-party chief in Israel's history. At the victory celebration, Netanyahu gave his wife a big kiss and referred to her as his "beloved wife, Sara, who stood by me . . . through all the pain and obstacles." Large segments of the country cringed. "For a long time we haven't seen on the screen a more embarrassing appearance, more pathetic, more fake, dripping with more margarine and cyclamate," wrote B. Michael in *Ha'aretz*.

Since then, Sara Netanyahu has invariably been at her husband's side, though it's unclear whether it's because she's a trouper, because she's afraid to let him out of her sight, or because Bibi's advisers have told him to keep her there lest she grow angry and torpedo his career. "It's not going to be a major issue, but it affects his credibility," said Nahum Barnea, referring to Bibi's conspicuous displays of marital affection.

Most religious Jews are concerned less with marital compromises than with territorial ones involving the lands God promised the Jews in the Old Testament, and are no more perturbed by Netanyahu's philandering than by sightings of him noshing on Yom Kippur or eating bacon and eggs or his recent declaration that he's going kosher—gradually—as if it were some kind of 12-step program. But the scandal's personal consequences have been more serious. His first wife and their daughter fled Israel to get away from the embarrassment. (Eighteen-year-old Noa, a student at New York University, will soon return to Israel to do her army duty.) And his already troubled marriage grew more difficult, to a degree that alarms and saddens his friends. They say that out of jealousy, possessiveness, and distrust, Sara has isolated him from them, made him distance himself from a daughter he clearly loves, and taken to berating him in public. Netanyahu aides caution some female reporters never to call him at home. Friends say the situation has forced him to sublimate fur-



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ther his softer and more spontaneous side, as if he feels he can't succeed politically and be himself at the same time.

"Happiness is not a parameter with him," said Rolando Eisen, who has remained close to Netanyahu since their days at the furniture company. "Bibi is an idealist. The moment he took on the country as his objective, that became his life."

One of Netanyahu's closest American friends agreed. "Honestly, my heart aches for Bibi," he said. Of his marriage, he added, "I think most of the time he's tuned it out. It shows the guy has an unbelievably strong will. I think his suffering with her is incidental to the main focus of his life. Bibi is consumed with the survival of the state of Israel."

Netanyahu earns applause for taking the Likud out of debt after its electoral defeat in 1992, for giving it a constitution, and for transforming it from a Middle Eastern souk into a modern, efficient apparatus. But he underestimated the public's craving for peace, and at a series of anti-government rallies, he consorted with extremists, prompting Mrs. Rabin's powerful—and, many believe, unfair—accusations against him.

Then, in seeking to proclaim his innocence, he came across as self-centered and self-pitying. "He was perfectly willing to climb on that tiger and ride it, and when the tiger threw him and bit Rabin's head off, he acted like he had no idea what he had been doing," said Ze'ev Chafets of *The Jerusalem Report,* who dismissed Netanyahu's defense as Eddie Haskell–like. Larry King said, "He should have been incredibly forceful after the assassination, even a little apologetic. . . . He should have tactically taken some guilt over the Rabin thing. He's very glib, very self-assured, and that can get in your way when you get a Rabin."

Netanyahu's numbers plummeted and his swagger disappeared. Over the next few months, there was endless talk within the Likud Party of replacing Netanyahu with the former justice minister Dan Meridor. Netanyahu, as Hirsh Goodman of *The Jerusalem Report* put it, appeared to be a man "past his prime before his time." Then the bombs began exploding.

Some of Netanyahu's friends say they won't vote for him, because they are uncomfortable with his right-wing beliefs. More strikingly, those friends who will support him do so sometimes in spite of their long friendships with him. Between deep breaths, sighs, and long periods of silence, one conceded that, while he still liked Netanyahu, he found his single-mindedness, his willingness to let the ends justify the means, regrettable. "I will vote for him, but I'm a Likud supporter even before Bibi," he said. "On balance I vote for him reasonably wholeheartedly." Asked how he was going to vote, another old friend replied, "I can't vote for Peres."

Despite his tantrum, Netanyahu relented and agreed to meet me again, this time at his campaign headquarters at Newe Ilan, in the movie complex of the Israeli film mogul Yoram Globus. For a man dogged by charges of artificiality, it is a peculiar setting: from Netanyahu's office window one looks out at "Globus Land," a fake, Wyatt Earp–era Main Street, complete with sheriff's office, lunch counter, jail, and haberdashery. We actually met at a nearby restaurant, a place that contains what is surely Israel's largest collection of Elvis Presley memorabilia. As we spoke, Elvis crooned "Don't Be Cruel," "Heartbreak Hotel," and "Hound Dog"; they were songs from Bibi's era, sort of, but it was hard to imagine he'd ever known the lyrics.

At this meeting, unlike at our prior encounters, Netanyahu was relaxed, even chipper. It was a Friday afternoon, and though he regularly reminds one that the Sabbath is reserved for his family, he did not seem to be in a hurry to go anywhere. He was dressed Israeli-style—that is, casually—rather than in his usual sincere suit. He sat back comfortably and smoked little cigars called Rittmeisters from a tin. He could even laugh at himself, agreeing that it was incongruous indeed for him once, when returning to Israel during high school, to have brought a Pete Seeger record for a friend. "That was my socialist period," he snickered.

Life and politics have aged Bibi Netanyahu. In a few short years in Israel his hair has grown white, and the man once trim enough to run laps around the Central Park reservoir in his dress shoes has grown heavier. The Lubavitchers of Crown Heights, Brooklyn, would be harder-pressed now to lift him atop their shoulders, as they once did during his United Nations days.

In our talk, Netanyahu conceded that he'd handled his opponents roughly, but said he had learned the art of conciliation. He also said he had become partly inured to the infighting. "I don't want to say I don't feel anything and that I have an elephantine epidermis. That is not true. But you do become habituated," he said. He disputed claims that his father viewed Jews as perpetually, inevitably under attack, and said that, in any case, that was not his point of view. "I was and am very sanguine about our position in the world," he said. "And I don't think that there's irretrievable, uncorrectable, incorrigible animosity against us any more than there is against other peoples or other minorities."

Asked about his reading, he responded that he had just completed Nigel Hamilton's *J.F.K.: Reckless Youth,* a gift from his father. What struck him about it, he said, were not the similarities to his own family, but the differences. Kennedy, he said, had been overtly political from childhood on. "He was to be the president of the United States, and he was obviously versed, trained, schooled, conditioned for that, with a combination of skills including charm, wit, and a fairly ruthless purposefulness, which probably made him a very unhappy man."

He denied that he had sacrificed his humanity for his ambitions. For one thing, he noted, it was bad politics to do so. "We all wear public masks," he said. "Shedding them on occasion is probably the best advice I could give to myself. . . . People get to know you, get to know what you believe, what you feel, what you feel strongly about."

I asked him whether he considered himself a happy man.

"Some of the time," he replied. "I certainly had a very happy childhood."

Many predict that Netanyahu's political career will be over should he lose this month. He says he would go off and write books were that to happen. Others are certain he'll prevail sooner or later. "At a certain point he *will be* prime minister," Nahum Barnea told me, "because he wants it so much." □

Many predict that Netanyahu's political career will be over should he lose. Journalist Nahum Barnea disagrees: "At a certain point he *will be* prime minister because he wants it so much."



LIBERTY HOUSE



THE PHILLIPS COLLECTION

Photojournalist John Phillips, who captured the great and good of Europe's history for *Life* magazine from 1936 to 1951, is about to publish an extraordinary 200-image memoir

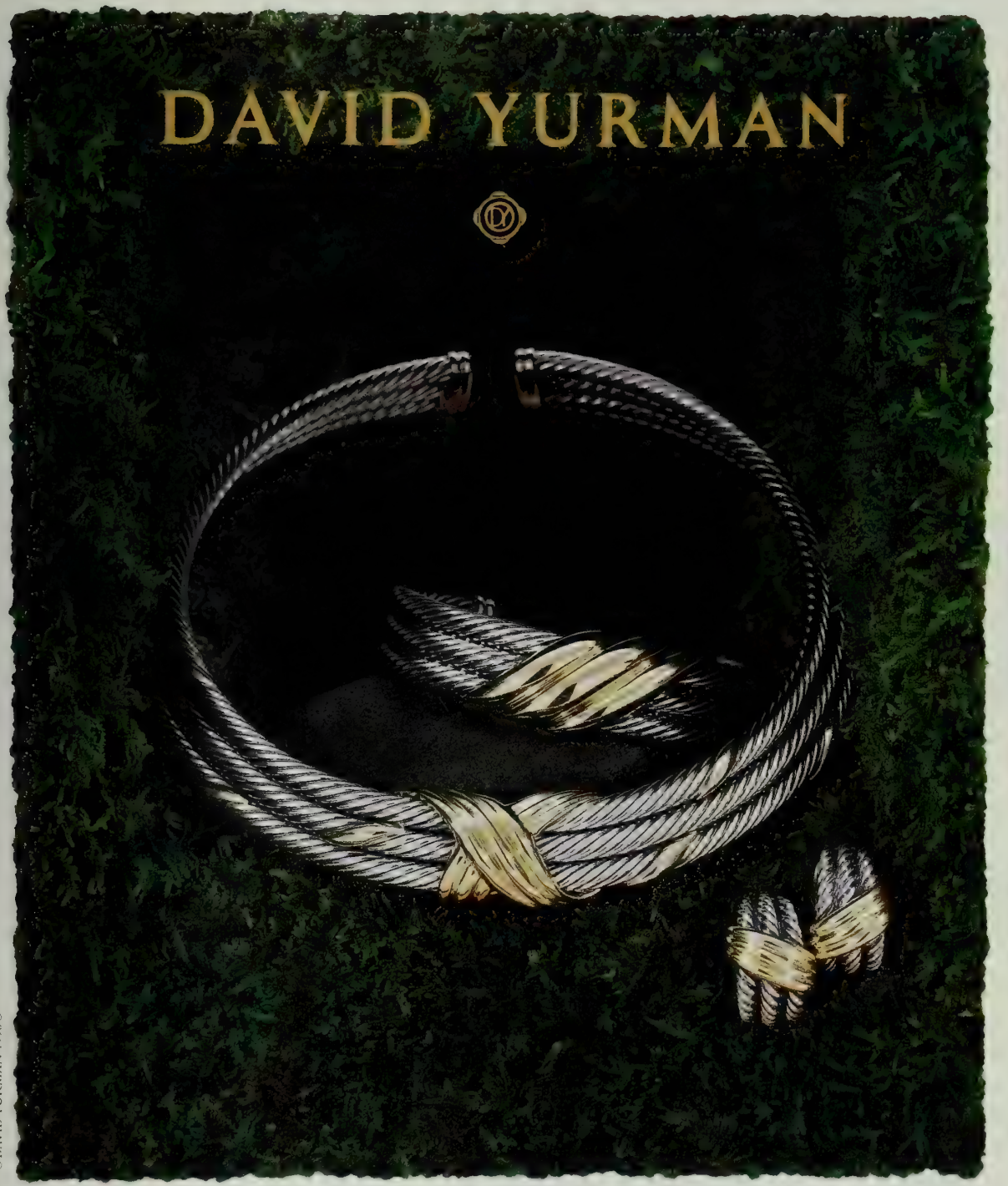
BY DAVID KAMP



Highlights from the Phillips oeuvre include, *from top:* a row of tanned customers at a beachfront bar on the Riviera; diners in a Marseilles restaurant; and a meeting in Paris between two incomparable aesthetes, Coco Chanel and Cecil Beaton. All three photographs were taken in 1937.



Twenty-four years after it ceased to publish weekly, the original *Life* magazine continues to pay cultural dividends—specifically the handsome, lavishly produced hardcover retrospectives put together by its surviving photographers. John Phillips, now 82 and living in New York, was *Life*'s European correspondent throughout its heyday. His book, *Free Spirit in a Troubled World,* to be published this September by Scalo, offers a generous, 200-photograph look at what he saw over that time: a trilbied Neville Chamberlain bending meekly into his twin-engine aircraft; Coco Chanel and Cecil Beaton living it up at a masked ball; Thomas Mann at a cocktail party, expressing delight at the array of hors d'oeuvres. There are reminiscences, too—particularly worthy are Phillips's stories of photographing Egypt's corpulent King Farouk, who liked to drop in at the U.S. military attaché's Cairo apartment "to listen to the latest recordings from the States and raid the refrigerator for cold cuts." □



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HITLER'S GHOST

After an uproar in the media, St. Martin's Press canceled David Irving's biography of Nazi propaganda minister Joseph Goebbels. They did the wrong thing

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Cherry blossoms are bursting over the Tidal Basin and the Jefferson Memorial as I ascend the steps of the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. There is to be a learned seminar today, on the newest interpretation of the Final Solution. Daniel Jonah Goldhagen, a 36-year-old assistant professor at Harvard, is to defend his thesis in *Hitler's Willing Executioners: Ordinary Germans and the Holocaust,* a book which has been a spring sensation.

Having immersed myself in this volume for a weekend, I am eager to ask one big question that cries to heaven for an answer. It is this: *Who on earth does Goldhagen think he is arguing with?* He comes to tell us that there was a good deal of state- and church-sponsored anti-Semitism in German culture. He adds that the Nazis made great use of Jew hatred in their propaganda. He goes on to say that many Germans took part in beatings, killings, and roundups not because they were coerced but because they liked the idea. He announces that not many Germans resisted the persecution of their Jewish countrymen.

Excuse me, but I knew this and so did you. Moreover, the sarcastic phrase about "obeying orders" is not even a well-known explanation, only a well-known *excuse.* All the way through Goldhagen's presentation, which is one tautology piled on another, I wait to make my point. And then the two big scholars present come to the podium with their comments, and I realize I have been wasting my time.

Sophomoric, meretricious, unoriginal, unhistorical, a product of media hype by Knopf (the book's publisher), contradictory, repetitive, callow . . . I'm just giving you the gist of what they said about *Hitler's Willing Executioners.* It must have been quite an ordeal for Goldhagen, who looks about 12, to sit through this kind of thing from revered seniors. Professor Yehuda Bauer of Hebrew University, for example, is effectively the academic founder of the Yad Vashem Holocaust archives in Jerusalem and the author of at least three of the dozen or so standard works on the subject. Professor Konrad Kwiet is no lightweight, either. He is the scholar-in-residence at the Research Institute at the Holocaust Museum and the adviser to the government of Australia on war crimes.



Hitler and Goebbels at a Nazi rally in the late 1930s.

I watch Goldhagen being ground between these heavy millstones and two things happen to me. First, I feel a rush of sympathy for the kid. *Sixty-three* percent of German electors voted against Hitler in the last free elections in Weimar, says Bauer witheringly, and there were vicious Jew-baiters in Germany in the early 19th century. So how come, Mr. Clever Young Historian, that one time it ends in blood and another time not? If you don't know, you shouldn't talk. This big-time book of yours should have remained a doctoral thesis and maybe those supervisors at Harvard could try harder. (I'm paraphrasing the scholars only slightly.)

The second thing that happens is that I feel a new respect for the Research Institute at the Holocaust museum. It can't have been easy, this trashing of an attractive and earnest young man. How was he to know that there is more to the Holocaust than meditations on cruelty and the German character, or that he was supposed to have a deep theoretical knowledge of Fascism? Doesn't almost every Hollywood and pulp outlet make the Final Solution seem like a sort of morality tale? Did not *The New Republic*'s Leon Wieseltier—whose remarks closed this seminar—once observe mordantly that "there's no business like Shoah business"? So, good for the institute.

There is, of course, another answer to the question I never asked. Goldhagen *is* involved in an argument with an unseen opponent, and so are all the other experts on the platform, including Christopher Browning, whose book *Ordinary Men* anticipated Goldhagen's by four years. This unseen opponent is David Irving, a British historian with depraved ideas about the whole narrative.

Irving *does* have a rounded and developed theory of Fascism, which is to say that he has studied it a lot and thinks it's had a bum rap. He's even been quoted as calling himself a "mild Fascist" or "a moderate Fascist"—oxymoronic if true. In the week that I went to the Holocaust-museum seminar, Irving was hastily dumped by St. Martin's Press, which had undertaken to produce his book on the papers of Hitler's minister of propaganda, Joseph Goebbels, the choreographer for the Nuremberg style, and had then, at the very threshold of publication, taken fright. Book canceled, author disowned, tearful statements from the top brass about how if only they had known . . .

Encountering Tom Dunne of St. Martin's that very week, I told him I was going to criticize him in print, and he replied, "If you want a title for the article, call it 'Profiles in Prudence.'" A good joke from a good man. But at whose expense?

I have thought about this a lot and I feel the need to say, very clearly, that St. Martin's has disgraced the business of



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publishing and degraded the practice of debate. David Irving is not just a Fascist historian. He is also a great historian of Fascism. But you would never have known this from the way that the controversy was written up.

HITLER'S SPIN ARTIST was the headline on a typical column, by Frank Rich in *The New York Times,* raising the alarm about the mere idea of Irving's being published. *The Washington Post* was not laggard, saying that Irving "routinely refers to the Holocaust as a hoax." Jonathan Yardley, a cultural critic of some standing, wrote a whole article that positively sighed with satisfaction at the idea that, having neither read nor seen the book, he could now safely counsel others to do likewise. Nary a voice was raised, in American publishing or academe or journalism, to ask if David Irving had anything to contribute as a chronicler.

Things were rather different in my country of birth, which doesn't even *have* a First Amendment. More than 120 book sections of English magazines and newspapers have requested copies from Irving's British publisher, and reviews are pouring in. I might mention Robert Harris, author of *Fatherland* and *Enigma,* who wrote in the London *Evening Standard* on April 1 that "in the words of the military writer John Keegan: 'No historian of the Second World War can afford to ignore Irving.' Few contemporary scholars of the Third Reich have his depth of knowledge, virtually none has met as many of its leading figures and nobody, surely, has unearthed more original material—a private archive known as the 'Irving Collection,' always generously made available to other researchers, which weighs more than half a ton."

Harris could have added that his own brilliant book *Selling Hitler* describing the 1983 forgery of "the Hitler Diaries," which hoodwinked a large chunk of the British establishment (including historians of the caliber of Hugh Trevor-Roper, author of *The Last Days of Hitler*)—was made possible in part by Irving's finding that those nasty papers were indeed a fake. Irving rendered another service by unmasking some spurious documents connecting Churchill and Mussolini. He speaks faultless German. He has, in the most recent case, been the first historian to see some 75,000 pages of diary entries by Joseph Goebbels, held in secrecy in Moscow from 1945 to 1992. His studies of the Churchill-Roosevelt relationship, of the bombing of Dresden, of the campaigns of Rommel and others, are such that you can't say you know the subject *at all* unless you have read them. And, incidentally, he has never and not once described the Holocaust as "a hoax."





***Above,* David Irving in his office in 1992; *below,* Daniel Goldhagen at the Holocaust Memorial Museum seminar, April 8.**

I have caught David Irving out, just by my own researches, in one grossly anti-Jewish statement and one wildly paranoid hypothesis and several flagrant contradictions. But I learned a lot in the process of doing so. It's unimportant to me that Irving is my political polar opposite. If I didn't read my polar opponents, I'd be even stupider than I am. But what did I get when I went round that Holocaust seminar? Professors Bauer and Kwiet and Browning, asked if they agreed with the St. Martin's decision, shrank as if I had invited them to a Witches' Sabbath. None of them would say that Irving should never be published, but all of them said that if it were up to *them* he would not be.

Deborah Lipstadt, author of the standard text *Denying the Holocaust,* told *The New York Times* that one wouldn't and shouldn't publish David Duke on race relations, and (varying her pitch a bit) told *The Washington Post* that one wouldn't and shouldn't publish Jeffrey Dahmer on man-boy love. What is this vertiginous nonsense? These are supposedly experienced historians who claim to have looked mass death in the face, without flinching. And they can't take the idea of a debate with David Irving? Quite apart from the fact that many publishers would have rushed to promote a Jeffrey Dahmer manuscript, what are we afraid of here?

I have now read the exchange of correspondence between Irving and St. Martin's. For a long time, everything was hunky-dory. The manuscript was read seven times in 15 months (and understandably, since it contained amazing new material). The Military Book Club chose it as a main selection. Sales representatives made enthusiastic noises. And then, after a few hysterical and old-maidish articles in the press (*Eeek—a Nazi!*), Irving is told that his contract is void. He is told this not by the publishers but by members of the press telephoning him for his reaction.

I remember when my friend Aryeh Neier, of the American Civil Liberties Union (whose parents got out of Berlin just in time), made the decision to uphold the right of the American Nazi Party to mount a demonstration in Illinois in 1978. The A.C.L.U. lost a lot of donors and subscribers that time. In a fine book entitled *Defending My Enemy,* Neier explained soothingly that the law on free expression covers everybody, and thus that in defending it for anybody you defend it for everybody.

After weeks of general acquiescence on the Irving suppression, Steve Wasserman of Times Books was moved to push Neier's point with his colleagues at Random House. In a contentious meeting, it was agreed they would actually *read* the book. Someone will no doubt pick up where St. Martin's left off; until then, one will have to seek David Irving on some ghastly Brownshirt Web site, which will parade its bravery in making the occult facts into revealed truth. Is this what the established experts want?

A little depressed at this last thought, I made a late-night call to Professor Raul Hilberg at the University of Vermont. Professor Hilberg's book *The Destruction of the European Jews* was the original text on the Holocaust, published in 1961. He is acknowledged as an ancestor on the matter. He sighed a bit when I mentioned Irving, whom he regards as a slippery customer but with whom he has had correspondence about documents and details. A very good man in footnotes and archives, allowed Hilberg, but you had to suspect his motives. However: "If these people want to speak, let them. It only leads those of us who do research to re-examine what we might have considered as obvious. And that's useful for us. I have quoted Eichmann references that come from a neo-Nazi publishing house. I am not for taboos and I am not for repression."

Currently, though, there *is* a taboo. And who really believes that if it were lifted any honest person would be the loser? □

TOP, BY FORD MATTHEW; BOTTOM, BY BETH REDLICH

Never confuse having a career with having a life.



fig. 1.

Hold marshmallow over flame, not in it. Rotate until gooey.



fig. 2.

Assemble chocolate bar with graham cracker.



fig. 3.

Quickly smash melted marshmallow atop chocolate bar.



fig. 4.

Eat s'more. Lick sticky fingers. Start over.



If you asked Eddie Bauer the meaning of life, he probably would've been too busy fishing to answer. (Eddie conveniently claimed such trips gave him yet another chance to test the clothing he designed and sold.) Men and women who "have a life" — or would if they only had a free moment — may call for a nearby store or catalog of our time-tested clothing. 800-789-1387.

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ENDLESS YOUTH

Affluent, educated baby-boomers are hoping to celebrate their 100th birthdays, thanks to biotechnological breakthroughs, a master hormone called DHEA, and a handful of doctors bent on defying old age

BY GAIL SHEEHY



HORMONIC CONVERGENCE Dr. Samuel Yen, 67, wise warrior in the revolution against aging, studies DHEA and uses it himself—to maintain his sense of command and his tennis game.

"How long do you want to live?"

The scientist looked startled at this most personal of questions. A bold biotech entrepreneur, he seemed beyond all that. He had just given me a glimpse of a world where aging appears to be postponable. Indefinitely.

Dr. William Haseltine is a Berkeley rebel who became a Harvard professor. A few years ago, before he passed 50, a venture capitalist lured him out of academic confinement to start Human Genome Sciences, a company whose mission is to isolate just about every unknown gene on the human-parts list and patent—literally patent—those useful in the prevention and treatment of disease. A silky self-promoter with enough ambition for two lifetimes, Haseltine is in a race against his own deadline. He wants in 10 years to be head of a major pharmaceutical company—his own. But he doesn't allow his scientific goals to interfere with the cultural pleasures he pursues as he shuttles between his Georgetown house and his Manhattan apartment on Fifth Avenue with his wife, Gale Hayman (the creator of Giorgio perfume). He wants it all. And he has no intention of aging according to anyone's outmoded clock.

"I want to live as long as I'm healthy," he answers.

"What age do you have in mind?"

"One hundred."

Believe it or not, that's the going bet for affluent, well-educated boomers as they cross the age-50 line: a full century. Just another pipe dream of age-phobic narcissists? Not exactly. Following fast on the heels of the digital age are biotechnological breakthroughs and a new approach to medicine that have already launched an anti-aging revolution. In April, scientists discovered a gene which they believe affects aging in humans. Later this year, the National Institute on Aging will host a meeting to design studies focusing on disease-free survival and gene research. This is what Americans have been waiting for since the country began. In the 16th century, Spanish explorer Ponce de León sailed to St. Augustine, Florida, looking for springs reputed to infuse young blood into old veins. But before his travels finally ceased, he ran into an Indian arrow, underscoring the bittersweet conceit of believing ourselves capable and deserving of perpetual life.

Today there is an unspoken belief that if we think right, eat right, breathe right, relax right, and put back whatever the body loses as part of the aging process, we can postpone disease and dependency indefinitely. We can look better longer and make ourselves even leaner than in youth by vigorous exercise. And quite possibly we can slow, or even reverse, the body's internal aging clock. So far, so good. The deficits in mental acuity and decreases in physical powers that have been considered un-

PHOTOGRAPH BY ART STREIBER



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avoidable companions of the late afternoon of life are, it turns out, neither inevitable nor immutable. Recent studies have demonstrated that people *are* largely in charge of how successfully they age: it's mental outlook and behavior that make the difference in later life. And new, unpublished government studies of people at all socioeconomic levels show that most people in America are already aging very well.

But Ponce de León's quest for the Fountain of Youth has been topped in our times by a striving for youth that is characteristically American in its optimism—yet possibly out of control. Roughly one in three adults, most of them educated, upper-income white Americans under age 50, is now shopping for unconventional medical treatments, including megavitamins and unproven "miracle" hormone supplements such as melatonin. They are spending more than $10 billion a year in hopes that their efforts will act as a sort of additional insurance, guaranteeing them a much-extended state of wellness. No longer merely the fetish of aristocrats and society matrons with shrink-wrapped skin, the attempt to slow aging with a sexy armamentarium of designer hormones and alternative medical therapies has seized the popular imagination. How much of all this is just hype, misplaced hope, desperation? And how much of it is real? Who are the authentic pioneers?

My exploration began in Ponce de León's territory, modern-day Florida, at the very citadel of mass culture—Disney World—where I participated in a new, all-American phenomenon: the Health Show.

I found myself in a coffee shop, a place crawling with antsy toddlers and hollow-eyed parents in their sleep-deprived 30s. I also noticed an older crowd. But rather than the silver-haired retirees in pastel sweat suits I had envisioned, these older folks were couples who appeared rested and well recovered from the long emergency of parenthood. Most of them looked indeterminately middle-aged.

These relaxed, ruddy-cheeked people were among the 4,000 registrants at the three-day Health Show. Some had come to Florida from places as far away as Wisconsin and Canada to find out how to "manage my most precious asset—my health," as everyone seemed to put it. An eclectic lineup of experts awaited them, ranging from Robert Pritikin of the Pritikin Longevity Center to the medicine/miracles man, Dr. Bernie Siegel. I had been asked to hold a seminar billed as "Male Menopause: Myth or Reality?" (a subject about which I had written for *Vanity Fair* in April 1993). My co-leader, Dr. Kenneth Goldberg, teaches men how to tune up their bodies at his Male Health Center in Dallas. We expected no more than a hundred of the registrants to show up. The ballroom quickly filled with about 500, including people as young as their early 40s.

In the next few years, people will seek out anti-aging specialists for custom-designed hormone cocktails.

Asked who among them believed in male menopause, three-quarters of the attendees raised their hands. Only a dozen had talked about it with a health-care professional, and the usual response had been: "What do you expect? You're getting old." A man of 60, a former high-school football star no less, testified to "hot flashes, night sweats—the whole nine yards, just like my wife." He also volunteered that he uses a testosterone gel daily, the kind of public admission that even a decade ago would have cast him as a traitor to his sex.

How important, we asked the audience, is sexual intimacy to you at this stage of life? A distinguished-looking man earned hearty applause when he said, "I think we can live without it. But I don't want to, and I don't think my wife does, either." A woman across the room, 50ish, but valiantly blonde and slim, stood up to offer a wife's ironic perspective. "My husband has what you call 'widower's impotence.' The problem is, I'm not dead." She added, "The need and yearning for sex I don't think ever leave you."

Scenes like these dramatize the growing determination of people who don't want to age the way their parents did—passively. They can't afford to. Everything has changed. No one ever prepared us for the possibility that we might live long enough to see our grandchildren go bald. Back when we were buttering our bread with abandon and slathering on baby oil and iodine to roast our skins in the sun, who ever dreamed we'd be looking at an adult life span where 60-year-olds would be fighting with their 85-year-old parents about whether or not it was time for the rest home? And with so many couples today waiting until their 40s to have children, Mom may need bifocals just to breast-feed. How are she and Dad going to keep up with their in vitro twins when the kids' adolescence coincides with the parents' middlescence?

The spectrum of anti-aging proponents that runs between Dr. William Haseltine's high-tech gene lab and a Florida Health Show is intimidating. And then there are our old values to contend with: for generations we have all been told to accept slowing down and growing shapeless. Now we are as ambivalent about *not* aging as we once were about growing old. I mean, picture your father using a testosterone gel.

Hormones are the BMWs of the 90s. The cognoscenti on both coasts already have made their choices. In the next few years all kinds of people, particularly affluent boomers, will seek out anti-aging specialists for custom-designed hormone cocktails, hoping to resupply the body with what it loses after its physiological peak between the ages of 25 and 30. Hormone specialists are now pumped for information at fancy dinner parties the way real-estate mavens and junk-bond dealers were in the recent past. More and more hormones that regulate bodily processes are being discovered. Besides the familiar ones (estrogen, testosterone, and the superseller, melatonin), a master hormone known as DHEA has earned enough respect to break into the national spotlight as the most broadly useful natural medicine in the battle to resist aging. But before scientists have vouched for its safety, the hype has spread as far as supermarket tabloids such as the *National Examiner*, where the headline WONDER DRUG STOPS YOU FROM AGING appeared in the same size type as MY WILD NIGHT WITH THE HONKY-TONK KILLER.

Human growth hormone, a metabolite

made by the body, has also been touted as a regenerative supplement. But responsible experts warn that at this point human growth hormone carries serious potential dangers to health. Nevertheless, the new breed of hormone hucksters who push their wares via chat shows and "Insta-books" are already looking for big sales and big dollars. Howard Turney, a nonscientist without a high-school diploma, set up an underground supply line of the stuff, channeling the hormone from an unidentified Mexican distributor through 38 American doctors, handsomely commissioned, who will prescribe it to patients desperate enough to pay $13,000 for a year's supply.

But this is only the tip of the iceberg. In the very near future, genetic research will allow doctors to use our own bodies as pharmacies. Instead of relying solely on drugs or surgery to cure our bodily ills *after* they develop, we will use compounds derived from the body to shore it up where it's weak or burning out. Anti-aging specialists will offer protein and metabolic products to help rejuvenate the circulatory system, revitalize kidney function, and prime the pump of our intestines, the better to absorb lifesaving nutrients.

The real leaders in the anti-aging field are physicians and scientists—a small vanguard of men who feel that time is running out on their ambitions. They are not New Age flakes but articulate and inquisitive members of the medical establishment. Besides Dr. Haseltine, there is Dr. Samuel Yen—67 and a world-renowned endocrinologist at the University of California, San Diego (U.C.S.D.)—whose studies of DHEA are highly regarded and influential. Similarly respected is Dr. Norman Orentreich, 73, a Fifth Avenue dermatologist who maintains his own extensive research laboratory. Dr. William Regelson, a medical oncologist at the Medical College of Virginia, has put his reputation as a distinguished researcher on the line by becoming one of the "popularizers." All of these doctors except Dr. Haseltine personally use hormones. (Each has his favorite.) They cite benefits ranging from healthier sex drives to an increased sense of well-being and feelings of taking control of their lives again.

"I can't wait 30 more years for the National Institute on Aging and double-blind studies to save my ass," says the salty 70-year-old Dr. Regelson, who co-authored the best-seller *The Melatonin Miracle*. Last summer, drugstores were swamped when the media began to report his claim that a dose a day of melatonin at bedtime (half a milligram to five milligrams) can make you feel and look younger. The huge GNC chain was pushing out 4,000 bottles a day nationally. Signs went up in Manhattan pharmacies: WE HAVE MELATONIN TODAY.

Few doctors dispute the fact that melatonin, which is produced by the pineal gland, is an effective natural sleeping potion and a welcome solution to jet lag. But even advocates would be hard-pressed to document the more extravagant claims made for what has become the poor man's Prozac—an inexpensive over-the-counter psychopharmacological panacea. With the world gone melatonin-mad and millions medicating themselves without medical supervision or advice, Dr. Regelson—who says he personally takes only one-tenth of a milligram a day—has become the target of a backlash by the medical establishment. Other professionals fear that consumers, happy with the effects of a small dose, will gradually opt for more and more, crippling the natural production in the glands of their own bodies.

One of the subtle effects of DHEA on most people, says Yen, is to make them feel stronger, more in charge.

Regelson's more conventional colleagues recently refused to allow him to debate the powers of the pineal aging clock at a scientific conference. These skeptics, unlike Regelson, still see aging as a random collection of separate diseases and physiological changes, rather than as the product of an internal biological clock that can be manipulated. Regelson blames the prejudices of youth for what he sees as his persecution. "The real reason the National Institute on Aging hasn't moved on anti-aging research is that most of them are 40," he grumbles. "When you're that age, you're in no hurry."

Over lunch in Mill Valley, California, Regelson definitely appears to be a man in a hurry. He has already lost interest in the hormone that launched his lucrative literary career, and is now touting DHEA, the most plentiful steroid hormone in the human body. Regelson has been tracking DHEA for 15 years. It is not hyperbole to say that he is a living advertisement for his cause. Not 70, you think, no way. This agile man in a black turtleneck, jeans, and silver-buckled belt looks 50 maybe. His eyes, dark and gleaming, look nothing like the dried-out stares of many men of the same age. He calls his enthusiastic expression the "limbic look," but eyes are not what Regelson wants to talk about.

"What is it that governs a male's interest in aging?" he demands rhetorically, leaving no time for response. "The fear of impotence. Our brain is controlled by the penis to a large extent. So if you don't realize that testosterone and other hormones associated with aging fail, you're going to have to get used to a decline in your sex drive. It sort of creeps up on men. I think youthfulness is enjoying and expressing your libido at age 70." He wiggles his stocking feet under the glass lunch table.

"I take DHEA because I'm trying to delay aging as a physiological event in my life," he continues, emphasizing that he is talking about hormone replacement, not overdosing, which is as much a danger with DHEA as with melatonin. DHEA is naturally excreted by the adrenal glands but declines steadily as we age. No one knows what the proper maintenance dose of DHEA is, or what different strengths are appropriate for men and women. Small amounts, Regelson says, can have startling effects, and he is not talking about the reduction of jet lag.

"When you're over 60 and you wake up in the morning with the flag flying, it comes as a surprise. When I started taking DHEA nine years ago, the change in my libido was striking. It was funny as hell. I mean, I felt like I was 20 years old again."

He tells me he's just been hired to rush out a book on DHEA for Simon & Schuster.

Dr. Samuel Yen, the country's premier DHEA researcher, is a dignified Chinese-American scientist with waves of silver-tipped black hair. He stirred up the scientific establishment last June at a meeting now considered landmark. The New York Academy of Sciences was hosting a conference called



TIGHT GENES
Dr. William Haseltine, 51, with his wife, Gale Hayman. He has built a high-tech medical business on identifying the human genes that cause the diseases of aging. If he succeeds, an 80-year-old woman may never look the same.

A master hormone known as DHEA has earned enough respect to break into the national spotlight as the most broadly useful natural medicine in the battle to resist aging.

"Dehydroepiandrosterone (DHEA) and Aging"—a measure of the hormone's respectability. After his three decades of experience with DHEA, Dr. Yen was ready to report the dramatic results from his latest study: DHEA in replacement doses activates the immune system. His subjects have also reported increases in their general feeling of well-being; some improved more than 85 percent. Most users experienced a lift in energy, elevated mood, a more relaxed feeling, and greater ability to cope with stressful events. All this and it brings back a wasted libido, too?

Well, not necessarily. According to Dr. Yen, the hormone has no measurable effect on libido, despite Dr. Regelson's claims. The reason behind such a fundamental disagreement is the capriciousness of this master hormone itself. Once in the bloodstream, DHEA converts to both estrogen and testosterone. And just to make it more confusing, it turns into both female and male hormones in both women and men—with great individual variability. No one can count on the same results. Dr. Norman Orentreich, who prescribes DHEA for some of his patients, walks a middle ground on the sexuality issue. Though he does not emphasize an increased sex drive as one of the hormone's benefits, he notes that "some women convert low levels of DHEA to potent levels of male hormone very quickly. Others barely convert it at all." So, how does this hormone really work?

Dr. Yen first noticed the power of DHEA 35 years ago at Harvard Medical School, where his mentor was doing work on human fetuses. In the last months of pregnancy, Yen observed, fetal adrenal glands suddenly gush with the production of DHEA—just as the body is experiencing its most significant prenatal splurge of growth. Levels fall immediately after birth. The hormone peaks again around the age of 12, playing a major role in the initiation of puberty. It remains high until age 25 or 30 and then begins a consistent downward slide. By age 75 or 80, it is almost nonexistent. The cycle of DHEA production intrigued the doctor.

Yen has realized in the last decade of his work on the hormone that "DHEA is not just for making estrogen and androgen, but it might have other biological functions, functions actually related to growth."

Seven years ago Dr. Yen, then transplanted in Southern California, decided to do a proper double-blind study of DHEA. It was the first such study on humans. He meant only to decipher whether it had a biological effect in adults. But to his great surprise he discovered that DHEA elevated the levels of IGF-I, a key mediator of human growth hormone in the body and the hormonal system's master builder. Excited, his theoretical mind began synthesizing the deficits of growing older: the levels of both DHEA and human growth hormone decline with age, and the body's ability to metabolize fats, sugars, and important proteins also diminishes rapidly between the ages of 50 and 60. "Therefore, your total metabolic system declines in efficiency," he concluded, "so you may not feel as strong." Or as upbeat. "You may suddenly realize that your well-being is not there anymore," confirms Dr. Yen.

The scientist set out to test a hunch: that DHEA could counteract, naturally, the depression that so often accompanies growing older. It was an entirely new concept. He also wanted to know if the immune system could be booted up again to its youthful vigilance. Yen's early studies, he says, verified that the hormone DHEA steadily increases muscle strength and physical mobility in most men and women, while making bodies leaner. And, like melatonin, it promotes deeper, more restorative sleep. Yen is careful to emphasize, however, that the greatest benefits are usually psychological, and very subtle.

"I take endless vitamins and supplements," says Tom Green, a well-toned owner and manager of San Diego apartment properties. But he answered an ad for one of Dr. Yen's anti-aging studies because, at 56, he was aware of a certain entropy. During the six months he was taking DHEA, Green recalls, he felt "that tingle of excitement, like when you were in your 20s. I'd forgotten that I had lost a lot of it."

Maria Bowman, a tall, vividly attired Mexican-American woman who met me in a parking lot between her appointments as a busy San Diego County real-estate agent, remembers with great nostalgia the dynamo she was for the six months during which she received daily doses of DHEA as another of Dr. Yen's subjects. Bowman had always been a rebel. Raising four children as a single mother had clipped her wings, but armed with a B.A. earned in middle age, she figured it was time to let it rip. "I forgot that children come back for rebound time with Mom—and multiply," she says. A family tragedy also put her back in the full-time mothering role, caring for her nine-year-old grandson. The inside of her aging Lincoln Continental became half playroom, half real-estate office. Her body was like an energy sieve.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER

"Shortly after I won custody of my grandchild, the study was announced and I thought, I need some energy, quick!" she recalls. She wasn't told when she was on the hormone supplement and when she was on a placebo. "But my body knew. My hair got longer and shinier. I even remember my breasts getting bigger and sexier." She shimmies a little in her purple silk blouse. "I was doing more and more." She didn't notice how much more until the 18-hour cleanathon she performed before a family visit. "I thought, I am going to be dead tomorrow. But I got up the next day and I wasn't even sore. It was the most magnificent day of my life. I was impressed by *me*." Now, she claims, it's a struggle to get herself up in time to take her grandson to school. "On DHEA, every morning I had a jumping-out-of-bed feeling. Oh, boy, do I want that back!"

This is the tease with DHEA. Unlike melatonin, DHEA is available only by prescription. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration (F.D.A.) has yet to approve it for sale over the counter. Although it is one of the most common hormones produced by the human body, there is believed to be only one commercial source in the world. Akzo Nobel, a Dutch company, uses the barbasco plant, which grows in abundance in Mexico and China, as its source of DHEA. After the steroid molecule is chemically manipulated, the white DHEA powder makes its way to a Chicago subsidiary, which in turn supplies a very limited number of compounding pharmacies in the U.S. Few physicians will prescribe it, although it is not illegal to do so. They can obtain supplies for themselves or patients for scientific testing. Regelson is still using a kilo of DHEA that he ordered nine years ago. He says he knows of 19 other physicians in Richmond, Virginia, where he lives, who are prescribing DHEA for chronic fatigue syndrome.

The accounts of Dr. Yen's patients are seductive. But he stresses that nobody really knows the physiological effects of DHEA on the body. The hormone, even given in huge doses, has so far produced no alarming side effects. Large dosages in women who have a tendency toward acne or excess hair can exaggerate these conditions. (Yen had two subjects report these problems, which were corrected when he changed the dose or discontinued it.) But he is the first to point out that



Goes down beautifully.

no one knows what is the proper dose for replacement, or how men and women differ in utilizing it, and he is studying both questions now. Individuals, he says, vary tremendously in their reactions. He believes that for a man over 60 who is taking DHEA (under the supervision of a doctor who monitors the levels of the hormone in his blood) the right dose is probably about 50 milligrams per day. For women, he stresses, the proper amount is a much more complex issue, particularly for those who are already on hormone-replacement therapy. Yen is now experimenting with DHEA injections for women.

Could there be a hidden danger? The question disturbs serious researchers like Dr. Yen, because he is still deep in scientific inquiry. Asked to bring the DHEA story up-to-date, he explained: "The most important of the human growth hormones, IGF-I [or insulin growth factor], can be activated by DHEA replacement to almost the level of a 25- to 30-year-old. And we are also finding out how it activates the immune system. Our data shows that DHEA can restore the cancer-fighting T-cell function. Another cell affected is the N.K., or 'natural killer,' cell. These are specialized lymphocytes that carry on surveillance in the blood, and when they run into a virus, they engulf it and chew it up. DHEA also makes these cells more active."

He immediately amended his remarks. This interview is the first time, outside scientific circles, that Dr. Yen has discussed DHEA's effects on the immune system and human growth hormone. He needs two more years, he insists, to clarify the bigger picture on a broader sample of subjects. But the genie is already out of the bottle. At a public lecture a year ago sponsored by the Sam and Rose Stein Institute for Research on Aging at U.C.S.D., Dr. Yen was shocked by the enthusiastic word of mouth that DHEA was enjoying. When he asked members of his largely professional audience how many were *already* taking DHEA, roughly half raised their hands. Dr. Yen has been using it himself since then—though he does not like to admit it.

"This is not a fountain of youth," he has continually emphasized. "It is not going to make you live longer." But perhaps *better*—particularly in our later years? "At this moment," he replies, "we just don't have enough scientific data to support the hype about DHEA's magical properties which are being ballyhooed in the press. The data on DHEA and immune function is highly encouraging, but to translate that into claims for human health and fighting disease is highly premature."

When he leaves the impersonal sterility of his office at the U.C.S.D. medical center, a gentler, aesthetic side of Sam Yen comes alive. Over a bottle of Merlot at his home, a spiral structure of Douglas fir and glass pitched on a hill overlooking the Pacific, he appears nothing like a man approaching 70. The architecture of his face is strong and handsome. His effervescent conversation, ranging over a love of art and aviation to the eternal puzzle of sexual differences, suggests a man who lives in a state of constant cognitive stimulation.

In April, scientists discovered a gene which they believe affects aging in humans.

I ask him why he takes DHEA.

"I'm always in command since I was a little boy," he says, telling me the story of his boyhood in an old, wealthy family in pre-Communist Peking. As a child he was coddled like royalty and raised in a compound with grass tennis courts, his own horse, even his own theater. His pampered existence was shattered when the Japanese occupied Peking. World war loomed. At 12, he ran away to escape the occupation, and at 15 he lied about his age and was taken on by Pan Am as a pilot trainee. Later he became part of the Flying Tigers, a legendary group of volunteer pilots led by the American general Claire Chennault. For 16 months, the teenage Yen flew munitions between India and China for the Americans. It comes as no surprise when, returning to the subject of DHEA, he repeats with some energy, "I like to feel that command."

Something happened to him at the age of 60, he admits with a rueful tone. "I'm definitely slower than before. I'm struggling every day to catch up." One of the subtle effects of DHEA on most people, he says, is to make them feel stronger, more in charge. I ask the doctor if it could be a cure for male menopause. He concedes that it might, though indirectly. "If you induce metabolic processes, your well-being will be elevated. And when well-being returns, men are more likely to resume sexual activities. I strongly believe that," Yen says.

But it takes more than a bottle of DHEA to keep a man vital. This is a fact often overlooked in the quest for a magic bullet to fight aging. All these scientists have work they love and unquenchable curiosity. Another part of the formula is a ready source of intimacy.

"I live alone," Sam Yen laments. After more than 10 years as a divorced bachelor, he views this as one deficit that hormone replacement cannot make up for when one is older. "I've been dating, but I haven't found anybody I can impart my inner self to, which is really the ultimate comfort. I miss that. In fact, I think about it every day."

But in the last year, since Dr. Yen has been taking the hormone, colleagues who have worked with him for years say that he seems happier, not as tense and stressed, less the impenetrable guru and more a real person. "I couldn't imagine him not working," says his co-investigator Dr. Arlene Morales. "I thought he would essentially die in this job. Now I feel he's ready to do other things with his time."

Torn between his role as pure scientist and the possibilities of entrepreneurship, Yen holds a patent on the use of DHEA as an antidepressant in aging men and women. "Use patents" alone are not worth much; it takes millions of dollars in research to satisfy the F.D.A., and drug companies aren't enthusiastic about investing when they can be jumped by other companies that can off-label the same product for another use, say, protection against osteoporosis. Yen is currently negotiating with a foundation and a pharmaceutical company to bring DHEA to the consumer market. But nobody expects it to be available over the counter in less than two years.

How long would *you* like to live? I ask Dr. Yen.

"The day I feel I'm no longer in com-


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mand and I no longer enjoy my wine, I don't want to be lying around," he answers matter-of-factly. "I live on spirit."

It is midafternoon in his laboratory office and Bill Haseltine is flat on his back on a hardwood floor. With phones unplugged and a pillow under his head, he has assumed a yoga dead-man's pose. Hardly a slacker, the 51-year-old scientific explorer is conserving energy for the long haul. Haseltine, who drinks a gallon of water daily, takes his personal anti-aging conditioning seriously. He promises that in the near future the diseases of aging will be predictable before they occur, or at least detectable at their very earliest stages. He is a mesmerizing preacher for the new, gene-based medicine.

"This is a revolution akin to the discovery of antibiotics," he claims. "It will save hundreds of millions of lives and change the destiny of big corporations."

Haseltine looks more like an international banker than a researcher, dressed in tailored Italian pinstripes, silk tie, and oversize wire-rims. There is unmistakable hubris behind his fixed stare. A pedigreed creature from a family of distinguished scientists, he boasts four Nobel laureates among his mentors. In the early 80s at Harvard, Haseltine was involved in landmark work on human retroviruses and discovered several H.I.V. genes. But he had a brutal fight to get tenure at the university. "My sin," he notes without false modesty, "was getting too much recognition too quickly—and outside the academy."

By the 90s, Haseltine had realized that the new hot scientific sector was human genomic research. "Like the pioneers who lit out for Kentucky," he says, "I just knew I had to be there." After one lunch with an obscure National Institutes of Health scientist, Craig Venter, who had perfected an unconventional method for accelerating gene research, Haseltine saw where he had to go. "I set out to build a facility to mass-produce genetic information," he says. SmithKline Beecham was the first corporate investor in the new company, committing $125 million to Human Genome Sciences (H.G.S.) in May 1993. Now, just three years later, H.G.S. has leapt ahead of the U.S. government's Human Genome Project, which won't be completed for another 10 years. Using imagination, large amounts of capital, and an array of robots and supercomputers, H.G.S. is a high-tech detective, exploring the genetic behavior that controls the aging process.



SKIN-DEEP
Experts in testosterone treatments and mini-face-lifts called laserbrasions, Dr. Norman Orentreich, 73, and his Fifth Avenue staff (including son David) are dermatologists with eyes on the future and a battery of celebrity clients.

"My sexual appetite is back to where it was when I was around 40," says Orentreich. "I cannot tell you how many vital men I've made."

"In the last few years," Haseltine claims, "our lab has produced more medical-breakthrough ideas than all the academic institutions, all the government institutions, and all the hospitals in the world." When Haseltine and Venter took H.G.S. public in December 1993, the company was valued at $220 million. Today it is valued at more than $750 million.

All very exciting, but what will this biotech revolution do for the average Joe who worries about running up stairs or dying in the saddle once he hits 60?

To understand the company's work, it is necessary to recall that the body replaces all its tissues every seven years. When we get small infections, injuries, even microscopic cancer, this process of tissue replacement wipes them out. "Knowing that your body can maintain and repair itself," Haseltine begins, "we want to discover how it does that and use the same maintenance-and-repair kit the body uses, as the basis for a new approach to medicine."

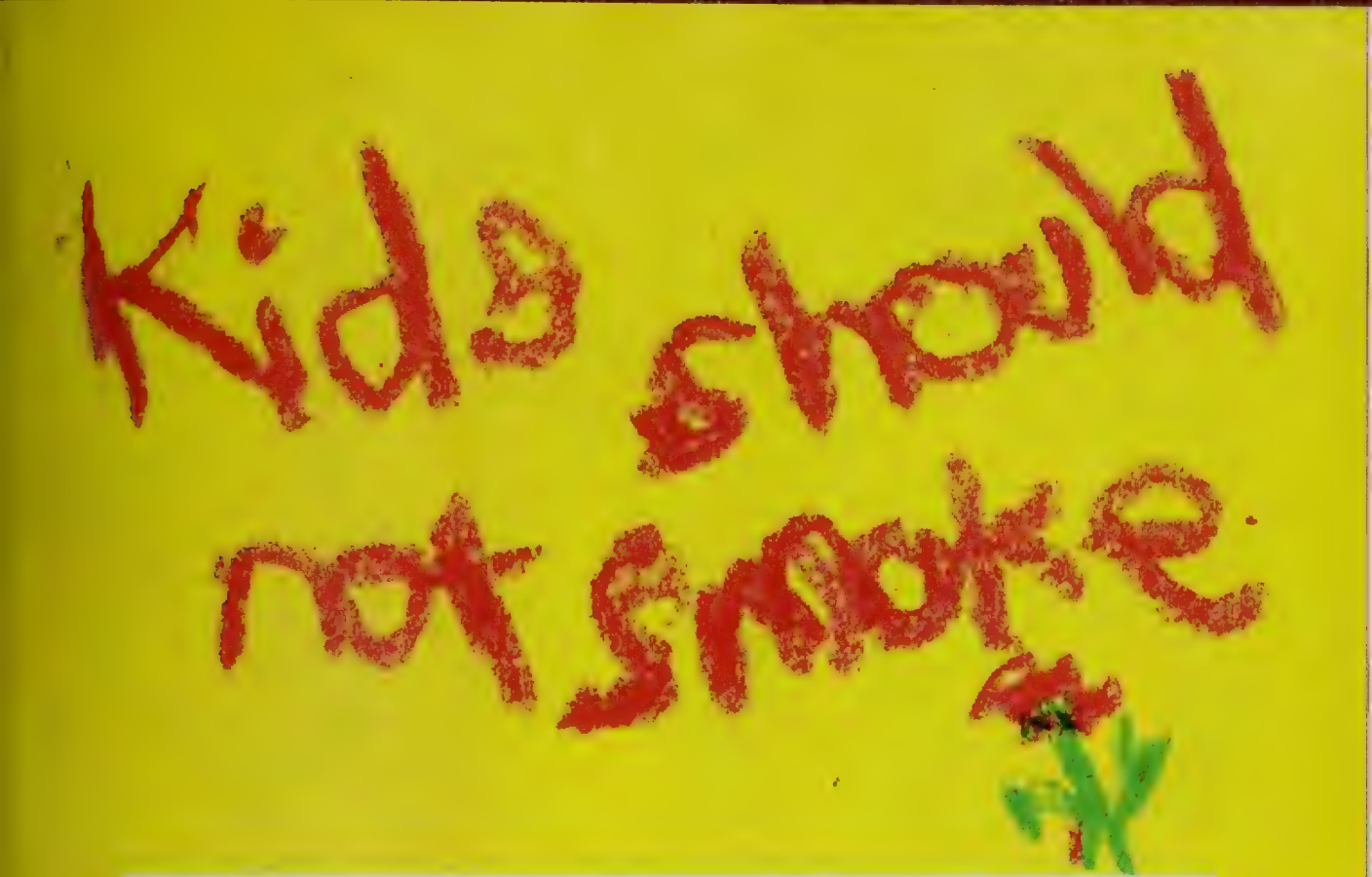
Haseltine's lab, just off the Washington, D.C., beltway, is staffed by 70 Ph.D.'s and M.D.'s. They coexist with the latest robotic devices in an environment humanized by natural greenery and prints from Leonardo to Michelangelo's *Creation of Adam*. Work never stops here. At seven P.M., 60 computer-driven robots work side by side, "reading" DNA 30 strands at a time. Monitors display jewel-colored chains that "blink" as they are read. At the end of this information assembly line is a glass-enclosed room where three refrigerator-size supercomputers collect, crunch, and store the cognitive lode of this extraordinarily futuristic knowledge factory. Opening freezers along one wall, Dr. Haseltine proudly displays his "homemade" genes—approximately 900,000 of them, stored in miniature ice-cube trays.

Still somewhat astonished himself, Haseltine says, "We actually have more answers here than we'll ever be able to dream up questions for." Using his small Macintosh, he can refer a question to the huge supercomputers next door. (Each contains about 80,000 P.C.'s worth of processing power.) "We now have 580 different organ, tissue, and cell extracts—the entire encyclopedia of the human body," the scientist summarizes. "We can open it up to any chapter and look at the adult heart, the adult liver, the greater omentum—organs you never knew you had. Young ovary, old ovary," he recites as a technician flips through screens, "pituitary, normal breast, tumor breast, prostate tissue.

"O.K.," he asks, "what intrigues you?"

I ask about the genes that cause os-

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER



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teoporosis in postmenopausal women.

"O.K.," he says, using his staff and computers to re-enact a significant moment that occurred 10 months previously. "Pull up osteoclasts. Those are the cells that eat up bone. Now we'll ask for the osteoclast library—all of the individual genes used by that kind of cell."

A technician places a computer order so fast I barely notice. It translates: "Give me all the genes in their relative order of abundance which are found 80 percent of the time in that tissue and no other."

The computer sorts through a million gene sequences, trying to identify those associated with bone destruction. "If you tried to do this in a university," Haseltine observes, "it would take many scientists many, many years."

Our answer comes up in 30 seconds. Exactly 198 genes meet the question's criteria. One of the genes never encountered before is of particular interest.

Haseltine asks the computer, "What is the probable function of this gene?"

The technician translates; 20 seconds pass.

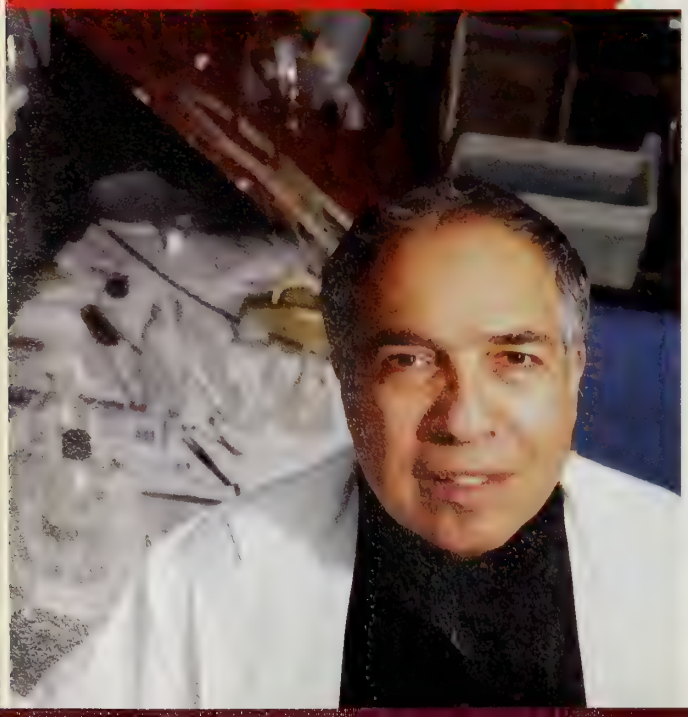
The gene, answers the computer, seems to be a new member of the family of proteins which are known to dissolve cartilage.

When that discovery was actually made less than a year ago, Haseltine and company rushed out to patent the gene, and SmithKline's scientists took over the task of finding a drug that would inhibit its ability to cause destruction. If Haseltine succeeds, 80-year-old women may be able to walk tall.

The Fifth Avenue office of Dr. Norman Orentreich is so large it looks more like an airline frequent-fliers' club. This is not the standard skin doctor's clinic, and Orentreich, respected nationally for the breadth of his biological and endocrinological knowledge, is not the typical dermatologist. His staff of 60 includes his son and daughter, both physicians. Many of his patients are actresses and models whose livelihoods depend on ageless skin. He also invented hair transplants and formulated the therapeutic products within the Clinique line of cosmetics. Luckily, Orentreich maintains a constantly updated encyclopedia of aging research in his brain.

"I'm 73," he says proudly, "and I've been interested in aging research since I was 13." Having thought about it for more than half a century, he is a strong advocate of hormone-replacement therapy—for both men and women. Not only has he done studies on DHEA for the National Institute on Aging, he takes it himself. "When you get to be 25, you reach your peak," he says. "Everything drops by about one percent a year. Fifty years later—by the time you're 75—you're half of what you were before."

"I can't wait 30 more years for the National Institute on Aging to save my ass," says Regelson.



Orentreich doesn't look like half of anything. His upper body is strong; he has a full head of silver hair. The skin of his face is two different colors, the temporary effect of a laserbrasion (a mini-face-lift) performed by his son. This energetic septuagenarian can't sit still. And the hormone DHEA isn't the only reason why.

MELATONED
A medical oncologist at the Medical College of Virginia, Dr. William Regelson, 70, helped launch the melatonin craze. Now he's writing on DHEA.

TODD MORELLE

"I've been taking topical testosterone myself for 15 years," he says with complete candor. "I was almost 60. My morning erections were down. Libido was down. My beard was getting soft. My waist developed a girdle of fat. I was feeling tired and down." The symptoms were familiar; he'd heard them from hundreds of male patients hovering around the age of 60. "When I measured my blood," he concludes, "my androgen levels were down around 300." All classic symptoms of male menopause.

Not only is Orentreich one among the growing number of doctors who recognize the existence of male menopause, but he has the historical context to know that the phenomenon is nothing new. He refers to a book called *The Male Hormone,* by Paul de Kruif, in which the author describes "a hormone hunger" in "broken men" like himself. "Toward 50," wrote de Kruif, "I began to sweat too easily wood-cutting. . . . I began to sleep more and more fitfully, waking up nights and scared, but of nothing. I drank more whiskey to counteract the tiredness and to chase away causeless fears." The book also describes one of the first "hormone hunters," James B. Hamilton, who claimed that testosterone replacement could reverse degenerative arterial disease and prompt blood to flow in legs and feet without demonstrable pulse. "And under the gentle power of testosterone they felt . . . an upsurge of energy and a feeling of hooray for tomorrow."

That book was written 50 years ago.

Orentreich himself started experimenting with testosterone by applying it topically every day. Unlike testosterone injections, which are given daily over a three-week period, the daily transdermal method mimics the body's circadian rhythms. "Today, I have a vigorous beard," he reports. "My sexual appetite and competency is back to where it was when I was around 40. And testosterone is an antidepressant beyond words. . . . I cannot tell you," he emphasizes, "how many vital men I've made."

The skin-delivery method has finally appeared on the consumer market as a transdermal patch. Androderm, distributed by SmithKline Beecham, is a first step toward winning men over to the concept of *(Continued on page 93)*

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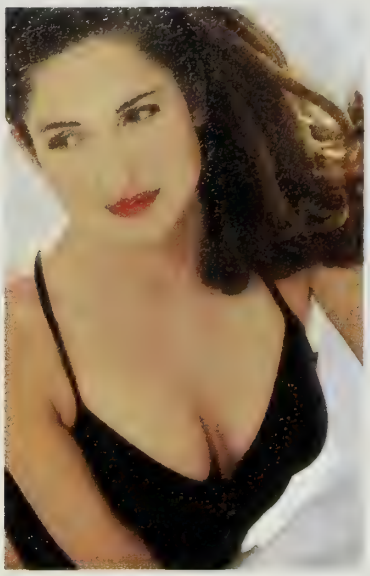
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(Continued from page 88) hormone-replacement therapy, which has benefited women for 50 years. It also presents men with a similar dilemma, namely: will testosterone activate a microscopic cancer of the prostate? Orentreich requires that his patients see their urologists for complete prostate testing before he will consider treating them with testosterone.

Despite Orentreich's espousal of the anti-aging revolution, he is worried about hormone overkill. Like Sam Yen, he is particularly concerned that unsupervised consumers are dosing themselves without a careful monitoring of hormone levels in the blood. The biggest potential problem, however, is the hormone that the popularizers and enthusiasts appear to be latching onto as "the successor to DHEA—human growth hormone."

Wally Simons is a hormone purveyor—the milkman of the anti-aging revolution. Ten years ago in Madison, Wisconsin, he created one of the largest mail-order pharmacies in the United States: Women's International Pharmacy. The company dispenses more than a thousand prescriptions a day. The bulk of Simons's business is compounding natural estrogen and progesterone for menopausal women. Any way they and their doctors like it. Want three different estrogens in a single capsule? Prefer a chaser of testosterone? A 12.5-milligram capsule of DHEA? Whatever dose level or combination they need, once his clients obtain their prescriptions and call his 800 number, Simons will make it up.

According to his computer files, some 7,000 physicians around the country are already writing prescriptions for DHEA. If a doctor calls him and demands all the documentation of double-blind studies, Simons simply says, "Next." But when a client calls up for information, Wally—as he is known to them—talks personally and quite knowledgeably. His business has doubled in the last year and a half.

"It's been awesome, and I don't see any letup in sight." He has opened an outlet in Sun City West, Arizona, and will soon expand into Mexico—a market which he says is desperate for DHEA.

Simons is one of those exhaustingly upbeat people who leave you wondering why you haven't got more zip. Scandinavian, with pop-open blue eyes and a great, fluffy coxcomb of blond-ish hair pasted to his forehead, he looks eternally boyish. He readily admits to wearing a hairpiece; all of his male relatives were bald by the time they were 25. He adds that many died young—of cancer.

Simons takes 40 vitamin and mineral supplements a day. He keeps them in neatly marked little sections in three sewing boxes. "I just go in there and get them out by the handful," he tells me. He intends to add human growth hormone to his regimen quite soon.

"I don't want to be Arnold Schwarzenegger," he claims. "I just want to return my growth-hormone level to a good, normal physiological level."

Human growth hormone was the subject of a pioneering experiment which stunned the world in 1990. Growth hormone injected into men over 60 appeared to peel off about 20 years of aging. But the investigator, the late Daniel Rudman of the Medical College of Wisconsin, warned that it would be dangerous for adults to use the hormone on their own. He *never* took it himself. "He believed he didn't need it," I was told by his widow, Inge Rudman. At the age of 67, Dr. Rudman ran up against his own version of Ponce de León's arrow. He died after brain surgery.

"Human growth hormone," Dr. Orentreich emphasizes, "may be a *disaster* waiting to happen! It has an effect on cancer cells which everybody accepts"—but which no one really understands. He says that "the benefits of human growth hormone can be accomplished with things like DHEA and testosterone, with better control."

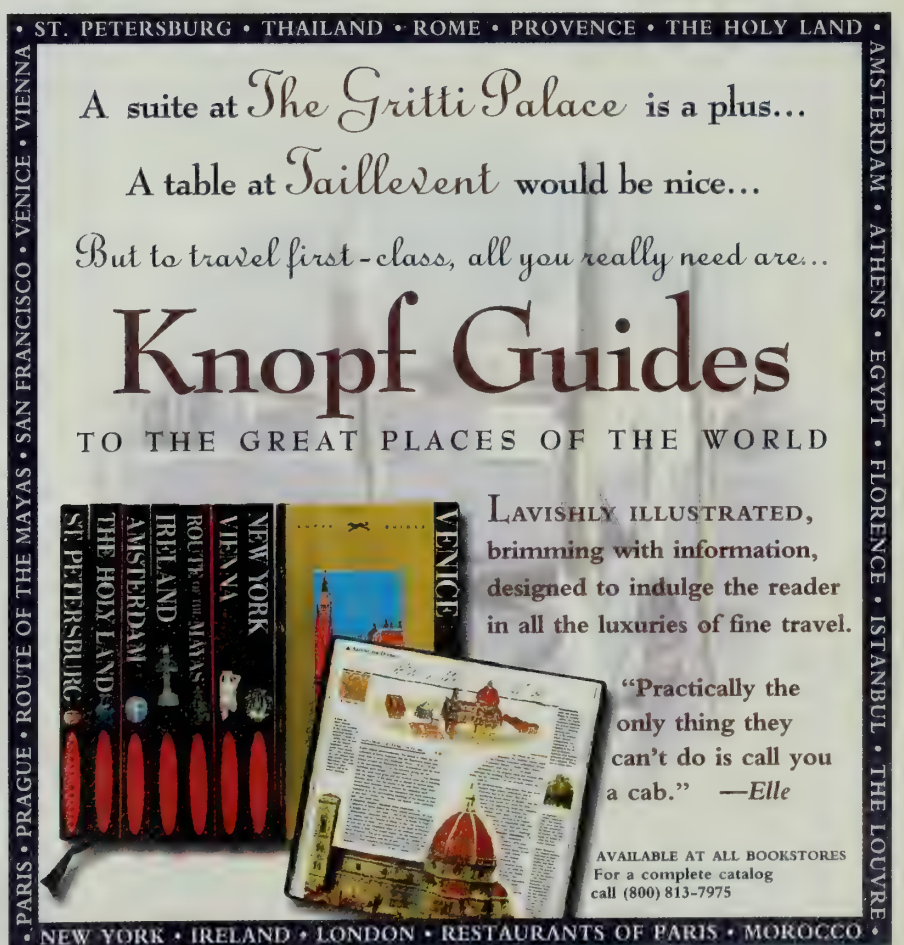
Wally Simons doesn't want to hear such cautions. With the learned positivism of an Amway salesman, a job he held for 10 years, Simons has convinced himself that he is half as old as his 55 years. He thinks of himself as more like 25. "I do everything that I used to do when I was 25, and more—I started windsurfing when I was almost 50! And I Rollerblade. I ice-skate. Of course I'll be water-skiing when I'm 60 years old. No problem at all."

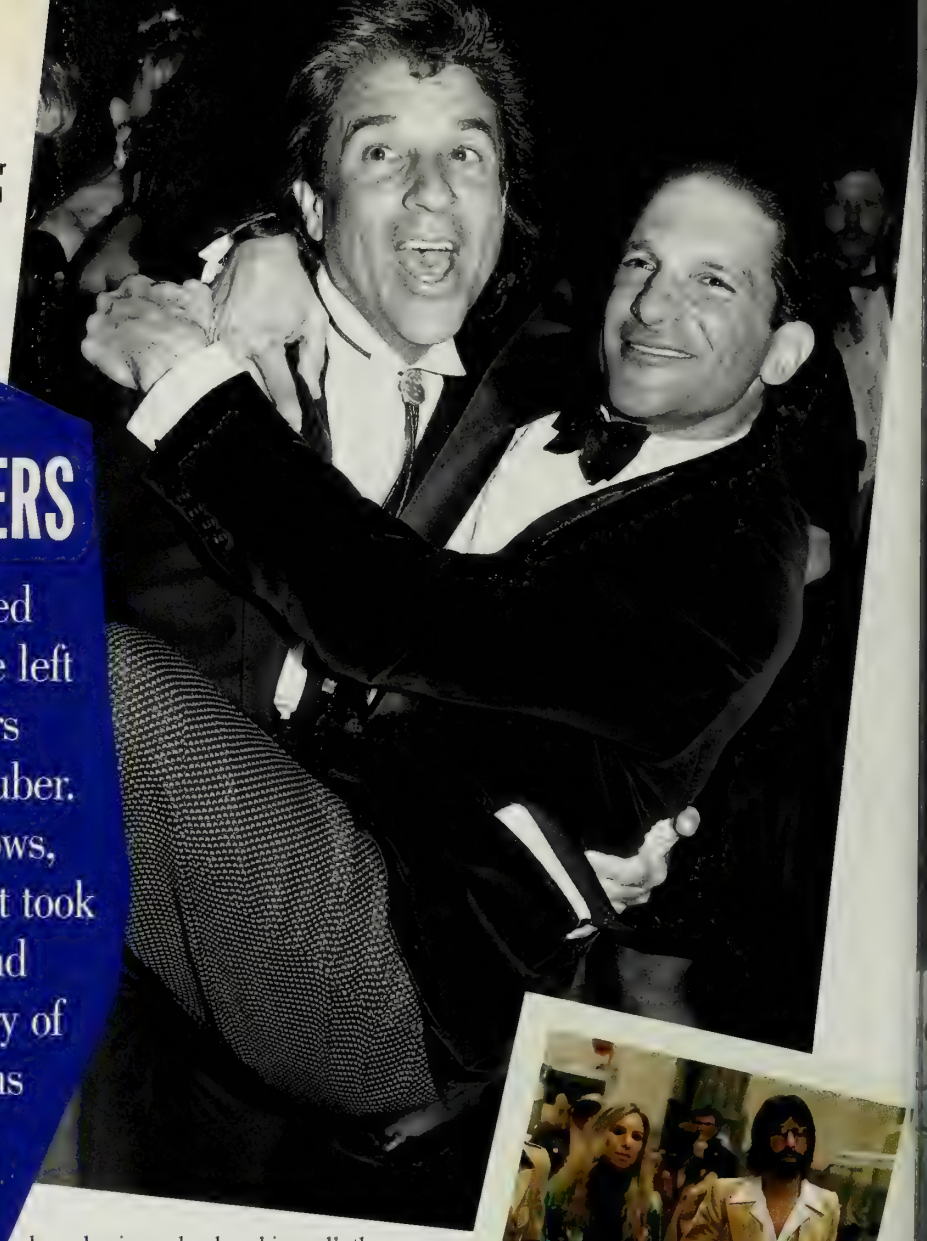
I ask Simons the question "How long do you expect to live?"

"To 120."

Remembering an earlier conversation, I remind him, "You told me not long ago that you wanted to reach 135."

"I got to thinking. I don't want to outlive my grandchildren." □





SPLIT ENDS: ***Right,*** **after** ***Rain Man's*** **1988 Oscar sweep, Peters and Guber struck a pose.** ***Below,*** **in 1975, Peters shared Streisand's blond ambition—when they weren't duking it out.**

THE GOLD DIGGERS

Hollywood was floored by the $3.4 billion hole left in Sony by producers Jon Peters and Peter Guber. But, as a new book shows, the high-profile team that took credit for *Batman* and *Rain Man* had a history of financial hit-and-runs

BY KIM MASTERS AND NANCY GRIFFIN



ACT I
MEETING CUTE

As the late 70s faded, Jon Peters and Barbra Streisand were part of a rich, successful Malibu crowd which included Neil Bogart, the flamboyant founder of Casablanca Records. Peters and Streisand owned a house across the street from Bogart's in the Colony, a very private, guarded enclave at the edge of the Pacific where stars including Cher, Linda Ronstadt, and Johnny Carson also owned homes.

Peters was the last of a breed: a street-savvy showman who had made it in show business by breaking all the rules. In the mid-70s he had ended his reign as the owner of the hottest hair salon in Beverly Hills, having moved from serving as Streisand's hairdresser and lover to working as her manager and producing partner. "In those days, people thought Jon was a gigolo," says his friend Geraldo Rivera.

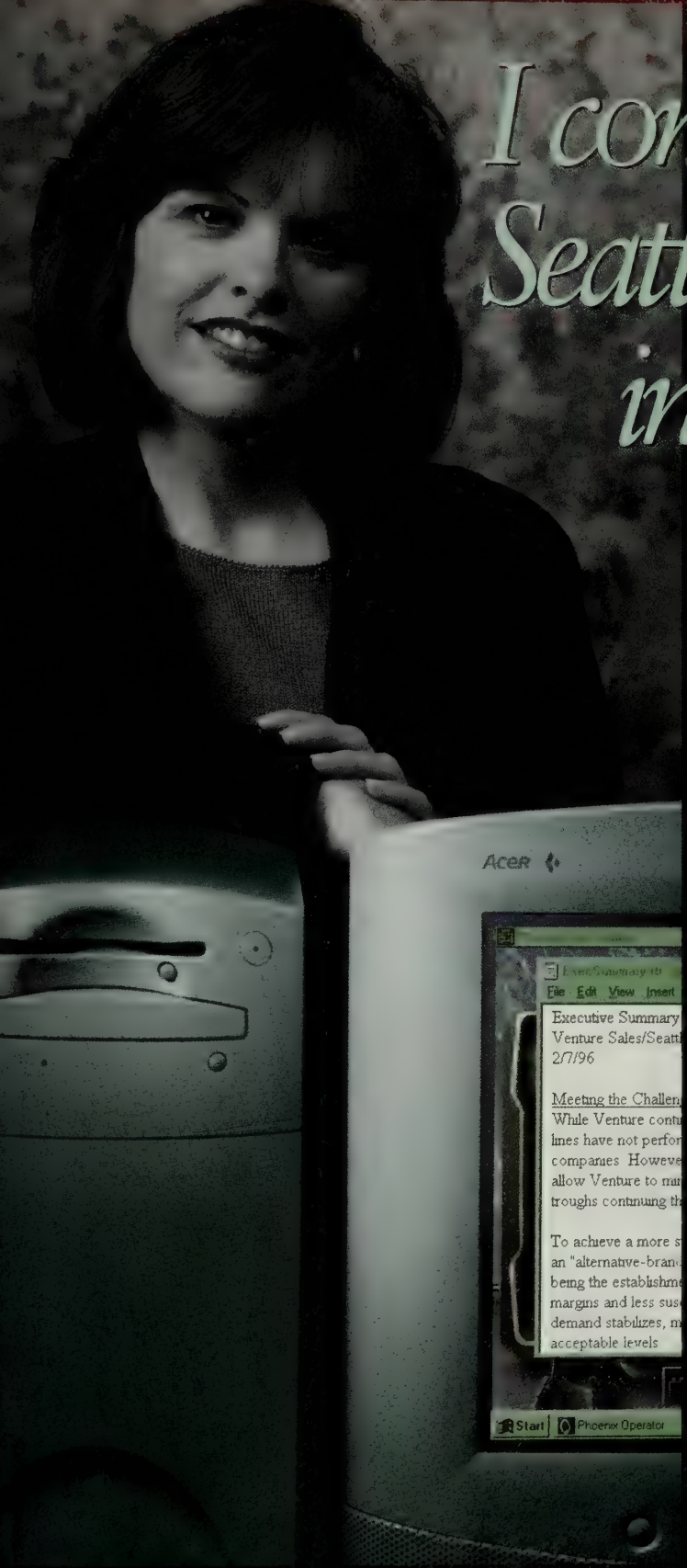
Peters had clawed his way up. His mother was born into an Italian hairdressing clan, the Paganos. His father, Jack Peters, was three-quarters Cherokee and owned a diner in Hollywood. One afternoon when Peters was 10, his dad drove home from work in his Studebaker, walked in the front door, slumped down in his favorite chair, and died of a heart attack. "It was like my world kind of ended," says Peters.

He dropped out of school in the seventh grade and went into the family business. While still a teenager, he dyed prostitutes' pubic hair to match their poodles in New York City and later styled wealthy heiresses in Philadelphia. After returning to Los Angeles, he opened his own salons and found entrée into the entertainment world when he married the young actress Lesley Ann Warren. They divorced after he met Streisand.

His proving ground was co-producing *A Star Is Born* featuring Streisand, who starred in the smash Warner Bros. musical with Kris Kristofferson. Peters was so invested in the movie, which he considered the story of his life with Streisand, that he briefly considered

TOP: BY LEE SALEM BOTTOM: BY MICHAEL MONTFORT

Excerpted from *Hit and Run: How Jon Peters and Peter Guber Took Sony for a Ride in Hollywood,* by Nancy Griffin and Kim Masters, to be published in June by Simon & Schuster; © 1996 by the authors.



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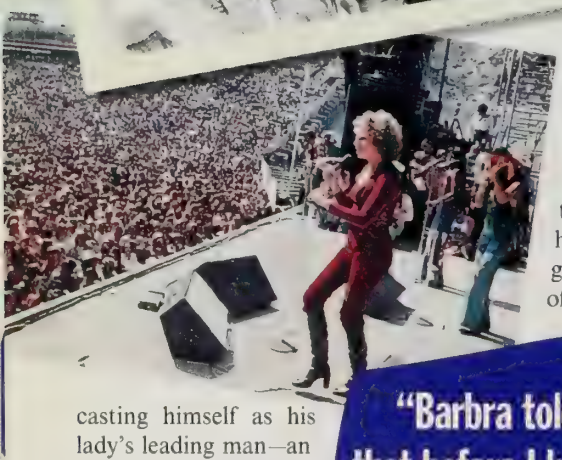
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BORN STARS: ***From near left,*** **Guber in 1979 with partner Neil Bogart, whom he replaced with Jon Peters; Peters gets snippy with Kris Kristofferson during** ***A Star Is Born*** **filming, where a Streisand concert drew 60,000.**

calls one Warner's executive. *A Star Is Born* was the prototypical Jon Peters project, a volatile production punctuated by curses, violent arguments, numerous firings, and explosive battles with director Frank Pierson and Streisand. At the end of a tense shooting day in which Streisand filmed a hot-tub love scene with Kristofferson, the jealous Peters chased his girlfriend around the Warner's lot until she found a ride home. During another quarrel, while the two were driving to a meeting, Peters—with his left hand on the wheel—reached over and grabbed his lover, ripping her blouse off. She swung her leg up and pressed a stilettoed heel into his neck as he sped down the Hollywood Freeway, struggling to maintain control. The film that emerged from this ferment was panned by critics but remains the biggest hit of Streisand's career. It grossed more than $90 million.

"Barbra told me that before I knew her Peter Guber would call and talk dirty to her on the phone," says Jon Peters.

casting himself as his lady's leading man—an idea scotched only after he warbled a pitiful rendition of *Don't Be Cruel* for Jerry Schatzberg, the director then attached to the project. "I was off-key the entire time," admits Peters. "I figured, 'Fuck it, I'll try anything. . . . ' Whatever sticks I'll do." When Peters told Warner's executive Frank Wells that he had decided not to act in the film, "Frank gave me a kiss and said, 'Thank God! Thank God!' "

As a novice producer, however, Peters scored some remarkable coups. He had gotten Warner's to allow Streisand to film and record a live concert before a crowd of 60,000 extras in Tempe, Arizona, instead of lip-synching and faking the concert with footage from Woodstock. Most important, he had spearheaded the film's landmark marketing campaign, featuring a Francesco Scavullo photo of Streisand and Kristofferson in a semi-nude embrace. "Jon wanted to push the envelope at every corner," recalls one Warner's executive.

Having defied the odds, Peters was weighing his next move. On the strength of his relationship with Streisand, he had made a production deal with Orion Pictures; the three-picture pact stipulated that she was to appear in at least one of his films. Streisand was obsessed with "Yentl, the Yeshiva Boy," by Isaac Bashevis Singer, the story of a Jewish girl in Poland who poses as a boy in order to study the Talmud. Peters loathed the project—a period piece with distinctly nonrock music. He tried to bully her out of making the film. "Barbra, you have one year left before you turn into an old bag," he yelled one night in front of friends. She started to cry, but proceeded to strike out on her own. The new producer needed a new alliance.

Peters sometimes strolled the beach with Neil Bogart, who occasionally started their walks with a couple of quaaludes. A hard-living former New Yorker whose Rolls-Royce bore the license PS80 BRONX, Bogart had made his fortune by virtually inventing bubblegum music. After that genre faded, he started Casablanca Records, hitting pay dirt with a former gospel singer living in Germany named Donna Summer. Soon he was looking to buy himself a piece of the film industry. As luck would have it, his friend Peter Guber was just then beginning to make a name for himself as a producer.

Guber was a fast-talking, highly educated lawyer from Boston who had risen swiftly in the Columbia Pictures hierarchy. Dubbed "the Kid" by his mentor, producer Ray Stark, Guber had been made head of production by the age of 29. Now an independent producer, he had a film called *The Deep,* starring Jacqueline Bisset, in production. The picture would be a $100 million hit, though Bogart couldn't have known that when he merged Casablanca with Guber's production company, FilmWorks, in November 1976. To some observers, it seemed that Bogart hadn't gotten much of a bargain. "What Neil wanted more than anything was to get into the movie business and he was willing to pay anything," says producer Rob Cohen, who made *Thank God It's Friday* at Casablanca.

Guber and Bogart soon found themselves a new, deep-pocketed partner. PolyGram International, a straitlaced German-Dutch joint venture, wanted to branch out from classical music. At a glance, PolyGram seemed to be getting a good deal when it paid between $10 million and $15 million for nearly half of Casablanca Records and FilmWorks in 1977.

At the Casablanca offices on Sunset Boulevard, twin stuffed camels greeted visitors in the lobby. "We had this interior decorator spending a million dollars a year on furniture," says Jeff Wald, who was Donna Summer's manager. "You walked into Casablanca and the size of the speakers just assaulted your senses, and there was cocaine on people's desks. And by the time we got down to business, it was almost irrelevant."

But business was *never* irrelevant to Guber, who kept his distance from these high jinks. Always cautious and com-

TOP RIGHT: BY PETER BORSARI

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paratively conservative, he nevertheless seemed entirely at home with Bogart's nonpharmaceutical excesses and did nothing to check the company's profligacy. After scoring two box-office hits with successful sound tracks—*T.G.I.F.* and *Midnight Express*—he let film production languish. As Casablanca Records hemorrhaged money, Bogart's drug abuse became more of an issue. By early 1980, PolyGram had decided that Bogart had to go. It was an agonizing moment for Guber. He adored Bogart. But he made the sensible decision and dumped his partner. PolyGram agreed to invest $100 million to finance Guber's new film company, PolyGram Pictures.

Although better acquainted with Bogart, Peters naturally had crossed paths with Guber. Streisand had told him that Guber had tried to cultivate a relationship with her when he was a junior executive at Columbia, where she made *Funny Girl*. "Barbra told me that before I knew her Peter would call her late at night and talk dirty to her on the phone," Peters says. (Guber's habit of speaking to women, even in business meetings, in the most graphic sexual terms would persist in the years ahead.) When Peters linked up with Streisand, he approached Guber, then still at Columbia, and pitched his first solo production, *The Eyes of Laura Mars*. Guber dismissed him. "Jon Peters is a *hairdresser*," he declared.

But now Guber needed to replace Bogart with another partner whose personality would energize and camouflage him. Meanwhile, as Peters pondered his future without Streisand, he and Bogart's pal became better acquainted at parties held at Guber's house on Brownwood Place in Bel Air. Friends noticed the two men circling each other in a kind of courtship. "You could see them falling in love, saying to each other, 'Aren't we incredibly rich and entrepreneurial?'" says one guest. Guber's wife, Lynda, encouraged it. She wanted her husband to find someone to help him scale the heights of Hollywood.

"Guber would weave a web around these guys and convince them that everything was O.K.... He was a wonderful illusionist."

In May 1980, Jon Peters, Peter Guber, and Neil Bogart formed Boardwalk, a new company. Bogart would do music and Peters would make movies. Guber would lend his name while remaining chief executive at PolyGram Pictures. He could assuage his guilt over breaking up with Bogart, who had been diagnosed with cancer, while creating an escape hatch from PolyGram.

Guber started to spend PolyGram's money with abandon, while constantly seeking to sweeten his deal. "There was a permanent renegotiation of his contract or his perks or whatever that drove us crazy," says Eckart Haas, PolyGram's former C.E.O. "There was hardly any particular business deal which didn't somehow result in a discussion of his own contract." Guber's producing fee soared above the industry norm; reportedly he also received a high percentage of the box-office gross.

An executive at Universal, which distributed PolyGram films, sums up the Guber modus operandi: "Find a company, move in, make it his own, and move out. . . . He departs, having used that company to make movies with his name on them." Yet Guber persuaded PolyGram that he felt a responsibility to its business. "Peter would weave a web around these guys and convince them that everything was O.K., even when they were looking at the numbers, seeing that it wasn't," says an executive formerly affiliated with Guber. "He was a wonderful illusionist." (Guber has repeatedly declined to be interviewed.)

As it turned out, Guber didn't flee to Boardwalk; instead, Peters joined PolyGram. "Guber forced Jon into the picture," says PolyGram's Haas. "Peter said, 'Either you agree that he comes in or I commit suicide, jump out the window,' or whatever. It was a power sell." Guber gave his new partner half of his 50 percent stake in PolyGram's film company and jettisoned Boardwalk. On his own again, Bogart managed to score one last hit, Joan Jett's "I Love Rock 'n' Roll," before he died in May 1982.

Guber and Peters soon became so close that Lynda began to feel left out. At PolyGram "they sat together at a long glass desk, working the phones," says Hillary Ripps, Peters's former assistant. "They really liked to be around each other." Some sensed a homoerotic current in their relationship. (Peters recalls that years later in a joint therapy session Guber would declare, "I love you. No, I don't love you—I feel like I'm *in love* with you.")

But the rush was not about sex. "Money is their drug," says an associate. "Money and power." In the movie business, neither could be obtained without muscle—which Peters could supply for both of them. Says Rob Cohen, "Jon completed Peter. If you can have your alter ego destroy everything in your path so that you can walk in on rose petals, that's a great thing."

Together, Guber and Peters shoved a half-dozen projects into the PolyGram pipeline. Because they split a fee for every movie produced, it was in their interest to start as many movies as possible.

"It doesn't matter if the movies make any money," Peters told his former assistant Laura Ziskin. "We make a fortune."

Peters became the dominant force, assuming the bad-cop role for the nonconfrontational Guber. When creative executive Barry Beckerman dared to contradict Guber, Peters flew to the rescue. "You can't talk to my partner that way!" he shouted. The next day, Beckerman found a dozen bottles of organic



PEOPLE WHO NEED PEOPLE: During the filming of *The Main Event*, Streisand and Peters posed with Streisand's agent Sue Mengers, far left, and Columbia Records executive Walter Yetnikoff, a major operative in the Sony deal.



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shampoo on his desk—a peace offering.

But war was flaring on another front. "We had a string of pictures that fell on their ass," says former PolyGram Pictures C.O.O. Gordon Stulberg. Early releases bombed—including *King of the Mountain,* with Harry Hamlin, and *Endless Love,* starring Brooke Shields. In July 1981, Guber and Peters attempted some spin. "We're just trying to have some fun and make the days enjoyable," Guber blithely told the *Los Angeles Times.* "We've made people hundreds of millions of dollars in revenue."

In a therapy session with Peters, Guber declared, "I don't love you—I feel like I'm *in love* with you."

PolyGram knew otherwise. The Guber-Peters slate was awash in red ink. *An American Werewolf in London* and *Missing* would become modest successes, but they could not compensate for the other pictures or the fact that Guber sold *Flashdance* to Paramount, letting a blockbuster slip away. PolyGram had had enough. In January 1982, the company pulled the plug, having reportedly poured $100 million into its film division.

Guber and Peters established their own company and briefly alighted at Universal, but it didn't last. That studio's new chief, Frank Price, was wise to their ways. "This was a hostile environment," observes a former Universal executive. "It was time to find a new host body."

Luckily, in 1982, Barry Beckerman had taken a script for a film version of *Batman* over to Warner Bros., where Jon Peters had old friends. "Not only do they want *Batman,*" Beckerman told Guber and Peters, "they want everything else we have, too."

ACT II
Playing the Game

After PolyGram, Peter Guber's marriage hit a rough patch and the producer rented a house by himself in the Colony. "He was a mess emotionally," says a friend. The couple reconciled—but only after Guber paid a visit to his lawyer. "He was told he would have to give her half his assets," says a source who was in the room when Guber returned. "He called up Lynda and said, 'Hi, honey. I'm coming home.'"

After his split with Streisand, Jon Peters romanced Christine Forsyth, a blonde interior designer, whom he would marry. But they kept breaking up, and Peters—who had started dating at age 10—was rarely lonely. Says producer Polly Platt, "Somehow in childhood, Jon's survival must have depended on the love of women, and did he ever learn how to get it." The pattern always seemed the same: he set his sights and overwhelmed his quarry, sending huge flower arrangements and starting his beloved on a regime of buttocks exercises. "Every woman," Peters advised, "needs help there."

Episodes of ballistic anger continued. In 1985, two landscapers went to Peters's Aspen ranch to collect $110 which they were owed. "Peters came out wearing a bathrobe and carrying an old-style, pearl-handled six-shooter," says police officer Tom Stephenson. "He proceeded to point it at them, yelling and screaming." The men sued for $22 million, saying that Peters had squeezed the trigger four times. He settled out of court, reportedly for $60,000.

At Warner's, Peters and Guber set up shop in Building 66 on the Burbank lot, where Jon's pal Terry Semel, Warner's president and C.O.O., occupied a corner office. Their first project at Warner's was *Vision Quest,* with Matthew Modine. As he had learned to do on *A Star Is Born,* Peters focused on producing a hit sound track. He and music producer Phil Ramone had heard about a virtually unknown singer-dancer from New York who had signed a deal with Sire Records, a Warner's subsidiary. Ramone invited the singer, named Madonna, to Streisand's house on Carolwood Drive in Beverly Hills. She played some of her European videos. The group was impressed, and Madonna recorded "Crazy for You" for *Vision Quest.*

As it happened, the movie's release coincided with the debut of Madonna's *Like a Virgin* album. Warner Records chief Mo Ostin didn't want "Crazy for You" released as a single; it would distract attention from the album. Ostin asked Warner's C.E.O. Bob Daly to pull the Madonna track. Daly summoned Peters and Guber and relayed the news. As Guber watched in horror, Peters leapt on top of Daly's desk—and began jumping up and down in protest. Daly ran from the room. But Warner's eventually caved, and such incidents only enlarged the Peters legend.

The team flourished. "A lot of people get paralyzed in the decision-making process," says Roger Birnbaum, who was president of the Guber-Peters company in 1986. "They didn't." Guber stayed in the office working the phones. He grew a ponytail and cut a slick figure in his designer suits and white socks with soft loafers. He made endless lists on yellow legal pads and spouted maxims. "The perception of power" is what matters, he said. "People move toward power."

Peters worked at home, taking meetings in Bermuda shorts by his pool. Says screenwriter Andrew Smith, "When he picks up the phone, it's like some guy from the neighborhood—you know, it's 'Hey, sweetie, how ya doooo-in?' That's how he talks. There's a sweetness to him. He's always doing that 'heeeey,' and he's pinching and kissing."

Too voracious to settle for being merely producers, Guber and Peters were determined to have their own studio one day. Generally, however, the less Guber and Peters had to do with the actual making of their movies, the more they liked it. They hired executives to oversee script development and outside producers to make the movies. Adept at marketing, they were not so much filmmakers as entrepreneurs who owned a film-producing company. "They were never on the set, they were never in the cutting room," says Steven Spielberg, director of *The Color Purple,* a film for which Guber and Peters received executive-producer credits—basically for buying the rights to the novel.

Peters and Guber fueled their rise at Warner's by stroking executives who helped them advance and neutralizing those who didn't. Mark Rosenberg, a former left-wing activist, had been named president of production in July 1983, as Guber and Peters arrived. Intellectual by Hollywood standards, he had pushed serious projects such as *The Killing Fields,* which dealt with the Khmer Rouge's genocidal reign in Cambodia.

Other executives had far more patience for Peters and Guber, namely Jon's former aide Mark Canton, a senior vice president who wanted Rosenberg's job. Unlike Rosenberg, Canton wasn't concerned about killing fields. A sign on his door announced that a "Friend of Comedy" dwelled therein. Some observers added the phrase "Enemy of Intelligence" when they described the sign to friends.

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at his Beverly Hills mansion for Canton and his fiancée, Wendy Finerman, in 1985 was surreal. "Like Tara in the middle of Beverly Hills," recalled one invitee. A chimpanzee in a Warner's T-shirt was perched on a tree branch. An orangutan sat in a wheelchair. Then a portentous incident occurred. Surrounded by a crowd of people, including Daly and Semel, who were sipping wine around the pool, Mark Rosenberg fell into the water. It was especially embarrassing for Rosenberg, who was overweight.

"Mark fell in the pool! Mark fell in the pool!" cried Peters and Canton, jumping up and down. "For the next several days, everyone talked about it," says another source. "It was really revolting." But on September 25, 1985, the trade papers announced Warner Bros.' promotion of Mark Canton to president of worldwide theatrical production. Rosenberg died in 1992.

Guber and Peters, however, were up to their old tricks, honing the "hit and run" financial practices which had served them so well at PolyGram. Guber, particularly, was forever on the lookout to save money—for himself. By the mid-80s, he and Peters had deals all over town. (They had a housekeeping deal with Warner's for *Batman* and other projects, but were free to develop ideas elsewhere.) Although such arrangements are routinely exploited by producers, Guber turned it into an art form. He asked his secretary to tell a printer that he would not pay for the programs for his daughter's Bas Mitzvah until the bill was resubmitted with the notation "for scripts printed." First-class plane tickets were billed to more than one studio. But by far his most ingenious scheme involved the financing of his boat.

In 1982, Guber had purchased an 80-foot steel ketch, made in New Zealand, which he transformed into a luxury yacht and filmmaking vessel. No expense was spared on *The Oz.* Angelo Donghia, the interior designer of the S.S. *France,* decorated it with Picasso ceramics and George Hurrell portraits. A hot tub was built on the ship's fantail. At the same time, the motor sailer was outfitted to serve as a high-tech filmmaking platform.

Guber used *The Oz* for family-vacation cruises in the Caribbean and to Hawaii, but also made the boat earn its keep. "We did a fair amount of corporate entertaining," says captain John Bill. In L.A., *The Oz* was docked at Marina Del Rey, and it was rented out for private charters and to film and commercial productions. By registering *The Oz* as a charter vehicle, Guber could write off renovations and operating costs.

In 1984, Guber and Peters launched a television division, teaming up with Centerpoint, a company headed by Tom Tannenbaum. He had raised $100 million from Wisconsin-based Sentry Insurance, whose chief, Bill Ellis, wanted to get into Hollywood.

For Centerpoint, the Guber-Peters company produced an NBC series called *Dreams,* which was quickly canceled. They also made a TV movie starring Mr. T that went $1 million over budget, an extraordinary overrun. Then Guber came up with *Ocean Quest,* a series which amounted to filming blonde "personality" Shawn Weatherly in a bikini sailing around the world on *The Oz.*

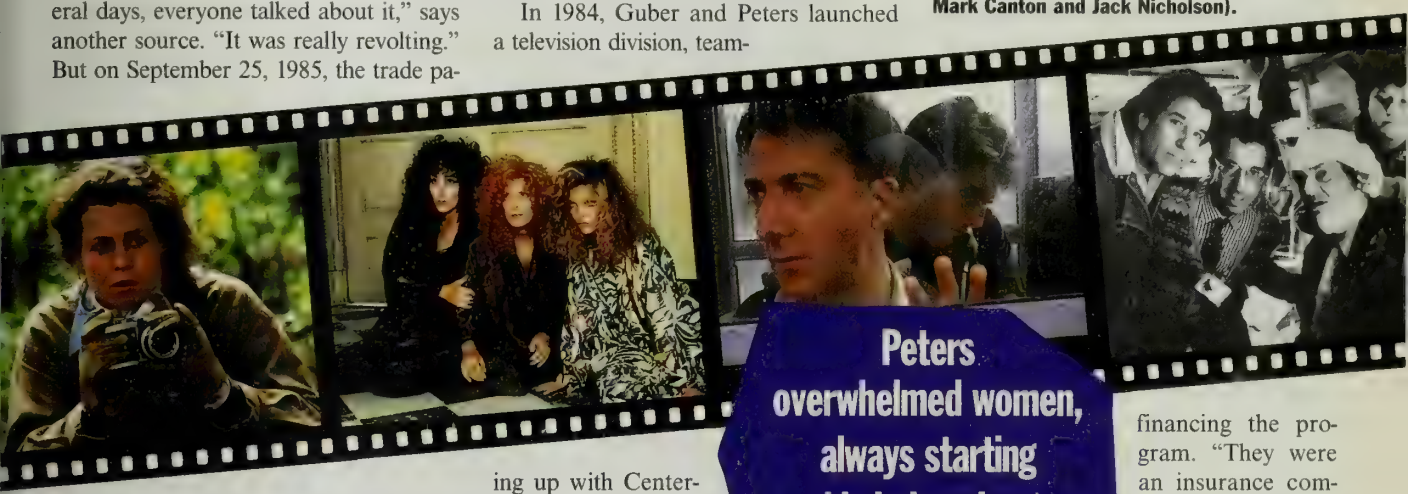
Guber sold his friend Brandon Tartikoff, then president of NBC, six hours of *Ocean Quest* for a $600,000-an-hour licensing fee. The going rate was $800,000; it was a bargain for the powerful Tartikoff. *Ocean Quest,* however, cost $875,000 per episode, and Centerpoint had to kick in the additional $275,000 per show.

The Oz was chartered by Centerpoint for the better part of the year that the series was being filmed, from 1984 to 1985. Guber would fly in occasionally to meet Weatherly and crew, joining them in La Paz for a Mexican episode and in Cuba, where he was received by Castro.

"*Ocean Quest* cost a fortune," admits Tom Tannenbaum, who says he wasn't sure that Sentry Insurance understood the kind of deficits that were involved in financing the program. "They were an insurance company from Wisconsin," he says.

Ocean Quest premiered on NBC in September 1985 and ultimately put Centerpoint out of business. Sentry Insurance lost millions on its investment. Others fared better. "Peter told me Guber-Peters made a lot of money in Centerpoint," says Tannenbaum. In 1987, Guber sold *The Oz* for $1 million.

HITS AND RUNS: Guber and Peters made *Gorillas in the Mist* (with Sigourney Weaver), *The Witches of Eastwick* (with Cher, Susan Sarandon, and Michelle Pfeiffer), *Rain Man* (with Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise), and *Batman* (where Peters teamed with Mark Canton and Jack Nicholson).



Peters overwhelmed women, always starting his beloved on a regime of buttocks exercises.

ACT III
WITCHES

As they climbed the ladder of success, Guber and Peters developed a reputation for going to any length to get material they wanted, even if it meant grabbing properties from others.

Filmmaker Rob Cohen first heard about *The Witches of Eastwick* during a 1983 dinner with his friend Don Devlin, who thought Jack Nicholson might be interested in starring in a film based on the John Updike novel. Cohen came up with an idea for adapting the book into a film,

and pitched it to Guber at a breakfast meeting. "I love witches," Guber declared. He sent Cohen to Mark Canton at Warner's, who was also a booster. Then Cohen called the agent handling film rights, hoping to lock up the property. He was informed that Guber had just optioned the book for $50,000.

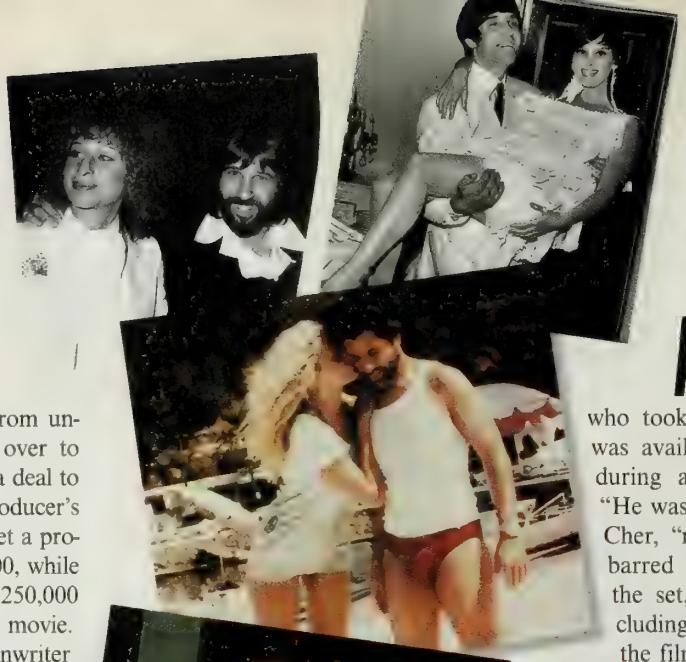
"They bought the book out from under me," says Cohen. "I went over to Guber's office and he presented a deal to us which was essentially a line producer's deal." Guber and Peters would get a producing fee of as much as $750,000, while Cohen and Devlin would split $250,000 for the grunt work of making the movie.

A year later, Cohen sent screenwriter Michael Cristofer's first draft of the screenplay to Nicholson. "If we can get the right director, I'm in," the star said. George Miller, director of the *Mad Max/Road Warrior* trilogy, was interested, too, and Cohen and Devlin passed the word to Warner's and to Guber and Peters. Days later, Cohen heard from Cristofer. "When are you going to Paris?" the screenwriter asked. "I just got a call from Lucy Fisher at Warner's, and she said I'm supposed to go to Paris and meet George Miller."

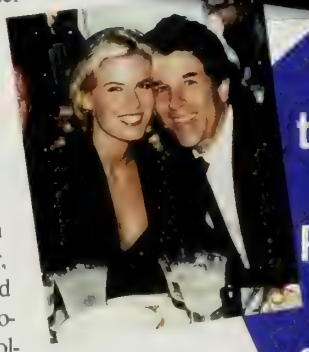
Fisher told Cohen that Warner's had decided to send Guber to close the deal. She added that Cohen would get a call shortly from Warner's business-affairs director, Jim Miller, about changing his and Devlin's credit on the film from producers to executive producers, a hollow title. Now that *Witches of Eastwick* had attracted big-name talent, Guber and Peters were shoving Cohen and Devlin aside. Mark Canton's brother, Neil Canton, was hired as line producer.

The production got off to a rocky start when Warner's pressured George Miller, who had promised the lead role of Alexandra to Susan Sarandon, into replacing her with Cher. Miller asked Sarandon to play the number-two witch, Jane. Michelle Pfeiffer would be witch number three. Sarandon got the impression that Cher had demanded the lead role. "Susan wouldn't talk to me, she wouldn't look at me, she was crying a lot, she was smoking like crazy," Cher says. "I thought it was just erratic behavior."

Miller was just as resentful. "George Miller wanted anybody but me in that movie," Cher says. "Like, on my birthday," she continues. "I'll never forget this. We've got a picture of me in my hotel room on my bed: they're bringing a cake in to me, and I'm sitting there crying because George Miller told me I'm not sexy enough to play Alexandra."







HAREM: Streisand and Peters's ex-wife Lesley Ann Warren (*near left*) were among his roma conquests, along with interior decorator Christine Forsyth (with whom he is pictured in Acapulco in 1980), Kim Basinger, and supermodel Vendela.

Bob Daly told Peters to pull the Madonna track. Peters leapt on top of Daly's desk—and began jumping up and down.

Other conflicts erupted. Miller envisioned the film as "an ironic, eccentric comedy of manners." Jon Peters, whom Miller describes as "genuinely thought-disordered," demanded a special-effects extravaganza. Warner's let them fight it out. With director and producer at war, the actresses felt ignored. They believed that the script portrayed them as interchangeable—and threatened to quit. "The more they were quitting, the more fun it was for Jack," says a Warner's source. "Jack would stir them up and then sit there and laugh."

As the shoot progressed, tensions escalated between Miller and Peters, who took out his fury on whoever was available. Peters threw a chair during a meeting with Sarandon. "He was really rough on Sue," says Cher, "really disrespectful." Peters barred Sarandon's daughter from the set, then brought visitors—including Barbra Streisand—to watch the filming on a particularly difficult day, enraging the actresses. Peters tried to placate Cher by offering her jewelry. "What do you think I am, a whore?" she retorted.

One scene required Cher to be covered with snakes. "Which one is Jon Peters?" she inquired, entertaining the crew. "Here he is," she said, pointing to a reptile. "And the little one is Mark Canton."

The studio seemed unable or unwilling to address the problems. On one occasion, Peter Guber showed up—with no discernible effect. "I don't know if he actually did anything," says Cher. "Jon Peters at least would scream and yell, and you knew what he was thinking. . . . You never knew what was going on with Guber. I mean, he would just smile."

The film was a $64 million hit, but a taste of success in the movie business only made Guber and Peters hungry for *more*. Peters, particularly, saw the world as his for the taking, and had heard of a man who could help: Drexel, Burnham, Lambert's Michael Milken, the junk-bond king. Frank Wells, Disney's president, took Peters to Milken's lush Beverly Hills offices one morning at 4:30, the hour when Milken met supplicants. Milken consigned him to his protégé Terren Peizer.

Peizer doubted he could get any investors to bankroll Peters and Guber in a play for a company. But they had friends who just might ante up. Streisand's name was bandied about—and, rather surprisingly, Steven Spielberg's—

TOP LEFT, BY BOB SCOTT; SECOND FROM BOTTOM, BY PETER BORSARI

as the threesome toyed with ideas. Peters tried to get Warner's to finance the purchase of the Six Flags amusement-park chain. He planned to rename it "Guber and Peters's Six Flags." Nothing materialized, and as time passed, Peizer's attention shifted to Guber, who was talking to Columbia Pictures about returning there to head the studio. Guber's partnership with the volatile Peters was proving exhausting. He told Peizer he was getting restless. Peizer urged Guber to "do something bigger first."

Peizer had a brainstorm: he would match Guber and Peters with Burt Sugarman—an eccentric, ruthless former car salesman who now owned a cement firm and dabbled in the entertainment world. Sugarman had scored his biggest success with *Midnight Special,* a late-night show featuring rock acts. In 1987, Sugarman had bought a controlling interest in Chuck Barris's production company, which made game shows such as *The Newlywed Game.* He had met Peizer that same year at the Predators' Ball, an annual conference of Drexel clients. Sugarman was raising $60 million through Drexel, and wanted to parlay his cash into something big.

"So I had this thought," says Peizer: Sugarman should acquire the Guber-Peters production company.

For the purposes of the deal, Peizer made the "assumption" that the Guber-Peters production company was worth about $50 million. Based on Drexel's valuation, Peters and Guber would receive Barris stock and short-term notes worth nearly $30 million, based on the stock's value at the time.

Peizer felt that he was giving Guber and Peters a spectacular gift. They were then splitting around $7 million before taxes in their best year. But they hesitated, and Peizer became irritated. Didn't they realize that Barris would be acquiring a company that Peizer had almost made up? After brokering the deal, Peizer washed his hands of the partners. "I think they didn't realize what I had just done for them. . . . They're very greedy."

In December 1987, the merger with Barris went through. "We're a real studio now," Peters crowed to the *Los Angeles Times.* "I want to build another MCA." At a meeting of prospective investors, one staid business type asked about the partners' vision for the company. Peters obliged, saying, "This might be a little seed right now, but it's going to germinate into a fucking sequoia."

Ultimately, problems arose from the fact that Sugarman had retained power to vote all shares. He had control and spent money liberally—but not on empire-building moves. Instead he pursued costly, predatory dreams, flying around on his Gulfstream and billing the company. Peters and Guber, who had logged their share of air time on the Warner's jet, fought with him constantly over the use of the plane. "You thought somebody was going to get killed," says Chris Bearde, a Barris producer. "Burt had this cement factory and there was this joke that somebody was going to end up in cement."

The three partners announced a new talk show with Kenny Rogers, but it never jelled. Jeff Wald, now an executive at Barris, maintains that Sugarman had offered Rogers so much—$12 million in the first two years—that Barris could never have made money. In another disastrous interlude, Sugarman waged an expensive and futile battle for Media General, a Virginia-based company.

In July 1988, the partners announced that they intended to pay $100 million for 25 percent of the MGM studio, which was being dismantled bit by bit by its owner, Kirk Kerkorian. Peter



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Guber would serve as chairman and C.E.O.; Peters would be president and C.O.O. The majority of the company would still be Kerkorian's.

Since MGM's crown jewel—its film library—had already been sold to Ted Turner, it was unclear what the Barris partners were getting for their money. The only obvious answer was the Leo the Lion logo. But Guber and Peters dived right in, dashing around with Leo the Lion sweatshirts and gym bags.

Two weeks after the MGM acquisition deal was made public, it collapsed. Terry Christensen, Kerkorian's attorney, says it fell apart because the Barris team couldn't decide what to do. Other sources believe the Barris team was having difficulty with financing. The abortive deal cost Barris $5 million. In October 1988, the company reported a net loss of $6.9 million for the quarter that ended August 31. Revenue had dropped 13 percent.

Ultimately, Frank Lowy, an Australian shopping-mall and TV magnate, paid $13 per share to buy out Sugarman. It was an exorbitant price. But Guber and Peters didn't get along much better with Lowy than they had with Sugarman. Both men wanted out of the firm, which had been renamed the Guber-Peters Entertainment Company (G.P.E.C.). Not four months later, a new mountaintop came into view. Gary Winnick, a former Milken associate and a shareholder in G.P.E.C., picked up the rumor that Sony was poised to buy Columbia Pictures.

"Peter was told he would have to give Lynda half his assets. He called her up and said, 'Hi, honey. I'm coming home.'"



SAND CASTLE: Guber slipped away to the Malibu Colony when he briefly split from his wife, Lynda, in 1983.

ACT IV
FLASHBACK

By the time they began plotting how to horn in on the Columbia deal, the dynamic duo of Guber and Peters had "made" *Rain Man* and *Batman,* films that created the impression that their makers' instincts were so brilliant that they could run a major studio. But neither Guber nor Peters had initially shown much interest in the first project.

Michael Ovitz, then CAA's superagent to the stars, is credited with actually getting the picture made with his clients—Dustin Hoffman, Tom Cruise, and director Barry Levinson.

In 1986, writer Barry Morrow pitched the *Rain Man* story, of a car salesman who takes a road trip with his autistic brother, to Roger Birnbaum, then president of the Guber-Peters company. "This is the best story I ever heard," Birnbaum said. Guber, unimpressed, told Birnbaum to find an interested studio.

United Artists president Robert Lawrence immediately bought the project, and Birnbaum spent eight months developing the script with Morrow. Birnbaum's contract guaranteed that he would receive a producer's credit and a percentage of the profits if the picture was made. At the same time, however, he was being wooed by United Artists to become its president of production.

According to Birnbaum, his bosses agreed to let him out of his contract to take the UA job, but promised to continue his financial participation in *Rain Man* and other films he had developed. So he went off to United Artists.

In the meantime, Ovitz had gotten Dustin Hoffman and director Martin Brest interested in *Rain Man.* Brest soon fell by the wayside because of differences with the notoriously perfectionistic Hoffman. Directors Steven Spielberg and Sydney Pollack both joined and left the project. Finally Ovitz brought in Barry Levinson, whose longtime associate Mark Johnson took over producing chores.

Guber and Peters, *Rain Man*'s executive producers, visited the set just once, winging in on the Warner's jet when the production was in Las Vegas. They chatted with Levinson, Hoffman, and Cruise and had pictures taken. Jon reportedly asked Hoffman, "Are you playing the retard or the other guy?"

When it came time to sell the movie, Guber jumped in to persuade UA to spend more money on marketing. "Peter was involved in several marketing meetings and was quite helpful," says Mark Johnson. "I actually learned a lot from Peter in those meetings."

But for Roger Birnbaum the horror was about to begin. He asked Guber and Peters about his promised credit; he believed he would be listed along with his former bosses as an executive producer. Guber and Peters, however, weren't forthcoming.

"Jon would say, 'It's O.K. with me; you gotta ask Peter.' And I'd go to Peter, and he said, 'It's O.K. with me; you've gotta go ask Jon.' They played that game until I realized they were just bullshitting me," Birnbaum says. Levinson, however, granted Birnbaum a special credit at the end of the film.

"*Rain Man* belongs to a lot of people," Johnson told nearly a billion people when he collected the Oscar for best picture of 1988. He thanked the long list of people, including Roger Birnbaum, who had contributed to the winning project before it fell into his hands. Yet most film aficionados probably don't recall that Mark Johnson actually produced *Rain Man.* They may, however, have a vague recollection that Guber and Peters were associated with the film. In a widely circulated photograph taken at the Governor's Ball following the ceremony, the pair posed, ebullient, holding a *Rain Man* Oscar—which they had borrowed from screenwriter Morrow.

Like *Rain Man, Batman* began as someone else's baby. Since childhood, Michael Uslan had been obsessed with Gotham City's Caped Crusader. In partnership with Ben Melniker, a former MGM executive who had worked on *Ben Hur* and *Doctor Zhivago,* he was determined to produce the definitive *Batman* movie. Uslan and Melniker persuaded D.C. Comics, which had resent-

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ed the silly portrayal of *Batman* in the 60s television series, to sell them licensing rights for a series of movies.

Uslan and Melniker pitched the idea to Casablanca in 1979. Guber was enthralled. "I love it," he said. "I get it." The partners entered into a complicated joint venture with Casablanca which guaranteed Melniker and Uslan 40 percent of whatever profit Guber and Peters received. It also stated that they "shall be accorded credit as the producers of the picture."

When Jon Peters joined PolyGram Pictures in 1980, he met with Melniker and Uslan at the Carlyle Hotel in New York. Uslan provided him with a single-spaced, nine-page memo, dated November 6, 1980, which outlined his vision for a new *Batman* film. In it he recommended that Robin's character be eliminated or whittled down, and that the story focus on Batman's attempts to vanquish a villain called the Joker. Uslan even suggested casting for the Joker: Jack Nicholson.

When Guber and Peters affiliated themselves with Warner's in 1982, Melniker and Uslan assumed that the terms of the original deal would still apply.

In the next few years the project cooled—and then heated up again. Action began in earnest when Warner's production executive Bonni Lee seized on *Batman* as a vehicle for 27-year-old wunderkind Tim Burton, who was then directing *Beetlejuice* for the studio. Burton, a haunted-looking fellow, dressed in black and rarely spoke in complete sentences. He wanted to make a dark, psychological study of the superhero. Sam Hamm, a young screenwriter, was brought in to fashion the script. Burton met twice with Melniker and Uslan, who provided research. Eventually Hamm's script was green-lighted by Semel and Daly. Filming started in October 1988 at London's Pinewood Studios.

"Peters came out carrying an old-style, pearl-handled six-shooter, yelling and screaming."

Melniker and Uslan read in the trade papers that *Batman* was going into production—and that Guber and Peters were taking credit as the producers. When they contacted Warner's head of business affairs, Jim Miller, to inform him that the studio was breaching the Casablanca agreement, they say, Miller told them if they did not sign an amended contract they would be thrown off the picture entirely. On September 8, 1988, they signed a new contract that gave them nominal credit as executive producers, stripped them of creative involvement and consulting rights, and granted them 13 percent of net profits. As all but the rankest amateurs in Hollywood know, net points are generally worthless. But Melniker and Uslan say that Miller told them, "If you don't like it, you can bring a lawsuit." (Warner's did not respond to calls.)

While Melniker and Uslan fretted, Burton got acquainted with his bosses. "When I first started the project," Burton recalls, "Peter Guber was the one I dealt with most. He talked too fast for me to understand sometimes."

For the key job of production designer, Burton chose Anton Furst to create a moody Gotham City and spiffy high-tech Batgear. To play Batman, Jon Peters favored Michael Keaton, arguing that the actor had an edgy, tormented quality which suited the character. Semel and Daly finally agreed.

Despite a reputation for instability, *Blade Runner* star Sean Young was cast as photographer Vicki Vale. For the Joker, Mark Canton and Peters, like Uslan before them, had their heart set on Jack Nicholson. Nicholson met Burton and liked him, but the star still needed wooing. Peters jumped in. Wouldn't Nicholson like to jet over to London and see the sets? Nicholson said he wouldn't mind, and Peters reserved the Warner's Gulfstream III.

Peters planned a few restorative surprises for the trip—notably a personal trainer and masseuse. After the jet took off, Nicholson worked out and had a massage before sampling some caviar. After they returned to L.A., Nicholson told Peters he'd be the Joker and then cut himself a deal for $6 million plus a percentage of the film's gross earnings. (Eventually he would make a reported $50 million.)

Burton had heard all the Jon Peters stories and he soon got a taste of what George Miller had experienced during the making of *The Witches of Eastwick*. He had expected to shoot the Sam Hamm script, but found to his dismay that Peters, backed by Warner's, wanted extensive revisions. A brooding superhero who needed Prozac and couldn't get a date was hardly Peters's idea of entertainment. He bore down on Burton, whom he alternately tyrannized and coddled.

A major crisis occurred when Sean Young fell and broke her arm just before filming. Burton wanted Michelle Pfeiffer to replace her. But Keaton had just ended a romance with Pfeiffer, so Peters and Mark Canton settled on Kim Basinger, who was whisked to London with her husband. During an evening out, Peters was angered by what he considered to be the husband's verbally abusive treatment of the star. He reached across the table and grabbed him by the neck, and the men nearly got into a brawl. Thereafter, Peters considered Basinger fair game. (His own marriage to Christine Forsyth had ended.) When Basinger's husband left town, she began an affair with Peters, which lasted for the duration of the shoot.

"My sweetheart hoodlum," she called Peters. Some nights she could be seen in her pajamas leaving her hotel room at the St. James Club, toothbrush in hand, heading up to Peters's penthouse suite for the night.

At Peters's behest, Anton Furst came up with the simple but evocative Bat-symbol that would become ubiquitous even before the film opened. "That's exactly what we want," Peters exulted when Furst showed him his sketches. Peters envisioned the poster as consisting solely of the logo and the June 23, 1989, opening date. "I wanted to do, like, foreplay, to create the magic and myth of it all," Peters said later. When Warner's balked, he waged an all-out war to do it his way.

There were other wars: by the time *Batman* wrapped, Jon had made himself unpopular with the British crew. He had taken them off the payroll during a three-week Christmas break. (It is customary for crews to be paid over holidays.) Money was also an issue in a flap over the top-of-the-line black leather crew jackets which displayed the *Batman* logo. Nicholson and Peters had agreed to split the cost of the jackets over and above the $10,000 allotted in the budget. But when a bill arrived for $100,000, Peters reneged.

When Nicholson was told that it would cost him $90,000 to cover the cost, he stormed over to Basinger. "Tell that guy whose cock you've been sucking for the last six months that he's an

asshole for not paying for those jackets!" he snapped. That, at least, was the story that was gleefully reported back in Hollywood for months. Warner's ultimately absorbed the cost of the jackets.

It was worth it. On the Monday morning after the film's opening, the trades trumpeted the good news: *Batman* had taken in $42.7 million at 2,100 screens, breaking every record in motion-picture history. Within 10 days, it grossed more than $100 million, another record.

On March 26, 1992, Michael Uslan and Ben Melniker filed a breach-of-contract suit in Los Angeles County Superior Court, claiming that they were "the victims of a sinister campaign of fraud and coercion."

The judge threw out their case, which is now on appeal. Uslan and Melniker have had to console themselves with their executive-producers' fee of $300,000 apiece. Seven years after the release of *Batman,* with total box-office revenues topping the $400 million mark, Melniker and Uslan have not seen a penny of their 13 percent of net profits. Their net-profit participation has proved worthless. According to Warner Bros., *Batman* is still in the red.

ACT V
The Score

In September 1989, Walter Yetnikoff, freshly out of drug rehab at the Hazelden Clinic, found himself at the epicenter of a multibillion-dollar deal. Yetnikoff, the head of Sony Corporation's successful music division, was playing a pivotal role in the Japanese electronics giant's acquisition of Columbia Pictures. The cost, $3.4 billion plus $1.6 billion in debt, was considered high. But that wasn't the hang-up. If the deal was to "make," in the industry parlance, Sony needed managers to put in charge of the new studio. Under pressure, Yetnikoff had an idea: he would call his old friends film producers Peter Guber and Jon Peters. He phoned Guber in L.A. on a Thursday night and the two men met for dinner in Manhattan two days later.

Not long after, on Yetnikoff's recommendation and with financial advice from the Blackstone Group, Sony rocked Hollywood and Wall Street by hiring Jon Peters and Peter Guber—a pair of cowboy producers with little corporate management experience between them—as co-chairmen of its new studio. But it was the lavish terms of the deal that truly stunned industry insiders: not only did the Japanese agree to pay $200 million for Guber and Peters's money-losing production company (about 40 percent above its market value), but Sony also awarded them an unprecedented compensation package, including $2.75 million apiece in annual salary, a $50 million bonus pool, and a stake in any increase in the studio's value over the next five years.

But that wasn't all. Sony had to take another whopping financial hit and endure a public humiliation as well. The company's executives had believed Guber and Peters's assurances that Warner Communications Inc. chairman Steve Ross would release them from their recently signed five-year deal to let them run Sony. But no sooner was the ink dry on the new deal than an enraged Ross and Warner Bros. slapped the Japanese with a billion-dollar breach-of-contract lawsuit. Sony eventually had to pay Warner's an estimated $800 million ransom to settle out of court—and win the services of the *Batman* boys.



PHOTO OPPORTUNISTS: The Oscar that Guber and Peters posed with at the 1989 Academy Awards was borrowed from one of *Rain Man*'s screenwriters.

"You know why I loved being partners with you?" Guber asked Peters. "You had the prettiest girlfriends."

EPILOGUE

If Guber and Peters regretted that Sony had to spend so much to hire them, they didn't show it by exercising fiscal restraint in their new jobs. Continuing the pattern formed at PolyGram, they spent big from the start, setting off a wave of inflation that is still being felt in the movie business today. Guber and Peters took Sony on the wildest and most profligate ride that Hollywood had ever seen. For five years, Sony executives in Tokyo and New York stood by while the studio lost billions and became a symbol for the worst kind of excess in an industry that is hardly known for moderation. There were box-office bombs, lavish renovations, and extravagant parties against a backdrop of corporate intrigue, expensive firings, and even a call-girl scandal. The ill-advised pairing of the Japanese corporation with Hollywood's cleverest rogues would culminate, as one insider delicately put it, in "the most public screwing in the history of the movie business."

After he achieved his dream of becoming co-chairman of Columbia Pictures, Guber decided he would rather do the job alone. In April 1991, Guber orchestrated the firing of his longtime partner. After he was pushed out, Peters says, Guber would occasionally call and pretend that nothing had gone wrong. Once, Guber asked Peters to a screening. As they drove to the theater together, Peters found that he could not continue the charade. "I broke down in the car and started crying, and said, 'How could you do this?'" he remembers.

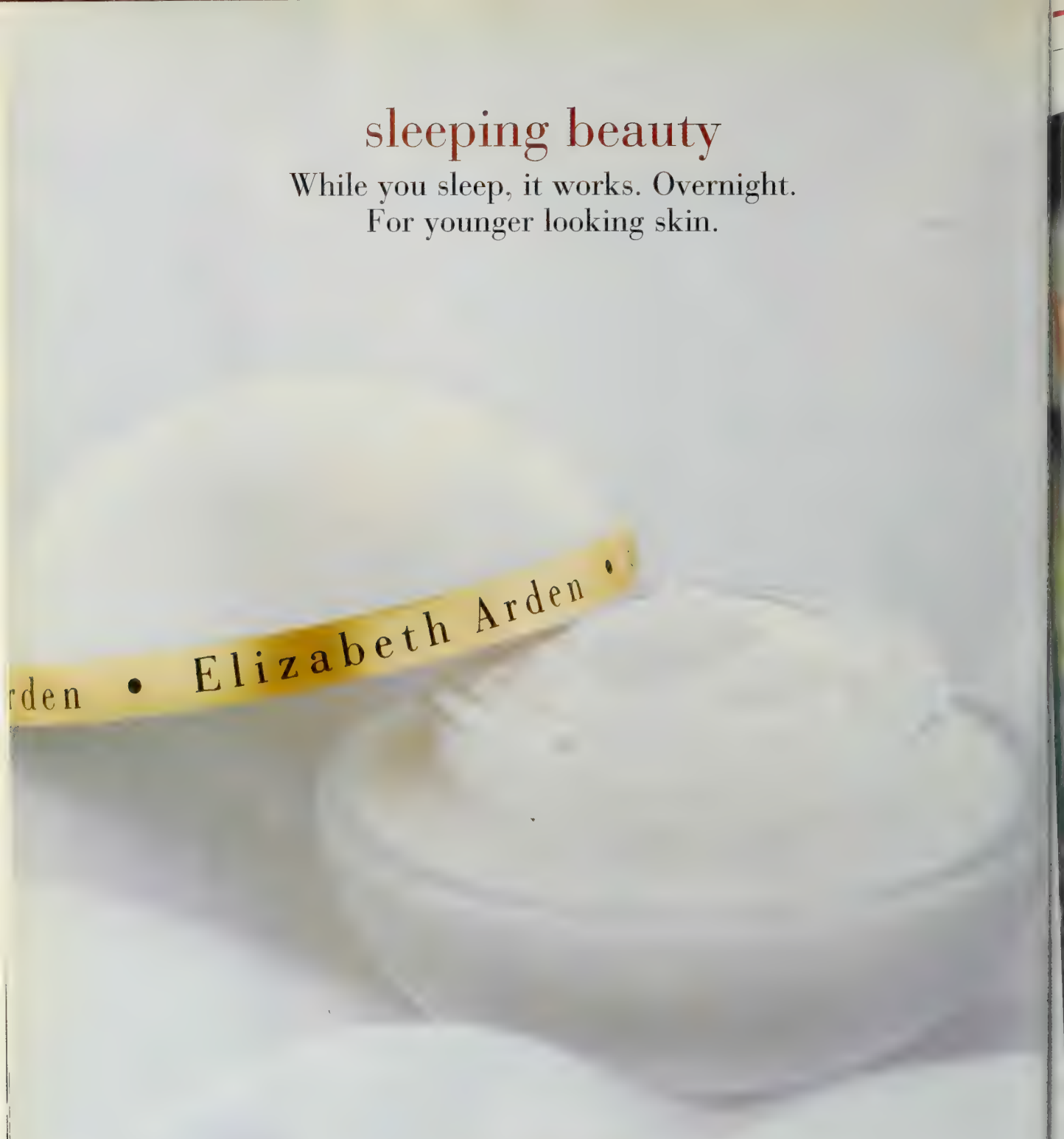
According to Peters, Guber had cried, too, and began to reminisce about Neil Bogart. Peters surmised that there was a parallel between the situations in Guber's mind. "He left Neil for me and he felt guilty," Peters says. As he often did, Peters began to hope that reconciliation was possible. "He said something like 'You know why I loved being partners with you?' And I thought he was going to talk about all the creative and emotional experiences we shared. And he looked at me and said, 'I was always jealous of you because you had the prettiest girlfriends.'"

Peters was floored by Guber's statement. "It was like part of me died," he says. "He could not acknowledge my existence." □

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Vanities



Brush with Greatness

Fifth-grader **ALEXANDRA NECHITA** is yet another tiny, gifted girl from Romania who has an entourage of adults. She too wears slippers when she works. But forget the gym—Nechita is a painter. The press has dubbed her Pint-Size Picasso, Petite Picasso, 10-Year-Old Picasso. You get the [illegible] This month the International Art Galleries in Costa Mesa, California, features Nechita's 19th solo exhibition, and Longstreet Press publishes a book of her paintings, *Outside the Lines*. Something of a savant, Nechita paints on canvases so big she has to stand on a stool to reach the top, surrounded, she says, "by colors and Jesus." Her works promote peace with a lexicon of doves and lambs (the Nechita family moved to Los Angeles when Alexandra was two), and heroes include the Pope and Ellen DeGeneres ("She's buying one of my paintings"). As for prices, college is paid for. —LAURA JACOBS

Photograph by EIKA AOSHIMA

Night-Table Reading



Michael Chow,
restaurateur: Duveen, *by S. N. Behrman (Random House). "Duveen, the greatest art dealer, transported nobility and culture from Europe to America. For obsessive collectors, the book is revealing."*

Kati Marton,
author, host of America and the World *on NPR:* Anna Karenina, *by Leo Tolstoy (Random House). "At 15 I saw the book as a great tragic romance. Now I'm stunned by Tolstoy's surgically accurate portrayal of the death-in-life of a woman trapped in an unhappy marriage."*





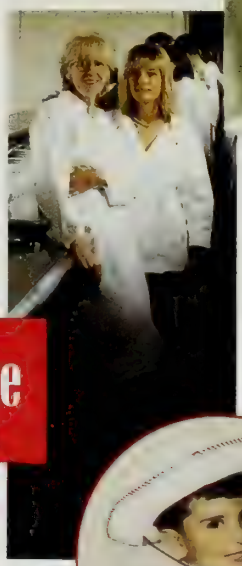
Dr. Vartan Gregorian,
president of Brown University: The Unredeemed Captive, *by John Demos (Vintage). "It's about a 1704 incident at Deerfield, Massachusetts, where the English, the French, and all the Indians faced one another across ethnic, racial, religious, and cultural divides."*

Amber Valletta,
model: The Alchemist, *by Paulo Coelho (HarperSanFrancisco). "It is inspiring and magical. It made me remember that it is always important to follow your dreams in life."*





Top to bottom: *all-seeing Nancy Friday; chefs Rose Gray (left) and Ruth Rogers at their River Café in London; Jersey cowboy Frank DeCaro; Peggy Guggenheim with Antoine Pevsner's* Surface Développable, *circa 1947.*



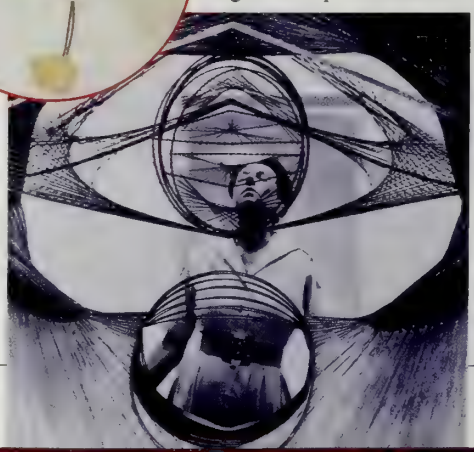
Hot Type

Who says the Brits are loathsome cooks? Well, most everybody, but **RUTH ROGERS** and **ROSE GRAY,** the co-owners and chefs of London's River Café, prove the planet wrong by sharing a treasure trove of their culinary jewels in *The Rogers and Gray Italian Country Cookbook* (Random House).

Also this month: Trusted cultural interpreter **NANCY FRIDAY** charts the seismic shifts in women's attitudes over the last 25 years in *To Be Seen* (HarperCollins). A 70s avant-garde filmmaker is sucked into the gay-club universe in **BRAD GOOCH'S** new novel, *The Golden Age of Promiscuity* (Knopf). **ELIZABETH McCRACKEN'S** *The Giant's House* (Dial) throws together a misfit librarian and an enormous 11-year-old. *An Architectural Life* (Little, Brown) is **KEVIN P. KEIM'S** remembrance of maverick architect Charles W. Moore. **LINDA FAIRSTEIN'S** two decades as a prosecutor of sex crimes imbues *Final Jeopardy* (Scribner) with riveting authenticity. **FRANK DeCARO'S** hilarious suburban memoir, *A Boy Named Phyllis* (Viking), lays waste to the myth that it's sheer torture to grow up gay or in New Jersey. *A Lifetime Burning in Every Moment* (HarperCollins) is a collection of critic **ALFRED KAZIN'S** journal entries from the 30s to the present. **LAURENCE RUMNEY'S** *Peggy Guggenheim: A Collector's Album* (Flammarion) features her arty snapshots and also those of pals such as Man Ray and Berenice Abbott. **PETER GENT** coaches an amateur baseball team in *The Last Magic Summer: A Season with My Son* (Morrow). Only the die-hard remain in post-apocalyptic Los Angeles in **STEVE ERICKSON'S** harrowingly amusing *Amnesiascope* (Henry Holt). The voice of the late **DAVID WOJNAROWICZ,** radical writer-artist and nemesis of Jesse Helms, springs eternal in *The Waterfront Journals* (Grove), a collection of his unsettling monologues. Sex is the engine that pulls **STOKES HOWELL'S** love train of short stories, *The Sexual Life of Savages and Other Stories* (St. Martin's). And, finally, you can exhale: **TERRY McMILLAN** is back with a sassy new novel, *How Stella Got Her Groove Back* (Viking). Phew.

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL







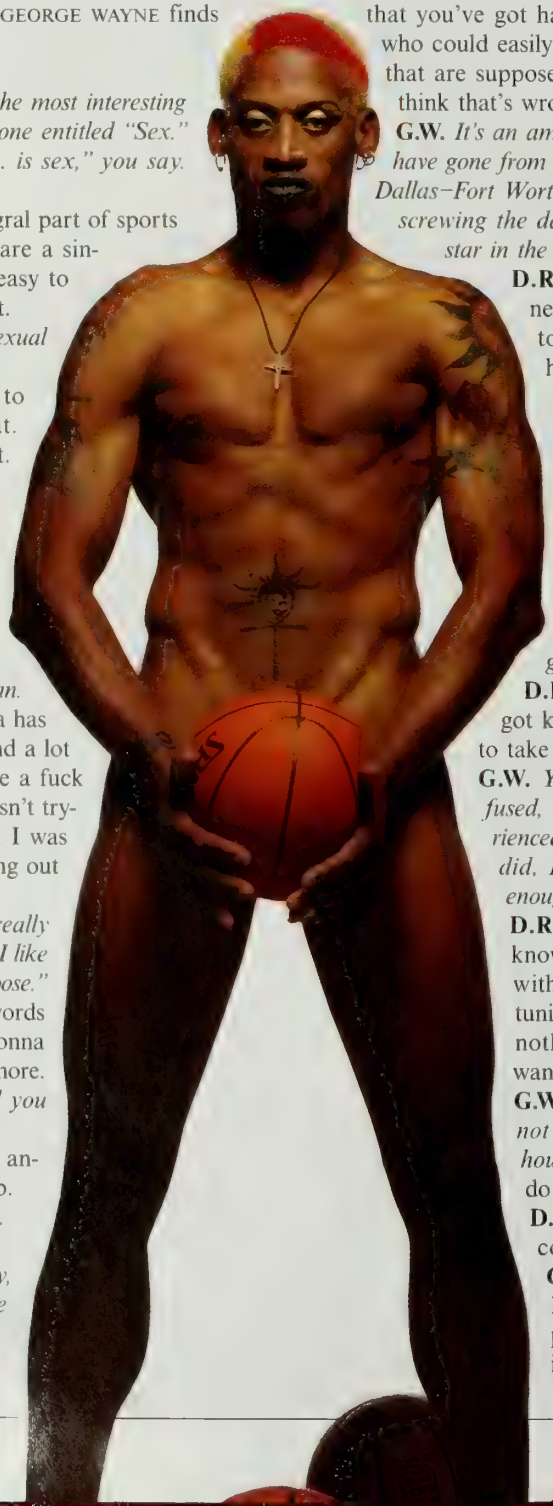
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Dennis 2 Society

Dennis Rodman is a Chicago Bull in a china shop

After head-butting a referee, Chicago Bull Dennis Rodman recently received the third-longest suspension in N.B.A. history—more than living up to the title of his new autobiography, *Bad as I Wanna Be* (Delacorte). GEORGE WAYNE finds out exactly *how* bad.



George Wayne: *Naturally, for me, the most interesting chapter in your new book was the one entitled "Sex." "Fifty percent of life in the N.B.A. is sex," you say. Explain.*

Dennis Rodman: Sex is a very integral part of sports in general. And especially if you are a single professional athlete. It's very easy to jump headfirst into the pool of lust.

G.W. *What's the most outrageous sexual proposal you've ever had?*

D.R. I get women who want me to tag-team them, and stuff like that. But I'm very polite about all of it. I just say "No, thank you."

G.W. *Then there is Chapter 10 . . .*

D.R. Madonna.

G.W. *Kissing and telling on Madonna. That's not really cool. Madonna is going to have a major hissy fit when she finds Chapter 10 is all about her sex life with Dennis Rodman.*

D.R. I look at it like this: Madonna has made a lot of people look good, and a lot of people look bad. She didn't give a fuck who she hurt in the beginning. I wasn't trying to hurt Madonna in the book. I was just describing what it was like going out with Madonna.

G.W. *Were her first words to you really "Are you going to eat my pussy first? I like someone to eat me out and get me loose."*

D.R. Those were her fucking first words when I was at the house. I'm not gonna lie about it. I could have said a lot more.

G.W. *I guess she'll get over it. Did you guys do it doggy-style?*

D.R. Oh, shit! You better ask me another question. I can't go that deep.

G.W. *Yes, you can go there, darling.*

D.R. No way—it'd be all over.

G.W. *She is probably going to say, "That Dennis Rodman, he has the perfect nickname—the Worm."*

D.R. I don't think so.

G.W. *Being snubbed by the all-star team and the U.S. Olympic team—does that bother you?*

D.R. I've been playing great for the last four years and have not been picked for the All-Star Game. It's a crying shame that you've got hardworking people in this league who could easily make it. But you pick the people that are supposedly the Good Samaritans. And I think that's wrong.

G.W. *It's an amazing story: you, Dennis Rodman, have gone from being a kleptomaniac janitor at the Dallas–Fort Worth airport to star basketball player screwing the daylights out of the biggest female star in the world.*

D.R. Yeah, you're right. That was never my plan in life. My plan was to live life like any other normal human being, going to work nine to five.

G.W. *These blonde women that you tend to favor, do they shriek with delight when they see the size of your shaft?*

D.R. You can ask the girl I'm going out with. She seems pretty happy with the bob-gun.

G.W. *You seem like the kind of guy who would own a cock ring.*

D.R. I had my balls pierced, but I got kicked there in a game, and I had to take it out.

G.W. *You admit to being sexually confused, but you've said you've never experienced man-to-man sex. But even if you did, I don't think you would be man enough to admit it.*

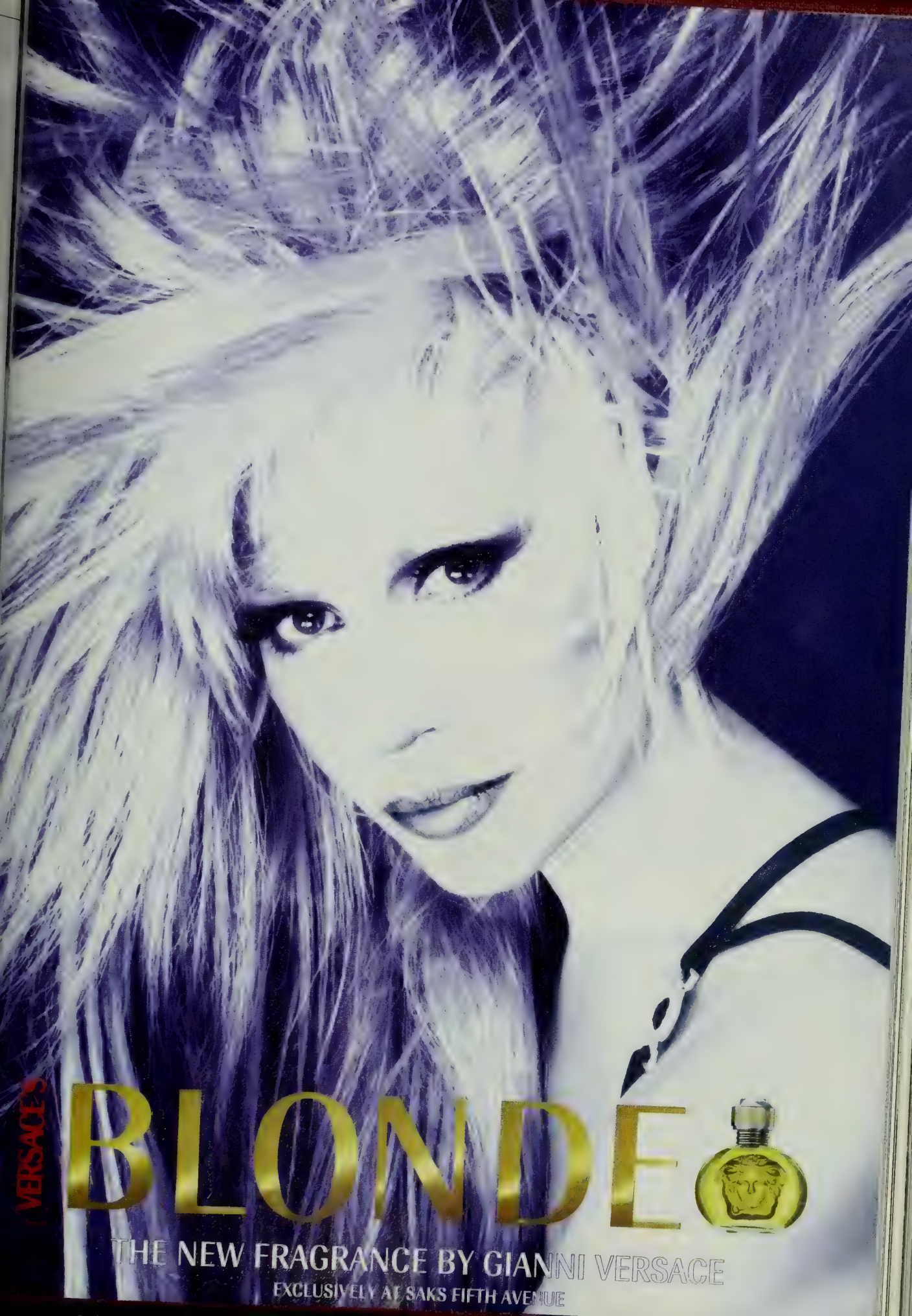
D.R. Excuse me—I guess you don't know me that well. I have no shame with my game like that. That opportunity has not arrived yet, but there is nothing wrong with being who you want to be.

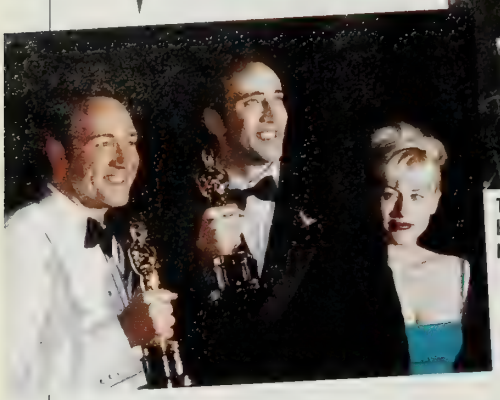
G.W. *And your cross-dressing is really not a gimmick? You grew up in a house full of women, and you really* do *enjoy wearing women's clothing?*

D.R. When the mood strikes me, of course I do.

G.W. *Do you wear panties?*

D.R. I don't wear underwear, period. I free-ball, even every day in practice.


VERSACE'S
BLONDE
THE NEW FRAGRANCE BY GIANNI VERSACE
EXCLUSIVELY AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE







The crowds outside *Vanity Fair*'s third Oscar party were bathed in colored lights. *Left,* Oscar winners Kevin Spacey and Nicolas Cage with Patricia Arquette. *Right,* Elisabeth Shue.

The Big Night

The stars' trails cross at *V.F.*'s annual Oscar party

In Los Angeles, Oscar night is a lot like Christmas. The streets are deserted as families gather together and everyone is a little nicer than usual. A few lucky folks even get just what they've always wanted. At Mortons for *Vanity Fair*'s third annual Oscar party it seemed as if the only person not clutching a gold statuette—for the first time in recent memory—was Tom Hanks. Among the winners were Nicolas Cage and Mel Gibson, who grasped an Oscar firmly in each hand, like a pair of six-shooters. Gibson has that quality Emerson identified as the hallmark of a people's champion: he's able to withstand the gaze of millions. Among the gazed-at were Anthony Hopkins, Jessica Lange, Chris O'Donnell, Jay Leno, Barry Diller, Diane Von Furstenberg, Vendela, Stephen Dorff, Tim Roth, Rita Wilson, Betsy Bloomingdale, Alicia Silverstone, David Arquette, Skeet Ulrich, Joe Roth, Ron Meyer, Peter Chernin, Gwyneth Paltrow, Alexandre and Alexandra von Fürstenberg, and Tony Curtis. It was a starry, starry night, as befits L.A.'s most holy evening of the year.

—TOBY YOUNG





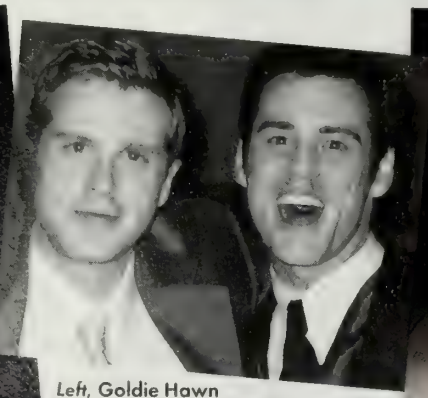
Tom and an unjustly unnominated Nicole dazzle and sparkle. Billy and Audrey Wilder get ready for their close-up.





Dominick Dunne greets Sidney Poitier, and Kelly Lynch gets smiley with John Travolta and Kelly Preston.





Left, Goldie Hawn and Steve Martin share a moment of mutually induced hilarity. *Above,* Cary Elwes and a characteristically overcaffeinated Jim Carrey.





Belle of the ball: Michelle Phillips soaks up the limelight, her wrap a-dangle. Brad Pitt toasts Mouna Al-Rashid.

(Continued on page 117)

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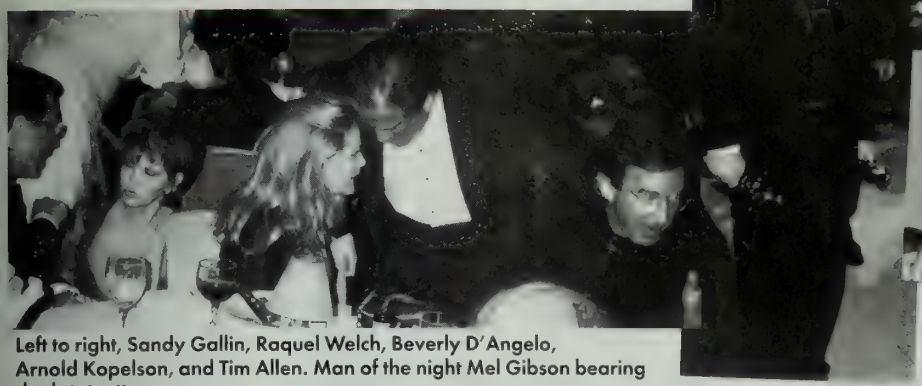
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"You look so serious when you're reading, Pet.
Perhaps a Tanqueray Sterling Vodka is in order."
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Tanqueray
Sterling
VODKA
Drink responsibly, Love

Oscar Night

(Continued from page 114)



Left to right, Sandy Gallin, Raquel Welch, Beverly D'Angelo, Arnold Kopelson, and Tim Allen. Man of the night Mel Gibson bearing dual statuettes.



Top, two artists: David Hockney greets Joan Collins. *Above*, actor-authors Richard E. Grant and Sandra Bernhard.



Gucci, Gucci, coo: Chynna Phillips, Billy Baldwin, and Tom Ford.



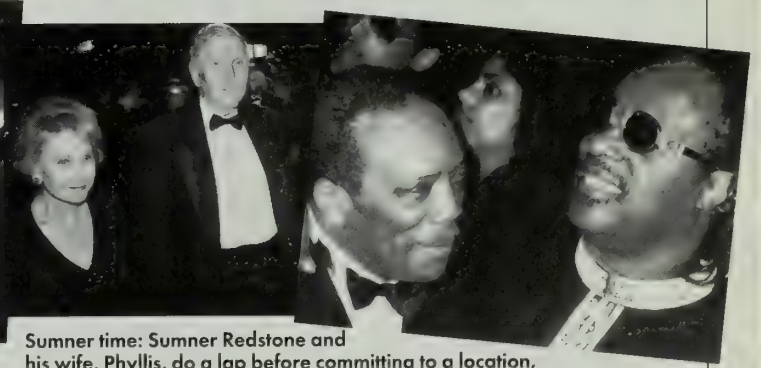
Melrose moment: Grant Show, Laura Leighton, Jack Wagner, Billy Marti, and Daphne Zuniga form a phalanx, then convene, converse, convive.



Left, a dapper Jeremy Irons surveys the scene. The Supremes: Party girls Diana Ross and Angie Dickinson.

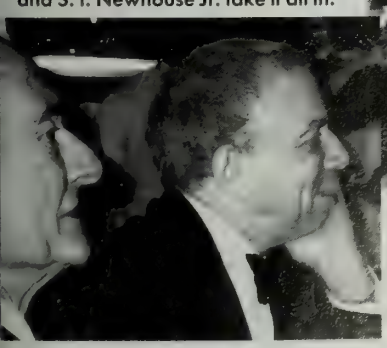


Director Stanley Kramer enters, accompanied by his wife, Karen. Liza Minnelli comes in with a flourish. Liam Neeson towers warmly.



Sumner time: Sumner Redstone and his wife, Phyllis, do a lap before committing to a location, while Quincy Jones and Stevie Wonder revel in the pleasures of stasis.

Below, Roy Lichtenstein and S. I. Newhouse Jr. take it all in.

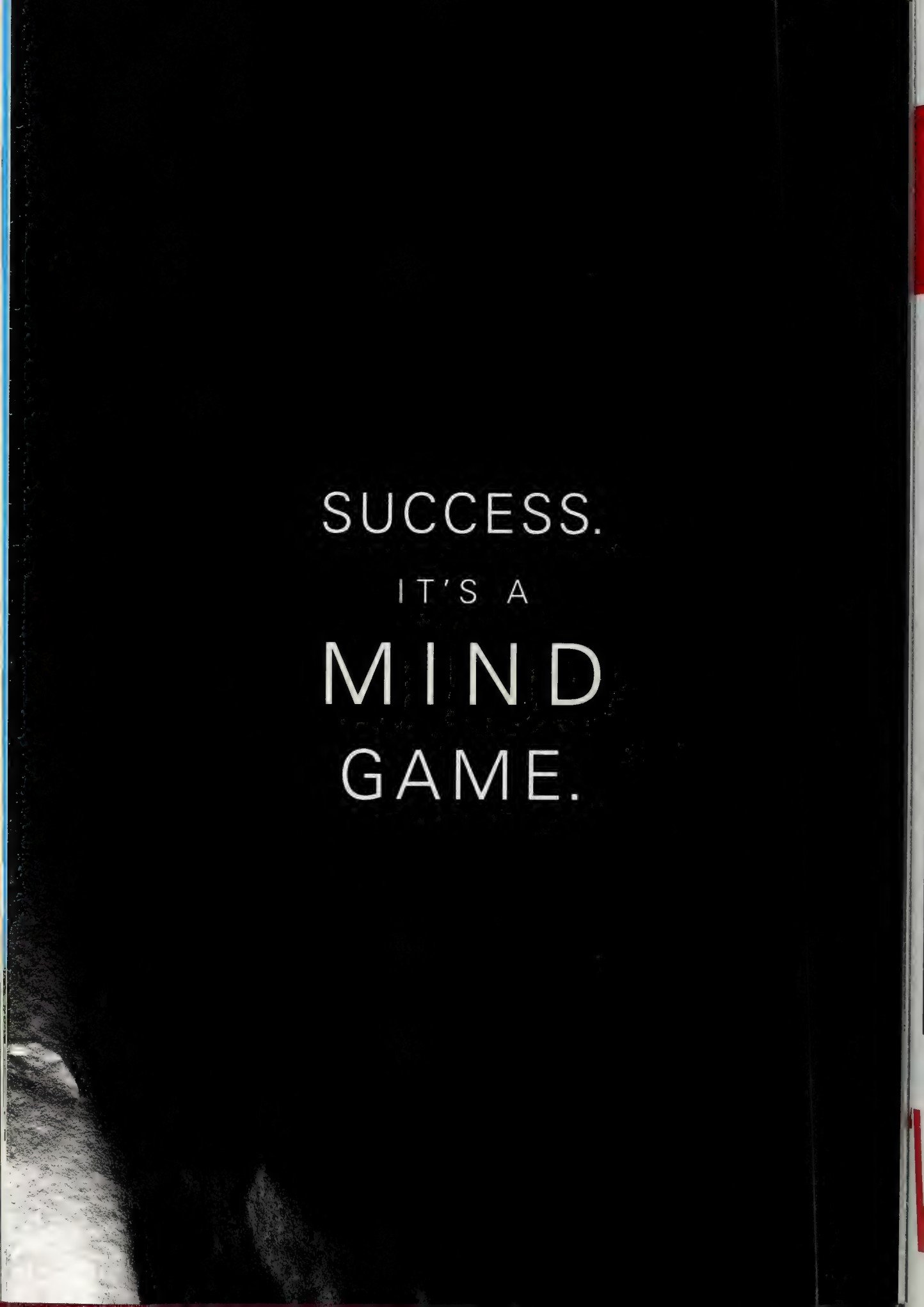




And the winner is . . . : Director Herbert Ross scans an Oscar-telecast program at table, while Princess Ira von Fürstenberg exudes curiosity and glamour. Rich and famous: Jacqueline Bisset glides by.

Three amigos: Kurt Russell, Robert Zemeckis, and Tom Hanks, who, for once, isn't clutching an Oscar.




SUCCESS.
IT'S A
MIND
GAME.

VANITY FAIR
JUNE 1996

INNOCENTS ABROAD

In Bosnia's muddy, mine-infested combat zones, young American soldiers are learning the trials—and the rewards—of keeping an uncertain peace. At the base known as Shark City, near Tuzla, HARRY BENSON documents the daily life of Echo Company's sappers and sharpshooters, its captains and its cooks

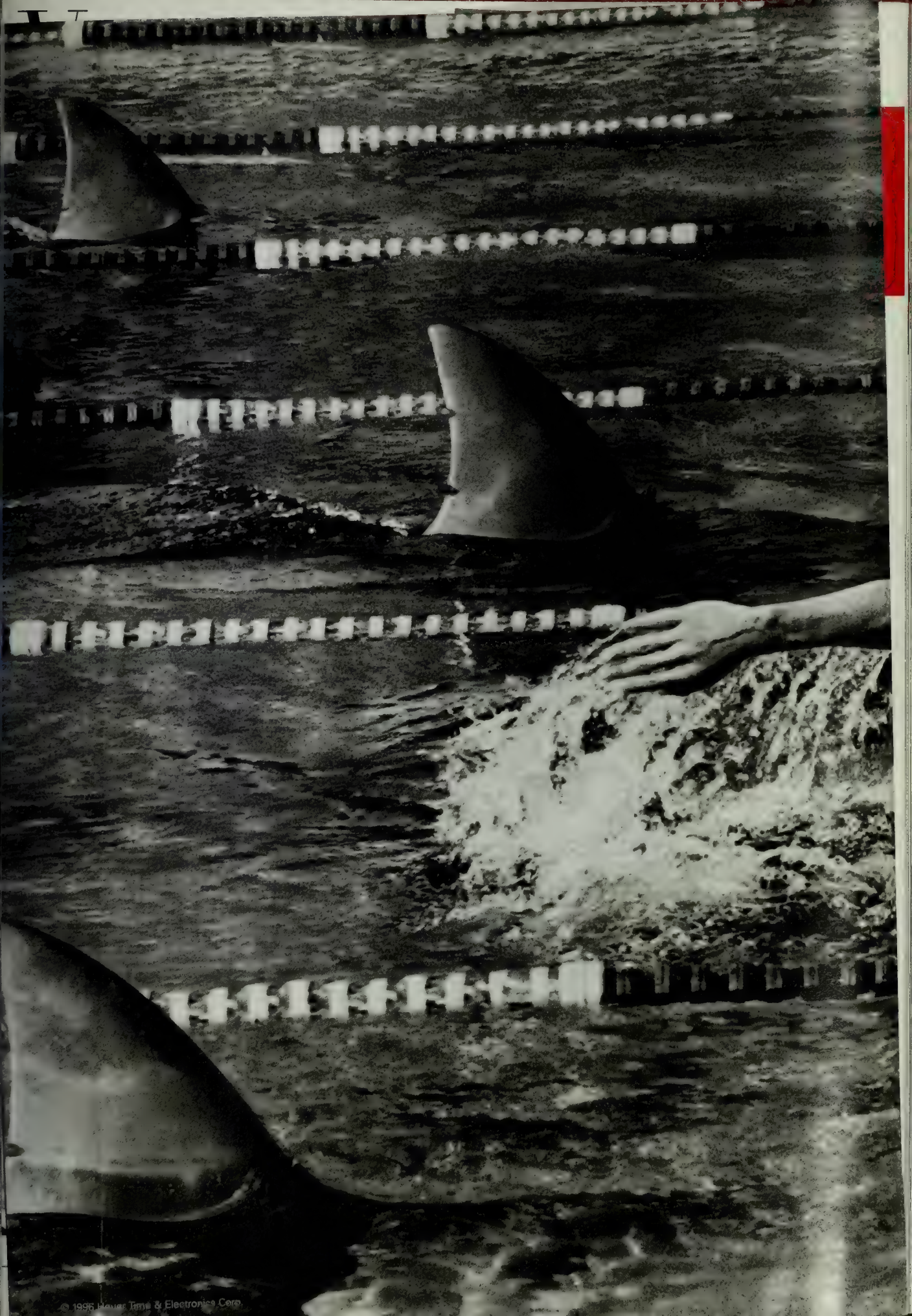


From left: Echo Company's Lieutenant Paul Dill, 24, of Annandale, Virginia, and Sergeant Howard Hartung, 25, from Chicago. Home now is Shark City, in the Confrontational Zone.

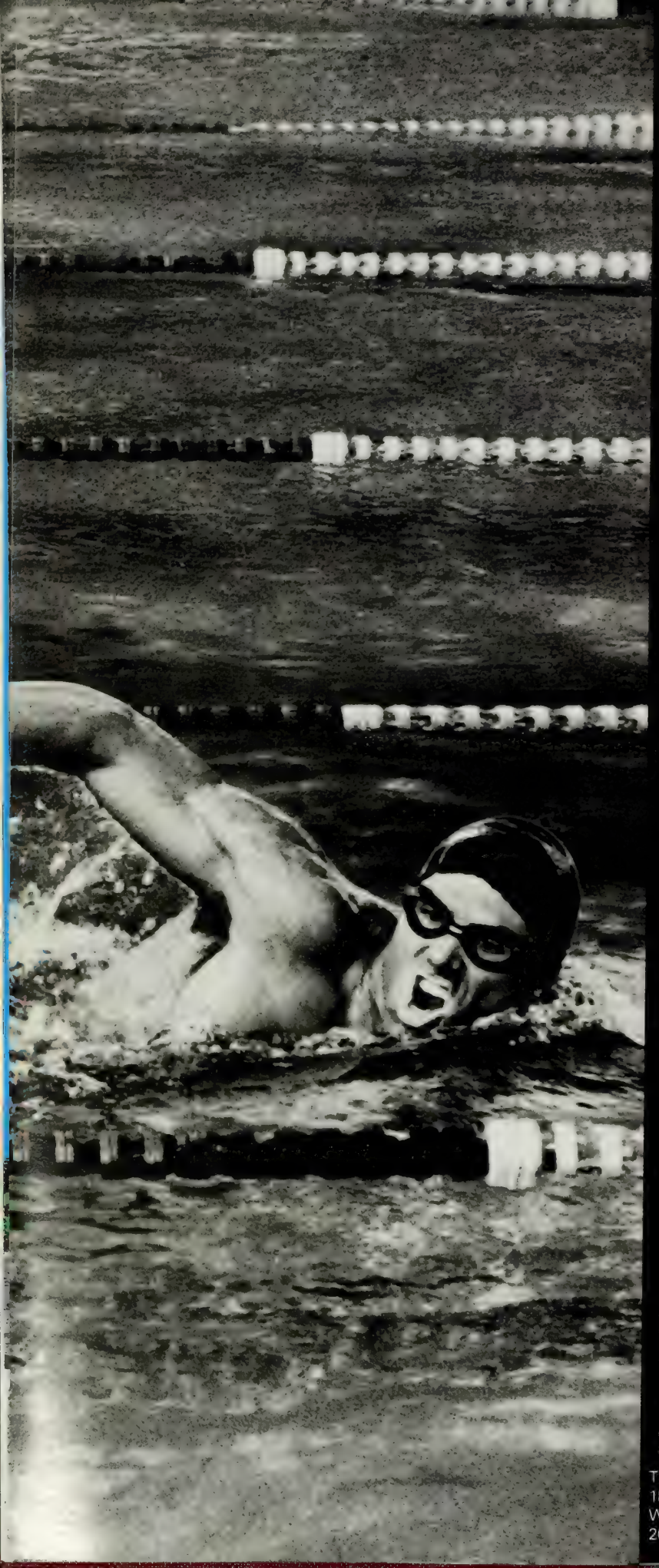
"Welcome to Tuzla. It's like Pittsburgh without a football team."

The jokey, unmistakably American voice of a U.S. soldier is one of the first sounds that greets us as we step off the C-130 military transport that has brought us from Frankfurt to Bosnia. It is the dead of winter and conditions are abominable; everywhere there is mud, boredom, and waiting. There is danger, but genuine action seems rare. Often it is just dull. Morale, however, seems a throwback to some earlier age of honorable intentions. The nihilism of the psychedelic Vietnam days is forgotten, but few of the male and female soldiers are older than 26 or so; they weren't even born at the


"You look so serious when you're reading, Pet.
Perhaps a Tanqueray Sterling Vodka is in order."
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VANITY FAIR
JUNE 1996

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From left: Echo Company's Lieutenant Paul Dill, 24, of Annandale, Virginia, and Sergeant Howard Hartung, 25, from Chicago. Home now is Shark City, in the Confrontational Zone.

"Welcome to Tuzla. It's like Pittsburgh without a football team."

The jokey, unmistakably American voice of a U.S. soldier is one of the first sounds that greets us as we step off the C-130 military transport that has brought us from Frankfurt to Bosnia. It is the dead of winter and conditions are abominable; everywhere there is mud, boredom, and waiting. There is danger, but genuine action seems rare. Often it is just dull. Morale, however, seems a throwback to some earlier age of honorable intentions. The nihilism of the psychedelic Vietnam days is forgotten, but few of the male and female soldiers are older than 26 or so; they weren't even born at the





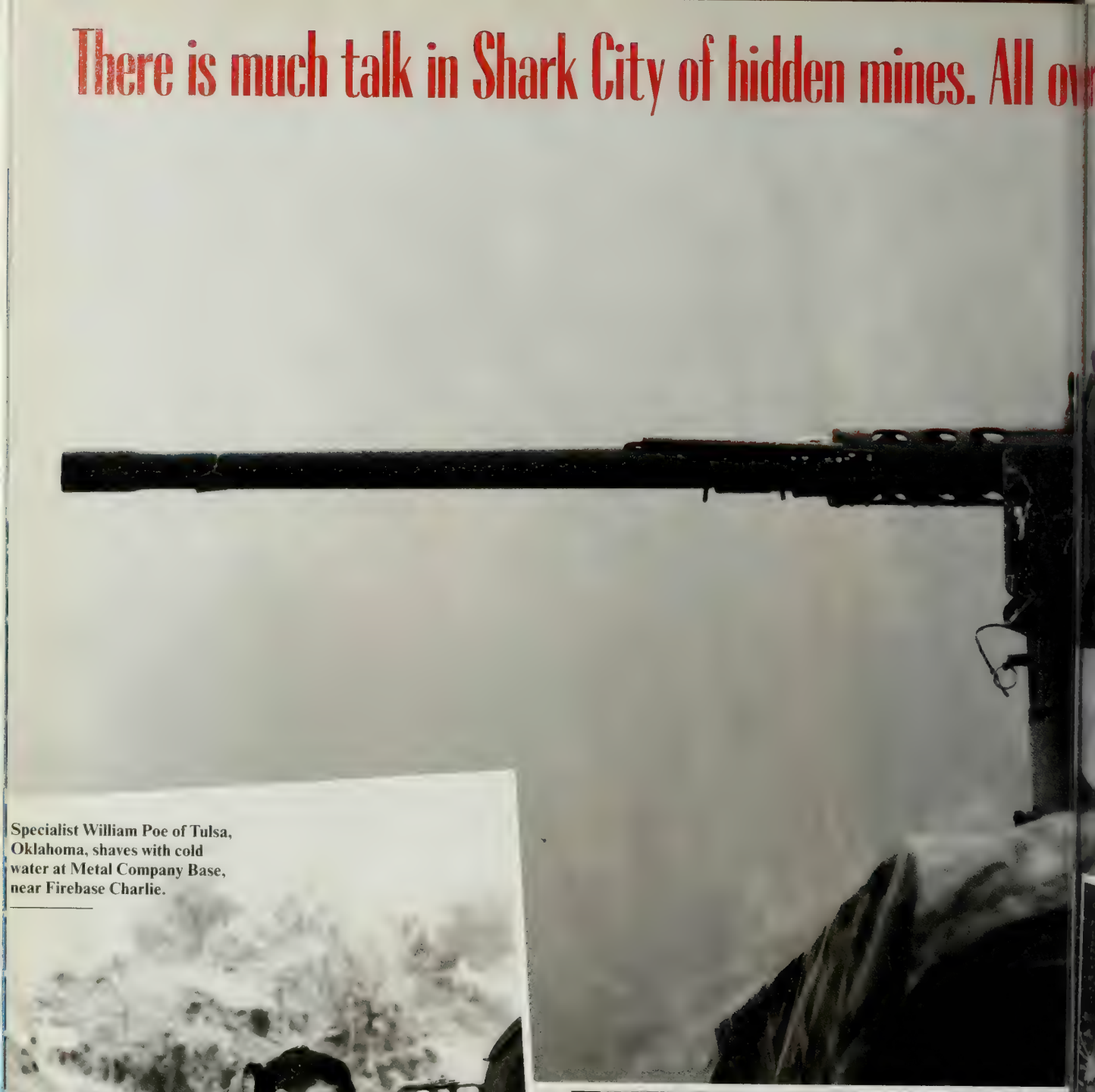
Sergeant Litchelle Brown (Second Battalion, 227th Aviation Armored Division) is a 25-year-old mother of two. The [illegible] for her battali[illegible] says that her [illegible] are good. Right, an American paratrooper stands in the burned-out shell of what was [illegible] country home and is now an army lookout post.

time of the Tet offensive. You may understand intellectually that wars are waged by the very young, but when you actually confront the youth of these soldiers, the shock is huge.

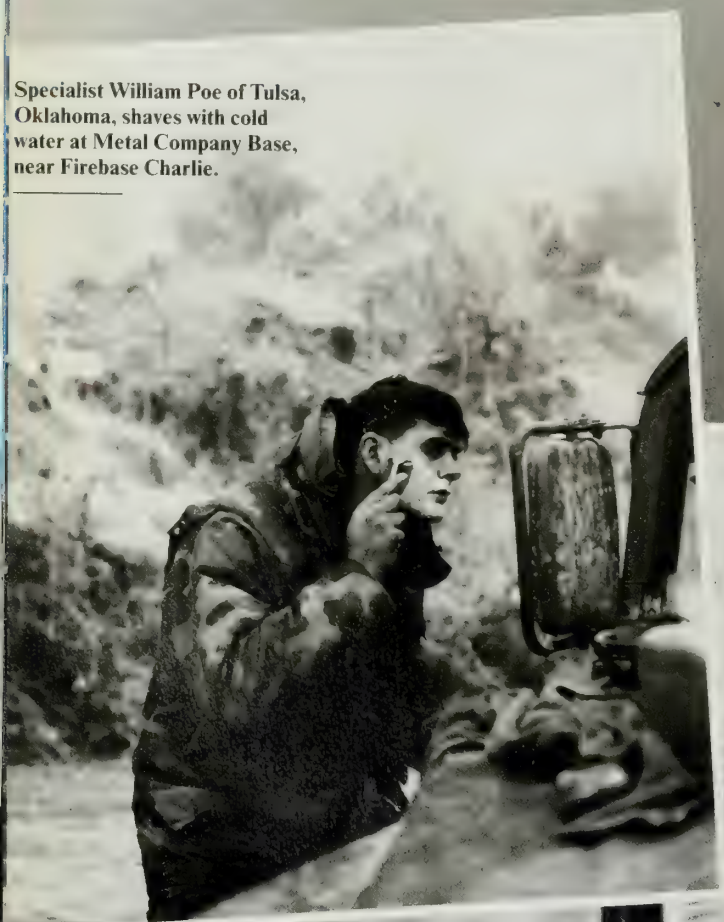
We wait at the airport for about five hours, until a paratrooper takes us to the barracks, an old warehouse in Tuzla where we spend the night. The next morning we drive into what they call the Confrontational Zone, where the Serbs and the Croats are separated by perhaps a mile. Americans stand guard, awaiting relief from the Russians. The roads are wicked—conniving and treacherous. The weather and the labyrinthine mountain roads complicate all transportation. As we approach Shark City, where the American soldiers are stationed, the evidence of war increases. Little shelled-out houses stand deserted, though bikes remain in front of many. Everything looks as if it *(Continued on page 129)*

Light breaks here about 7:30 and mornings are dull, not bright. Daytime and evening don't look much different.

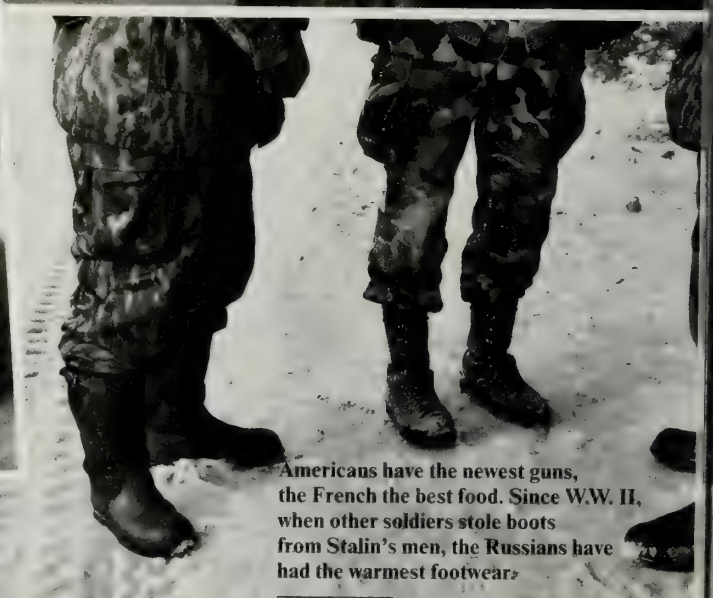
There is much talk in Shark City of hidden mines. All ov



Specialist William Poe of Tulsa, Oklahoma, shaves with cold water at Metal Company Base, near Firebase Charlie.





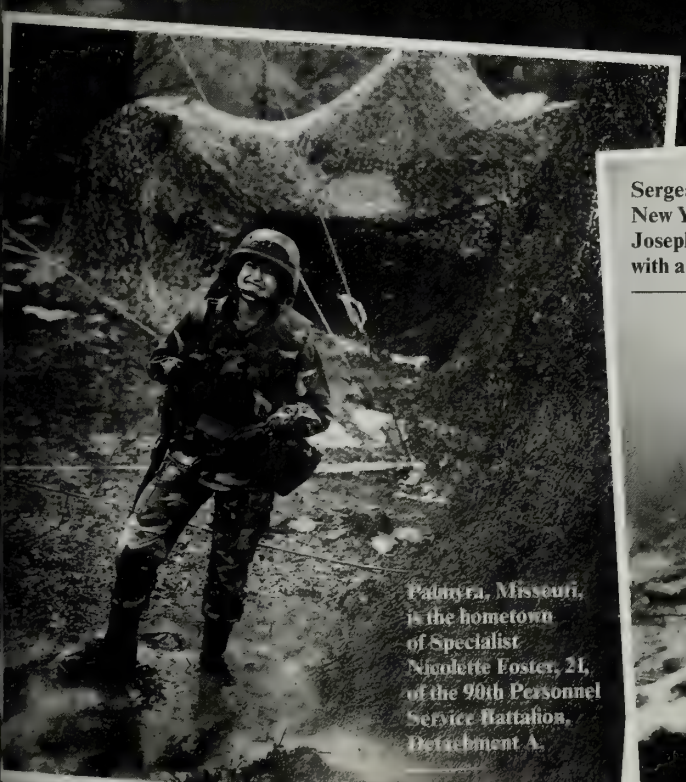


Americans have the newest guns, the French the best food. Since W.W. II, when other soldiers stole boots from Stalin's men, the Russians have had the warmest footwear.

re are warnings: "Walk where someone else has walked."

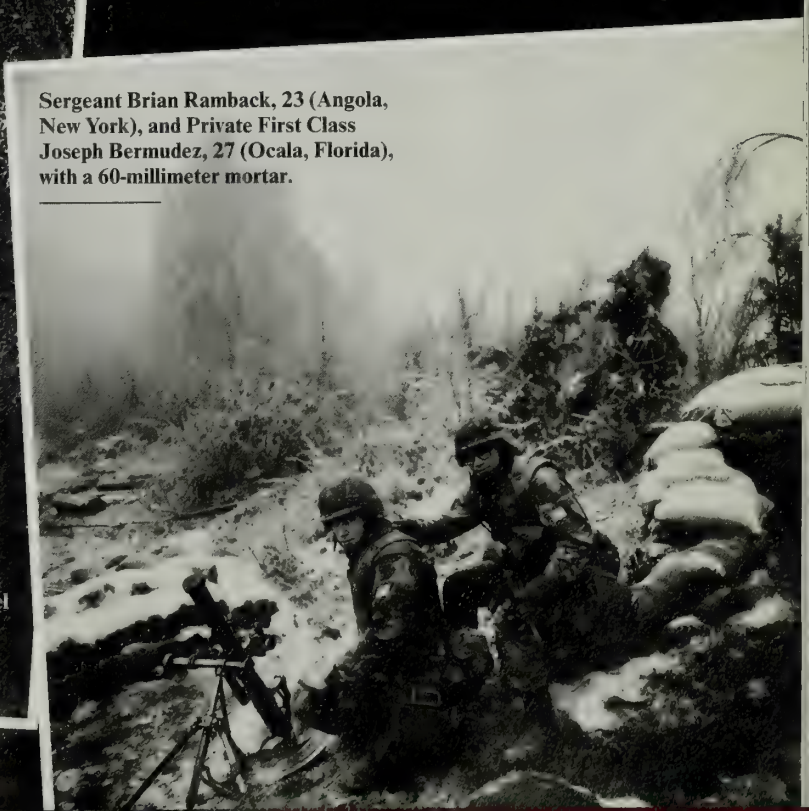


Californian Chris Cottingham, 22, a gunner specialist, stops for a Coke. His vehicle is a Humvee; his machine gun, a .50-caliber M2.



Palmyra, Missouri, is the hometown of Specialist Nicolette Foster, 21, of the 90th Personnel Service Battalion, Detachment A.

Sergeant Brian Ramback, 23 (Angola, New York), and Private First Class Joseph Bermudez, 27 (Ocala, Florida), with a 60-millimeter mortar.



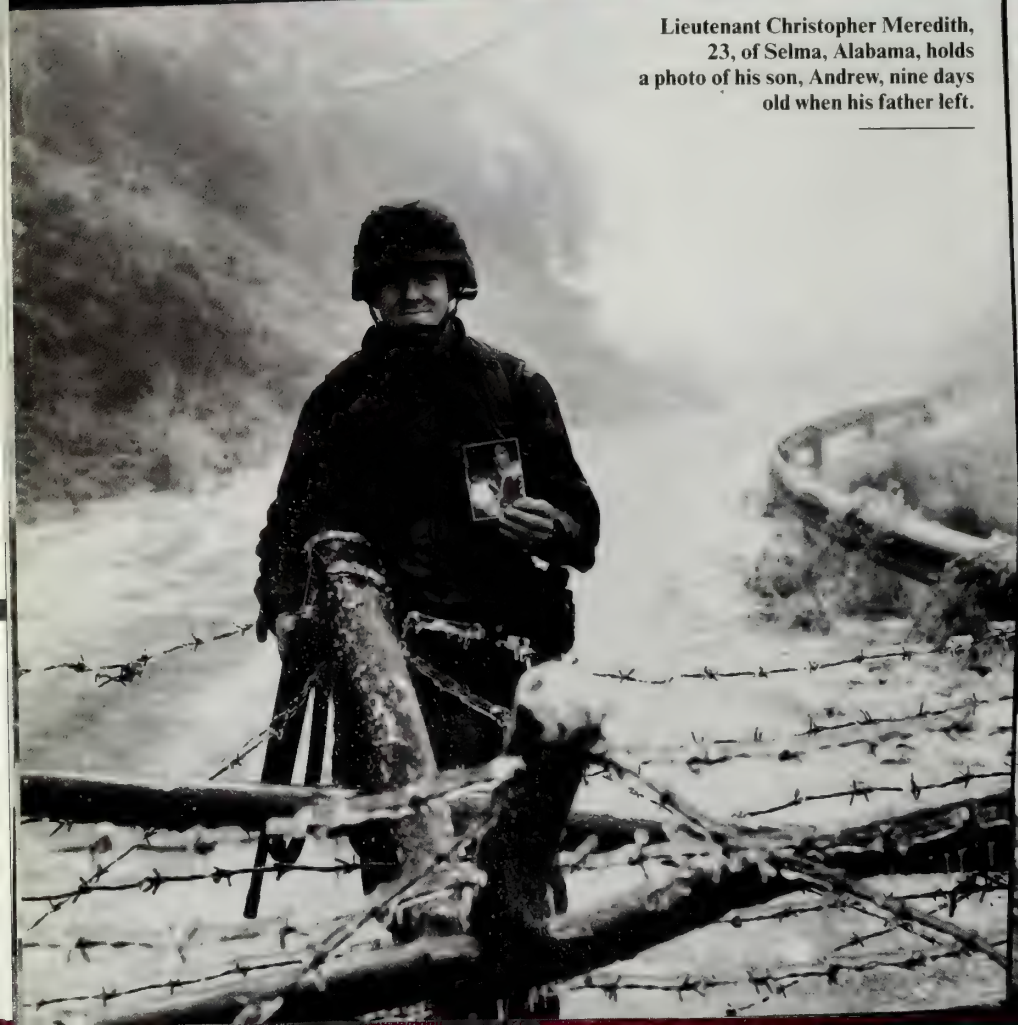
Medic Jennifer Kuklish, 20, from Redding, California, holds a photo of her boyfriend, who is also in Bosnia.





When asked if they have pictures, they reach inside their helme

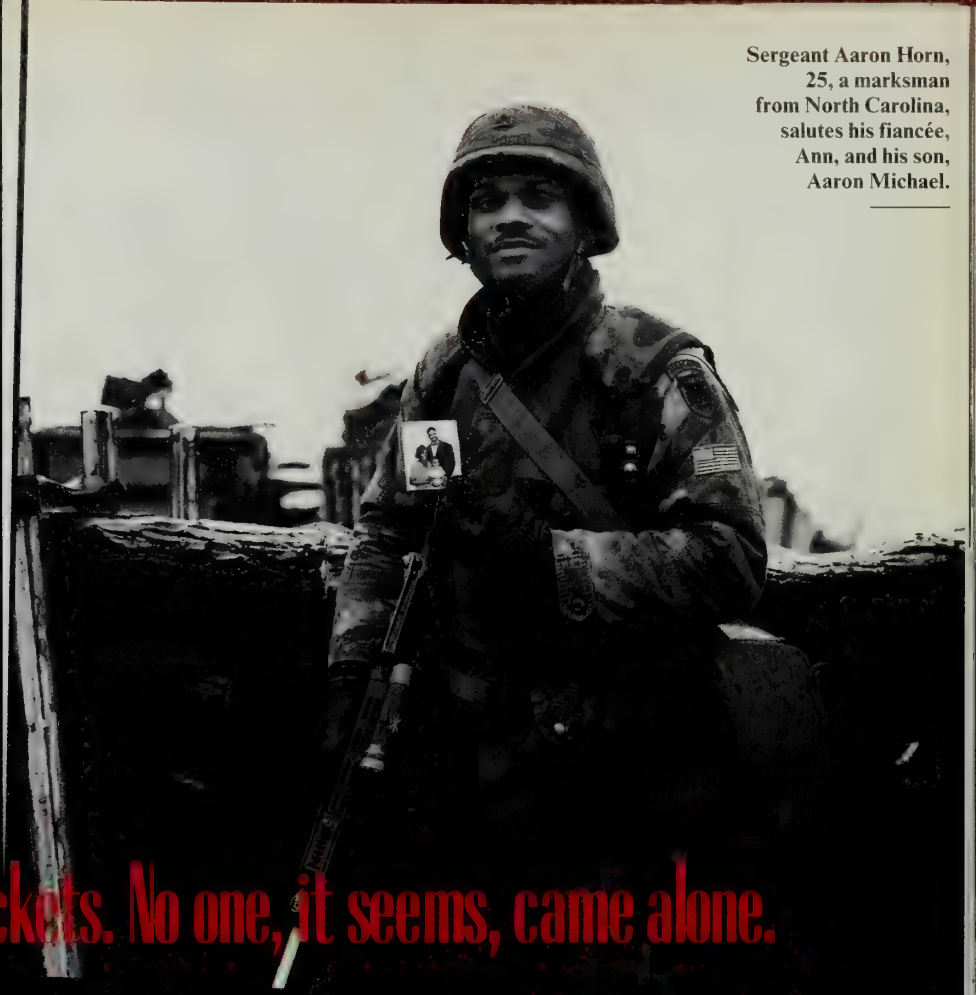
Lieutenant Christopher Meredith, 23, of Selma, Alabama, holds a photo of his son, Andrew, nine days old when his father left.







Sergeant Tracy Miklas, 31, Specialist Steven Kerrigan, 21, and Private Isaac Nadeau, 19, with photos from home.

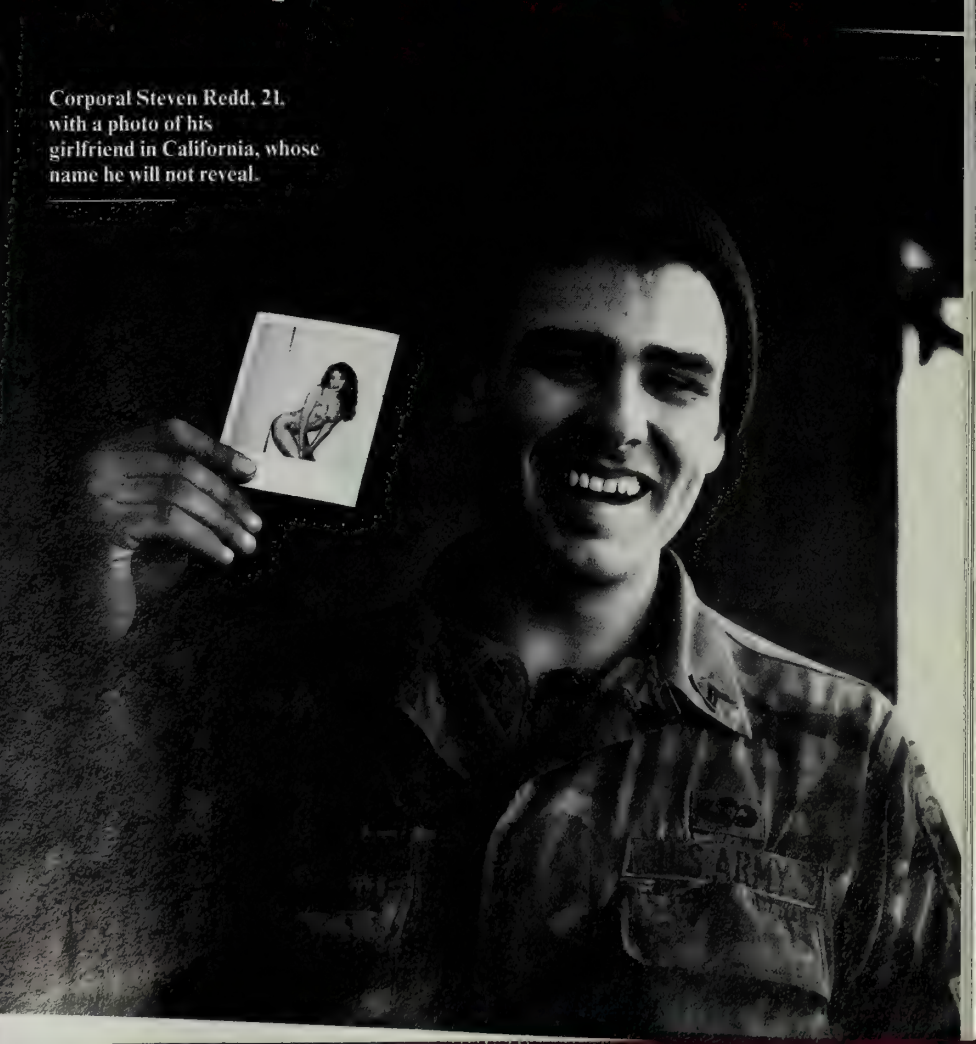


Sergeant Aaron Horn, 25, a marksman from North Carolina, salutes his fiancée, Ann, and his son, Aaron Michael.

deep into their pockets. No one, it seems, came alone.



Specialist Jason Chestnut, 20, of Tampa, Florida, and Private First Class Robert Bond, 24, from Petersburg, New Jersey.



Corporal Steven Redd, 21, with a photo of his girlfriend in California, whose name he will not reveal.

"Welcome to Tuzla," said the jokey, unmistakably American voice. "I



Combat engineers of the SETAF Infantry Brigade on a Russian-made T-34 tank: Lieutenant Kip Korth, Specialist Michael Blanchard, Sergeant Orlando Tagaluquin, Private Robert Hedge, Sergeant Jeffrey Berry, Lieutenant Joseph Burgess, and Lieutenant Terrence Alger (3/325th Airborne Battalion Combat Team).



(Continued from page 123) had been interrupted on a moment's notice.

The tedium is broken by the talk in Shark City of hidden mines. One soldier recently found a land mine outside his tent. Even when you step groggily into the night air to go to the bathroom, you must remember to keep your wits about you. All over Shark City, there is a litany of warnings: "Walk where someone else has walked," advice not easily dismissed. For safety's sake, you place your feet into the same prints that friends have made days before. Or weeks. It is comforting to know your buddy has blazed the trail. There are constant reminders not to pick up *anything,* not even the tiny pieces of rubber, sponges, or other debris lying everywhere.

At the depth of the winter, the temperature was 15 degrees below zero. Anything outside froze immediately, the second that the air touched it. I remember this as I listen to the Russians comparing their weapons with those of the Americans. The U.S. has planes which can pinpoint the source of an enemy attack and launch a counteroffensive *before* the enemy shell hits its target. The Russians, however, do not speak of the high-tech glories of their war machine. They boast about their boots, which are seamless and carefully insulated. (The soldiers aren't just bragging; footwear has been a priority with the Russians since W.W. II, when the Germans stole boots, well made and warm, off the dead of Stalin's army.)

The French have the best food—beef, crêpes Suzette, pâté—and the Americans exchange rations with them. So the French have food, the Russians have boots, and the Americans have guns and a kind of buoyant manner that seems out of place in this gray terrain.

I have taken photographs in many theaters of war. Bosnia appears to me to be a return to an earlier day, more like Korea or the World Wars

than Desert Storm or Panama. Some of the soldiers, who are mostly beige-colored, say they haven't had a shower in five weeks. They use bottled water for spit baths. The latrines appear to have been consigned from the Romans; in an age of computer weaponry and high-tech tanks, we're still making army bathrooms out of bits of wood nailed together. You hang your coat on a nail, which doesn't hold; your coat falls and gets soaked in the urine-drenched mud. I came out complaining. The soldier outside said, "I try to avoid it as much as I can." I was embarrassed when I discovered that the G.I. was female.

Light breaks here about 7:30 and mornings are dull, not bright. Daytime and evening don't look much different—this is a war of black-and-white images. There are soldiers in the trenches 24 hours a day: sharpshooters stand guard against snipers; a sharpshooter must be capable of hitting a target dead on from 300 meters.

Not so long ago they were just normal American kids from all over the country. Most are not wealthy enough to have traveled extensively before. This is their first taste of a world beyond their own. They seem remarkably unified; there is no dissent, only conviction. They have seen the devastation now, and appear to have no doubt that they are doing what should be done. Of course, they are eager to go home. When asked if they have pictures of their girlfriends, boyfriends, wives, husbands, or children, they reach inside their helmets or deep into their pockets. Everyone has a photo. No one, it seems, came alone.

I am as glad to leave Shark City as the soldiers will be. Tuzla is a luxury hotel after Shark City. On my last night there, it poured rain. Everything in the tent got soaking wet. I got up angry to dry my sleeping bag and clothes by the heat of the stove. One of the soldiers woke up and told me they were all used to it—the rain, that is. They didn't even bother drying things off anymore.

If they did, he said, they would never get any sleep at all. □

First Action Heroine

Among the vocational skills of model turned actress Rene Russo is the ability to dissemble. "I'm a high-school dropout," she says, shrieking with laughter. "Christ, when I'm playing a doctor it's real acting, lemme tell ya."

While most former cover girls her age are locked in divorce battles with their financier husbands, Russo is engaged in hand-to-hand combat with gunrunners, kidnappers, and virus-carrying monkeys in some of the best action thrillers of the decade. "Pretty damned good leads are being written for women in that action vein," she says, "and you can make a lot of money doing it, so it ain't a bad way to go."

One of the reasons Russo is in such demand is Hollywood's need to find actresses who won't make its graying troupe of leading men look like pedophiles. So far, she has paired off with Clint Eastwood (65) in *In the Line of Fire* and Dustin Hoffman (58) in *Outbreak,* though her real-life husband, screenwriter Dan Gilroy, is only 36. "Because those two movies were successful," she confides, "people have this idea that I work with older men, but I have to tell you that anyone 35 and over is my contemporary." In last fall's hit *Get Shorty,* Russo rejected the Hollywood legend she was teamed up with—Gene Hackman (66)—for John Travolta, who at 42 is her own age. This summer she's appearing opposite Kevin Costner in *Tin Cup* and Mel Gibson in *Ransom.*

"I have that street thing because I was raised on the street," she says about her Annie Oakley persona. "I was kinda wild. That's who I am." —TOBY YOUNG

Photograph by FIROOZ ZAHEDI

STYLED BY JANE ROSS; HAIR BY ENZO ANGILERI; MAKEUP BY KAREEN BOURSIER. HAIR PRODUCTS FROM NEXXUS; MAKEUP FROM LANCOME. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



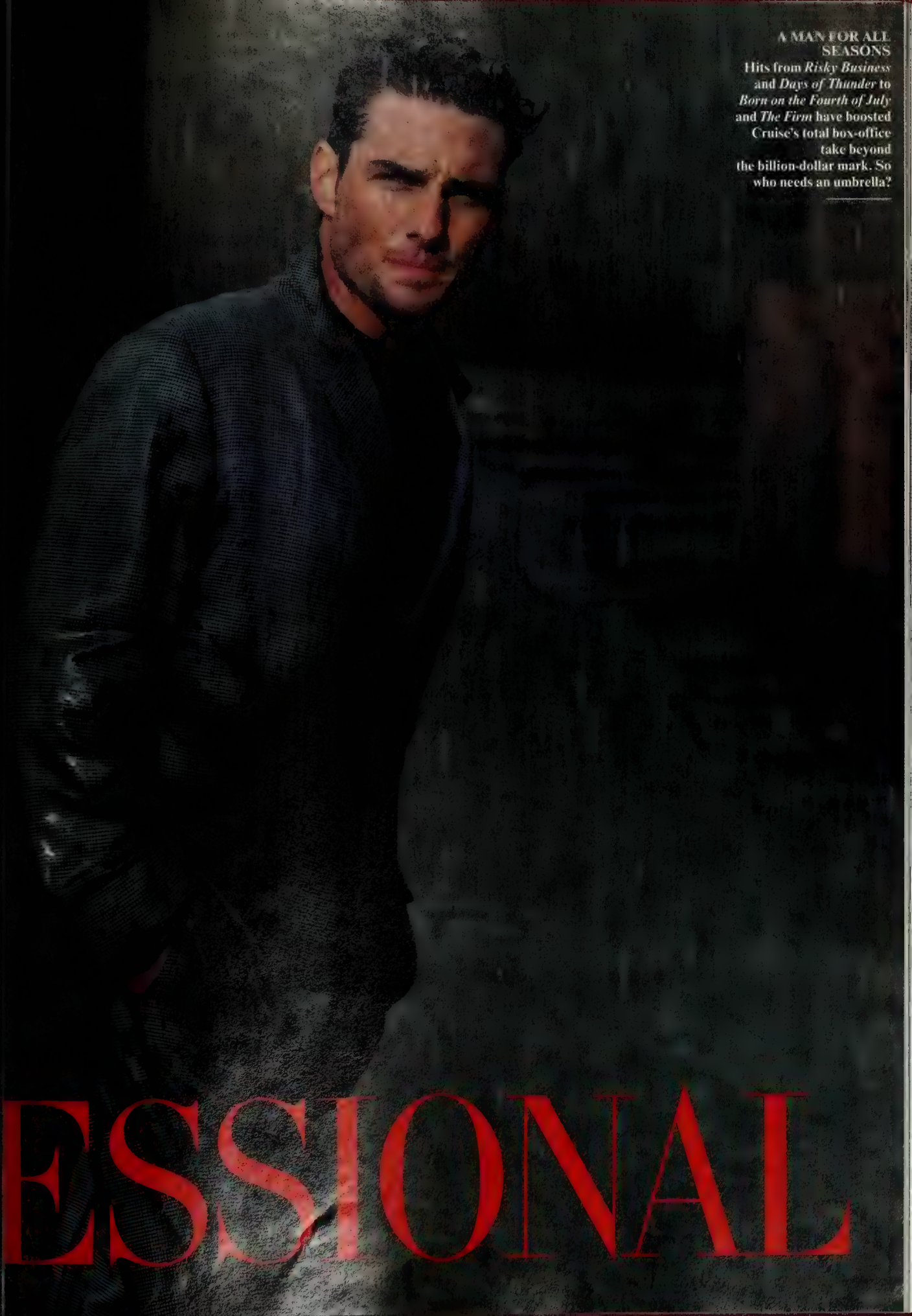
RENE
RUSSO

"I have that street thing."

Even as he aims to go higher, faster, farther, better, Tom Cruise has also learned to play—with his Pitts S-2B biplane, his two Porsches, and his two children. As *Mission: Impossible*, Cruise's $64 million debut as producer-star, opens this month, JENNET CONANT gets the first-ever joint interview with him and his wife, Nicole Kidman, who reveal the dynamics of Hollywood's most riveting double act

THE PROF

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • Styled by KIM MEEHAN



A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

Hits from *Risky Business* and *Days of Thunder* to *Born on the Fourth of July* and *The Firm* have boosted Cruise's total box-office take beyond the billion-dollar mark. So who needs an umbrella?

ESSIONAL

"I know my limitations as a person," Tom Cruise is telling me.

Limitations? I smile politely. He's kidding, right? We all know about limitations, and Cruise, who rocketed to stardom at 21 and now, 18 movies later, has a record NASA can only dream of, doesn't have any. And he knows it.

But he's being modest. "I'm not one of these people who is good at one-liners," he says. "Some interviewers look at me like '*That's* the answer?' They ask, 'What kind of tree do you want to be?' And I don't know." Cruise's tone is sheepish, but the blue-green eyes are confident, amused. "There's times you wish you were Robin Williams and you could take off into other areas," he adds, shaking his head, "you know, talk really, really fast and be really funny."

Cruise is trying to convince me that he is a lousy interview. That's why he takes reporters for hair-raising spins in his aerobatic plane or out racing in one of his two Porsches; he discovered a long time ago that speed is a good distraction. But he's not taking me on any wild-goose chase. And I'm far from worried. Cruise never disappoints—he always delivers exactly what is expected of him. At the least. Despite his relative youth, he's a pro. "A consummate professional" is how Paula Wagner, his longtime agent and partner in Cruise/Wagner Productions, describes him. So he sits here in his cool beige Paramount office on a Saturday morning, sporting jeans, a battered sweater, and day-old stubble, dutifully pumping quarters into the publicity machine.

He points to the poster from Ernest Lehman's classic *Sweet Smell of Success* hanging on the wall above the sofa. It is signed by the stars: Burt Lancaster has scrawled, "You got it, kid," and below Tony Curtis's name, "To T.C. from T.C."

"Do you know that one?" Cruise inquires innocently, referring to the movie, a corrosive portrait of the entertainment P.R. game. He perks up at the hint of a challenge; his eyes glint with mischief. I had asked for it. I had asked him to be himself, and now he isn't holding back. Or is he? I smile. He smiles—a dazzling show of charm and teeth.

Settling in, his arms spanning the top of the sofa, boots resting on the edge of the coffee table, Cruise appears completely relaxed. He seems, for a famously guarded actor, to be traveling rather light. There's no entourage. No studio minions proffering itineraries and Evian. Not even as much as a peep from his *Über*-publicist, Pat Kingsley. He dialed me directly to figure out where we would meet, and I asked to see his production company, a plush suite of offices once occupied by Howard Hughes.

Cruise isn't nearly as reclusive as the legendary Hughes, but, for an actor with such a big, honest presence on-screen, he can be surprisingly elusive. Behind the casual approach and boyish demeanor, he has earned a reputation for being fiercely protective of his wife, Nicole Kidman, the star of *To Die For,* and their two children, and for micromanaging every aspect of his extraordinary career and image. With a combined domestic box-office gross of more than $1 billion, Cruise's movies aren't small-time affairs, and as time has passed, he has assumed more and more control of the very big business based on his own appeal. His metamorphosis from boy star to grown-up producer reaches its apotheosis this month with the release of *Mission: Impossible,* a $64 million action picture which he stars in and which marks his debut as a hands-on producer.

"It's not really about control," he protests. "It's another creative outlet. After all the pictures I've made, I've learned how to do things efficiently. When I first started as an actor, I always knew one day that I wanted to produce my own movies, and direct," he continues. "It just comes down to loving movies. On *Mission: Impossible,* I was like a kid in a candy shop. I felt like I was 10 years old again, back in the theaters. 'O.K., what would I like to see? What would be the coolest thing?'"

Cruise still looks like a college kid, but at 33 he has moved far beyond Joel Goodsen, the dancing, underwear-clad adolescent he played to perfection in *Risky Business.* He is no longer everyone's eager-to-please kid brother, happy just to be tagging along with co-stars such as Paul Newman and Dustin Hoffman. Cruise has grown up and taken charge, and as he heads into the next bend in his career, he is having the time of his life. "He's like a champion," says his buddy Sean Penn, who met Cruise in 1980 when they were both cast in *Taps,* their first big break. "His enthusiasm for what he does seems exactly what it was then, but he's growing all the time. He was a major wrestler in high school, and he's like an athlete in the way he attacks work. He's incredibly focused."

"He wants to win," says Terry Semel, co-chairman of Warner Bros., which is producing Stanley Kubrick's *Eyes Wide Shut,* Cruise's next film, a sexy thriller in which he will co-star with Kidman. "He brings exactly the same amount of passion, enthusiasm, and commitment to everything he does, whether the two of us are playing tennis or working on a project. It's always no holds barred. And he has boundless energy, he can go for hours. He'll be out there playing tennis or doing takes after everyone has gone to dinner."

"It's all about competition, but with himself, not against anyone else," confirms screenwriter-director Robert Towne, who worked with Cruise on *Days of Thunder* and wrote the final draft of *Mission: Impossible.* "It's always higher, faster, farther, better with him. Both as a jock and a little bit of a dreamer. He's a man who always believes his reach can extend beyond his grasp. And so far he's been right."

"Everything I do, my name's on it, so I want it to be good," says Cruise, sounding more self-assured than the young man you think you know from all his old coming-of-age movies. "I don't like going to bad movies. And I sure as hell don't like making them," he adds, laughing. "I'm going to work my ass off and do whatever it takes—blood, sweat, and tears—to make the best movie I can."

Mission: Impossible is, as Cruise puts it, "a big, big movie." Filmed on location in Prague, London, and Virginia, it features an international cast, a superb troupe of actors including Jon Voight, Vanessa Redgrave, and Emmanuelle Béart as the spy who catches the eye of Cruise's character. It is jam-packed with stunning European scenery, elaborate sets, sleek gadgets, and Bond-worthy special effects. Cruise had been planning to cut his teeth on a more modest project, but zeroed in on the high concept of updating the popular 60s television series, an idea that had been kicking around Paramount for 10 years.

"I'm going to work my ass off and do whatever it takes—blood, sweat, and tears..."

The stakes were high from the outset because it was clear the movie was going to be complicated and costly. "There was a lot of pressure on us because, like anything, you have to prove yourself," says Paula Wagner, a former CAA agent who left Michael Ovitz's old empire in 1992 to become Cruise's producing partner. In some sense the two have been a team for 15 years, since the day he walked into her little cubbyhole of an office wearing a brown corduroy jacket (the only one he owned) and greeted her with a polite "How do you do, Miss Wagner?"

A cool, attractive industry executive, the 48-year-old Wagner—whom Cruise affectionately calls "Wags"—is the one person whose advice the actor has consistently relied upon. She put him together with Oliver Stone (whom she also represented) for *Born on the Fourth of July,* the movie which earned Cruise his Academy Award nomination. She now shoulders the primary business responsibilities for their production company, giving Cruise the freedom to concentrate on his roles. The trust between them is evident as they huddle over marketing plans for *Mission: Impossible,* their heads side by side as they speak quickly in shorthand. Their professional relationship has also become something of a family affair: Wagner's husband, Rick Nicita, is now Cruise's agent at CAA. "Zachary will be representing him before long," says Wagner, referring to her eight-year-old son.

The Cruise-Wagner partnership survived trial by fire during the arduous production of the movie, when everything that could go wrong did. It all began when the advance crew first journeyed to Prague and failed to realize that the Eastern European interpretation of "free-market economy" was "Shake down the Americans for all they are worth." While no one at Paramount is saying exactly how much the budget got trampled during the early stages of production, it was enough to give Cruise some sleepless nights worrying about how he was going to make it up down the line. "Prague ripped us off," he admits, adding dryly, "They're still getting used to democracy. But we also made some mistakes with our negotiations that we have to take responsibility for."



SHINER: "It's all about competition, but with himself, not against anyone else," says screenwriter-director Robert Towne, who worked with Cruise on *Days of Thunder* and wrote the final draft of *Mission: Impossible.* "He's a man who always believes his reach can extend beyond his grasp. And so far he's been right."

Cruise was determined that his movie not be viewed as an indulgent star turn. At the outset he established the tone by deferring his whole salary. (He will receive a percentage of profits.) He also had the audacity to tell the film's director, Brian De Palma, whose spending on *The Bonfire of the Vanities* is legendary in the industry, "I've thrown in my $20 million, you'd better throw in yours." He wasn't really expecting De Palma to give up his salary. He just wanted him to go easy on expensive sets and spend wisely. But he and De Palma continued to butt heads over the budget—among other things—and rumors that the two weren't getting along spread like wildfire

through Hollywood. Cruise laughs at the talk that he and De Palma were seriously at odds. But he makes no apologies.

"How can you make a movie and not have arguments?" he asks, throwing up his hands. "You're with this person every day, it's very tense, there's a lot of money at stake, and you get tired.

"You disagree about things," continues Cruise, who says he had no problem playing the heavy with the director when he had to. As producer, he says it was his "responsibility to let De Palma know the movie had to be made for a price. You've got to get to the point where all the social bullshit goes away and it's like, O.K., you and I are out for the same thing here, so let's get down to it. It was fun, and it was all to make the movie better." (De Palma, who still appears to be sulking, did not return calls to his office.)

Now that it's over, Cruise seems to relish his war stories. He credits De Palma with getting them through some hairy moments. "He's the veteran of many battles," insists Cruise before launching into the tale of his own close encounter with the Prague police. At the end of a tough shoot Cruise was heading back to his trailer, but was stopped by an officer who demanded to see his papers. "He was speaking in Czech," recalls the star, who had visions of a cement holding cell. "I said, 'My papers? What do you *mean* my papers? We're in Prague, you know. Communism is about two miles back, pal.' " He ended up cooling his heels in a car while a police chief from the set was brought over to resolve the situation. "He was just being a bully," says Cruise, shaking his head, "but it was like 'What *else* can happen?' "

"Tom was really under the gun with this picture," says Robert Towne. "It was the kind that could have gone over $100 million just by batting your eyelashes the wrong way. We were working in countries where the governments and civil service were barely under control, with a script that wasn't finished, and a lot of high-tech shit to shoot. *(Continued on page 182)*

"You got it, kid," wrote Burt Lancaster on Cruise's poster from *Sweet Smell of Success.*

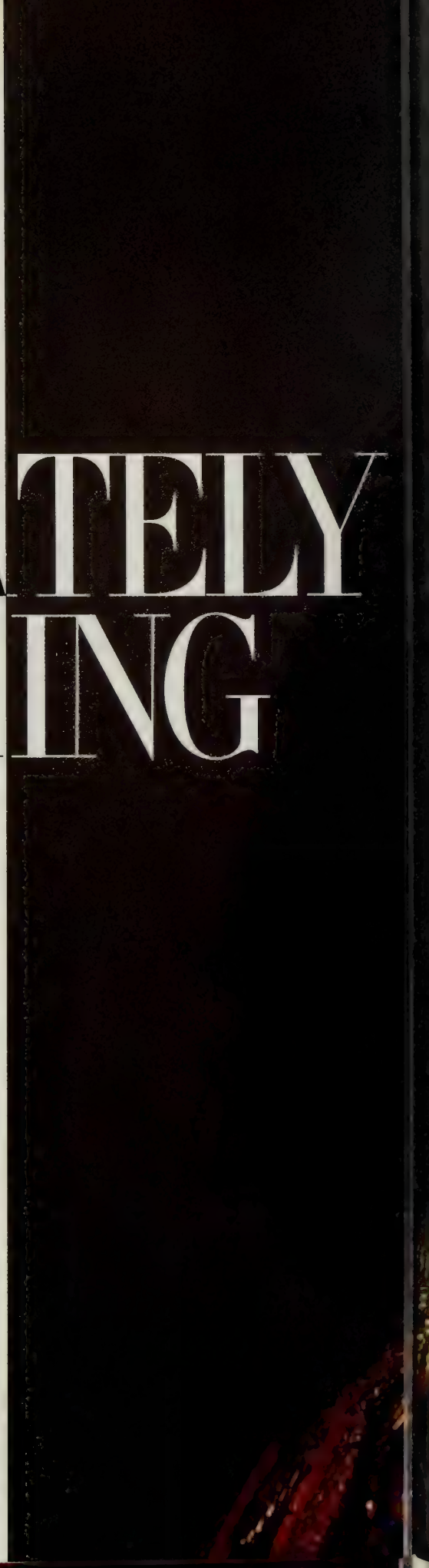


HANGING IN
"He's like a champion," says his friend Sean Penn. But Cruise, seen here on the Universal lot, isn't just resting on his laurels. With a billion-dollar film résumé, he's gearing up to star in both *Jerry Maguire* and the Stanley Kubrick thriller *Eyes Wide Shut.*



Susan Thomases, feared Friend of Hillary, has had her eye blackened by two No.1 best-sellers. Following up on the clues to her character in *Primary Colors* and to her Whitewater involvement in *Blood Sport,* JACOB WEISBERG figures out why Thomases gets voted "least popular" by Clinton insiders

DESPERATELY LEAKING SUSAN



Clinton haters and Clinton defenders alike spent the first few months of this year in rapt anticipation of James Stewart's two-year investigation into the murky doings collectively known as Whitewater. But when Stewart's book *Blood Sport* finally appeared in late March, the juiciest anecdote didn't take place in Little Rock or Washington, and it wasn't about Bill or Hillary Clinton. It was about New York City lawyer Susan Thomases, better known for being the First Lady's closest friend and most trusted adviser. Stewart related in his prologue that Thomases had telephoned him out of the blue one day to make an appointment to discuss something too sensitive for the phone. "She said a client of hers wanted a story about them," Stewart remembers. "I never dreamed

Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



FIRST FRIEND

Susan Thomases, photographed in Washington, D.C. She is often seen as Hillary Clinton's alter ego, the First Lady without the image-softening makeover or restraint.

that the client might be the president or the First Lady."

At Thomases' instigation, Stewart began delving into the Whitewater story. But as he got to work, it became clear Thomases was still trying to persuade the principals to cooperate. The First Lady, hostile as ever to inquiring journalists, was disinclined to be open. In the end the administration did not assist him at all. Thus did Thomases single-handedly launch one of America's most diligent investigative reporters on a hostile takeover of the Whitewater story.

Thomases felt contrite enough about her role in the project to issue a kind of apology just before the book was published. "We all make mistakes," she told *Newsweek.* (Characteristically she later told friends that the line had been misquoted.) Thomases also denied serving as a major source for the book. However, it is apparent from context that, along with former White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum and Whitewater partners Jim and Susan McDougal, she was exactly that.

Thomases might ultimately claim vindication for her stratagem. Though it paints the Clintons as ethically lax, and disingenuous in their efforts at spin control, *Blood Sport* does not contain any grand-jury-inspiring revelations. The book's publication may mark the point at which the scandal began finally to recede. Robert L. Bartley, the editor of *The Wall Street Journal,* a paper whose editorial page has approached Whitewater with the measured temper of a rabid pit bull, has suggested Thomases should be "far from distraught."

Thomases, however, has every reason to be distraught, not so much for what the book has done to the Clintons but for the additional havoc it has wrought on her own troubled reputation. In almost every episode in which Thomases figures, Stewart provides additional evidence that her political and personal judgment is lacking. In unattributed comments clearly traceable to her, she manages to alienate the friends of the late White House deputy counsel Vince Foster, implicate the First Lady in a cover-up of the travel-office scandal, and arouse suspicions that her testimony before various investigators was the product of crafty spin control.

Others in Clinton's circle who have been drawn into the Whitewater vortex have tended to elicit sympathy from colleagues over their catastrophic legal bills, public embarrassment, and having to endure the ungrammatical abuse of Alfonse D'Amato (who at one point accused Thomases of raising the scandal's level of "incredulity"). In Thomases' case, however, expressions of sympathy have been few and far between. "Now that she's down, the pent-up hostility is coming out," says one administration official who describes himself as more sympathetic than most. "I've actually heard people say they hope she gets indicted [for perjury before the Senate Whitewater committee]. She doesn't have a big reservoir of goodwill from which to draw."

Thomases is neither the first Clinton friend to be economical with the truth nor the only one to alienate colleagues by the political equivalent of poor table manners. She is hardly alone in her outsize ego or in her lack of a sense of humor. What is unique about Thomases, though, is her relationship with the First Lady. As principal strategist James Carville used to say during the 1992 campaign, "She has the juice," a personal relationship that permits her to phone the private quarters at midnight or show up to see the president without an appointment. This intimacy provokes a combination of jealousy, genuine concern for the Clintons' sake, and hostility, closely related to that which is directed at the First Lady.

As Thomases herself told Lloyd Grove of *The Washington Post,* "Hillary and I are a lot alike in a lot of ways." Thomases is Hillary unsheathed, the First Lady without the image-softening makeover or restraint. And it is this curious quality of being Hillary's doppelgänger that helps to explain both her unpopularity among White House insiders and the outrage she has stirred elsewhere.

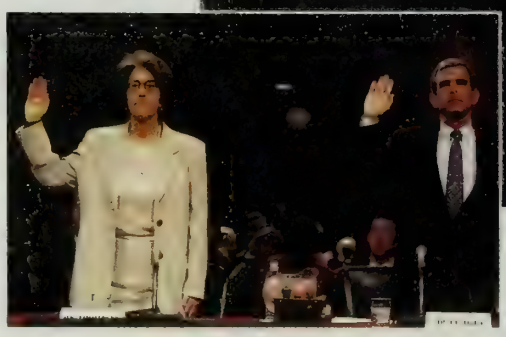
Though Rodham was raised Republican and Methodist in Park Ridge, Illinois, and Thomases grew up Jewish under the influence of a Democratic mother in Engelwood, New Jersey, both families were essentially matriarchies in which the only daughters outshone their brothers (Rodham had two, Thomases three) in brains, ambition, and talent. Susan is just like her mother, says one family friend, a "baleboosteh," a Yiddish word which means just about what it sounds like in English. Family instilled in both a strong social conscience, further stimulated by the general mood of the 60s. After attending Connecticut College Thomases helped Eugene McCarthy win the Oregon primary in 1968; Rodham, meanwhile, was denouncing the Vietnam War at Wellesley. Each also took a turn at proletarian employment: Rodham worked in a fish cannery in Alaska; Thomases reportedly drove a taxi in New York City. Hillary worked for the congressional Watergate committee, while Susan helped set up childcare centers for poor families in New York. Both, however, gravitated eventually toward Establishment careers. Rodham was the first woman partner at Little Rock's Rose Law Firm Thomases became the administrative partner of the blue chip New York law firm Willkie Farr & Gallagher.

It was through liberal politics that Thomases made the associations that shaped her subsequent career. During the McCarthy campaign she dated Harold Ickes, son of F.D.R.'s legendary interior secretary. He would become a key ally in the Clinton White House. (In the roman à clef *Primary Colors* the Thomases and Ickes characters are wickedly referred to as "the Progressive Labor Party's Fun Couple of 1971.") It was through Project Purse strings, an effort to get Congress to cut off funding for the Vietnam War, that Thomases met Bill Clinton in 1970. Not until 1974, when she went to Arkansas to spend a weekend helping with Clinton's unsuccessful congressional campaign, did she meet Hillary. But the two quickly formed a powerful bond.

Thomases was actually something of a dilettante in comparison with the precocious Clintons. After college, she taught for a while and earned a graduate degree in European history at Columbia. Lacking the academic temperament, she quit and did business consulting, taking breaks to work in politics—as a scheduler for vice-presidential candidate Walter Mondale in 1976 and campaign manager for Bill Bradley's first Senate run, in 1978. She finally made it to Columbia Law School almost 10 years after graduating from college.

At Willkie Farr & Gallagher—whose Willkie was Republican presidential candidate Wendell—Thomases rose quickly, winning responsibility for managing the firm's affairs after only three years. She is said to have made a strongly unfavorable impression on those below her in power and status. "On many occasions she cracked heads," recalls one colleague. "She was not loved by the administrative and professional staff."







OUR CROWD

Top, the late Vince Foster, his wife, Lisa, and the Clintons, in Arkansas, 1988. *Above,* Thomases and senior adviser Bruce Lindsey, and, *right,* Thomases' husband, artist Bill Bettridge, at the Senate Whitewater hearings, 1995.

In 1988, Thomases married William Bettridge, a building contractor, now an artist. At 46, despite suffering for many years with multiple sclerosis, she had a child, Thomas, who is now 6. In recent years, the Clintons and the Bettridge-Thomases have often socialized together. Thomases' 50th-birthday party was held at the White House, and the Clintons have visited her weekend home in Newport, Rhode Island. Chelsea stayed there when she took sailing lessons two summers ago. Bernie Nussbaum, a friend of Thomases' from the New York legal world, recalls walking into the private quarters one evening when he still worked at the White House and glimpsing a typical domestic scene. The two families were sharing a convivial dinner in the Solarium, Chelsea chatting with Susan, and Tommy asleep on the couch. As Thomases herself explained her close relationship with the Clintons to the Senate Whitewater committee, "We have stayed at each other's homes, shared family joys and sorrows."

As Clinton was contemplating a run for president in 1991, Thomases acted as a key organizer of the Friends of Bill, the overlapping circles from Georgetown, Oxford, and Yale, who encouraged him to run and laid the intellectual infrastructure for his campaign. But during the campaign Thomases failed to mesh with the younger and newer figures around the candidate. "We weren't the original group who encouraged Bill Clinton to run," notes one campaign alumnus. "We weren't part of that generation, or part of the Washington-Yale axis. Susan just viewed us as carpetbaggers." According to another war-room veteran, "It was hard for her to give up this Young Turk thing. She was never comfortable with another generation coming up under her."

A glimpse of her role during the early part of the campaign is provided by "Lucille Kauffman," the Thomases character in *Primary Colors.* The George Stephanopoulos–like narrator describes Lucille as "dowdy and awful" in her power suits and running shoes and Gloria Steinem aviator glasses, radiating "a disconcerting sense of ownership about the campaign. She assumed herself part of the inner circle, and the Stantons [read the Clintons] never said otherwise." "A woman without intuition or antennae," Lucille spends her days trying to "coup" other people.

In an incident that became legendary, Thomases tried to keep Al Gore out of the inner circle of the campaign.

To a small group who were her allies from before the campaign, or who became part of her coterie, Thomases was "warm, loving, the most incredibly loyal, supportive friend you would ever want to have," according to Kathleen Ambrose, who is now deputy counsel at the Commerce De-

partment. To others, however, Thomases was closer to the description in *Primary Colors:* "an antic conspirer . . . out for blood," or, in the unminced words of a young person who has worked with her, "an evil screaming witch."

In the course of the campaign, her enemies came to vastly outnumber her defenders as she reportedly lobbied to have fired, among others: campaign manager David Wilhelm, pollster Stanley Greenberg, and campaign lawyer David Ifshin. Subsequently she tried to off press secretary Dee Dee Myers and adviser Rahm Emanuel. Thomases fought constantly with James Carville as well. In the midst of a squabble she would humiliate people in front of others, threatening to kill them, bury them, and make sure they never worked again.

In an incident that became legendary, Thomases tried to keep Al Gore out of the inner circle of the campaign. Around the time of the New York City convention, Gore joined a conference call about the upcoming cross-country bus tour. According to one participant, Gore suggested that the trip end in St. Louis. "Susan said, 'That's the stupidest fucking idea I've ever heard,'" the participant recalls. "There was just a total sputter. We were all sitting stunned on various telephones. It was really incredible."

A particular source of consternation was the suspicion that she enhanced her power by bluffing. "She wouldn't say, 'Hillary wants this,' but she implied it by her presence," an official recalls. "One would assume that her authority came from Hillary, but one would be reluctant to ask."

"She was right one out of 10 times," says another campaign worker, "but she'd take credit for anything that went right and run from everything that went wrong." Staffers were particularly incensed by her attempt to grab credit for the Clinton bus tour, which was conceived by David Wilhelm. That she did so while trying to get Wilhelm fired added insult to injury. "Good ideas have many parents," says Wilhelm, with utmost graciousness. Yet when something went wrong, Thomases "would look at you blankly as if this were the first time she'd heard of it," another staffer recalls. "'Whose dumb idea was this?' Four hours earlier she said it was a good idea."

Allies and detractors alike explain these lapses in more or less the same way. "She has to feel critical," says one friend. "She has to feel the Clintons can't function without her." A former campaign aide puts the same point less charitably: "People who learned to deal with Susan started sucking up to her immediately, asking her advice about everything and making her feel important. She wants to be the genius."

Thomases fared somewhat better after the convention, a success which she and Ickes helped orchestrate. Colleagues were impressed that Thomases was willing to commit herself to an actual task—scheduling the candidate's appearances. But she continued to infuriate co-workers, in part by refusing to abide by the usual group processes. "If a decision was made internally, it was never finally made, because she could always check one more time, run it up the flagpole with the Clintons," a campaign official recalls. "Things we thought were killed would come back and have a life of their own." In particular, "it drove Carville nuts." For instance, Carville and Wilhelm thought it had been decided near the end of the campaign not to waste valuable time in Mississippi, a sure-lose state, despite a promise that had been made to then congressman Mike Espy. According to a campaign source, Thomases appealed directly to Bill Clinton, who then went to Mississippi. But according to Kathleen Ambrose, who worked under Thomases as Clinton's personal scheduler, such decisions were often Clinton's own, and Thomases unfairly took the heat.

One campaign hand says he thinks the bond between Hillary and Susan was solidified during the period when the Clintons had, as it is delicately put, trouble in their marriage. "That's when I think they became sisters-in-arms," he says. "Susan was the one Hillary cried with, debated divorce with. I also have a feeling that at some point, when one of these bimbettes threatened to come out and expose him for what he was, Hillary dispatched Susan as the out-of-town mean lawyer to threaten to ruin her life if she even thought about going public." This was a role she continued to play in the campaign. Nussbaum says Thomases called him in New York to discuss what could be done within legal bounds to deal with Gennifer Flowers, as well as other potential accusations in instances he declines to detail.

Hillary also turned to Susan when Whitewater threatened to break. Thomases was appointed to deal with inquiries from Jeff Gerth, the *New York Times* reporter who happened on the story. After the Flowers and draft-evasion incidents, Whitewater might have been a fatal third strike for the candidate, but as Stewart recounts in *Blood Sport,* Thomases handled Gerth effectively. She stalled and gave him just enough information to confuse the issue, while disingenuously telling him it was William Kennedy at the Rose Law Firm who wouldn't give her the information. As Stewart writes, Thomases was delighted with the end result. The Gerth story, when it finally appeared, was in her opinion incomprehensible.

According to Elizabeth Drew's book *On the Edge,* Thomases was interested in two positions after the election, attorney general and White House chief of staff. When it became clear that she would be chosen for neither, she settled for advising the administration on a freelance basis. For would-be appointees, she played gatekeeper. Agreeing with Hillary that the attorney general needed to be female, she pushed the ill-fated Zoe Baird nomination, and after that the equally unsuccessful choice of Kimba Wood, who had been a classmate of Thomases' at Connecticut College. She also played a key role in selecting Nussbaum as White House counsel. But not all her choices were bad. Nussbaum points out that Thomases deserves a share of the credit for the Supreme Court selection of Ruth Bader Ginsburg, with whom she had studied at Columbia Law School.

In addition to her work in personnel, Thomases was generally unhelpful when it came to the administration's early difficulties with media relations. "She reinforces Hillary's worst instincts on all those *(Continued on page 176)*

Illustration by RISKO


THELMA & LOU
Many in Washington wonder whet
Hillary Clinton will remain loya
Thomases now that she is a political liabil
On the ground, left to right, form
White House counsel Bernard Nussbau
Senator Alfonse D'Ama
and President Clinto
hey became sisters-in-arms.
usan was the one Hillary cried with,
ebated divorce with."

Mighty Molière



Who would have guessed that in the past decade the opera attendance of 18- to 24-year-olds would grow by nearly 20 percent? Or that music composed for the court of Louis XIV would become a cult hit among younger audiences? Or that countertenors, with their bone-white, sexless voices, could ever become stars? It's something to think about the next time you decline a tofu burger and remember that it's all right to enjoy a steak and a cigar. The allure and romance of the past are here again, transformed, to be sure, but still powerful and intact.

The Brooklyn Academy of Music has long been in the vanguard of these excursions into the past; it upholds the tradition with Ingmar Bergman's production of Molière's *The Misanthrope* for the Royal Dramatic Theatre of Sweden. A sumptuous spectacle, the production has been called one of Bergman's most brilliant—a heady accolade, given his reputation as one of the theatrical magicians of our time.

The play is a comedy of manners in which the hero, Alceste (Thorsten Flinck), rages against the hypocrisy of court etiquette. Even if you've never watched a TV talk show, you'll be apt to wonder if he's really morally superior to everyone else or if he just wants to be the center of attention. The preternaturally gorgeous Lena Endre, as Célimène, poses one of the eternal questions: Is physical beauty proof of moral refinement? Rich with swords, silver buckles, powdered wigs the size of wedding cakes, and music by Scarlatti, the show opens at the BAM Opera House on June 8. —**DAVID DANIELS**

Photographs by PASCAL CHEVALLIER



THE MISANTHROPE

A sumptuous spectacle with swords, silver buckles, and powdered wigs.

Three Faces

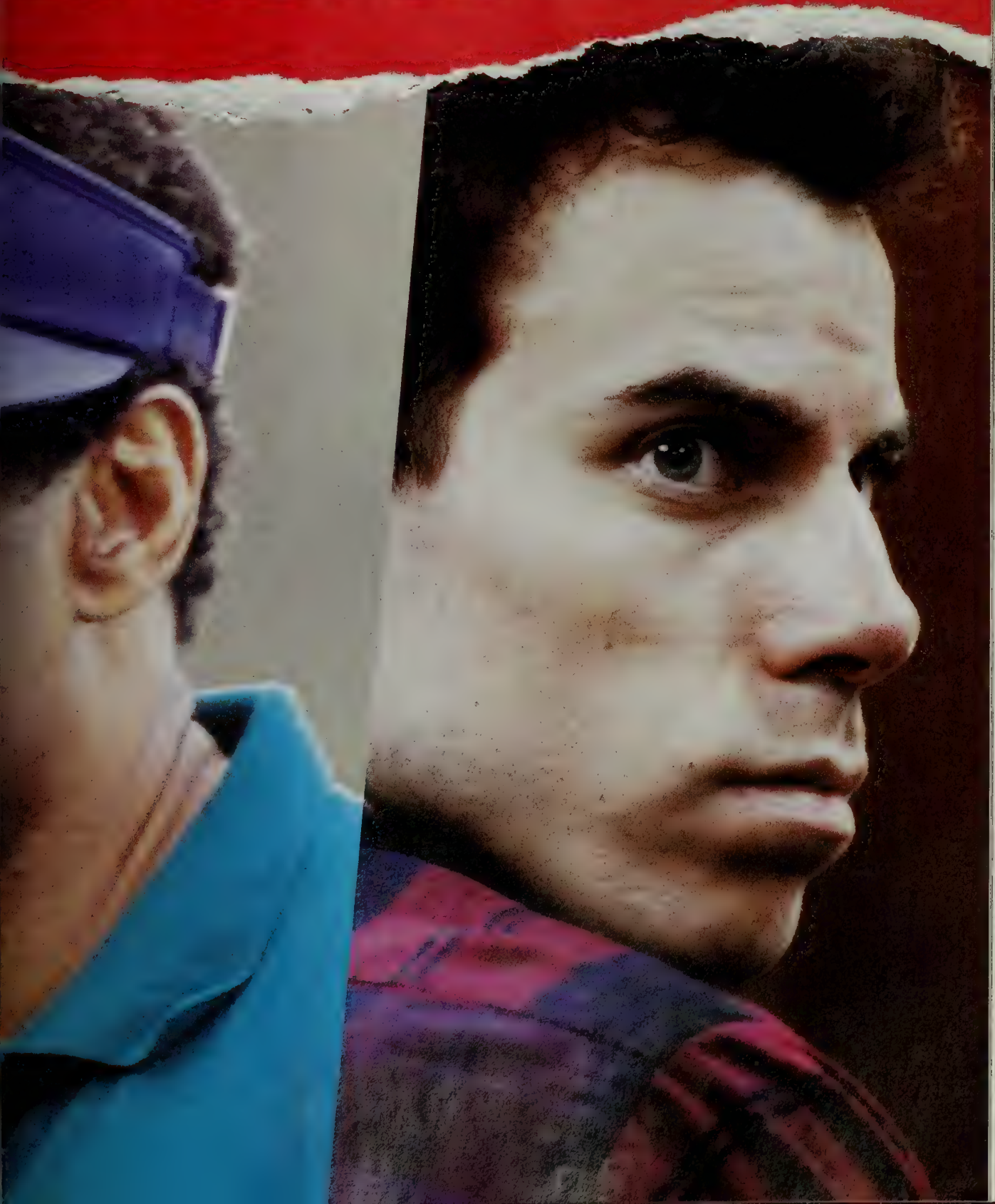


SECOND ACTS

Though two juries were hung in the first trial of Lyle Menendez, 28, and his brother, Erik, 25, *far right*, a single jury found them guilty of murder in the first degree on March 20. Though O. J. Simpson was acquitted after less than four hours of jury deliberation in his murder trial, he faces a revealing civil trial in September.

of Evil

Following the guilty verdict in L.A.'s *other* shocking double murder, DOMINICK DUNNE makes his closing argument on the twisted tale of the Menendez brothers—and discovers new pieces of the O. J. Simpson puzzle



At one point Abramson bellowed to th team were liars, who cared only abou

What I have suspected since I became involved with the Los Angeles murder trials of the Menendez brothers and O. J. Simpson is that winning is everything, no matter what you have to do to win. If lies have to be told, if defenses have to be created, if juries have to be tampered with in order to weed out those who appear to be unsympathetic to the defendant, then so be it. The name of the game is to beat the system and let the guilty walk free. If you can get away with it. The stench of O. J. Simpson's acquittal grows stronger by the week as allegations of jury tampering abound, and reports surface concerning a flunked polygraph test taken by Simpson two days after the murders, in the company of two of his attorneys. Although the results were thought to have been destroyed, I am told that a copy exists. And then, as if that weren't enough, came the extraordinary moment during the penalty phase of the second Menendez trial when Leslie Abramson, the zealous defense attorney for Erik Menendez, was brought down with a resounding crash which stunned the legal profession and could possibly end with her disbarment, when her own expert witness Dr. William Vicary testified on the stand to prosecutor David Conn that changes in his notes had been made at Abramson's request, because she believed his original notes were prejudicial to her client. We'll get to this in sequence.

If there's another hung jury, look for my name in the obituaries.

Detective Les Zoeller, who has been on the Menendez case since the night of the murders seven years ago and has sat through both trials.

Since O. J. Simpson was arrested for the murders of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman on June 17, 1994, his case has so eclipsed the Menendez saga that most people were unaware that a second Menendez trial—not covered on Court TV—had been going on for five months until the verdict came in on March 20. A jury of eight men and four women found the used-to-be-rich brothers guilty of murder of both parents in the first degree with special circumstances—lying in wait and multiple murders.

Lyle and Erik Menendez knew before they sat down that day that the jurors had arrived at a verdict, even though Leslie Abramson in her closing argument had virtually begged for a hung jury. "It is better to not render a verdict than it is to render an unjust one or a compromise," she had said. They also knew there was no possibility that the verdict was going to be an acquittal, so they were prepared for bad news. The moment after the verdict was read by court clerk Penny Tinnell was breathtaking in its silence. There was not so much as a gasp heard. Even Maria Menendez, the mother of the murdered Jose Menendez and the grandmother of his killers, who had been known to make the occasional fuss, simply sat there, bravely mute. There were no breakdowns on the defense side or any traces of jubilation on the prosecution side. Leslie Abramson looked over at Erik, but said nothing. Charles Gessler, who represented Lyle, placed his hand on Lyle's back but said nothing. David Conn did not exchange even a look with Carol Najera, the second prosecutor. Then Erik, ashen-faced, old beyond his 25 years, turned to his grandmother and mouthed the words "I love you." It was heartbreakingly sad. I wanted to get out of that courtroom. I didn't want to talk to anybody about what had just happened, not even to David Conn to congratulate him on the brilliant job he had done by pointing out to the jury over and over again in his closing argument the absurdities of the defense case.

David Conn is an impressive figure in the courtroom, a presence to match Abramson but altogether different. Tall and lean, 45, with a full head of black hair, he bears an uncanny resemblance to Clark Kent, Superman's alter ego, as has been frequently noted. I had watched Conn in a courtroom before, during the 1990–91 trial of the hired killers who murdered Roy Radin, a showbiz impresario who had briefly been a partner of producer Robert Evans in the ill-fated film *The Cotton Club*. I was struck then by his calm toughness and firm command of the case. The killers got life without parole. After the Menendez verdict, I received a telephone call from Kate Radin, Roy's sister, in Hawaii. She was ecstatic over Conn's victory. "I hope David gets all the credit," she said. "All that I'm reading about out here is [Los Angeles district attorney] Gil Garcetti."

In this age of dysfunctional families and mindless violence, a verdict of any lesser degree than the one the jury came to in the Menendez case would have given the worst sort of message to the youth of America. What a waste, that two young men who had everything the material world could provide should end up in this disgraceful state, at the age for a first fatherhood neither will ever have, carrying the two words by which they will always be described: "murderer" and "convict." Whatever it was in their family that brought about the moments of madness that led to the brutal acts that ruined their lives ir-

ourtroom that the prosecution *inning*, not *truth*.





REVERSAL OF FORTUNE
Leslie Abramson, *left*, was seriously damaged in the second Menendez trial when prosecutor David Conn, *above*, got expert witness Dr. William Vicary to testify that Abramson had persuaded him to alter the notes of his sessions with Erik Menendez.

revocably could not have been as bad as 50 or 60 or whatever number of years are left to them stagnating in a 10-foot-long prison cell. Now that they are stripped of the falsehoods that peppered their defense—the sexual abuse, the fear that their parents were going to kill them, none of which the jury bought the second time around—and left with the facts of what *really* happened on the night of August 20, 1989, and the days leading up to it, which only the two of them know, I wonder if they have come to realize how many options they had to deal with the hate they felt for their parents other than the violent one they picked. Their father's older sister, Teresita "Terry" Baralt, whom I have always admired, told me one day in the courthouse during the closing arguments that her nephews, whom she loves, were "horrified by what they have done, horrified, but it's too late."

For Leslie Abramson, who became a much-quoted celebrity during the first trial, the final verdict was a bitter defeat. She had always appeared ready to sacrifice Lyle to save Erik, whom she referred to as "my most cherished client." Parts of her three-day closing argument were so over the top that she verged on camp. She spoke with such passion for her client that she made winning an acquittal for a confessed killer seem like an act of nobility. An overpowering presence, a creative storyteller, an actress capable of playing Medea, she fiercely dared anyone to disbelieve her version of the murders. She ridiculed David Conn's premise that the killings were premeditated, explaining to the jury that driving to San Diego two days before the murders to purchase two shotguns with a stolen driver's license as identification was all logical behavior which had nothing to do with premeditation. There were times when you had to admire her sheer verve. At one point she bellowed to the courtroom in her most strident tone that the prosecution team were liars, who cared only about *winning*, not *truth*. When David Conn walked out of the courtroom into the corridor during one break, he jokingly held his hand over his ear, as if he had an earache from Abramson's yelling. Detective Les Zoeller laughed at Conn's performance. The trial historian Judy Spreckels cracked, "Louder ain't necessarily better." On the other hand, Joan Selznick, a former daughter-in-law of the late film producer David O. Selznick, who sat in a section reserved for the Menendez family, had a different reaction altogether. "Brilliant, don't you think?" she said. "I think she'll get Erik an acquittal."

As if sensing that her case for Erik wasn't playing to the jury the way it had in the first trial, Abramson injected bits of autobiographical information into her arguments. She told the jurors about her immigrant grandmother, who had worked in a sweatshop and seen friends jump out of windows during the Triangle Shirtwaist Company fire in 1911, and then had gone on to be a labor organizer. She worked in that her grown daughter has an I.Q. of 165, that her two-year-old son talks baby talk, and that her husband plays the lottery but doesn't win. She even brought in her physical ailments, by telling the jurors, for instance, that she needed a break to take her medication. She also told them that this was probably her last trial, and that it would be the "ultimate tragedy" of her life if she lost this case. Surely the jury must have been thinking the same thing a lot of us were: So what? She closed by asking the jury to hang if they couldn't agree to acquit Erik Menendez.

That night and the following day, Erik and Lyle Menendez were back in headlines that Simpson had taken away from them, only this time the headlines were very different: MENENDEZ BROTHERS GUILTY!

It was the most interesting moment I ever spent in a courtroom.

—Judy Spreckels, discussing the moment Dr. William Vicary linked Leslie Abramson to his deception.

The flamboyant Leslie Abramson, who had become a television personality on ABC after the first trial, may have flamboyantly catapulted herself right out of a career in both television and law if she knowingly advised Dr. William Vicary, a psychiatrist appearing as an expert witness on April 4, to deceive the jury.

This came to light during the penalty phase of the second trial, when the jurors who had found both Menendez brothers guilty of murder in the first degree were hearing

Linda Deutsch, the doyenne of crime
Simpson trial, "Everyone connected wit

testimony to decide whether their fate should be death by lethal injection or life in prison without the possibility of parole. If you read the transcript of that day's proceedings, it seems apparent from Abramson's immediate objection to a question posed to Vicary by prosecutor David Conn that she was cognizant that the jig was about to be up for her. When Conn asked Vicary if Erik had talked of a conversation about what life would be like without parents, Conn suddenly realized that his copy of Vicary's notes didn't jibe with what Vicary was reading. "I'm going to object to this," Abramson said, but Judge Stanley Weisberg ignored her. Then came the line out of Vicary's mouth that silenced the courtroom: "I left that section out at the request of defense counsel."

"When did defense counsel ask you to rewrite your notes, leaving out material?" asked Conn.

"In preparation for my testimony at the first trial," replied Vicary.

"And which defense counsel made that request of you?" asked Conn.

"Ms. Abramson," replied Vicary.

"Did she tell you why she wanted you to rewrite your notes?" Conn persisted.

"She said this was prejudicial, and it was out of bounds, and it was not necessary," answered Vicary.

This is how the universe responds.

Judy Hilsinger, C.E.O. of Hilsinger Mendohlson Inc., the public-relations firm, discussing Leslie Abramson.

Within an hour or so of that fateful moment in Abramson's life, 11 people in California, some of whom had witnessed her humiliation in the courtroom, called me to say that she was "ruined," that she could be "disbarred." Vicary did not attempt to justify her instructions to him. But why should he? His career was also presumably in tatters. Who would ever put him on the stand again as an expert witness after he had deceived the court?

I don't like Leslie Abramson, and I know she doesn't like me. We sniffed each other early on, some six years ago, and didn't take to each other's smell. Back then she said to me, "The trouble with you is you always root for the wrong side." I told her, "It's hard to root for the kind of people you represent." Among her past courtroom triumphs at the time was the case of a Pakistani doctor named Khalid Parwez, who had been arrested on charges of strangling his 11-year-old son and surgically cutting him into more than 200 pieces. Abramson had tried to work out a plea bargain for second-degree murder. A plea bargain carries with it an implication of guilt. The then district attorney, Ira Reiner, had turned her down, saying that the state was going for a conviction on first-degree murder. When the case went to trial, Abramson won an acquittal for Parwez, who even received a round of applause from the jury. Subsequently she sued Parwez for payment for her legal services.

The only thing that surprises me about the latest development is that such a smart woman—and, believe me, she is smart—might have done such a stupid thing. Over the years a lot of people have wanted to bring Leslie Abramson down, but in the end she seems to have brought herself down. She had turned over to Dr. Park Dietz, an expert witness for the prosecution in the second trial, a box of documents pertaining to Erik. In that box were notes Vicary had made in preparation for the first trial—*before* they had been redacted by him—and those were the notes Conn had in front of him. Once he realized that discrepancies existed, he approached Vicary to see what he was reading from. He picked up the notes and studied them carefully for almost a minute while the courtroom sat in silence. Then he pounced. Subsequently, Vicary testified that he had made 24 changes.

It was just a fluke, some people say, a lucky accident, the hand of God, but the novelist part of me wants to interpret it as an intervention by Jose Menendez, bellowing his rage at Abramson for the monstrous, distorted picture she had presented of him and his wife. There was not an iota of proof to support the sexual-molestation defense, nothing but the word of the two defendants, both of whom are world-class liars. I never believed them or fell for their tears on the stand. Abramson's clear intention from the very beginning was to portray Jose Menendez as a pervert who sexually molested her client for 12 years, right up to a night or two before the murders, in order to make the jury believe that he *deserved* to be killed. Eight of the things the brothers claimed their father had done to them are chronicled in other people's case histories in a book called *When a Child Kills,* by Paul Mones, who was an adviser to the defense in the first trial. The brothers' own aunt Terry Baralt, who loved them but did not believe the allegations of sexual abuse, told me during the first trial that they had both read Mones's book in jail. Baralt, who took the stand reluctantly during the first trial, told me she had said to Abramson at the time, "Be careful what you ask me, because I will not lie." If what the brothers said about their father was true, they didn't need to embellish their defense with other people's experiences.

When Dr. Vicary claimed that the alterations in his

eporters, said about the
ne case was damaged by it."

otes were made at the request f Abramson, the jury was present to witness her disgrace. o were print and television reporters, members of the amily of the killers, and members of the public. Her de-ense team immediately distanced themselves from her, as she had been carrying a communicable disease. A shot n television showed her standing apart from her confrères utside the courthouse during a break, smoking furiously, hile they talked among themselves. Barry Levin, her co-ounsel, told Judge Weisberg that he would advise Erik Menendez to ask the court to remove Abramson from the ase. "Her credibility in front of this jury has been so se-erely tainted and damaged," he said, "that it's very un-kely that any of her arguments are going to persuade this ury." Charles Gessler and Terri Towery, Lyle's lawyers, ar-ued that their client had been harmed, through no fault f his own, by Abramson's wrong call in putting Vicary n the stand with his altered notes. In what some experts re saying is a courtroom first, Abramson twice invoked er privilege against self-incrimination by taking the Fifth Amendment at the same time that she was trying to keep client from receiving the death penalty. Her alleged de-eption not only plunged the trial into total chaos but also ast her future into a doubtful state.

Abramson, who is never at a loss for words, was un-ble to declare her reaction to Vicary's allegations until a ag order imposed by Judge Weisberg was lifted after the ury came in on April 17 with the sentence of life in rison without the possibility of parole for both brothers. he following day, she gave her first extended interview, o the *Los Angeles Times,* where her husband, Tim Rutten, s a staff writer, one of the team that covered the O. J. impson trial. She told the reporter Ann O'Neill with a augh, "I don't know how commonplace it is to have your sychiatric expert turn on you and lie on you in the mid-lle of a trial. He has a guilty conscience that he rewrote is notes? That's his problem." To which Vicary responded, I know that's what she's saying, and I honestly believe hat she remembers it that way, but that's not my memo-y. I would never, ever take anything out of my notes that think is important."

I have learned that a criminal investigation of Abramson vill take place. Prosecutors from her past trials who are till in the district attorney's office, some of whom were ager to comment on her situation, were prevented from loing so by the gag order. One law-enforcement official aid to me in disgust, "The system countenances this sort f thing as long as you get away with it."





PARADISE LOST
F. Lee Bailey, *above,* a key member of Simpson's Dream Team, is led away in handcuffs on March 6 after failing to hand over more than $20 million of a drug-dealing client's assets. *Left,* Robert Kardashian, with his ex-girlfriend Denice Halicki in 1995, has "pulled away" from his old friend Simpson since the trial.

People in publishing circles are wondering how this will affect her forthcoming book, *My Life in Crime,* for which Simon & Schuster paid $500,000. The title should still work. It has been reported that the last chapter will be Abramson's defense of her current situation.

O.J. will never be accepted back into
the world he so desperately wants to be a part of.
Never. They will never take him back.
—Tina Sinatra at dinner at Le Colonial.

Knock, knock. Who's there? Kato. Kato who?
That's my biggest fear.
—Joke told by Kato Kaelin on television.

Unlike the Menendez brothers, O. J. Simpson has never, from the day of his arrest, ceased to be a newsmaker or a main topic of conversation, no matter what table you happen to be sitting at. Although his call-ins to radio and television shows don't get reported much anymore, he still makes them from time to time. Shortly after I returned to Los Angeles for the closing arguments in the Menendez case, he had something to say about me when he talked to radio station KJLH-FM, speaking in the patronizing voice of a man recently acquitted of two murders:

Look at the people [Geraldo Rivera] brings on his show. Why would anyone bring Dominick Dunne on for any kind of perspective? Because Dominick Dunne from day one has had one perspective. He sat there with his mouth open when the ver-

"I can take you down to South Central an... said Anthony Davis, "and 9 would te...

dict came in, when reasonable people, even [Associated Press reporter] Linda Deutsch, and these other people who followed the trial daily, none of them were surprised by the verdict. They may have been surprised by the speed of the verdict, but, based on the evidence, none of them stated they were surprised. This guy was in shock. That shows just how far out of the mix he was.

I have a different reaction. I think his call depicts just how far out of the mix *he* is. People tell me he still doesn't really get how he is perceived by most people. Although, according to Japanese-American sportswriter Russell Kishi, he told a new golfing buddy during a match at Canyon Lake Country Club, near Temecula, about 50 miles from Los Angeles—not the sort of course where he used to play that he is worth $120 million, a source close to the defense says he is broke and still owes money to some of his lawyers from his murder trial. Nevertheless, appearances being everything to him, the house on Rockingham shows no signs of lack of maintenance. His pay-per-view, which was supposed to bring him $20 million, never took place. His highly touted $29.95 video, *O. J. Simpson: The Interview,* which was supposed to make him $1 million up front and a percentage of the profits, has been a bust. "They haven't sold 30,000 copies," Charley Steiner of ESPN told me at the Tyson-Bruno fight at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas. The video's producer, Tony Hoffman, known to some as "the king of the infomercial," disputes these accounts without disclosing the actual figures. Almost everybody else connected with the case is writing or has written a book for big money, and that is said to infuriate Simpson. According to the *National Enquirer,* Simpson has a new girlfriend named Kimberly Ashby, who looks exactly like Nicole and thinks he's guilty, but who loves him anyway. Ashby has denied the report. Can this story get any tackier?

H.R.H. Princess Margaret, on a recent visit to Los Angeles to raise funds for the British Museum, told me at a party that she thought the whole Simpson case was "such a bore," but I don't find it at all boring. I see it as a morality tale that is still playing itself out, like a Russian novel set in Los Angeles, with 1,000 characters and 1,000 subplots. It's my dream that one day all the pieces of this story will come out. There are so many people in this town who know things—bits and pieces of the puzzle—who won't come forward. People tell me, "I don't want to get involved," or "I'm scared," or "I'll tell you after the civil case is over." A man I know and trust, a friend of Simpson's for 20 years, says he's dying to tell me, but can't, the name of the person who called him from the crime scene on the night of the murders, before the police arrived.

"You knew about the murders before the police?" I asked.

"Yeah," he replied.

Even Kato Kaelin, Simpson's houseguest and star witness, said on Geraldo Rivera's show in March that he believes that Simpson is guilty of the murders.

New Simpson stories continue to proliferate. On a wet Sunday morning in February, I met with a man I know in West Los Angeles who told me an extraordinary story about a plastic surgeon he is acquainted with in Beverly Hills whose name I cannot reveal. On two occasions during Simpson's glory days as a University of Southern California football star, the plastic surgeon claims, he was hired to repair the faces of two young women Simpson had allegedly beaten up. Like so many background people in the O.J. story, the doctor has had second thoughts about talking. "It was a long time ago, and besides, my hands didn't make the incision," he told me, implying that he was not the only doctor involved.

"I was at Eclipse one night having dinner. There was a large table next to us. I knew someone at the table and stopped to say hello. My friend said, 'I'd like you to meet Robert Shapiro'—who I hadn't noticed was at the table. Shapiro rose and held out his hand. I said, 'I'm sorry, Mr. Shapiro, but I cannot shake the hand of anyone who was responsible for O. J. Simpson's acquittal.'"

"Can I use that?" I asked.

"Sure, but you can't use my name."

Conversation at the Hotel Bel-Air with a beautiful actress/model/television hostess/wife of an important industry figure.

Five months after O.J.'s unpopular acquittal, one member of his Dream Team, F. Lee Bailey, was hauled off to jail in leg-irons and handcuffs to do time for contempt of court for failing to hand over more than $20 million in stocks and cash appropriated from a drug-dealer client, money the Florida judge in the case believed belonged to the government. Linda Deutsch, the doyenne of crime reporters, said to me one day about the Simpson case, "It was a story of damage. Everyone connected with the case was damaged by it."

In late February, I ran into Barry Scheck and his wife in front of the Beverly Hills Hotel. He said he wasn't in L.A. on Simpson business but to receive an award at a dinner that night. The Los Angeles Criminal Courts Bar

ne up 10 brothers,"
ou O.J.'s a sellout."



KEEPING UP APPEARANCES
Though sources close to Simpson say he is broke, his estate in Brentwood remains as beautifully maintained as it always was.

Association presented him with an award that read, "In acknowledgment and recognition of his role as a member of the 'Dream Team' in the successful defense of *The People of the State of California* v. *Orenthal J. Simpson,* in the Trial of the Century.'" Subsequently, a case in which Scheck and his partner, Peter Neufeld, had gained notoriety in 1992 came back to haunt them. A convicted rapist, Kerry Kotler, whom they had cleared through DNA evidence after he had served 11 years, was charged with another rape after his release.

At the Brookins Community A.M.E. Church in South Central Los Angeles, Johnnie Cochran and Carl Douglas received "lawyers of the year" awards. In his acceptance speech, Cochran said that the defense team had won because God was on their side, that God was a brother. The congregation cheered. A lot of churchgoers I know were distressed by his claim of divine support. It has since come to light that two days after the murders Simpson, accompanied by Robert Shapiro and Robert Kardashian, went to the Los Angeles office of Dr. Edward Gelb—who once did a TV show with F. Lee Bailey called *Lie Detector*—and took a polygraph test on which his score was minus-20, which is classed as deceptive. The long-suppressed story was broken by Harvey Levin of KCBS in Los Angeles. When Levin tried to get Shapiro to make an on-camera statement at the signing of his book, *The Search for Justice,* at Book Soup on Sunset Boulevard, Shapiro, Levin said, "became manic" and went on signing books, ignoring him. I was told by Fred Goldman that during Simpson's deposition for the civil suit, several weeks earlier, Daniel Petrocelli, Goldman's attorney, had asked Simpson if he had taken a lie-detector test. Simpson, under oath, said no.

At Robert Shapiro's New York book party at '21,' a man who looked familiar came up and spoke to me. He was Richard J. Zuckerwar, the president and C.E.O. of the Grandoe Corporation in Gloversville, New York, which manufactures gloves. An expert witness for the defense, he had been in the courtroom one day during the trial, but he declined to take the stand. He startled me now by saying, "I could have proven that the glove *did* fit. The prosecution went completely wrong. Why didn't they go to the tanner who tanned the leather? I can show you that the glove fit. It's cut on a die. When I heard a juror say she acquitted Simpson because the glove didn't fit, I couldn't believe it."

Simpson's friend A. C. Cowlings, the driver of the white Bronco in the freeway chase, maintained a hostile silence about the case until he had to give his deposition for the civil suit on April 17. His statements were surprising. He acknowledged that he was aware that Simpson had viciously beaten Nicole and had once thrown her out of the house, which contradicted what Simpson had said in his deposition. Cowlings testified that Nicole had had an affair with football star Marcus Allen, who had been married in Simpson's house, but he refused to elaborate. And he took the Fifth Amendment on questions dealing with his activities between the morning after the murders and the freeway chase.

I was a friend of Nicole's. I introduced her to one of her boyfriends.

—A young man named Lonny who was standing on the step behind me on the escalator at Neiman Marcus in Beverly Hills.

Trial fame fades fast for some. Judge Lance Ito, who was for almost a year the most famous judge in the United States, as well as the inspiration for the Dancing Itos on Jay Leno's *Tonight Show,* had practically faded from sight—without ever making any public comment on the Simpson case—when he was rudely thrust back into the news in most unfavorable circumstances. The anonymity he had sought was not to be his. He took a shellacking from prosecutor Christopher Darden both in his book, *In Contempt,* and in an interview with Barbara Walters on *20/20.* Darden said that Johnnie Cochran had run the courtroom, not Judge Ito. Then *60 Minutes* did a report on jury tampering in the Simpson trial, and Judge Ito got it again, for dismissing juror Francine Florio-Bunten—who believed Simpson to be guilty and who would have hung the jury—without any investigation whatsoever after he received what I believe to have been an obviously fraudulent anonymous letter which made accusations about Florio-Bunten and her husband. On the heels of that, a guilty verdict pronounced on former Lincoln Savings and Loan boss Charles Keating in a state court in 1991—Ito's biggest case before Simpson—was overturned on appeal because of an error Ito had made in his *(Continued on page 178)*

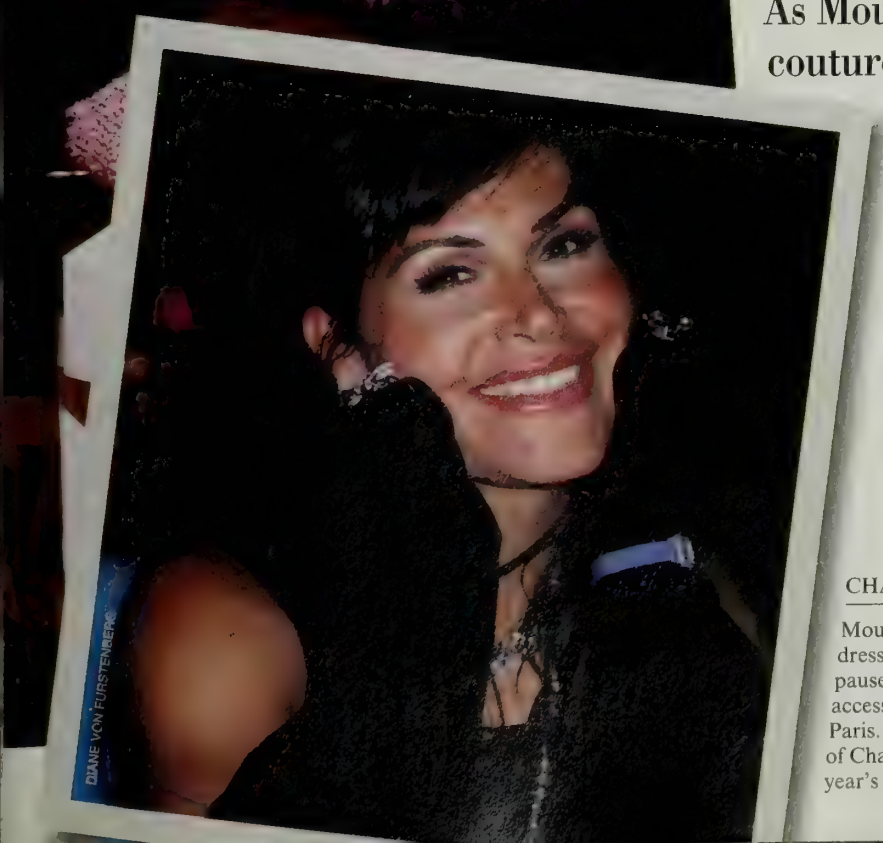


Portraits by ERIC BOMAN

FULL MOUNA RISING

Saudi Arabia's answer to Ivana Trump, Mouna Al-Rashid is newly divorced from her husband, a powerful billionaire confidant of King Fahd's. As Mouna moves from the Paris couture collections to the Hollywood A-list scene, BOB COLACELLO finds out why the Lebanese beauty packed up her diamonds and left a $200 million yacht and a Mar-a-Lago-replica home in Riyadh





CHANEL NO. 1?

Mouna, wearing a black Chanel dress and an emerald-and-diamond necklace, pauses in one of the closets filled with accessories in her house in Neuilly, outside Paris. She is one of the world's biggest buyers of Chanel couture. *Inset,* Mouna at this year's *Vanity Fair* Oscar party.

"About two or three years ago, I bought this fancy yellow diamond. It was an expensive stone, in the millions. I begged my husband to buy it for me, because I wanted to prove to myself that I was still cute and wonderful and deserved a big stone. He said, 'Do you think I own a bank?' I said yes. I know it's silly, but I just wanted that stone, and I bought it. It was 117 carats and called the Hope of Africa."

Mouna Al-Rashid, the just-divorced wife of Saudi Arabian billionaire Nasser Al-Rashid, interrupted her story to pour tea. It was the week of the haute couture collections in Paris, and she was going to most of the big shows—Chanel, Saint Laurent, Ungaro, Oscar de la Renta for Balmain—with one of her new American friends, Deeda Blair, the Washington hostess and AIDS fund-raiser. Then she would be off to New York, where she would sit between Prince Dimitri of Yugoslavia and investment banker Dixon Boardman at the $10,000 table she had taken for the Save Venice benefit at the Rainbow Room, before heading back to Riyadh to discuss custody arrangements concerning her five children with her husband of some 17 years. We were talking on a long white sofa under an Orientalist painting in the living room of her house in the rich suburb of Neuilly. A jukebox glowed at the other end of the room. She was wearing a brown Chanel turtleneck, a bronze cut-velvet miniskirt from Betsey Johnson, thigh-high Chanel boots, and what she called her daytime, "tennis" diamond—an emerald-cut, 25-carat white diamond in a plain gold setting.

> "I *couldn't* be the ideal, wonderful Saudi wife. I was a foreigner and young and different."

In the past few months, Mouna Al-Rashid, whose sensual features and svelte figure bring to mind the Italian movie star Claudia Cardinale, had emerged from her walled compound in the Saudi capital to make herself the most talked-about divorcée since Ivana Trump. Although she now prefers to use the Arabic form of her maiden name, Al-Ayoub, like the Bouncy Czech the Saudi Social Cyclone has become a one-name phenomenon: Mouna. Like Donald Trump, her ex-husband made his fortune in the building business and indulged his wife with a world-class yacht, the $200 million *Lady Moura* (for *Mou*-na *Ra*-shid). But unlike Trump, Nasser Al-Rashid, who is one of the closest confidants of King Fahd, abhors publicity. Friends say he looked on disapprovingly as his wife party-hopped her way from Monte Carlo to Beverly Hills to New York to Paris in one of his private jets, bedazzling everyone from Prince Albert to Oliver Stone. Catherine Riviere, *directrice* of haute couture at Chanel in Paris, where Mouna is one of the biggest buyers, says, "She is like someone who's been let out of jail. She wants to learn, to see, to go. She has to *eat* life." One Arab princess counters with a sniff, "She's very indiscreet. It's completely against our culture to behave like that. He had his hands full with her. She always said, 'I'm a prisoner.' On one of the biggest boats in the world? That's a prison I wouldn't mind at all."

Mouna took a sip of tea and continued the story of the yellow diamond. "When my husband and I decided to get a divorce, I thought it was time to sell it. It wasn't because I needed money, but I knew I wasn't going to have bodyguards or drive in bulletproof cars anymore. Nobody offered me the price I paid. So I went to a dealer in New York and told him, 'I have an idea. I read in Christie's and Sotheby's catalogues that the diamond of Mrs. Such-and-Such sold for $8 million.' I asked, 'Can I name it after me and send it to the Middle East and make a few million dollars?' He said, 'We have to cut it to rename it.' He took me to see this old man, who said that there was a 10 percent chance of the stone being shattered. I said, 'Forget it.' Then I started thinking about it. It's like this big risk that you take once in your lifetime. One morning I called the old man and said, 'Cut it.' It is now the largest intense-yellow diamond in the world—112 carats. It's called the Mouna Diamond, and it's worth $20 million."

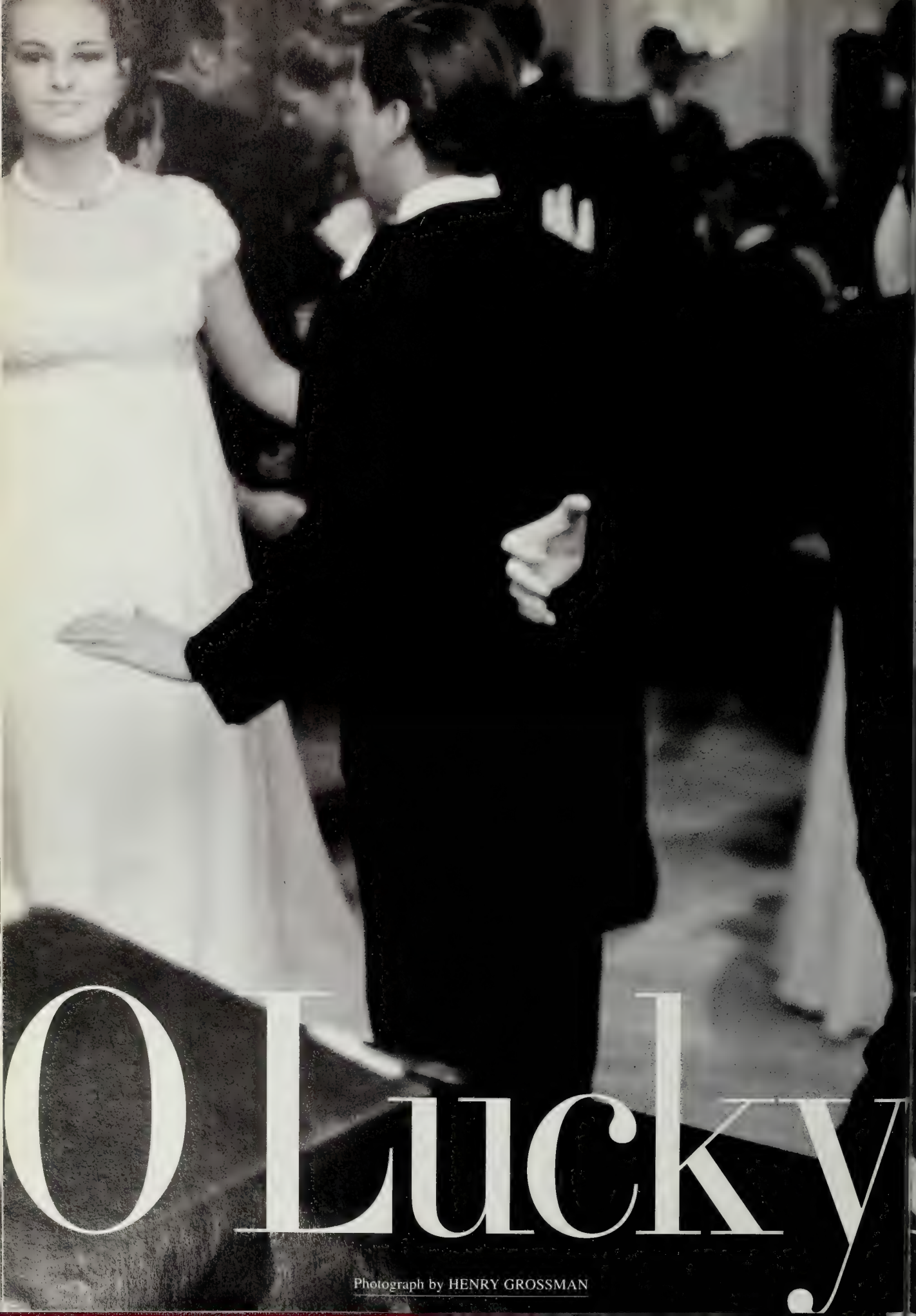
Before we left for John Galliano's debut show for the House of Givenchy, Mouna offered me a tour of her house. Most of the second floor, it seemed, was being used as closet space. "That's the winter Chanel," she said as we walked from one rack-filled room to another. "This is the summer Chanel. This is for Chanel accessories. And upstairs I have another dressing room for the non-Chanels—the couture from other designers like Saint Laurent and Dior." She laughed and added, "Clothes give me the security that nothing else gives me—not even a man."

At the Galliano show, Mouna was seated front and center, along with Bernard Arnault, the house's owner; Philippe Douste-Blazy, the French minister of culture, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kravis, and São Schlumberger, the first Parisian social queen to endorse Galliano. "It's not unusual to see Arab women at fashion shows," Christopher Dickey, *Newsweek*'s Paris-bureau chief and Middle East regional editor, told me later. "What was *(Continued on page 174)*



GOING PLACES

Though her ex-husband kept the 344-foot yacht and the private planes, Mouna—dressed in Chanel and wearing an emerald-cut, 25-carat white diamond—still globe-trots extensively with her matching collection of Louis Vuitton luggage.

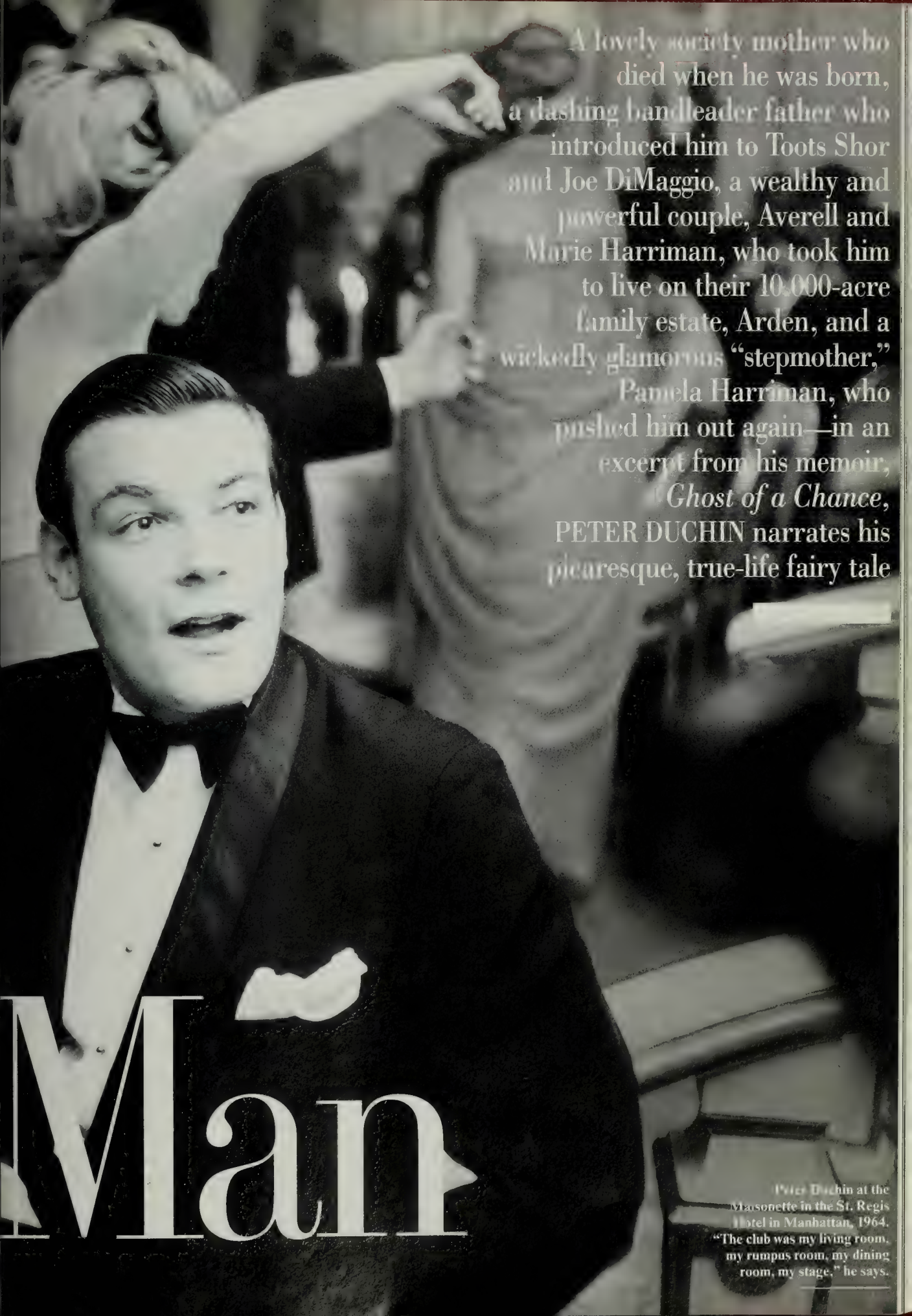


O Lucky

Photograph by HENRY GROSSMAN

Man

A lovely society mother who died when he was born, a dashing bandleader father who introduced him to Toots Shor and Joe DiMaggio, a wealthy and powerful couple, Averell and Marie Harriman, who took him to live on their 10,000-acre family estate, Arden, and a wickedly glamorous "stepmother," Pamela Harriman, who pushed him out again—in an excerpt from his memoir, *Ghost of a Chance*, PETER DUCHIN narrates his picaresque, true-life fairy tale



Peter Duchin at the Maisonette in the St. Regis Hotel in Manhattan, 1964. "The club was my living room, my rumpus room, my dining room, my stage," he says.



A rare photograph of Peter and his mother, Marjorie Oelrichs, who died soon after in New York, 1937. Her chic obstetrician was off hunting. Left to right: friend Virginia Chambers, Eddy Duchin, Marjorie's mother.

My earliest image of Averell Harriman is that of a tall, lanky man, moving purposefully and gracefully against the wintry landscape at Arden, the Harriman family estate 40 miles north of New York City. Ave: remote but sharply etched, always off somewhere even when he was sitting right in front of you, poring over the morning newspapers.

Today the New York State Thruway and Route 6 run right through Arden, not far from the cottage where I lived with the Harrimans when I was a boy. You can hear the trucks and cars whizzing by at all hours of the day and night. The family says that the original plan put Route 6 on top of the stables and the cottage, and that Ave, who had been governor of New York, had it moved. Nevertheless, the thruway is palpably close by, and relentlessly humming. When I was a child, the only hum you ever heard was that of the caretaker's perfectly balanced and oiled manual lawn mower, neatly slicing the grass. It might be joined by the growls of three or four of Ave's Labrador retrievers playing with a ball, or the sound of horses pawing the gravel in the driveway.

During the war, when he was running the lend-lease program in London, and later, when he was ambassador to Moscow, I saw very little of Ave. But when he did drop in at Arden, I knew that "the boss," as the caretaker called him, had arrived. Suddenly, everything would speed up. Horses would be readied in their stalls in case Ave wanted to ride into the fields. The old Pontiac station wagon would be brought out into the driveway, all cleaned up and polished. Ave would step out of the Lincoln Zephyr in his double-breasted suit, button-down shirt, tie, and shiny black shoes and would disappear into the cottage, only to reappear minutes later in his country clothes: a raggedy V-necked terry-cloth pullover of dark or light blue, creaseless tan corduroys, sturdy rubber-soled brown shoes. The servants would be greeted with a smile and a brief hello. I would get a light kiss on the cheek.

In my scrapbook is a snapshot of me when I was five or six, sitting with Ave in a horse and buggy. It must have been one of the first times he and I went on an outing together. I'm wearing a tie, which means it was Sunday and we were on our way to St. John's, the Arden chapel. Ave is in country tweeds, wool tie, and jodhpurs. I look happy and proud: the little lord of the manor.

I didn't start out as the lord of the manor. In fact, my arrival in the world was a disaster. When I was growing up I had only a sketchy knowledge of the first months of my life, but a good account of this time was given by Anita Loos, the Hollywood screenwriter and author of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. "Neetsie," as I knew her, recalls in her memoirs that she took a two-week leave of absence from MGM in the summer of 1937 to be with her friend Marjorie Duchin, who was pregnant with me. Neetsie came to New York and discovered that my mother had been booked into a fashionable hospital by *her* mother.

That hospital was located above the Colony Restaurant. . . . The majority of its clientele were either alcoholics bent on sobering up, hypochondriacs pampering their egos, gourmands trying to reduce, or middle-aged beauties hiding out for a facelift. The hospital was noted for its lenient house rules: patients could order gourmet meals sent up from the restaurant below; nurses would look the other way when dipsomaniacs sent out for booze, or the overweight phoned down . . . for a few crêpes Suzette. There were no restrictions against visitors, who used to drop in at all hours to enjoy cocktails or nightcaps with their pampered friends.

Just as my mother was about to be admitted to this stylish fun house, Anita was called back to MGM.

I was very disappointed not to be around when the baby came, and when Marge saw me off at the station, it was a pretty melancholy goodbye, which I put down to the war clouds that overshadowed everyone's personal affairs in those dark days. While waiting for train time, Marge said a little uneasily, "Going into that rowdy old hospital to have a baby doesn't seem to make very good sense, does it?"

"Good sense" wasn't the phrase for it; "tragic" would have been a better description. I boarded the train, waved goodbye to Marge through the window, and that was the last time I ever saw her.

Hearing that my mother had gone into labor, my father flew to New York from Chicago, where he and his band had been playing at the Palmer House Hotel. Everything seemed fine, and he flew back to Chicago, only to turn around the next day when he heard that things weren't so fine. He was at my mother's bedside when she died, six days after my birth. Her chic obstetrician couldn't be found. According to Anita Loos, he'd gone off hunting in the wilds of Canada. Two years earlier, my parents' marriage had made headlines. "A romance between Broadway and Park Avenue," they called it. My mother had just redecorated their

Excerpted from *Ghost of a Chance: A Memoir*, by Peter Duchin, to be published in June by Random House, Inc.; © 1996 by Peter Duchin.



eter with his father, ndleader Eddy Duchin, d his surrogate mother, larie "Ma" Harriman, Sands Point, Long land, circa 1940. While ddy toured, Peter was ised by the Harrimans.

When Marjorie Oelrichs married Eddy Duchin, she was dropped from the *Social Register*. Portrait by Cecil Beaton, circa 1935.

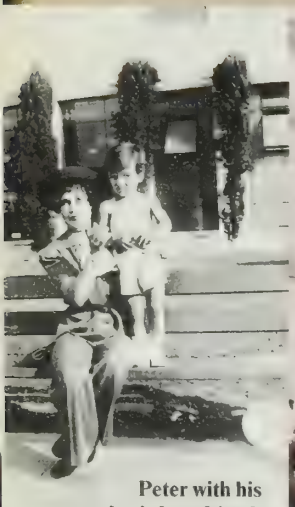


At the MGM commissary, about 19
left to right, writer "Hoppy" Hopki
Anita Loos, Eddy and Marjorie Duch
and director John Emers



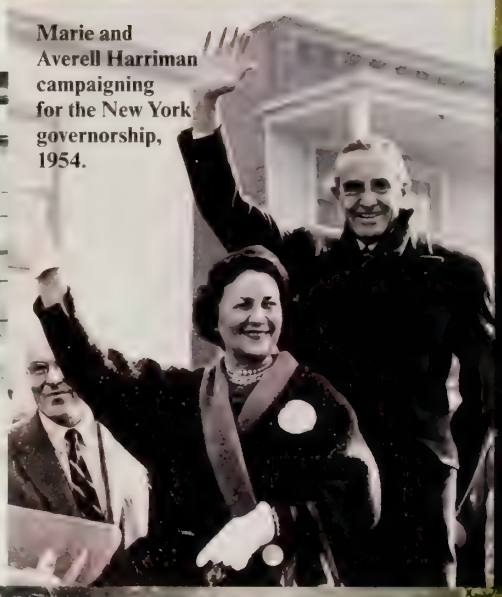
Peter and Eddy at the piano, in New York City, circa 1950. Initially Peter disliked playing and quit lessons.





Peter with his mother's best friend, writer Anita Loos, in Hollywood, circa 1940.

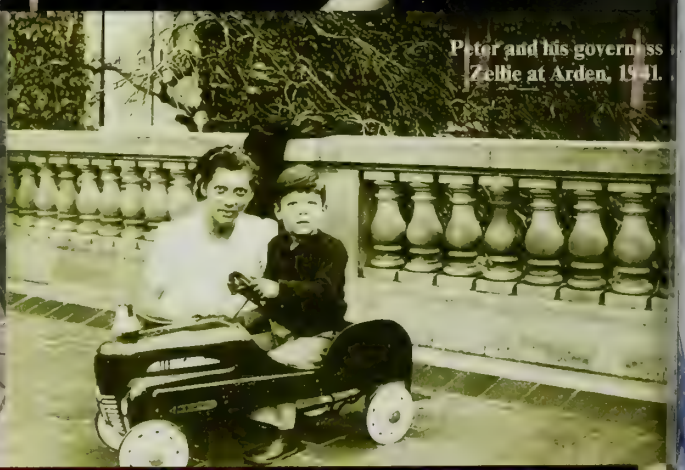
Marie and Averell Harriman campaigning for the New York governorship, 1954.

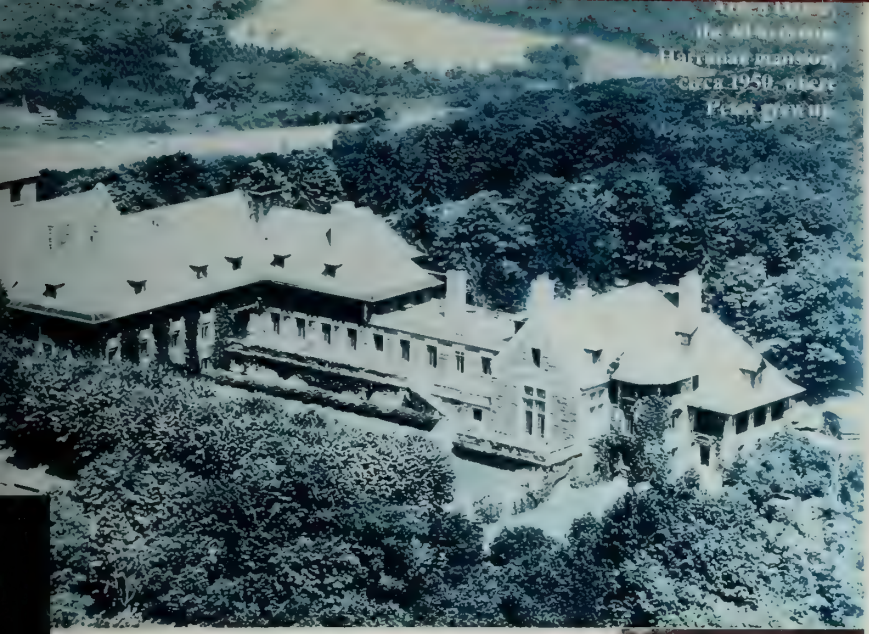


Peter and Averell at Arden, about 1943, in a horse and buggy on one of their first outings.



Peter and his governess Zellie at Arden, 1941.





Peter on Long Island, 1966.



r (far left) his first band, at the chkiss School in necticut, about 1953.



apartment at 2 East 60th Street in anticipation of my arrival. Now her funeral was being held there.

In one of my boxes of memorabilia is an album of photographs by Cecil Beaton, showing my parents as they were during their Fitzgeraldian romance. I've always been haunted by one photograph: it shows my father—sleek black hair, dinner jacket, white cuffs studded with gold cuff links, wide Ipana smile—gazing at my mother as though she's the most wonderful creature in the world. Recently, I received from Beaton's biographer Hugo Vickers two extracts from the photographer's diary, both written in the 30s. The first is dated "Summer 1937." It was written on the day that Beaton, then on holiday in Capri, learned that his great friend Marjorie Oelrichs had just died:

It is as if all trees had died, all skies, all fruit, all music—so essential a part of existence was Marjorie. . . . Marjorie was one of my best friends in the most serious sense of the word. . . . She really put herself out for my benefit. When I had confided to her my lack of sex life and that I had never been to bed with a woman, she volunteered her services in my first experiment—and if this sounds comic, it was done from the best motives.

The second extract is from October 1, two months later. It was written after Beaton had come to New York and stopped in at my parents' apartment. And it contains what is probably the earliest vivid description of me:

When [a picture of] the baby was shown, my sensations were fierce. I loathed the little beast that is wickedly ugly, lying on its back, wriggling, farting with the overlong body, dark hair, and pig-snouted. I loathed this big devil that together with the doctor was the cause of the death of one of the strongest, most courageous and sympathetic friends I have ever had.

Not long after I was born, I developed severe respiratory difficulties, and I was not expected to live for more than a few weeks. I was put into an oxygen tent, and assigned to a nurse who specialized in babies in trouble. This was Chissie, who saved my life. After I had been in the hospital for nine months, she and I moved to Ar-

Kim Novak threw me a catlike smile. "You're no

den. My father was touring with his band, and Marie Harriman, Ave's wife, who had been a good friend of my mother's, offered to take me in. She and Neetsie and Chissie were my guardian angels.

My scrapbooks are filled with letters Dad wrote to me. During the era of big bands, my father and his orchestra appeared in the best hotels, the best casinos, the best dance halls. His records were played constantly on the radio. His distinctive piano style was widely imitated, and it spawned an industry of sheet-music arrangements, featuring his trademark smile and slicked-down hair on the covers.

By the end of the 30s, Dad was known as "the Magic Fingers of Radio." His hands were insured for $150,000. Sergei Rachmaninoff once told him he was good enough to play classical music. But how much money did he make playing in a band? the great virtuoso asked. When he heard my father's answer, Rachmaninoff said, "Forget classical. Stick to what you're doing."

I had my first memorable outing with Dad after the war when I was eight or nine. I remember holding his hand as we walked down the street in New York City. Before we reached the corner, we were stopped by two girls.

One said, "Wow! Eddy Duchin! Can we get your autograph?"

I watched as my father scribbled his name in their books.

This was the first time I'd looked at my father through the eyes of others. For the next 20 blocks, the words rang in my ears: "Wow! Eddy Duchin!"

Shortly after the autograph episode, I got another view of my dad in the world when we visited Toots Shor's restaurant on 51st Street. My first impression was of a cavernous, smoky room full of men, most of them bigger than Dad, who himself was over six feet tall but slender. Everyone knew him. "Hey, Eddy!" they called out. "How ya doin', Eddy?"

Then the biggest of them all came up. Everything about Toots Shor was huge. Stomach. Feet. Hands. Lips. His face was like a big slab of steak, red and mottled and rubbery. His black hair was slicked back and parted straight down the middle. His bellow filled the room as he wrapped Dad in a hug and said, "Eddy! Where ya been?"

"Here's Peter, Toots," Dad said. "Peter, this is Mr. Shor . . . Toots Shor."

I was hoisted aloft. "Pete, kid! How are ya?" He set me down. "Let's go in and eat something, for Chrissake."

Dad put an arm around me and we followed the giant into a sea of red leather and white linen.

Toots bellowed, "Hey, Joe, look who I got! An old buddy!"

Two men were sitting at a round table in the corner. Between them was a very small, pretty blonde woman wearing a little hat with a half-veil. One of the men stood up and embraced my father. I almost died: it was Joe DiMaggio.

The blonde got up. She was no taller than I was. "This Eddy's kid?" she said, giving me a wink. "You come over here. Sit next to me. I've heard so much aboutcha."

"Meet Husky, my wife," Toots said.

She flashed her dimples and nudged me in the ribs. "He calls me Husky. You can call me Baby."

Dad said, "Peter, I'd like you to meet Joe DiMaggio."

The greatest man in the world held out his hand.

"Hey, kid, nice to meet you. Say hi to my brother, Dom."

He gestured toward the other man at the table. I recognized him from my baseball cards as Dominick DiMaggio, center fielder for the Red Sox.

"Come on, you bums," Toots said. "Let's eat."

So I became a member of the most exclusive club I've ever joined. From the day we met, Toots was the most generous man in my life. Along with Marie and Ave, my guardian Donald Stralem and his wife, Jean, my stepmother, Chiquita (Dad remarried in 1947), and Toots and Baby came to my graduation at Yale in New Haven. It was an awfully odd-looking group, but it was family—the only one I had. Afterward we all had lunch at the Old Heidelburg. Leaving the restaurant, Toots nudged me and said, "You see, Pete, all those millionaires and look who gets stuck with the check."

For the most part I took in only obliquely that Dad was a star—when, for instance, the Philco radio in the kitchen at Arden was turned on and I would hear a voice say, "And now, ladies and gentlemen . . . Eddy Duchin and His Orchestra coming to you live from . . . "

Back in the 30s and 40s, Arden comprised some 10,000 acres (today, it's been whittled down to roughly 3,000). At the top sat the immense limestone-and-granite manor house built by E. H. Harriman, the construction of which had taken six years, from 1905 to 1911. It was the citadel of a completely self-sufficient world, which included a funicular railway to carry provisions up and down the hill, a power plant big enough to supply the surrounding area, and the largest privately owned pipe organ in the country—plus a bowling alley. Now the house belongs to Columbia University and is used as a conference center.

In time, I would become completely familiar with Arden: the 40 bedrooms, the stables, the polo field, the three lakes, the trout stream, the forests, the playpen with sand, the swing, built just for me. I came to regard the caretaker, the riding master, the dog- and gamekeeper, the local minister who christened me in the estate's little Episcopalian church, and all the sweet household maids as my family. I would learn to fish and shoot; to play polo, croquet, gin, canasta, and bridge; to plant and pick lettuce, carrots, radishes, and corn. I would learn how to muck out the stalls, to saddle-soap a saddle, to show a horse, to train dogs. Whenever Marie and Ave had guests, I was the only child in a roomful of great personages. I don't ever remember feeling lonely.

I had been at Arden only a few months when I was led one evening into the oak-beamed room where Marie Harriman was sitting with a couple of friends, drinking a martini. As I approached the sofa, my face was burning. Marie looked up and said, "What is it, darling?"

I rushed at her, grabbed her knees with both arms, and cried, "Is it all right if I call you Ma?"

ttle Peter, are you?" she said in a low voice.

She set her glass down and pulled
ne to her. "Of course."
From then on, I never called her
nything else.

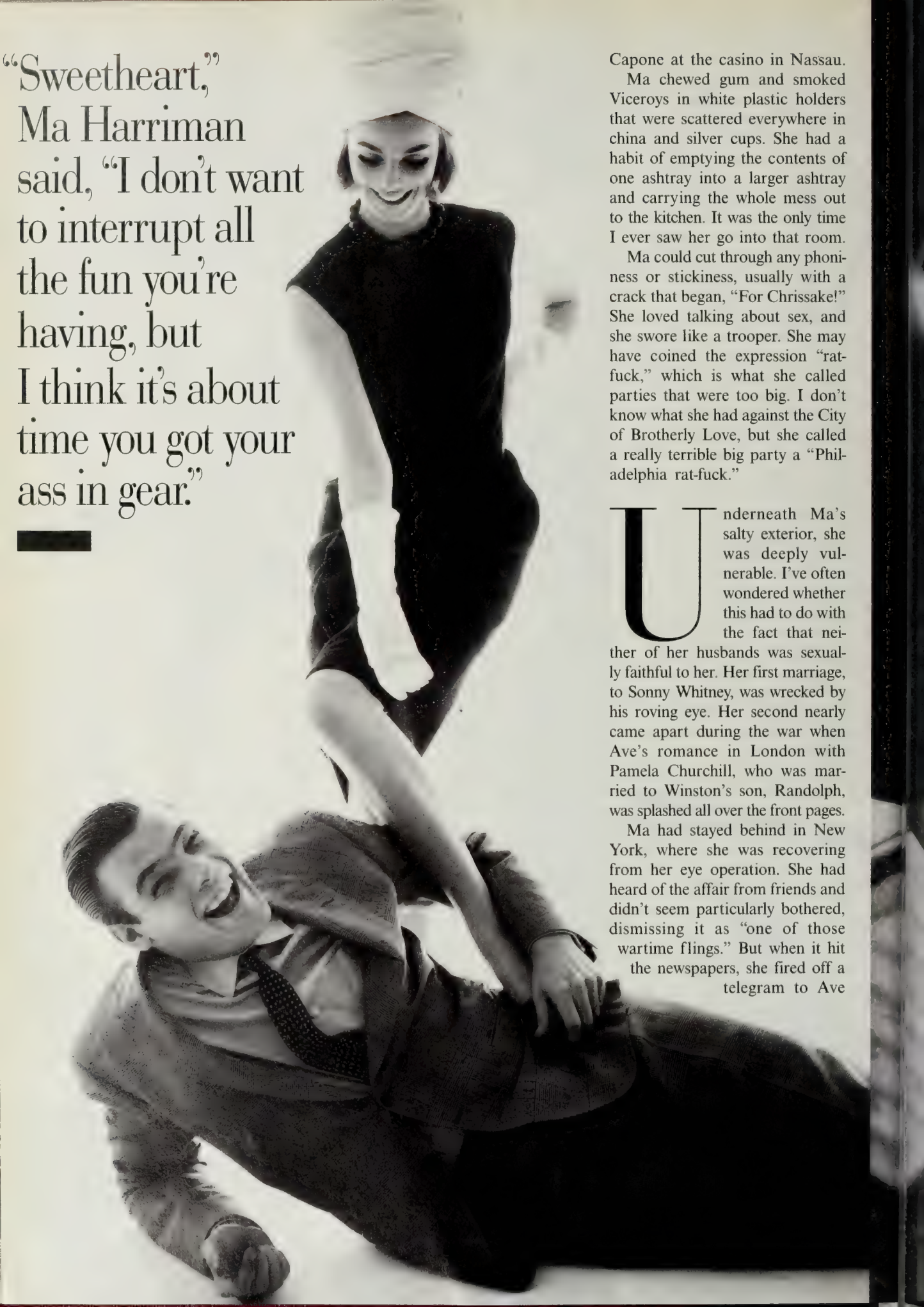
Ma was tall and chestnut-haired, and her great charm was in no way lessened by the thick, tinted glasses she wore after her operation in 1941 for laucoma, a condition that made her early blind for the rest of her life. he would lean down and kiss me, nd I would be thrilled by the softess of her skin, the silkiness of her ress, the scent of her perfume.

I loved the way Ma talked. She as totally direct, no bullshit. The aughter of a prominent Democratic awyer, Sheridan Norton, and a wonerful old character of a mother, Beulah, who was part Jewish and art Irish, she had a mongrel's love f the unconventional. She spoke out f one side of her mouth in a sort f drawl through clenched teeth. It as one of the things that must have ndeared her to a man she always aid she'd found "immensely attracive"—Al Capone. In the 20s, when he was married to her first husband, onny Whitney, a great-great-grandon of old Commodore Vanderbilt, he'd gambled with



Peter with Kim Novak at a nightclub in New York in 1956 during the shooting of *The Eddy Duchin Story*, in which Novak played Peter's mother and Tyrone Power his father. "I got as close to Oedipal ecstasy as I'll ever know," Duchin remembers. *Inset:* Power and Novak in a publicity still from the movie.

"Sweetheart," Ma Harriman said, "I don't want to interrupt all the fun you're having, but I think it's about time you got your ass in gear."



Capone at the casino in Nassau.

Ma chewed gum and smoked Viceroys in white plastic holders that were scattered everywhere in china and silver cups. She had a habit of emptying the contents of one ashtray into a larger ashtray and carrying the whole mess out to the kitchen. It was the only time I ever saw her go into that room.

Ma could cut through any phoniness or stickiness, usually with a crack that began, "For Chrissake!" She loved talking about sex, and she swore like a trooper. She may have coined the expression "rat-fuck," which is what she called parties that were too big. I don't know what she had against the City of Brotherly Love, but she called a really terrible big party a "Philadelphia rat-fuck."

Underneath Ma's salty exterior, she was deeply vulnerable. I've often wondered whether this had to do with the fact that neither of her husbands was sexually faithful to her. Her first marriage, to Sonny Whitney, was wrecked by his roving eye. Her second nearly came apart during the war when Ave's romance in London with Pamela Churchill, who was married to Winston's son, Randolph, was splashed all over the front pages.

Ma had stayed behind in New York, where she was recovering from her eye operation. She had heard of the affair from friends and didn't seem particularly bothered, dismissing it as "one of those wartime flings." But when it hit the newspapers, she fired off a telegram to Ave



Opposite: Peter with a fashion model in a 1963 Bert Stern spread in *Vogue* which featured New York's stylish men of the moment. *Left:* Peter working at the St. Regis, 1963. *Insets:* Peter's Decca albums from the early 1960s.

with the ultimatum that he'd better stop playing around or he'd be facing the most "costly divorce in the history of the Republic." Years later, laughing about it, she remarked, "I was very proud of the word 'Republic.'"

I believe it was only when Ave ran for governor of New York in 1954 that he realized what an asset she was. With her warmth, utter lack of snobbery and pretension, and ease with all sorts of people, Ma was a great campaigner, especially in contrast to the candidate. Ave had stammered as a boy, and he was a stiff, dreadful public speaker. But Ma could wade through any crowd, looking absolutely thrilled to be there, making new friends wherever she went.

I was probably six or seven when I began thinking of Ave as the father I wished I had. I knew I had "Dad," but Ave, who clearly operated on a more commanding level than anybody else, was the father I wanted. As long as I was doing something with Ave, I felt comfortable. He didn't like me just hanging around—he really didn't like anyone just hanging around. I've always thought Ave preferred animals to people. He loved to command, and the animals loved to obey. "Heel!" he'd say to a dog. When the dog did, a smile would spread across Ave's face. There were always dogs around. Ma had her wirehaired dachshunds and, later, Jack Russell terriers. Ave had his Labs. Once, down in Hobe Sound, his Florida estate, he saw one of his aides throwing a stick on the beach for a favorite Lab named Brum. "Goddamnit!" I heard him mutter. "No man should ever play with another man's dog!"

All through my childhood, I spent most of my Christmas and spring vacations at Hobe Sound, staying in Ma and Ave's big, white oceanfront house on Jupiter Island. A 45-minute drive north of Palm Beach, the island had been developed back in the 20s as a winter place by Joseph Verner Reed, a cultivated, wealthy businessman from Denver, and his wife, Permelia Pryor, sister of Samuel Pryor, one of the founders of Pan Am. Over the years, several hundred rich families with sufficient background and character to pass the Reeds' muster had bought land on the island and built large, discreet winter houses.

Hobe was Never-Never Land. I'd wake at five in the morning and head out across the lawn with my fly rod. At sunrise, I'd be standing in my sneakers, knee-deep in the warm inland waters around the golf course, casting my popping bug for redfish, snook, or sea trout feeding in the shallows.

Ave remained a father figure for me all my life. He was the man who would give me the news in 1951 that Dad had died. He would attend my graduations from Eaglebrook, Hotchkiss, and Yale. He was always ready with advice, emphasizing that it was wise to get as broad an education as possible, to study ancient history, philosophy, and art as well as the modern stuff. Usually, he ended such conversations with "Don't waste your time playing bridge, which is what I did too damn much of at Yale."

When I went off to Paris for my "junior year abroad" in 1956 and spent several months living on a barge anchored in the Seine, hanging out at the Crazy Horse Saloon with the showgirls and staying up most of the night in jazz clubs, it was Ave who came to fetch me home.

One morning a beautiful young woman was lying next to me on the barge. Both of us were naked and asleep when a rap on the hatch jolted me awake. I jumped out of bed and slid back the cover.

The first thing I saw was a pair of black wing-tip shoes; the next thing, a pair of blue pin-striped trouser legs; finally, the face of Ave in his gray fedora, squinting down at me.

"How are you, Petey?"

"Ave!" I said, grabbing a towel. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm here for some meetings. Thought I'd stop by to see when you're planning to go back to Yale."

For a moment I blinked. Then Ave reached into his pocket and said, "I've got a prepaid ticket for you, right here."

One day my stepmother, Chiquita, called me at school to say that Hollywood was making a film about my father's life. We'd both get some dough out of it, which alleviated any qualms I may have had. Three of Dad's best Hollywood friends—Cary Grant, Van Johnson, and Tyrone Power—had wanted to play the title role. The choice of Power, with his dark looks and boyish charm, seemed perfect. Kim Novak as my mother seemed a classic case of miscasting. How could a Hollywood bimbo with midwestern, working-class roots play Marjorie Oelrichs of Newport and New York soci-





Above: Peter and his first wife, Cheray, at their wedding reception at the St. Regis Roof, 1964. Six hundred people came and Count Basie played. *Right:* Peter with his second wife, Brooke Hayward, in Venice, 1994.

ty? But I had just seen Novak as the small-town eauty in *Picnic*. As she id for every other horny merican adolescent male f the 50s, this soft, sphinx-ke blonde with the flat, usky voice had become ne girl of my wet dreams.

Hearing that she was ilming in Central Park ne weekend, I asked a ouple of Yale buddies if hey'd like to meet her. f I'd wanted to, I could have gotten he whole university on that train to Grand Central.

They were shooting just inside the ark off Fifth Avenue. Once I told he guard who I was, we were waved nto the set. We spotted her immedi-tely. Dressed in a white silk robe, Kim Novak was sitting in a folding hair while an army of makeup peo-le fussed over her cheekbones. I rept up behind her, kissed her light-y on the ear, and said, "Hi, Mom."

She let out a little shriek. Then she urned and threw me a catlike smile. "You're not little Peter, are you?" she aid in a low, thrilling voice.

I grinned.

That night, Kim took us all out to linner. Afterward, we took her to Jim-ny Ryan's club on 52nd Street. Every ead turned when we walked in.

Kim wanted to hear everything I ould tell her about my parents, which vasn't very much. She gave me her hone number, and a couple of week-nds later I called and offered to in-roduce her to Marie Harriman.

I was staying at the Harriman house n 81st Street, and after helping Kim ut of her mink, I took her upstairs.

Kim's eyes got big at the sight of he fabulous paintings and the figure f Ma, regal behind her dark glasses, doing her crossword puzzle under the huge Derain portrait of herself.

Ma had met too many movie stars n her time to be impressed. She hook Kim's awkwardly outstretched and. "So nice to meet you, Mrs. Harriman," said the great star.

Soon they were chatting away. Ma rotted out her favorite stories about er best friend. Kim took it in ea-gerly. I sat there, all ears.

In her gentle purr, Kim asked whether ny mother had been as beautiful as she appeared in the Beaton photographs.

"Oh, she was even more beautiful!" replied Ma. Glancing at Kim, whose skirt was above the knees, showing off two of her best assets, Ma added, "Except for the legs, which she always kept covered. She was one of the first women to wear slacks."

Kim had invited me to a Broadway play, the name of which I have forgotten. When we got up to say goodbye, she put out her hand. "Oh, Mrs. Harriman," she said, "it's been so nice visiting with you. I hope we can visit again sometime."

Ma threw me a look over her dark glasses.

I remember nothing about the play, but I remember the rest of the night, during which I got as close to Oedipal ecstasy as I'll ever know. When I stumbled back to 81st Street at six in the morning, I discovered a note on my pillow. It was from Ma, and it said, "Hope you had a real nice visit, honey."

The trust fund my father left me had provided just enough to educate me, keep me clothed, and offer a small allowance. But I had no means of real support and no direction. After I got out of Yale and spent two years in the army, the old places were still there—Ma and Ave's, Chiquita's—and I went running back to them. One day, however, Ma took me to Toots Shor's for lunch. "Sweetheart," she said, "I don't want to interrupt all the fun you're having, but I think it's about time you got your ass in gear. You better start thinking about what you're going to do with your life."

I nodded sorrowfully.

Of course, doors were open to me



Left: Marie Harriman in Chicago at the Democratic National Convention, 1956. Scarcely a year after her death in 1970, her widower, Averell, wed Pamela Hayward. *Below:* Ave and his bride-to-be, Pam, in Washington, D.C., 1971.



In each other's arms on the couch were Pam Hayward and Ave, unbuttoned.

because of my name and connections. One call to Bobby Brenner at MCA, the big talent agency, and it wasn't long before I had a career, at least on paper. Not that there was anything else on the horizon. Thanks to Hotchkiss, Yale, and the Sorbonne, I had acquired a healthy degree of intellectual curiosity. But that didn't get you a job. Sometimes I dreamed about returning to Paris and leading the Left Bank life. But deep down I knew I needed more security.

Other times I fantasized about becoming a serious composer. Ma had always tried to steer me in that direction. "For Chrissake," she'd say, "you've been educated for it. Why don't you go to Juilliard and get serious?" But every time I thought about sitting down and doing it, I'd let something distract me.

Many people have asked me whether I would have become a bandleader if my father had remained alive. The answer is "Probably not." I'm sure that if my father had been thriving in 1960 I'd have thought more than twice about following in his footsteps. But he wasn't around. As I thought about what I could do with myself when I was 23, I realized that the only thing I had to hang my hat on was his legacy. Not that I wanted to be Eddy Duchin all over again. That was impossible. I simply wanted to use whatever talent and personality I had of my own and make the most of them.

It was my stepmother, Chiquita, who called her friend César Balsa, the owner of the St. Regis Hotel, in the spring of 1962 and reminded him of a night he'd heard me play piano when Chiquita and I were in Mexico City. And she came with me when I made my pitch to César at the St. Regis. As coached by Bobby Brenner, I said, "You must really be tired of dealing with the managers of all those different singers you have down in the Maisonette. I've got a better idea. Why don't you hire me and a band for the season? You won't have any managers to deal with. I'll bring in all my friends, and they'll bring in all their friends." He went for it—hook, line, and *Social Register.*

On May 31, 1962, I signed a contract to play with my own band at the Maisonette. The fringe benefits were spectacular. I would be given my own suite in the hotel—free. Office space in an adjacent building—free. Dinners at the Maisonette, all the drinks I wanted, and any bottle of wine from one of New York's great cellars—free. And there would be no cover charge for any of my friends who happened to drop in.

The only thing missing was a band. Bobby was friendly with Otto Schmidt, a sax player and clarinetist in Ted Straeter's orchestra at the Persian Room in the Plaza. Otto, a classy, white-haired veteran, wasn't exactly hungry. But Straeter was about to retire, and he generously suggested that Otto help me get started. In short order, Otto rounded up musicians for the fall, five of whom went with me for a warm-up gig that summer. Then, on September 25, 1962, I opened at the Maisonette, with Chiquita and Ma and Ave in the audience. Within a few weeks, the club was mine—my living room, my rumpus room, my dining room, my stage. The critics loved us. The morning after my debut, *The New York Times*'s reviewer, Milton Esterow, set the tone: "It seemed as if they could have danced all night. . . . Another Duchin is back in town." Everybody came in, from mafiosi to the Duchess of Windsor.

The Maisonette staff became my family. Most of them had been hired by Vincent Astor, who had owned the hotel before César. Vincent had put a premium on old-world manners—as did all the top hotels in New York in those days—and the place still had the feeling of a European grand hotel.

There was Rudy, the impeccable, Austrian-accented maître d', who glided through the room like a swan. Not since Chissie had anyone looked after my welfare better than Rudy. The royal "we" was his only pronoun, and before my dinner break he'd come over to the piano and say, "Why don't we have the striped bass with the *beurre blanc* tonight? It's very fresh. And what are we going to drink? I think we'll enjoy the '53 Montrachet." If two girls I was taking out arrived unexpectedly, Rudy would make sure to seat them as far apart as possible, tipping me off with a wink and a nod. For these and countless other favors, I called him Mother.

Rudy was a walking Who's Who of names, faces, and pedigrees. He conferred titles on all the notables. "Peter," he'd say, "the Governor is coming in tonight": he meant Ave. Or "The Producer"—David Merrick—"is coming. I'm sure he'd appreciate hearing something from one of his shows." Or "The Artist"—Salvador Dalí—"is in booth number 12. He'd like you to come over and say hello."

Dalí, who lived in a suite upstairs with his wife, Gala, was a regular. One night, he handed me a manuscript. "Peter," he said, in French, "would you be kind enough to translate into English a little poem I have written?" I waited until I got back to my suite to look at it. A dreadful exercise in pseudo-pornography about a king greatly given to self-abuse, it was called "Le Grand Masturbateur." I never managed to put it into English or any other language, and the subject never came up between us again.

My last sighting of Dalí was a couple of years later, when I was hired by Rebekah Harkness, the dance patroness, to play for her daughter's wedding in Watch Hill, Rhode Island. In one of the Surrealist *tableaux vivants* that had been set up for the guests' amusement, I spotted "the Artist" squirting shaving cream on a group of naked models from a can of Barbasol. I waved at him, but he was so absorbed in what he was doing that he didn't even wink.

The woman I was seeing most frequently during those years at the Maisonette was Cheray Zauderer, a tall and graceful blonde who became something of a regular at the club, just as my mother had been when my dad played the old Central Park Casino 30 years before. Cheray and I were married in 1964 in a civil ceremony at her parents' apartment on Park Avenue. The night before the wedding, Ma and Ave gave the bridal dinner at 81st Street. With a great flourish, Ave produced cases of an ancient Premier Cru claret that had been brought from the cellars at Arden. The labels were fabulous, the color muddy, the taste beyond vinegar. But Ave was so proud of having "driven it downstate," as he put it, that not even Ma had the heart to tell him the wine was undrinkable.

Cheray's father had come to me about the music for the reception. I'm sure he thought I was going to suggest my band. Egged on by Cheray, I'd said, "What about Count Basie?"

Six hundred people came to the reception at the St. Regis Roof, and Basie never sounded better. The last guests left at three in the morning, and I can honestly say it was the best party I never played for.

It was Otto who called with the news: "It's bad, Peter," he said over the phone. "Marie died last night of a heart attack."

It was September 26, 1970. The next day Cheray and I flew to Washington. Ave was beside himself. Marie had died at 67. He was 79 and had never expected to outlive her. Immediately he wanted to show us her body. In his Checker town car with its awful springs, we bounced up Massachusetts Avenue to Joseph Gawlor's funeral home. As we entered the dim room where Ma was laid out in an open coffin, I couldn't bear to look. Ave, clutching my arm heavily, said, "Isn't she beautiful! Isn't she beautiful!"

The sense of loss I felt was physical, as though I were suddenly without a vital organ. Ma had been my best sounding board,

y late-night drinking buddy, my bulwark, y conscience. Definitely my last resort. om the beginning she'd watched over me. After the thousand thank-you notes had en written and the parade of condo- nce callers was over, Ave sank into a ep depression. That winter, he went wn to Hobe Sound and rarely went t. When Cheray and I telephoned to e how he was doing, he plaintively ked whether we might come down for visit. "How about our spending a few onths after New Year's?" I suggested. here was a long pause—possibly to turn his hearing aid. Then: "Fine, Petey. ome along." It was Ave's way of saying, 'd love it."

In January, Cheray and I flew down ith the kids, the nurse, and lalcolm X, our black Lab, to obe Sound. Ave was in worse ape than we'd imagined. He as so listless that he could rely watch the evening news. e talked incessantly about Ma- e, reminiscing about the trips ey'd taken together and the isecracks of hers that had made m laugh—more now than when e'd said them. He loved telling out the time in Teheran when 'd been sent by Truman to set- e the crisis over Mosaddeq's izure of the British oil conces- ons. One evening when Ave as off somewhere else, Ma had id a call on the premier. Along ith other dignitaries, she was d into his private chambers. here, the father of modern Iran y in bed, seemingly indisposed. inally, everyone was dismissed except Ia. Diplomatically, she inquired about the remier's health, whereupon he leapt out f bed on his birdlike legs and lunged at er. This set off a mad chase through the ersian gardens, Mosaddeq in his red silk ajamas, Ma clicking along in her high eels. The detail Ave loved best was the ajamas.

One morning at breakfast, he said, Pete, I've been thinking. I can cut off an re down by the grapefruit grove with- ut hurting the property. I'd love to give to you and Cheray if you'd consider uilding a small house on it. It's right on e ocean. Something you and the kids ould use from time to time. You know, ere will soon be no beachfront property ft on the Atlantic coast."

"Great," I said, "we'd love it. But are ou sure?"

"Of course I am," he said. "Let's go alk it."

When Ave suggested that we call an architect, I knew he was serious. He took great pleasure going over the sketches for the modest bungalow we envisioned, offering many suggestions. Thinking I might actually own a piece of this childhood place, I felt a wonderful sense of roots. The fact that I would also be providing Ave company—as well as a built-in croquet partner—in his old age made it even better.

Among the first new friends Cheray and I had made after we were married and moved to a house in Westchester was a glamorous couple, Leland and Pamela Hayward, who lived at Haywire, their estate in nearby Yorktown Heights. I had first met Pamela when she was still Pamela Digby Churchill, the ex-wife of Winston Churchill's dissolute son, Randolph. At the time, I was too naïve to spot her as anything other than an attractive, upper-class Englishwoman with a fancy apartment in Paris, to which I'd been taken a couple of times by journalist friends from *Paris Match*. I was 19, living on the barge, and more impressed to have spotted Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir at the Deux Magots than I was to be meeting this rather plump, red-haired, milky-skinned woman, even though she'd been the notorious mistress of Aly Khan and Gianni Agnelli and was then "being kept" by the French banker Elie de Rothschild. Twelve years later, she reappeared as my neighbor.

An extraordinary ability to focus on the object (or objects) of her desire—not beauty, wit, imagination, or style—is the secret of the woman who has been called "the courtesan of the century." Pam has always known exactly what she wanted. And, if she doesn't get it, how to move on. Having failed to marry the European potentates on whom she set her sights, she arrived on the American scene by breaking up the marriage of one of the princes of show business, the agent and producer Leland Hayward, whose wife, Slim, was not exactly a pushover.

Pamela couldn't have been nicer to Cheray and me at first. When she heard we were looking for property to buy near Bedford, she offered to help us. Two or three times she drove us around herself. She seemed the perfect wife for Leland. I had met him casually in New York, and though he hadn't had a hit since his smash musicals *Gypsy* and *The Sound of Music* (and, before that, *South Pacific*), his boyish charm, enthusiasm, and nervous energy were still immensely attractive. He seemed besotted by Pam, especially after he suffered a mild stroke in 1970.

Ave had been a widower for six months when Leland died of a more massive stroke in March 1971. It wasn't long before Pam heard about an upcoming dinner in Washington being given by Kay Graham at which Ave, Pam's old wartime lover, would be present. Truman Capote claimed that he persuaded her to call Kay and get herself invited. If so, it couldn't have taken much persuading. According to several of the guests, Pam directed her focus almost exclusively at Ave, even though they were seated back-to-back—positions she had arranged beforehand in order to heighten the allure.

At Ave's suggestion, Cheray and I and the kids had been spending that summer at the Harriman house in Sands Point. Ave was in Washington most of the week, and he'd shuttle up on weekends. Casually he mentioned having "run into" Pamela at Kay's—too casually, we thought. The moment he'd left for Washington on the following Monday morning, the phone rang. It was Pam. She wanted us to know *how wonderful* it had been seeing Ave again. And he had *looked* so wonderful. Twenty-four hours later, she called again. This time she said, Wouldn't it be *fun* if she came by some weekend and saw *all* of us?

Why not? Having Pamela as a houseguest would undoubtedly give Ave a lift. I called him to see if it would be all right.

Ave left virtually his entire fortune to Pamela. She'd gotten it all for herself—even his bones.

I'd hardly opened my mouth when he said, "Great idea!"

A few days later, Pam pulled up in her beige Cadillac. Out she jumped, looking glamorous and indomitable in her English country best. Ave, having just played croquet, shambled over in his ancient seersucker shorts and shabby Brooks Brothers sweater. Their embrace was correct, friendly but not too friendly. Ave ushered her to a guest room at the farthest point from his bedroom, just down the hall from our quarters. Absolutely correct. I followed, carrying two very heavy bags.

The next night, Cheray and I couldn't join them for dinner, since I had a job to play and Cheray had a long-standing invitation elsewhere.

"Good night, children," said Pam and Ave as we exited, leaving the two of them alone.

It was 1:30 when I got back. The house was dark as I went out on the screened porch to pour myself a nightcap. When I switched on the light over the bar, I heard a shriek. There, in each other's arms on the couch, were Pam and Ave, unbuttoned.

"Jesus wept!" Ave bellowed.

The last thing I saw before turning off the light was Pam pulling her blouse together.

"Sorry," I mumbled, and fled.

I ran to wake Cheray. I'd gotten as far as "You'll never believe" when we heard Pamela tromping very loudly down the hallway. Passing our room, she called out in her best nannylike voice, "Good night, children!" With a decisive click, she closed her door.

We were almost asleep—both of us delighted at Ave's rejuvenation—when we heard a loud crash in Pam's room. I got up, ran down the corridor, and knocked softly on her door. "Is everything all right?"

"Just fine," cooed Pam. "Absolutely fine. No problem. The lamp fell over."

I went back to bed.

The next morning there was a knock on our door. In came Pam, radiant in her pink negligee. Seating herself at the foot of the bed, she said in a conspiratorial half-whisper, "Children, you'll never *guess* what happened! Remember that ghastly sound around 2:30 in the morning?"

"The lamp?"

"It wasn't the lamp. It was Averell. He fell through the window."

"He *what?*"

"He walked all the way around the outside of the house in his slippers and pajamas. But the poor darling forgot about the screen."

Scarcely a month later, on September 27, 1971, Pam and Ave were married very quietly in New York.

It was a year and a day after Ma's death, six months after Leland's. Ave was nearly 80. Pam, at 51, was 28 years younger. The ceremony was held at St. Thomas More's Church, Pam having converted to Catholicism some years earlier in her attempt to marry Gianni Agnelli.

An hour after the ceremony, they announced the news to more than a hundred friends and a few relatives at the Harriman house on 81st Street. Without a word of explanation from Ave, Cheray and I had not been invited to the wedding—only a handful of people had, as witnesses. We felt a little uncomfortable as we climbed the red-carpeted stairs to the living room. It was spooky. There was Pam, wreathed in smiles, welcoming everybody. There was Ave with his arm around her. But it was still Ma's room. Her ghost was everywhere.

Pam's timing was brilliant. Ever so subtly, she changed everything. Bit by bit, she redid the houses, sprucing up the best of Ma's comfortably lived-in pieces, jettisoning the things she didn't want around. One day she called Cheray and asked if we'd like to have the Chinese vitrine that had stood in the foyer at 81st Street, as well as the Steinway piano my father had picked out for Marie and Ave years before.

When Ma was alive, the Georgetown house was a place where everybody felt instantly at home. After Pamela moved in, you expected the *Architectural Digest* photographer to arrive at any moment. Pam put the decorator Billy Baldwin in charge of creating the stage set on which she would make her ascension in the Washington power scene.

One morning at breakfast after I'd spent the night there, I asked Ave how much Pam was doing to the place. "I don't know," he said, glancing up from the *Times*. "But there's this little man who pops up now and then and talks to me in this sort of English accent. He seems to be a decorator."

"He sure is," I said.

"Who is he?"

"You'll know when you see the bills."

Ave glowered and went back to his *Times*.

Pam tarted up Hobe Sound as well. So I wasn't at all prepared for what happened when I found myself seated next to Pam at the Al Smith Dinner in New York City, the Democratic Party's annual fund-raiser in the Grand Ballroom at the Waldorf. Cas ally, as though she were remarking abo the weather, Pam mentioned that she a Ave had put Hobe Sound on the market.

Knowing how much Ave loved t place, I was surprised.

"Yes," she went on. "We think we' found a very good buyer for it. And I' found an absolutely super place in Ba bados."

Ave looking for shells on a Caribbe beach? I couldn't see it.

"Pam," I said, "I hope you're not inclu ing that acre of land as part of the deal.

"What acre?" she asked sharply.

"The one Ave promised Cheray a me. You know, down by the grapefru grove."

Her smile froze. "Is it in writing?"

In the moment it took to answer "C course not," I realized there was nothi more I could say. I glanced over at Av who occupied one of the central seats o the speakers' dais. If I had never bee able to ask him for anything before, I ce tainly wouldn't be able to now.

One day without warning, a large box a rived at our door, courtesy of U.P.S. Insid was every framed picture of me with M and/or Ave, or me with Cheray and th kids and Ma and/or Ave, that had occupie a place in the Harriman houses. Her secr tary had included a brief explanatory not

From then on, every time I called Av to ask how he was doing, or perhaps t arrange to meet for lunch, I was never abl to speak with him alone. After we'd sa hello, Pam would get on the line and foo note the conversation. When Ave and I di meet for lunch, it was never just the two c us. Pam, as I later learned from a forme secretary of hers, would have change whatever appointment she had in order t be there. It wasn't out of fondness for me By the time the 70s had turned into the 80 and Pam had begun laying the groun work for her next adventure, as fund-raise par excellence for the Democratic Party, was seeing very little of Ave.

The house in Hobe Sound was sold along with my acre. As Ave became in creasingly deaf—and, before long, increas ingly blind—he was transported into nev domains that were entirely of Pamela' creation, arriving on their private jet Weekends they spent an hour's drive fron Washington at Willow Oaks, a many-acr equestrian property near Middleburg, Vir ginia, that Pam had transformed at untol expense into a showplace. They winterec in Mango Bay, their fairy-tale hideaway i Barbados, which had been built by th British set designer Oliver Messel largel out of coral. Ave had clearly moved on.

Cheray and I broke up in 1981, and four years later I phoned to tell Ave of my impending marriage to Brooke Hayward, the daughter of Leland Hayward and Margaret Sullavan. Brooke had written a remarkable book, *Haywire,* about the collapse of her brilliant family. With devastating understatement, she'd painted her stepmother Pamela as the formidable adversary I myself had come to see. I felt a great kinship with Brooke—she was like a long-lost sister. And she was a survivor.

Luckily, my call to Ave was answered by one of the nurses, who got him on the phone alone. I trusted that he wouldn't have even heard of *Haywire,* in which Brooke had told the story of Pam's role in the disappearance of a valuable string of pearls left to Brooke by her mother.

I was right. "That's wonderful!" said Ave. "When can I meet her?"

We were talking about getting together when Ave interrupted me: "Wait a minute. Pam's just walked in. Let me put her on the phone."

There was no escape.

"Peter, what good news!" said the beautifully practiced voice. "Who's the lucky girl?"

"Um . . . Brooke Hayward."

Pam didn't skip a beat: "That's terrific! Where *is* Brooke? I want to call and congratulate her."

So Brooke answered her phone, and was dumbfounded to hear Pam coo, "Broooooke. I want to tell you how *thrilled* I am with the news. We just *love* Peter so. The Governor is *so* excited. I'm going to put him on the phone."

No, Brooke thought. I don't know him. But it was too late. Averell got on the line and in his deaf way yelled, "You're marrying the most wonderful man!" Then Pam got back on and said, "We're going to give you a wedding present. Five hundred shares of Union Pacific stock!"

"It was as though nothing had ever happened," Brooke later said.

In the summer of 1986, Brooke and I were in Salzburg for the music festival when Pam called.

"Peter, I don't want to spoil your vacation, but Averell has taken a turn for the worse. He hasn't very long."

"Should I come back now?"

"No. I'll be in touch. But I'd like you to be a pallbearer."

I said I'd be honored.

Several days later, I was at St. Thomas's Episcopal Church in New York, which was packed with 900 family members, state and national politicians, diplomatic colleagues, journalists, and society figures. The other pallbearers were Ave's five grandsons and Pam's son, Winston Churchill. After the service we piled into limos for the procession across the George Washington Bridge, up the Palisades Parkway, through Harriman State Park, and into Arden. We passed squadrons of New York State troopers, standing in formation along the road, saluting the Governor's hearse.

There were about 60 of us standing around the open grave, next to Ma's stone on the knoll opposite the little chapel of St. John, as the Episcopal bishop of New York, Paul Moore Jr., led the prayers and gave the blessing.

How fitting, I thought, that Ave should end up next to the woman who had been through so much with him during his long career. And how generous of Pam, who looked every inch the Dignified Widow, to put him there.

Afterward, we all went up to the big house for a lunch, and standing with Ave's daughters, Mary and Kathleen, and looking out over the immense, still-unspoiled vista of woods and hills, I felt again that enchanted safety which the forests of Arden had always given me.

My reverie was shattered when Mary remarked, "You know, Ave's not going to be buried next to Marie."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it was all a show. Ave's going to be buried down by the lake. Pam says it's what he wanted."

"But that's nonsense! I'm sure Ave would have wanted to be buried in the family plot, near his mother and next to Marie. The lake is four miles away."

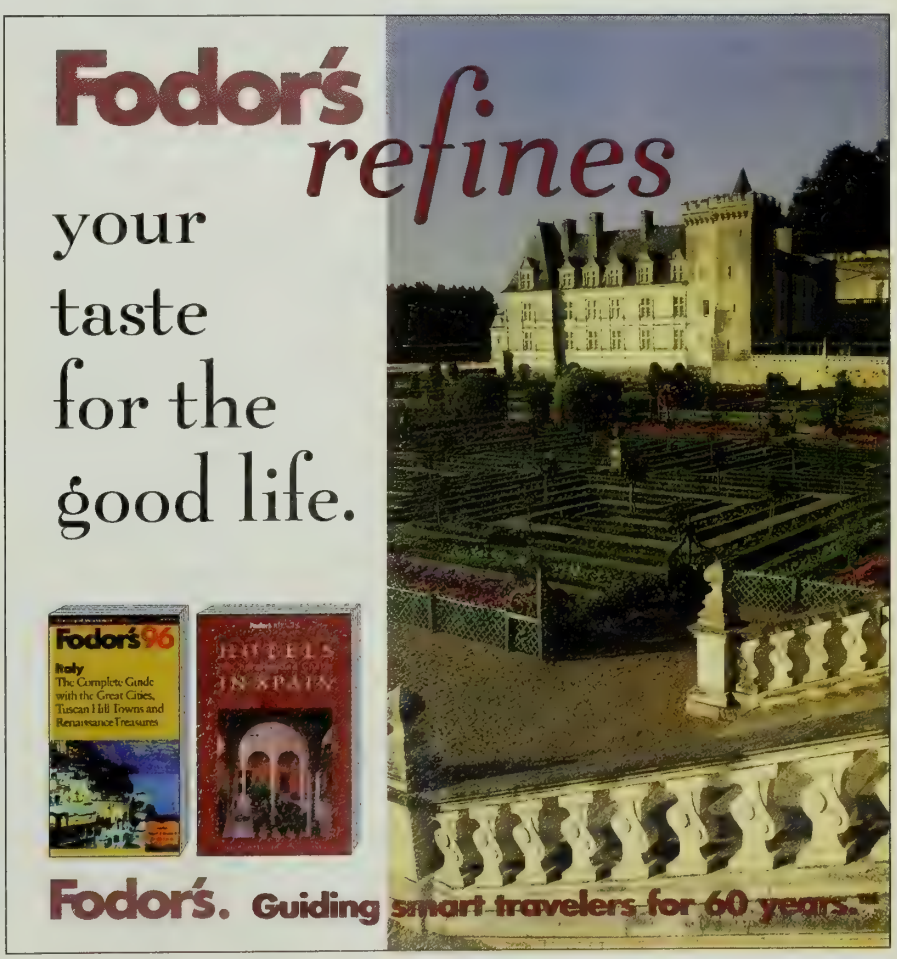
"Well, according to Pam, a couple of years ago they were walking by the lake one evening when Averell said how lovely it would be to be buried there, just the two of them side by side."

"That sounds like Pam, not Ave. I can't imagine him coming out with anything so sentimental. I certainly can't imagine him talking about death."

"I can't, either," said his daughter.

After we had witnessed the blessing, Ave's casket was returned to New York, where his body lay for two months on ice while the lakeside site was readied to receive him. When reports of the deception hit the papers, more than one distinguished mourner was furious at having come all the way up to Arden for what turned out to be a sham burial.

After this, I wasn't surprised to hear that Ave had left virtually his entire fortune, including all the houses and art, to his widow. She'd gotten it all for herself—even his bones. □



(Continued from page 156) unusual was to see her so conspicuously seated with women of the highest level of Western society. Arab women tend to sit together in the last row."

Actually, Mouna was neither Muslim nor Saudi to begin with. She was born Monique Elias Ayoub to Lebanese parents. Her mother was Greek Orthodox, her father a Maronite Catholic. She told me that her birth date was February 25, 1957, that her parents worked in Kuwait—"My father was an entrepreneur who built buildings, and my mother was a nurse"—and that, like her brother and two sisters, she was educated at a Catholic boarding school in Lebanon. In 1976, she said, she went to Paris to study at the Sorbonne, and to make ends meet worked nights as a waitress and cashier at a restaurant called Le Beirut in Passy, where she met her future husband. She denied rumors that she had ever been a belly dancer and that Nasser Al-Rashid, who was considerably older, hired her to work as an au pair for his two children by his former wife, an American he had met when he was studying engineering at the University of Texas in Austin.

Mouna and Nasser Al-Rashid were married in London in 1979, after she had converted to Islam, and immediately flew to Riyadh. Saudi Arabia was at the height of the oil boom, its desert capital was a vast construction site, and Nasser Al-Rashid was well on his way to making an enormous fortune. According to a source close to the wife of the late King Khalid, who ruled from 1975 to 1982, "Al-Rashid got his start by winning the contract to do a hotel for King Khalid in Taif, the summer resort above Mecca. King Khalid liked the building so much that he gave him more government construction contracts."

Mouna refused to provide any information about her ex-husband or his business. Almost nothing has been written about him, but an obscure publisher in Joplin, Missouri, has issued three books Al-Rashid wrote with Dr. Esber Shaheen: *King Fahd and Saudi Arabia's Great Evolution* (1987), *Saudi Arabia and the Gulf War* (1992), and *Saudi Arabia: All You Need to Know* (1995). They paint a comprehensive, detailed, and thoroughly positive portrait of the oil-rich country and its ruling House of Saud. According to the notes on the authors, Nasser Al-Rashid was born in Medina in 1939, earned a B.S. in civil engineering from the University of Texas in 1965, and a Ph.D. from the same school in 1970. Five years later he established Rashid Engineering in Riyadh, and by the late 70s the company had annual revenues of more than $2 billion. He is officially "the Engineering Consultant to King Fahd, the Crown Prince and the Royal Court," and sits on the boards of several financial institutions, including Investcorp, which owns Saks Fifth Avenue. He is also said to be an investor in Mouawad, a prestigious jewelry business with stores in Paris, Geneva, and the Middle East.

High-level Arab sources say that he works "hand in hand" with King Fahd and is very close to two of Fahd's sons, Prince Mohammed and Prince Abdul Aziz. He is also known in the Arab world as the former employer of Prime Minister Rafic Hariri of Lebanon, who has made billions of his own in the construction business in Saudi Arabia. ("Hariri was Rashid's accountant," explains a Lebanese socialite. "Rashid recommended him to King Fahd. And now he's even richer than Rashid.")

Nasser Al-Rashid installed his wife in a mansion in Riyadh modeled after Mar-a-Lago—the Marjorie Merriweather Post estate in Palm Beach, now owned by Donald Trump—complete with a tennis court and indoor and outdoor pools. But, she told me, she could not leave the house without being wrapped in a black abaya and wearing a veil over her entire face, or go to restaurants, or drive, or leave the country without her husband's permission. The house has separate living rooms for men and women. In order for her to jog, her husband had a running track built along the inside of the walls that enclose the five-acre property.

"The Saudis are the Puritans of the Moslem world," writes Sandra Mackey in *The Saudis: Inside the Desert Kingdom.* "As possessors of two of the three holy sites of Islam, Mecca and Medina, the Saudis see themselves as having a certain birthright as defenders of the faith. . . . Women survive by totally placing themselves in the hands of men. . . . Restlessness is repressed. Obedience is security."

On the other hand, as Mouna's friend Victoria Oberfeld, the Mexican socialite, points out, "Mouna complains that her conservative Muslim husband didn't want her to wear low-cut dresses and miniskirts. Well, my conservative Catholic husband doesn't want *me* to wear low-cut dresses and miniskirts."

Fashion designer Mary McFadden, who was invited to Riyadh by Mouna in 1991 to show her collection privately to a small group of women, including several royal princesses and ambassadors' wives, says, "Nasser is a man's man. I stayed at the house for a week, and he was either with the king or at one of the men's clubs. He's a serious and devout Muslim. And like most men in that part of the world, he is not interested in women whatsoever. They don't think we have a brain in our head. He and Mouna basically had a running battle of the sexes, and the issue was her freedom."

"You really needed to be prepared for that life, and I wasn't," Mouna told me. "For six months there was not a meal I ate without eating my tears at the same time. It was a very painful experience. . . . I felt that I was a burden to him rather than a support. I *couldn't* be the ideal, wonderful Saudi wife. I was a foreigner and young and different."

A year after the Al-Rashids were married, the first of their five children, a son, was born. Three years later he was diagnosed with acute lymphocytic leukemia, and his parents flew with him to the world-renowned St. Jude Children's Research Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee. Mouna spent a large part of the next two years in Memphis while her son received treatment, and then returned there with him every three months until the late 80s. In gratitude for saving their son's life, the Al-Rashids made a seven-figure donation to the hospital, and he built the King Fahd Children's Medical Center in Riyadh with $100 million of his own money.

"The beginning of my 'enlightenment' was in Memphis," said Mouna. She not only learned English there, she said, but also began to rebel. "At one point I had blue-and-orange hair. I did fabulous pictures in Valentino dresses in the trophy room at Graceland." In 1984, while in Los Angeles to attend a benefit for St. Jude hospital, she was introduced to Betsy Bloomingdale, who became her social guide on the West Coast. That same year in Rome she met another invaluable mentor, Eleanor Lambert, who was doing public relations for Luigi Sturchio, the Italian designer who worked on the *Lady Moura.*

Nasser Al-Rashid already owned the late Charles Revson's *Ultima II,* but the new boat put him among the owners of the 10 largest yachts in the world, led by King Fahd's 482-foot *Abdul Aziz* and Queen Elizabeth II's 412-foot *Britannia.*

The 344-foot *Lady Moura* has five decks for the family and their guests, with furnishings by David, Viscount Linley, and two more for equipment and a crew of up to 90. "It's the most elegant and sophisticated large yacht in the world," says James Gilbert, editor in chief of *Showboats International.* "It's not excessive. Everything is done in wonderful taste."

Launched in 1991, the *Lady Moura* became Mouna's ticket into international society as she cruised the Mediterranean and entertained guests such as Princess Caroline of Monaco, Ursula Andress, Olivia Newton-John, *Vanity Fair* contributing editor Wendy Stark Morrissey, Betsy Bloomingdale, Mary McFadden, and Ruth Kennedy, who works for David Linley's furniture company. By her husband's decree, no male guests were allowed aboard; he himself spent little time with Mouna and her society friends on the boat.

"This was the time when I started to be daring about going out," she said. "I don't know what it was that made me think: I'm not such an idiot after all. Maybe it was the Gulf War, when I went and lived in Monaco with my children and he stayed in Saudi Arabia and I would go and visit him every 15 days. I did love him very, very much, but in the last six or seven years we rarely saw each other. I was busy with the kids, and he was busy with business."

She recalled a turning point in their marriage: the New Year's Eve party given by Marvin and Barbara Davis in Aspen to see in 1990. "I was wearing these beautiful rubies my husband had given me, and I was acting like a kid. He disapproved and took me out of this party and everybody saw it. Of course, what he considers not behaving—having a couple of drinks and dancing and telling some jokes—is perfectly normal in your society. But it is not in ours. I felt as if I'd made a fool of myself, and I hated this ruby necklace, and I sold it."

Although she had been ordering clothes privately from the French couture houses since the beginning of her marriage, in 1992 she attended a fashion show in Paris for the first time. "It was Chanel, and I was seated next to Princess Ira von Fürstenberg, and we immediately became friends." A few months later, they went to the Canyon Ranch in Arizona together. "After two days I said to Ira, 'This is just what I left—a place with strict rules in the middle of the desert.' So she called her friend Wendy Stark Morrissey in Los Angeles, who invited us to a dinner she was giving for Joan Collins. I said, 'How can I go? Aren't there men?' Ira said, 'Of course there are men.' I said, 'But if my husband ever finds out . . . ' Finally I went, and in order to block the fear, I had to play this fantastic role. Since then I always feel like I'm on a stage. It works both ways. Either when I come to America I am me and in Saudi Arabia I'm performing. Or when I'm in Saudi Arabia I am me and in America I'm performing. I really don't know. I'm just two completely different people, here and there."

> "Mouna is like someone who's been let out of jail. She wants to learn, to see, to go."

When the Al-Rashids were finally officially divorced on February 20 of this year, "it was amicable and peaceful," she said. "I didn't ask for a zillion dollars. I accepted what he proposed. He will have custody of the children, but he has agreed that when he doesn't have time to spend with them, I will stay with them. I will also spend two months in the summer with the children on the boat. If he remarries and wants to use the yacht with his new wife, we will work out another arrangement." Friends say that Nasser Al-Rashid is already involved with another beautiful young Lebanese woman.

According to Mouna, she is keeping the house in Neuilly as well as a house in Los Angeles, reportedly purchased for $7.5 million in 1989. She is also renting a penthouse in the Hôtel Plaza Athénée in Manhattan. Under Muslim law, a woman's jewelry is hers to keep, usually even in the case of divorce, so Mouna says she still possesses a $50 million trove. In fact, she told me she has made "a little fortune" buying and selling stones over the years.

"I was at my desk in Riyadh, talking with Geneva and New York and sometimes Hong Kong. I started with a ruby, and then diamonds. That was the only business I *could* do in Saudi Arabia, because I could do it on the phone without meeting any men, and it was my rightful property." She said she had been offered $13 million for the Mouna Diamond, but was holding out for more.

"I already have $3 million put aside from my profits for the international school I am going to build in Majorca. I think it would be great to be a headmistress in my old age." Plans for her future seem to come a mile a minute: she wants to make an exercise video like Jane Fonda's for Arab women and record a song like Melissa Etheridge's "Yes I Am." She also wants to be taken seriously as a philanthropist. Deeda Blair told me Mouna has already made three substantial donations to the Harvard AIDS Institute.

In March she raised close to a million dollars for the Majorca school at an auction of paintings, silver, and *objets d'art* in Paris. King Juan Carlos of Spain plans to attend the laying of the cornerstone this summer, she told me the last time I saw her. It was in Los Angeles, at *Vanity Fair*'s Oscar party, and she managed to turn heads in a crowd that included Raquel Welch and Diana Ross. She was wearing a turquoise marabou jacket and a black sequin minidress by Yves Saint Laurent, black patent-leather Gucci boots, and a 75-carat aquamarine-diamond pendant. Her entourage was just as showy: the beauteous blonde Duchess of Seville, the hunky pop singer Nick Scotti, and Prince Dimitri of Yugoslavia, whose daytime title is vice president of Sotheby's jewelry department in New York. Can we expect the jewelry auction to end all jewelry auctions there this fall?

To quote Mouna, "I'm free, I'm free, I'm free! Free to do whatever I want, go wherever I want!" □

Thomases

(Continued from page 142) questions," says one Clintonite. According to Bob Woodward's book *The Agenda,* Susan and Hillary decided in the early days of the administration to move the press operation out of the White House and into the Old Executive Office Building, in order to get hated journalists farther away from the First Family. In the end, they settled for denying reporters their traditional access to the office of the communications director (then George Stephanopoulos), where they had previously gone to get the administration's reaction to breaking news. This provoked a calamitous deterioration in Stephanopoulos's relations with the press.

Staying outside the administration left Thomases free to develop her legal business, but that too became a source of grief. A *Newsweek* article by Michael Isikoff that appeared in 1995 offered a peek into Thomases' heavy-handed lobbying style during her weekly Wednesday trips to the capital. She reportedly told one client, "This matter is not going to be reviewed by the president of the United States"—implying that such a review was well within her power, if need be. Later, she had Ickes reach down the chain of command to request a status report on the case. "She's not shy about her access," says one administration official. "You'll never find her playing it down."

In line with the administration's rhetoric about restricting the activities of revolving-door lobbyists, holders of White House passes were required in 1993 to disclose their clients. The so-called "Gang of Four" top campaign advisers—James Carville, Paul Begala, Mandy Grunwald, and Stanley Greenberg—all dutifully did so. Thomases, however, gave up her pass rather than reveal the names of those she worked for. "It's outrageous," says Charles Lewis, director of the lobbying-watchdog group the Center for Public Integrity. "Lots of lobbyists with a 50th of her access are required to disclose. For her not to disclose her clients is contemptuous to say the least."

But the issue of Thomases' lobbying has been overwhelmed by a more immediate ethical question, her role in the handling of documents in the aftermath of Vince Foster's suicide. In the 48 hours following that tragic and stunning event, there was a flurry of phone calls among Thomases, Bernard Nussbaum, Hillary Clinton, and her chief of staff, Maggie Williams. At first, according to Justice Department lawyers, Nussbaum had agreed to let them perform the search, but after the calls, he announced that he would do it himself, with the lawyers and Park Police officers watching from a distance. As a result, documents relating to Whitewater were removed from Foster's office without being seen by investigators. The manner in which the search was conducted fueled suspicions that the White House was trying to hide something, suspicions that have yet to be entirely dispelled.

Phone records obtained by the Senate Whitewater committee provided almost overwhelming circumstantial evidence that Thomases had been a crucial link in restraining the search. At 6:44 A.M. Little Rock time on the second day after the suicide, the First Lady, who was staying with her mother, received a call from Maggie Williams. They talked for seven minutes. At 6:57, Mrs. Clinton phoned Susan Thomases, and they spoke for three minutes. At 7:01, Thomases paged Bernie Nussbaum. At 7:25, she called Mrs. Clinton back. Thomases then placed a series of calls to the White House while Nussbaum and others were meeting about the search. In the midst of this volley, Nussbaum announced to the investigators that they wouldn't be allowed to look at all of Foster's papers. Steve Neuwirth of the White House counsel's office testified that Nussbaum had told him that the First Lady and Thomases didn't want the police to have "unfettered access." (Nussbaum did not recall saying this and has claimed that the decision was entirely his own.)

In a series of hearings before the committee, Thomases said she hadn't instructed anyone about the search or acted as a conduit for instructions. In three appearances, her memory of the calls grew dimmer and dimmer. When she first testified, in August, she had a detailed recollection of her conversation with Hillary Clinton after the suicide; she was certain they had not discussed the documents in Foster's office. She claimed a call to Nussbaum was merely an attempt to "reach out" to him. Nussbaum, however, remembered this conversation differently. "She said people are concerned about whether I was using the correct procedure. . . . Whether it was proper to give people access to the office at all," Nussbaum testified in a deposition. At that point, just after the suicide, the only "people" at the White House Thomases had spoken to were the president, the First Lady, and Maggie Williams.

In November, the D'Amato committee gained access to additional phone records, which showed a total of 17 calls between Thomases and various White House personnel after the suicide. She was summoned again, but her recollection was vague. She did not remember whom she spoke to when she called the White House, or even if she spoke to anyone, or what any of the conversations were about other than her offering emotional support. "It defies credibility," D'Amato fumed. Lauch Faircloth of North Carolina was even angrier. "Ms. Thomases, I do not believe . . . that this absolute plethora of repeated telephone calls from you to Ms. Williams, to Mrs. Clinton, back and forth, were all touchy-feely, love-in-bloom, sympathetic telephone calls," he scoffed.

In her third and final appearance, in December, committee counsel Michael Chertoff grilled Thomases about another set of eyebrow-raising circumstances. On July 26, a few days after the search, Thomases received a call from Robert Barnett, one of the Clintons' personal attorneys. The next morning Hillary Clinton left a message requesting that she come that day to the White House. On the 27th, both Barnett and Thomases were at the White House—Barnett was there to pick up the box of the Clintons' personal papers that had been removed from Foster's office. Visitor logs show Thomases stayed there for six hours, including an hour and a half in the personal residence. As to what happened, Thomases' mind was an absolute blank.

CHERTOFF: What did the First Lady want to see you about?
THOMASES: I have no idea.
CHERTOFF: Did you see her?
THOMASES: I honestly do not remember seeing her. . . .
CHERTOFF: Do you remember coming to the White House?
THOMASES: No.
CHERTOFF: You come up to the second floor of the residence, remember that?
THOMASES: No. . . .
CHERTOFF: What were you doing up on the second floor for an hour and a half?
THOMASES: I don't remember. . . .
CHERTOFF: Did you see the First Lady?
THOMASES: I don't really remember seeing the First Lady that day.

The performance left D'Amato apoplectic. The senator, however, seems to have missed a crucial inconsistency in Thomases' testimony, which has gone unremarked. In August, Thomases had testified, "I did not discuss my opinion—my appearance here today with Hillary Clinton." In the December hearing, however, when she was being asked again about whether she had ever discussed the handling of documents with Hillary, Thomases acknowledged that they discussed the issue in the context of her upcoming

testimony "before the first hearing." This contradiction is important because it goes to the heart of whether Thomases and the First Lady straightened out their stories about not attempting to constrain the search of Foster's office.

Thomases has seemed to contradict herself on other points as well. In *Blood Sport,* Jim Stewart describes a hitherto unknown visit Vince Foster paid Thomases shortly before his suicide. Since the only other participant in the conversation is dead, Thomases is obviously the source. According to Stewart, and hence to Thomases, Foster brought up the travel-office affair, "adding that he didn't trust David Watkins, who he feared might fabricate or embellish the facts to cover himself—possibly at the expense of the First Lady." The apparent reference here is to a memo written by Watkins about the travel-office scandal, which surfaced in late 1995, more than two years after the alleged conversation between Foster and Thomases and long after it was originally subpoenaed by congressional investigators. The document damagingly portrayed Hillary Clinton as far more involved in the travel-office firings than she has acknowledged in public statements and in a sworn deposition. As relayed by Stewart, Thomases' spontaneous recollection appears as a stunning effort at spin control: an attempt to cover for the First Lady.

But the rest of the Thomases-supplied passage disturbs those who were Foster's friends much more. "One thing he had not missed about his life in Little Rock was Lisa, his wife," Stewart continues. "The marriage had not been what he'd hoped for, and it hadn't been for years. . . . She was completely dependent on him, and this had become a burden." This was seen as a shocking act of disloyalty and disrespect to Lisa Foster. But Thomases had created an even bigger problem for herself. This story contradicts what Thomases told the F.B.I. about her lack of insight into Foster's suicide. According to F.B.I. notes, when Thomases was asked in 1994 about the Foster suicide she did not even recall such a conversation taking place. (Thomases' lawyer has said that the F.B.I.'s information is incorrect.) Realizing this only after she had spoken to Stewart, Thomases and her lawyer tried, without success, to get him to remove the passage from the book before publication. (Neither Thomases nor her lawyer returned calls for this article.) These issues may be explored if Thomases testifies again. The Whitewater committee tried to recall her earlier this year for a fourth time. But having slipped on the ice and broken her leg, she was granted a delay.

Susan Heilbron, a New York lawyer and close friend of Thomases', says there is a good explanation for the memory lapses: M.S., the disease from which they both suffer. "It's like a light switch," Heilbron says, describing her own difficulties remembering certain events. Though not all people with M.S. experience memory loss, Heilbron points out that when Thomases testified most recently she appeared to be suffering from a speech impairment, another symptom of M.S.-related cognitive dysfunction. Why hasn't Thomases raised this issue in her own defense? Like many highly functioning people with M.S., Heilbron says, Thomases "doesn't like to talk about her infirmity."

Dr. Nicholas La Rocca, a Westchester, New York–based M.S. specialist who knows Thomases (but has never treated her), finds this explanation plausible. "M.S. can affect memory," he says. "It is estimated that upwards of perhaps 50 percent of people who have M.S. experience cognitive dysfunction at some point during the course of illness." He says that the small part of Thomases' testimony he saw "did remind me of some of my clinical experience with M.S. in which extremely intelligent, high-functioning people have said they have extreme difficulty at times remembering entire conversations."

But even Thomases' allies don't entirely buy this interpretation. "Everybody thinks Susan lied to Congress, including all of her friends," says one administration insider. "Clearly, it's what happened. She bullied Bernie into this position on the search. He already had the worst political judgment in the last thousand years and was receptive to her bad advice. She clearly was not on the phone to weep." Says another Clinton source, "She has a great memory for details, especially when it has to do with evening up the score." But her M.S. probably means that if Senator D'Amato, or Whitewater special prosecutor Kenneth Starr, tries to bring a perjury charge against Thomases there's little chance it will stick.

There are, however, other repercussions to being viewed as a public liar. Early in the administration, Thomases' connections brought a number of new clients to Willkie Farr. More recently, lawyers at the firm indicate, she has become a liability. The bad publicity also means that her role in the Clinton re-election effort will be more sub-rosa this time. Thomases was set to run the campaign in New York with Victor Kovner, a longtime friend, but Kovner will now have that position to himself.

Thomases' friends and allies argue that she has been punished according to a double standard: as a tough woman, she is a lightning rod for sexist criticism. "I never heard anyone say James Carville was too tough," says David Mixner, who raised money for Clinton and advised the campaign on gay issues. "I did not find her any tougher or any more crude or gross. I often found her more cooperative than others."

Carville, who feuded openly with Thomases in 1992, accepts this notion himself. "When women that age broke in, they had to be a little tough and brash and bitchy," he says. "She can be excessive, but she's a person who had to be aggressive. They didn't have glass ceilings back then, they had steel ceilings." Adds Carville's old partner, Paul Begala, "I think this is a sexist bias. Hillary has to be pigeonholed as a power bitch, Lady Macbeth, or the Martha Stewart mom. She's complicated, but the press doesn't want to give her that. I suspect that Susan suffers from the same problem."

But there's another kind of double standard which does more to explain Thomases. It is her own inconsistency on ethical issues. Given that she has been Hillary Clinton's sidekick in the politics of virtue, her ordinary lapses are compounded by extraordinary hypocrisy. The corollary of Hillary's secret commodities trades is Thomases' lobbying for clients and her apparent disingenuousness under oath.

To some extent the animosity directed at Thomases seems meant for the First Lady. It is probably not a coincidence that in *Primary Colors* the character modeled on Hillary Clinton is named Susan. Thomases is Rodham's proxy, and now her scapegoat, designated to absorb assorted ill will. "Susan is tremendously loyal to Mrs. Clinton," acknowledges one of Thomases' frequent antagonists. "She would walk over hot coals for her. In fact, she's doing that now."

Were Hillary beloved, such a sacrifice might be appreciated. But even inside the administration, Thomases seems to have become an outlet for the frustration that many feel but cannot demonstrate toward the First Lady.

That animosity may ultimately sever what has proved until now an amazingly durable relationship. Washington is rife with rumors that the First Lady has belatedly begun to distance herself from Thomases, who is described as deeply perturbed by the rift. Whatever her other failings, Thomases has surely been loyal to the Clintons. She always assumed her staunchness would continue to be repaid. □

Menendez

(Continued from page 153) instructions to the jury. Keating remains in prison on federal convictions.

They call Judge Weisberg Stanley Scissorhands since he cut so much out of the defense case.

—Radio reporter who covered the second Menendez trial.

Marti Shelton called from Virginia after the Menendez verdicts. She had had a telephone friendship with Lyle Menendez during the first trial and had taped many of his calls. I have listened to some of the scare tactics that were later used to keep her from coming forward with what she knew. "It's the right verdict, but it's sad," she said.

Faye Resnick called me from Paris today. She's so glad to be out of here. She was getting death threats.

—Stacy Gantzos, maître d' at Drai's, talking over her shoulder as she led me to my table.

Faye Resnick's coming back from Paris. She missed [her daughter] Francesca.

—Stacy Gantzos, talking over her shoulder as she led me to my table three weeks later.

One of the most interesting people I met on this trip out to Los Angeles—in the back room of Hamburger Hamlet on the Strip—was Anthony Davis, the great football star, who followed Simpson at U.S.C. and was on the cover of *Sports Illustrated* three times. Surprisingly, he also looks like Simpson, although he is heavier, and he is often mistaken for him, especially when he is in Brentwood. Davis, who is called A.D., is definitely not a Simpson supporter. "Socially, he was not part of his people. I know him like the back of my hand. I always hated being compared to him, because I'm nothing like him," he said. Davis, who speaks in a low voice, is a charismatic figure who demands your attention. He said he first met Nicole in Buffalo at Simpson's house, when he and O.J. were both in the pros. "'Who's that?' I asked. 'That's O.J.'s woman,' I was told. I thought she was too young for *me,* and I was 24 at the time.

"O.J. doesn't like black women. It's like he forgot his own mother was black. The man forgot his roots. He forgot he was a black man. He abandoned his people," said Davis. He has equal contempt for Johnnie Cochran, and is furious that Cochran is representing U.S.C. against Marvin Cobb, a black former U.S.C. athlete whom the university removed from his position as assistant athletic director. "I'm embarrassed to be a black man with guys like that out there. Guys like that make it tough for me. You're looking at a real nigger, a black nigger," he said, pointing to himself. "These guys stepped over the line. I try to be an upstanding guy. I'm clean. I help my community. O.J.'s a goddamned sellout. This trial set us back; the verdict set us back years. There's been a mist in the air ever since the verdict. The only thing that beat the system was his money. The race card wasn't the issue; murder was. But Johnnie's for Johnnie, and O.J.'s for O.J. I can take you down to South Central and line up 10 brothers, and 9 of them would tell you he's a sellout. When you sell out, you lose. We still live in a racist society. You can be the greatest star on the cover of every magazine, you're still going to be a nigger here. I'm not here to blast the man. I'm here to talk right and wrong. Once the trial was over, he went to the black community one time only and never went back. My people, the black people, know what O. J. Simpson was about. We knew exactly where he stood for years. I believe we have a responsibility to our people."

Davis, who drives a black Lincoln and has an office in Beverly Hills, deals in affordable housing. His theory of the murders is very different from most versions. He believes that Simpson was involved "with bad people" in shady business deals involving drugs and that Nicole knew about them and had started to talk. "Nobody's going to do 30 years because of some pussy you're jealous of, man. This is something bigger. There's things about that story that no one knows about yet."

The guy would have been better off if he'd gone to jail. In jail he wouldn't look so bad. Another prisoner would say, "Oh, that's nothing, O.J. I killed five *people." Or another guy would say, "Listen, O.J., I'm a child-molester. In here, they think that's worse."*

—A television reporter who didn't want his name used, during dinner at Eclipse.

I ran into prosecution lawyer Brian Kelberg one Saturday morning on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. It was Kelberg who had acted out the murders in front of the Simpson jury—with himself as the victims and the chief medical examiner, Dr. Lakshmanan Sathyavagiswaran, as the perpetrator—staging each assault, with a ruler for a knife, the way he believed Simpson cut the throats of his wife Nicole and Ron Goldman. Although Kelberg had never been very friendly during the trial, that day on Rodeo Drive we instantly connected, like war veterans at a reunion, in the bond that unites all of us who sat in Judge Ito's courtroom for the long haul, and we began talking of the experience we had shared.

"What do you make of how O.J.'s behaving since the acquittal?" I asked.

"He has deluded himself into believing he didn't do it," said Kelberg.

We're not the original Smothers Brothers. But we are real brothers. I'm Erik. This is Lyle. We don't care who *Mom liked best.*

—The Smothers Brothers in their nightclub act.

I had lunch at Dr. Deli on Van Nuys Boulevard with Craig Cignarelli, who stopped by the courthouse one day during the closing arguments. Cignarelli has been a principal figure in the Menendez case since a few days after the second memorial service for the slain parents, in Princeton, when Erik Menendez, who had been his best friend for two years, confessed to Cignarelli that he and Lyle had killed their parents. During the first trial, Cignarelli quoted Erik as having told him, "Lyle said, 'Shoot Mom.'" Jose Menendez had not liked Cignarelli and had once kicked him off the property of the Beverly Hills house. Cignarelli was a prosecution witness twice. Despised by Leslie Abramson, he despises her right back. During lunch he told me that Abramson had walked by him in the corridor and said, "Scumbag." Last year he graduated from the University of California at Santa Barbara. He is currently working on the political campaign of Republican candidate Richard Sybert, who is running for Congress from the 24th Congressional District. After the campaign, Cignarelli will attend law school. It is his hope to be a United States senator one day, an ambition mocked by Abramson in her closing argument.

Al Cowlings comes in here. I told the manager I wouldn't serve him, but they said I had to if he was a customer. Last time he was here, I called Petrocelli's office, because they were looking for

him to serve a subpoena for the depositions for the civil suit, but no one called me back. If I had to wait on him, I'd tell him I didn't like to wait on someone who tried to help a killer get away. If he did anything to me, I'd call the National Enquirer. *I've got the number taped to the wall by the telephone in the kitchen.*

—Waitress at Nate 'n Al's, a popular Beverly Hills deli, where many industry figures have breakfast.

I want to show you something. See this trash bin? In the trial, this is what they said in court O.J. put the package in. They didn't even have this kind of trash bin until later. Here's the kind over here he put it in. See?

—Baggage handler for American Airlines at LAX.

Simpson's friend Robert Kardashian will always be remembered as the person who walked off Simpson's property the day after the murders carrying a Louis Vuitton bag that many people believed held the bloody clothes worn by the killer. I have never felt that that was so. I don't believe that Simpson would have brought bloody clothes back to Los Angeles from Chicago, where he had gone after the murders to play in a golf tournament, knowing that he would be met by the police. I do wonder, however, if Kardashian could have played a part in the removal of the murder weapon from the golf bag that arrived at LAX the day after Simpson's return from Chicago, when he and Simpson, in the midst of his mourning, went to the airport to pick up Simpson's golf clubs. A knife in a golf bag might have gone through security undetected.

One day as I was walking in the American Airlines terminal at LAX, a woman I didn't know yelled out to me that I had just missed Kardashian, who was going to Minneapolis on a frequent-flier ticket. Then I ran into him in the Admirals Club. "I hear you're going to Minneapolis," I said. I have had a complicated relationship with Kardashian throughout the Simpson case. Once, I warned a lady from Johnnie Cochran's office, whom Kardashian was rumored to be involved with, that one of the tabloid papers was going to write about the relationship. He thanked me at the time. Although I had not written warmly about Kardashian, when my son Alex was missing in the Arizona mountains during the trial, he wrote me one of the nicest letters I have ever received, a father-to-father letter, which touched me very much. I never did find out why he was going to Minneapolis that day, but we had this exchange:

I said, "I've seen you on *Hard Copy* a couple of times when you and [writer Larry] Schiller were with Simpson when he was making his video."

Kardashian looked me straight in the eye, touched my arm, and said, "Not anymore, Dominick. I've pulled away."

"Really?"

"Really."

Later I heard that Kardashian and Simpson were no longer speaking. What I had known prior to this accidental meeting was that Kardashian was the secret partner of Larry Schiller on his book about the case, which was actually being written by James Willwerth of *Time* magazine, who covered the trial. The deal under discussion is that Kardashian will get a substantial portion of Schiller's fee but receive no credit. Someone I know who works for one of the tabloid papers told me that many of the Simpson stories that appeared after the verdict had been sold to them by Schiller and Kardashian.

Kardashian was at the time of the murders engaged to a beautiful, rich, blonde widow in her 30s named Denice Halicki, with whom he lived in the house from which Simpson and A. C. Cowlings took off on the famous white-Bronco freeway chase after Simpson had been examined and photographed by Dr. Henry Lee, America's foremost forensic scientist, who was an expert witness for the defense at the trial. The couple had moved into the house just three weeks earlier. During the trial, I became friendly with Denice Halicki, although we were ostensibly on opposite sides. "Glamorous" is the best word to describe her. She has very long legs and wears very short skirts and is a knockout. After Kardashian and Halicki broke up, she moved out. The story went at the time that she took all the furniture and the television sets with her.

Halicki has the kind of looks that could make you think at first that she is all beauty and no brains, but that is certainly not the case. Although she and her late husband, H. B. "Toby" Halicki, a maverick independent-film maker known as "the car-crash king," had been married only three months when he was killed in an accident on the set of *Gone in 60 Seconds II*—an accident she witnessed—they had, she told me, "been together" six years. He left an estate of "close to $15 million," including heavy investments in real estate as well as enormous antique-toy and vintage-automobile collections. She was the principal beneficiary. Then two of her husband's 12 siblings and a few other people wanted a share. She went to Kardashian for legal advice, which is how they met. During the Simpson trial, she won five lawsuits over her inheritance, and two more, against the court-appointed administrator, are pending. She started a Bible-study group in order to alleviate the dark feelings that many people in the courtroom felt. Simpson's sisters, Shirley and Carmelita, were among those who attended, as were Simpson's daughter Arnelle and Johnnie Cochran's wife Dale. Halicki is a close friend of Jo-Ellan Dimitrius, the jury consultant for the defense. During the trial they went to the Cannes Film Festival together. Dimitrius, also tall and blonde, came to the *Vanity Fair* Oscar party at Mortons in Beverly Hills in a strapless red satin dress on the arm of Larry King.

A few days after I ran into Kardashian, Halicki called me at my house in Connecticut.

"You had a mistake about me in your next-to-last 'Letter from Los Angeles,'" she said.

"What?"

"You said I was shopping on the day of the freeway chase and wasn't there in the house at the time."

I had indeed written that she had left the house before the Bronco chase.

"Who told you that?" she asked.

"I can't tell you."

"Was it ——?" She gave the name of a person who appeared to be a defense ally but wasn't. She was right.

"Don't you see what they're trying to do? They're trying to minimize me in the case. They're trying to make me look like a bimbo, out shopping at the time. Do you really think, knowing me, that I'm the kind of person who would be shopping at Neiman Marcus in Beverly Hills when all that was going on in *my* house? Of course I was there."

I laughed. She is a lady who likes to be at the center of the action.

"Remember, that was half my house at the time. Robert and I had just moved in there a few weeks before the murders. Let me ask you something: did you also hear that I took all the furniture when I moved out on Robert?"

"And the TV sets too," I replied.

"They spread those stories. The furniture and the TV sets were all mine from my previous house."

When I returned to Los Angeles for the Menendez *(Continued on page 182)*

Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

In the past you have driven loved ones crazy with your endless shenanigans—switching appointment dates, backing out of deals, writing down your phone number for strangers, and so on. One doesn't need a CAT scan to learn the cause of this erratic behavior. You're a Gemini. Right now you're changing, though. In fact, the only people you turn on to these days are the ones you can't fool. You are actually showing signs of great sensitivity to others. Don't worry. With Venus and Mercury retrograde, you're up to your old tricks again, just so you won't lose that edge.

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

Don't get your gallbladder in a state just because somebody you have counted on withdraws support. With Jupiter going retrograde in your 7th house, what else can you expect? Besides, it's not the first time you've been led into the desert by a very convincing guide who, it later turns out, forgot to bring the water canteen. If staunch companions seem to resemble rats leaving a sinking ship, you mustn't fret. Jupiter will finally go forward again in September. Besides, you still have that higher power you were so comforted by a few months ago. Don't you?

LEO *July 23–August 22*

For all the ribbing Leos take concerning how self-involved they are (some say you care more about hairstyling products than you do about the plight of humanity), you've already proved yourself to be a pretty caring person. Now that Uranus has begun its transit of your 7th house, you're even more able to relate to people and listen to what they have to say, no matter how drawn-out their tales seem. If, during the current retrograde motion of that planet, certain people disappear suddenly, let them go. They'll be back. If not, there's always you, the mirror, and the hair spray.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

Everyone has heard the old cliché about Virgos: they are obsessive hypochondriacs who turn to chemotherapy for a common cold but who, when something *really* goes wrong, scream, "I'm not sick! I'm not sick!" When it comes to work routine and fear of change, Virgos are much more than an army of rigid little creatures doing the goose step. Many members of your sign are inspired and creative, even if their world is a little on the small side. As Uranus goes retrograde in your 6th house, show everyone just how healthy and spontaneous you can be—without the usual hysterics.

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

As Chiron limps through Libra, and Uranus goes retrograde, the fact that Libras have been deeply injured is not news. Nor is the fact that you're pissed about it—big-time. In reaction, many Libras are now acting out and defending relationships that deep down they know may not be right. It's only natural. However, when you insist on doing the advanced slope the first time you put on a pair of skis, probably the only sane thing you can do next is keep your eye on the finish line and try to stay upright. You wouldn't want to end up flat on your back, would you?

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

If you're not 100 percent in sync emotionally and sexually with loved ones at the moment, that's O.K. Disruptions at home are part of the natural disorder of life when the co-ruler of your 4th house goes stationary. It could be a leaky barn, or Grandma's clogged arteries, or any one of 84 It-couldn't-ever-happen crazy things that nevertheless occur in that family of yours, which is not exactly what one would call American Gothic. In fact, the bunch gathered around your kitchen table is closer to the group [illegible] scene in *Star Wars* than it is to the Waltons. No offense.

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

Because the human race is generously sprinkled with nervous wrecks and wild-eyed nuts—at least, that's what one would think to hear you talk about your relationships—it's hard to find someone who doesn't wiggle, waffle, pop in and out of sanity, and fail consistently to communicate honestly. Besides, in your new determination to be your own guide and follow your own star (Pluto in Sagittarius), you should be listening to your own voice and not be distracted by the madness of others. But Venus and Mercury retrograde in your 7th house make it very tempting to do so.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

As Uranus makes a station in your 2nd house and Jupiter goes retrograde in your sign, you may resort to the old Scrooge McDuck ploy of sitting on a pile of gold and shouting at those you love, "You're sending me to the poorhouse!" To be fair, you've been very good lately—much more generous and supportive than usual. Don't get defensive. Nobody can truthfully say you don't bend over backward to encourage and motivate loved ones and friends to do better and improve their lives, because you often do. When it comes to money, though . . .

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

A lot of people are going to be saying that you are not yourself, when in fact you've never been more yourself in your life. Yes, you're acting a little bit wacky, but anybody who has ever had a Uranus transit knows exactly how you're feeling these days: like a porcupine on the warpath. Astronomers know that Uranus (which is your ruler, by the way) orbits the sun at a wacky angle. When it goes retrograde, as it is now, maybe a few of your coffee beans *do* spill out of the grinder. If some people don't like it, let them sue you. (They probably will.)

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

Some astrology columns will tell you that Mars in your 3rd house or Mercury in your 4th means that you'll be yelling about money, fighting with neighbors, giving your brother the silent treatment, and practically living over at your mother's house, if not reliving her life. All such trivia about daily pursuits only divert you from the real issue—the seven-year transit of Uranus through your 12th house, which demands that nothing in this world distract you from your true path, which is not family, kids, career or money. It's spirituality. Laugh if you want to.

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

This may not be the best time for communication. Also, there may be professional delays if supporters back off and former champions start hemming and hawing. That's the deal when planets go retrograde in your 3rd, 10th, and 11th houses. None of it finally matters, though, for two reasons: (1) Since Saturn moved into your sign, you haven't been standing around biting your nails and waiting for God to pick up his messages and answer your prayers. You're into action, regardless of where the planets are. (2) You're an Aries, so the more flak you get, the more you thrive.

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

The lives of Tauruses everywhere are taking the oddest turns. Those who have been hoofing it in the back row of the chorus are suddenly being yanked into starring roles. Others, who were sure their star would never fall, are sitting on park benches reading the trade papers. With Saturn entering your 12th house, you are setting out on a personal journey now whether you are currently making national policy or applying for unemployment. Your mission is—get this—to find God. That does not mean you have to stop shopping and negotiating deals, though.


SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
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She's gone to Capri and she's not coming back
Capri
Superslims
CAPRI
CAPRI
CAPRI

Menendez

(Continued from page 179) verdict, I met with Halicki at the Hotel Bel-Air. She spoke very graciously about her former fiancé. "O.J. used Robert," she said. "Robert went over there to the house on Rockingham as soon as he heard about the murders, like any friend would, and O.J. used him from then on. It's been terrible for Robert. His friends have left him."

"Did Simpson stay at your house?" I asked.

"From the night after the murders to the freeway chase, he slept at our house."

"Did Paula Barbieri sleep there?"

"Yes, except for one night."

"Do you ever get scared?" I asked.

"No," she replied.

When we parted, I watched a Hotel Bel-Air parking valet hold the door of her beige Rolls-Royce as she got in and waved good-bye.

Every memory is self-serving, and the occasional admission of error offers the author an opportunity to congratulate himself for his honesty and courage in mentioning it.

—John Gregory Dunne in his book review of Christopher Darden's *In Contempt* in the April 15, 1996, issue of *The New Yorker.*

Over a year ago, in April 1995, I wrote in this magazine that Christopher Darden was the person to watch in the Simpson trial. I have always admired Darden, often for just those things that his detractors criticize him for. I have rarely met a person who is as ethical as Darden. In a justice system in which truth has become a joke, his sense of truth is a beacon of light. I admired that he had the courage to cry during the press conference after he and Marcia Clark lost the case. Johnnie Cochran gave Darden a racially cruel time during the trial, and he took his lickings for the disastrous glove experiment. He *has* come out of this trial as a person to watch. What he has shown us is that, in the long run, losing may be more victorious than a victory without honor. As of April 7 of this year, his book, *In Contempt,* became No. 1 on the *New York Times* best-seller list.

Sydney smells Nicole's presence sometimes. She said, "Mommy was just here. I can smell her perfume."

—Robin Greer, a friend of Nicole Brown Simpson's and one of the authors of *You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again,* discussing the Simpson children during dinner at Drai's.

A young woman named Moya Rimp, whom I met during the Simpson trial, called to tell me that she and her mother, Pauline Rimp, a prominent real-estate woman in Brentwood, had moved into Nicole Brown Simpson's condo, the scene of the murders, in order to help the Brown family sell it. The Browns are eager to get rid of the condo, although as yet there have been no takers.

"What's it like living there?" I asked.

"Very strange. Tourists are still coming by to look at it. When I walk the dog, I meet all these people in the neighborhood who tell me things. There's one who swears she saw O.J. talking to Ron and Nicole before the murders, but she wouldn't come forward."

Moya Rimp invited me for dinner. I went. Robert Altman, the film director, and his wife, Kathryn, were also there. Altman is a cousin of Pauline Rimp's. With the reverence of a docent at the Getty Museum, Moya Rimp showed us through the condo. "This is where Nicole's exercise equipment was," she said, stopping in an area outside the master bedroom. We stared at the empty space, then moved on. "Now we're entering Nicole's bedroom. That was her bed, and beyond, in the bathroom, you can see her tub, which was filled with water that night and had lit candles around the edge." We became caught up in her surreal thrall.

As many times as I had walked by the condo and looked at the pictures of the crime scene, I was still amazed at how large the place is—3,400 square feet—and how small the killing area is. I perched on the spot outside the picture window looking into the living room where Simpson would have sat when he reportedly spied on Nicole prior to the killings. It was the perfect place for a voyeur who had once watched his wife perform fellatio on another man, unseen by her—as happened with Keith Zlomsowitch. "We think he was watching Nicole through the window on the night of the murders, before she came outside," said Moya Rimp. In the ill-lit, eerie space, I felt as if I could almost hear the scuffling of rubber-soled Bruno Magli shoes and sneakers in the dirt and on the walkway. "This is where Ron fell," said Moya. "That's where Nicole was." As I looked at the scene, remembering the horrifying photographs shown in court, I didn't want to be there anymore, and we went inside. □

Cruise

(Continued from page 136) It was a lot to handle."

"He wanted the movie made for a responsible budget, and would not let it become a runaway production," confirms Sherry Lansing, chairman of Paramount Pictures. "Tom's performance as an actor was brilliant, but his function as a producer was extraordinary." Paramount is expecting Cruise/Wagner Productions to become an industry force along the lines of Imagine, the partnership of director Ron Howard and producer Brian Grazer, or Rob Reiner's Castle Rock. The Cruise-Wagner partnership is already developing a whole roster of projects, including *Pre* (Robert Towne's screenplay about the runner Steve Prefontaine, which Cruise is producing) and *Criminal Conversation,* based on an Evan Hunter novel. Cruise is slated to produce the film as a vehicle for Kidman.

Lansing fully expects Cruise to go the way of Mel Gibson and Clint Eastwood, eventually becoming a major director. "There's nothing safe about Tom," she says, citing his willingness to portray a paraplegic in *Born on the Fourth of July* and a bisexual bloodsucker in *Interview with the Vampire.*

Cameron Crowe, who is currently directing Cruise in *Jerry Maguire,* a movie about a conniving sports agent, says that Cruise, unlike any movie star he has ever known, remains an underdog spirit. "He still has something to prove in terms of people seeing everything he can do," says Crowe. "He really goes for it. That's what makes this guy different—he works harder and goes further than anyone."

It is not possible to spend time with Cruise without thinking of Maverick, *Top Gun*'s cocky ace pilot, who had to struggle to win the respect and confidence of his peers despite his obvious ability. Success came so swiftly to

Cruise that many people, from *New York Times* critic Janet Maslin to armchair casting specialist Anne Rice (the author who blathered publicly about his being cast in the film adaptation of her *Interview with the Vampire* saga), have had trouble taking him seriously as a genuine thespian. Perhaps, like Robert Redford before him (Cruise may fairly be considered the Redford of his generation), he hasn't seemed to suffer enough to be perceived as really actorly. At his worst, there's a chill beneath his charm. But you don't see that very often. He is cursed with the talent for making everything look so easy, as though he were always simply playing himself. Many people don't understand how hard it is to appear so casual and spontaneous in the middle of a multimillion-dollar production where the police keep stopping you and the budget keeps accelerating.

Since the beginning he has been tagged "a natural." He lucked into acting after an injury derailed his high-school wrestling career. After nailing the part of Nathan Detroit in *Guys and Dolls* his senior year, Cruise hopped a bus from New Jersey to New York, and then moved on to Hollywood. "I was a starving actor for a few months," he tells me at one point, flashing a blinding grin that eliminates the necessity of further explanation.

He doesn't apologize for his luck, perhaps because no actor of his generation has worked harder at being lucky than he has. Originally cast in a small part in *Taps,* he got the part of the trigger-happy cadet when another actor failed to make the grade during the mock-boot-camp rehearsals for the movie. He succeeded because of his gung-ho dedication. "He attacked it that day with such incredible confidence all our heads turned around," recalls Timothy Hutton, who co-starred as a fellow cadet and has been a friend ever since. "He worked incredibly hard, and that continues to be the case. He approaches every movie like it's the first one."

During *Rain Man,* Dustin Hoffman remembers, Cruise rose at 4:30 A.M. to work out. He talks about Cruise's putting in long hours on the set and later, as everyone else headed off to watch the dailies, going back to work out again. Or starting preparations for his next scenes. "He was like a machine in that sense," says Hoffman. "There is a joy in achieving excellence. It's all about the work."

While he acts like the class cutup, Cruise, according to directors, is actually more of a closet grind. Director Sydney Pollack remembers Cruise hovering behind him "so he could eavesdrop on everything that was said" during auditions for the female lead in *The Firm.* "He was working, studying the director's role," says Pollack, who persuaded Cruise to try his hand at directing an episode of Showtime's *Fallen Angels* entitled "Frightening Frammis." "He's like a sponge. But underneath it all is a very fierce determination."

"He's been at school this last decade," agrees Terry Semel, who describes meetings on *Pre* in which Cruise showed a detailed command of everything from script problems to the budget. "He has an almost childlike ability to listen to people, and then he runs it through his own filter. Tom sits in the room as a full participant but in a totally constructive, nicely handled way. He's like a seasoned executive."



TO DIE FOR
Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman at *Vanity Fair*'s 1996 Oscar party: "We're always working and on the road, so my best friend is Nic," he says.

It is not easy to maintain a sense of balance in the center of the celebrity whirlwind, but Cruise's ability to tune out the aspects he finds troubling is part of what his friends refer to as his amazing focus. "Incredibly well-preserved humanity" is the quality that Sean Penn points out as key to his pal. "I think it comes from inner strength. I don't know whether he attributes it to Scientology or not," Penn says, referring to Cruise's much-discussed religious affiliation. "But he's incredibly solid. The core of who he is hasn't changed in 15 years."

Cruise says he learned the hard way about the importance of having a life outside the limelight. In his first 10 years in Hollywood, he made 13 films back-to-back. He had two apartments, first in Brentwood, then in Greenwich Village, that he hardly ever saw. His first marriage, to actress Mimi Rogers, foundered, at least in part, because he was always working. "It's a lot of stuff to deal with," says Cruise of his early stardom. "In the beginning, I was always afraid. 'This is my one shot. I'm going to lose it, so I've just gotta *work, work, work.*' The first 10 years . . . that was it," he murmurs, shaking his head ruefully, "*work, work, work.*

"And then I met Nic, and it was like 'Oh, my God,'" he announces, watching me intently to see if I understand the magnitude of the revelation. "You read about people whose whole life is just movies and it's very small," continues Cruise, who knew the late producer Don Simpson from *Top Gun* and *Days of Thunder* and was saddened by his self-destructive existence. "Your life feeds your work, not the opposite. It's not about me, me, me, me. It's about the other person."

During the worst of what he wryly terms the "international hammering" he received before the release of *Interview with the Vampire* (Anne Rice has since apologized for her role in the brouhaha), Cruise says, his wife helped him keep his perspective. "Nic makes sure I don't go off into space. When you're under that much pressure, you have to be able to say, 'O.K., this is outrageous. I'm going to get slaughtered. But I'm going to do it.'"

Cruise calls Kidman "this great Aussie girl," and seems inordinately proud of her career and success with *To Die For.* (Friends say any reference to her lack of an Oscar nomination will send him off on a heated, hour-long tirade.) He raves about her performance in Jane Campion's upcoming *Portrait of a Lady,* in which she plays Henry James's immortal heroine Isabel Archer, but then catches himself, saying cautiously, "It's

ALAN BERLINER

going to happen, but you don't want to say anything that could jinx it."

Cruise says his past experience has made him "more committed." He and Kidman have never been separated for more than two weeks. "I go where she's going. Or she goes where I go," he says resolutely. "We're always working and on the road, so my best friend is Nic." He acknowledges that traveling together is more complicated now that he and his wife have adopted two children—Isabella, three, and Connor, one. But he maintains that it's not impossible. "I went to 15 different schools growing up," he says, a passing reference to the difficult adolescence that followed his parents' divorce when he was 12. Cruise, his mother, and his three sisters were on their own. "We stuck together and, to this day, are very close," he says. "I think what's important is that kids see parents who love each other."

Cruise admits he can't imagine what it would be like to have two movie stars as parents, and knows a "normal" home life for his children is a challenge. Both he and Kidman find the celebrity culture of Los Angeles a less than ideal place to raise a family, and Cruise says that when he hears "nightmare stories" about kids carrying beepers and quoting their fathers' box office, he's ready to pack his bags. But then he recounts a distinctly Hollywood interaction with his own daughter. "Bella says, 'O.K., Daddy, I'm going to work now,'" recalls Cruise, "and I say, 'O.K., sweetheart.' And she goes, 'Action.' It's a little scary," he admits. But he's laughing.

"I think he desperately needed family," says Dustin Hoffman. "Whether it was my family or the makeshift family of the crew. Now, when he's playing with his kids, I can see it in his eyes. He loves it and needs it." These days, Cruise is always surrounded by family. His big sister Lee Anne works in marketing and publicity for his company, and one of his cousins sometimes functions as his assistant on location. (Another sister has a teaching degree and lives in Florida, and the youngest owns a restaurant in New Jersey.) Kidman is very close to her parents and sister in Australia, and she and Tom recently purchased a town house in Sydney where they can stay during extended visits.

Given everything, Cruise and Kidman keep a very low profile. They live in a big, comfortable house near the Palisades, in a residential neighborhood that doesn't attract many movie stars. Their one real movie-star indulgence is a very private mountaintop retreat in Vail, Colorado, the home away from home of an increasing number of industry heavyweights. There the couple socializes in a close circle of friends, including actor Emilio Estevez (one of Cruise's best friends since the time when Estevez's parents—actor Martin Sheen and his wife, Janet—put the briefly unemployed actor up at their home). Terry and Jane Semel and director Rob Reiner and his wife, Michele, complete the circle.

Cruise is clearly on top of the world right now, and friends say they have never seen him as happy. He concedes that it is "a good time," but keeps his natural ebullience in check, admitting that when things seem to be going perfectly something always appears in the tabloids that casts a shadow on his life. The worst, he says, was a cover story last year on Kidman in *McCall's*. The story quoted an anonymous source as saying that Kidman married Cruise, who has denied rumors that he is secretly homosexual, only to "squelch the gay stuff," and alleged that in return CAA "would make her a movie star." The magazine published a complete retraction, but Cruise says it was very hurtful. "I feel very angry about it," he says. "I just try to remind Nicole, it's like a mantra—'You have me, you have the kids, it doesn't matter what anyone else thinks.' I know it's all part of it. But sometimes, when it's beyond what anyone . . . " he says, his voice trailing off. "It's hard."

His eyes take on a mischievous glint again as he starts to explain that the Kubrick film, in which both he and Kidman will star, features an obsessive relationship. "Yeah, Nic's sexual obsession and jealousy," he says, rubbing his hands together in imitation of J. J. Hunsecker, the scandalmongering Walter Winchell character in *Sweet Smell of Success*. "I know it's going to stir it up a bit," he says wickedly.

It's a foggy Sunday morning, and I'm watching planes take off and land from DC-3, the second-story restaurant overlooking the Santa Monica airport. I am supposed to be meeting Cruise and Kidman for brunch and a joint interview, their first. At 11 on the dot, the actor pulls up in a mammoth black Discovery jeep. He asks if I would mind terribly if he kept one eye on the basketball game while we chat. I tell him I don't—it's a masculine form of conversation I'm all too familiar with.

Looking pleased, he heads straight into the darkened bar, where he politely requests that the television be tuned to the N.C.A.A. championships. (Cruise has money on Kentucky's going to the finals.) We find a booth nearby, and he cranes his neck around to see what kind of view he has of the screen. He explains that Kidman is getting the kids organized for an afternoon hike and will be along shortly.

We've been talking basketball for what seems like an awfully long time when a waiter drifts by with a tray of mimosas. Cruise passes on the champagne cocktail, explaining that he plays in an amateur hockey league Sunday nights and has to be in top form or he'll get creamed. "I just ask them to stay away from my face," he says, rubbing his jaw. "I say, 'Guys, I've got to be able to go in front of the cameras in the morning.'"

Kidman arrives 20 minutes later, looking slightly harried, with her tumbling mane of red curls pulled back into a hasty braid. Seeing Cruise sneak a look at the TV, she bursts out, "Thomas, how rude!"

He goes back to the game.

Dressed alike in jeans and sweaters,

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they look so regular that you would never suspect them of being famous (that is, if it weren't for the way the waiter's hand shakes when he brings the scrambled eggs). As they talk, they seem like any other young couple on their way up, discussing their careers and trading stories about the funny situations they often find themselves in. Kidman reminds him of a weekend they spent together last fall, when he was finishing *Mission: Impossible* in London and she was still shooting *Portrait of a Lady* in Salisbury.

"We were staying in this tiny little bed-and-breakfast with the rest of the actors," she says, "and you could hear everybody through the walls."

"All the guys," he confirms.

"Well, it was really fun," she insists.

"It was romantic," he concedes.

"Whispering so that people wouldn't hear you because the walls were so thin," she says, giggling. "That's the good stuff."

Their policy is that whoever is working is granted the privilege of indulging in movie-star behavior, but not both of them at the same time. "It's the balance," she says. "You are not allowed to be the one to freak out if you are not working. If you are working, then you are allowed to be hysterical, anything, the whole roller coaster of emotions."

"It was like that last month when you were shooting," he says somewhat dryly.

"Right," she laughs. "And you had to be the comrade."

"What's the score here?" he asks, turning back to the game.

When it's time to go, Cruise, ever the gentleman, offers to treat. He tells me that Kidman is the first woman he ever dated who insisted on going Dutch. "When I took her out, I paid for the movie and she paid for the popcorn," he says.

"The independent type," I observe.

"Very independent," he says.

"Well, before Tom, I always dated guys that just earned nothing," she says, "absolutely zero. So I had to pay or we didn't eat."

"Hey, I don't want to hear about this," Cruise protests. Glancing at the total on the check, he turns and with perfect timing says, "Thirty bucks! What did you do, honey, order the crab?" □

Credits

Fashion

Cover: Tom Cruise's Polo by Ralph Lauren shirt and pants and Polo by Ralph Lauren Gentleman's Underwear tank top from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; Prada shoes from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.
Page 12: Shoes by Joop, from Breuninger, Stuttgart, Germany; for additional information, see credits for page 133.
Page 16: Rene Russo's dress by Donald Deal, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; ring by Cartier, from Cartier Inc., N.Y.C.
Page 109: Alexandra Nechita's Ralph Lauren shirt and pants from Nordstrom, L.A.; Karin Labby for Célestine.
Page 133: Tom Cruise's Wannabe Patrick Cox suit from Patrick Cox, N.Y.C.; Thierry Mugler sweater from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.
Page 135: Costume Homme suit from selected Barneys New York stores; Agnès B. shirt from Agnès B., N.Y.C.; New York tie from M.A.C., San Francisco; Gucci shoes from Gucci stores nationwide; Oakley sunglasses from Oakley dealers nationwide.
Page 137: Helmut Lang suit from Bagutta, N.Y.C.; Polo by Ralph Lauren shirt from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; New York tie from M.A.C., San Francisco; Giorgio Armani gloves from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C.; Prada shoes from Prada, Bal Harbour, Florida.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: All grooming products from Clinique Skin Supplies for Men; Sally Hershberger for Profile; Lucienne Zammit for Cloutier.
Page 16: See credits for page 131.
Page 109: Alexandra Nechita's hair styled with Matrix Essentials Vavoom Professional Styling Spray. All makeup from Clarins. On her eyes, Eye Colour Duo No. 25 in Natural/Clay; on her lips, Sheer Lipstick No. 101 in Peach.
Page 131: Rene Russo's hair styled with Nexxus Exxtra Gel. All makeup from Lancôme. On her eyes, Maquiriche CremePowder EyeColour Trio in Les Bleus Sensationnels; on her lips, Rouge Sensation Multi-Sensation LipColour in Terra Rose. Enzo Angileri for Cloutier; Kareen Boursier for HMS Bookings
Page 154: Juan Carlos for the T.W.A. Agency.

Photographs and Miscellany

Page 44: Insets, top, from Sygma; bottom, from JB Pictures.
Page 46: From Sygma
Page 52: Top, from Sygma; bottom, from Gamma Liaison.
Page 64: From A.P./Wide World Photos.
Page 66: Bottom, from Sygma.
Page 70: All courtesy of Scalo Publishers.
Page 72: From Archive Photos.
Page 74: Top, from Gamma Liaison; bottom, from the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum.
Page 94: Top, from Shooting Star; inset, from Gamma Liaison.
Page 96: Bottom, from Photofest.
Page 101: Left, from Movie Still Archive; second from left, from the Everett Collection; third from left, from Photofest.
Page 102: Top right, from U.P.I./Bettmann.
Page 107: From Visages.
Page 110: Top, second from right, by John Foraste/Courtesy of Brown University; right, by John Paschal/Celebrity Photo Agency. Bottom, top, by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders.
Page 131: Props styled by David Ross; produced by Victoria Brynner for Stardust Visions.
Page 141: Clockwise from top, by Martin Simon/Saba, Steve Keesee/The *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette*/Sipa Press, Joseph A. Silverman/*The Washington Times*
Pages 146–47: Left and right, by Fred Prouser/Sipa Press; center, by Tami L. Chappell/Sipa Press.
Page 149: Both from A.P./Wide World Photos.
Page 151: Top, from A.P./Wide World Photos; bottom, from the L.A. *Daily News*/Sygma.
Page 153: From the L.A. *Daily News*/Sygma.
Page 160: From N.Y. Daily News Photo.
Page 161: From the collection of Peter Duchin.
Pages 162–63: Top row, left to right, from Sotheby's, London; from the Lester Glassner Collection/Neal Peters; courtesy of The American Assembly, Columbia University. Center row, left, from Photofest; second and third from left, from the collection of Peter Duchin. Bottom row, all from the collection of Peter Duchin.
Page 165: Large photograph from the collection of Peter Duchin; inset from Photofest.
Page 166: Courtesy of *Vogue*, © 1963 (renewed 1991) by the Condé Nast Publications Inc.
Page 168: Left, from U.P.I./Bettmann.
Page 169: Both from A.P./Wide World Photos

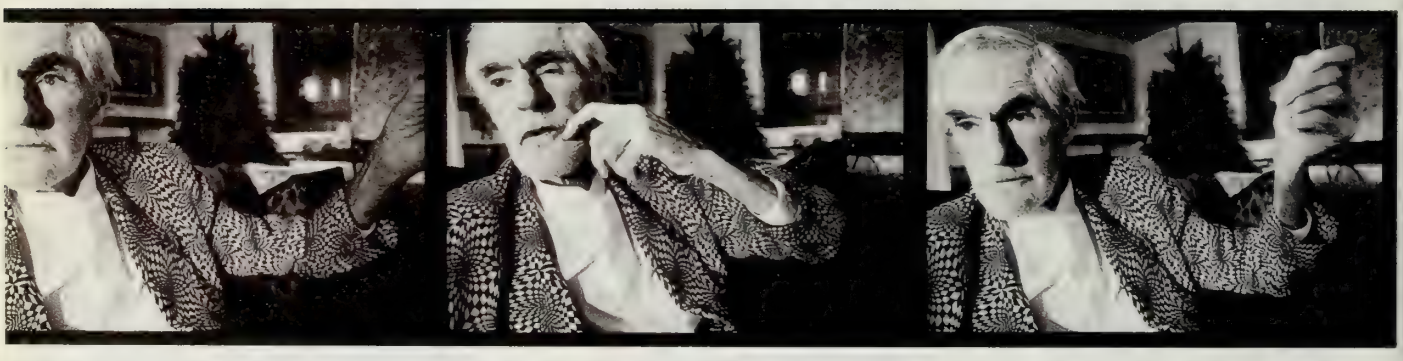
Correction: Because of incorrect information supplied by Archive Photos, in the photograph on page 134 of the April issue ("Odets's Inner Eye," by J. Hoberman) the man on the left was misidentified. He is Lee Strasberg.

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Social Study

Timothy Leary



Professorial LSD advocate and all-purpose pan-decade celebrity, Timothy Leary has long been attuned to the nation's good vibes. Now, at 75, he is the self-proclaimed C.E.O. of Cyber-Tech, and this month he flames *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Joyfully engineering and channeling and surfing the last four Cultural Revolutions (Jazz, Acid, Punk, Cyber-Tech).

Which talent would you most like to have?
More time, more time. To learn to play the blues.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Aesthetically precise, arrogant Communicator.

What is your favorite occupation?
Babbling and goofing with smart, silly aesthetic pals.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
All virtues are overrated.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
I, Me, Chaos, Fuck, Me, Interactive, Memory Loss, Victimhood, Fuck, Well, let's talk about this later.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My wife (at the time).

Which living person do you most admire?
Yoko Ono, so far.

Which living person do you most despise?
Me! Myself! Me! Hey, I spend around 10 minutes every morning in bed reviewing the despicable misdeeds committed yesterday. "[You] didn't listen." "[You] talked too much." "[You were] boorish, arrogant, self-indulgent." "Just a Senile Sunset Stripper, a Geriatric Party Animal. A fringe celebrity in this bizarre village of stellar talent."

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Socrates, Voltaire, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau, Yoko Ono.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Huck Finn, Susan Sarandon, and me. So far.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Prometheus, Thomas Edison, Barbara Fouch, John Roseboro, Marshall McLuhan, Margaret Fuller, Susan Sarandon, and Yoko Ono. So far.

Who are your favorite writers?
Mark Twain, Voltaire, Brenda Laurel, James Joyce, Thomas Pynchon, Gertrude Stein, William Gibson, Yoko Ono, and me.

How would you like to die?
At the moment when my Quality of Life Index falls below the tolerable. I plan to De-Animate—i.e., to snuff my body. Me and my friends are planning the happiest, joyable, organically sensitive Dying Celebrations in human history. The preparations for my Sui-Cide have already begun. Every stage in the process is being filmed and some of it will be broadcast on the World Wide Web. I hope that millions of people will be on-line during the last stages of my celebratory good-bye party.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A beautiful, smart, brave, funny Asian woman.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
Me, as a hip 21st-century media wizard. With Her, of course.

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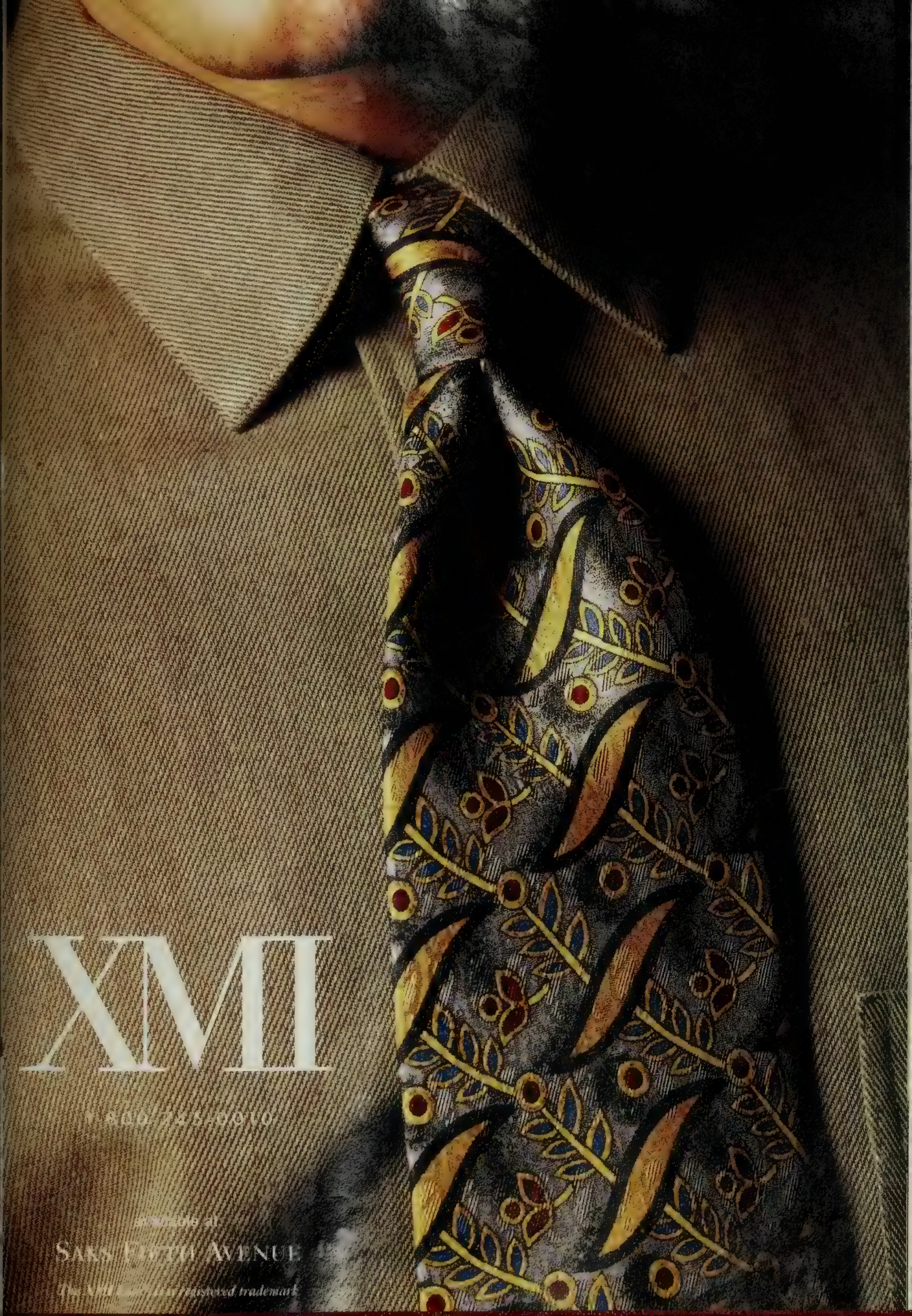
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VANITY FAIR®

July 1996

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MANHATTAN '37
From Amelia Earhart's Fifth Avenue flight plan to the city-sanctioned chaos of Mob Day, Bruce McCall paints a wildly improbable picture of late 1930s New York 116

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER
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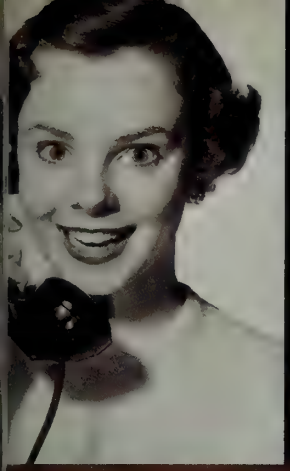
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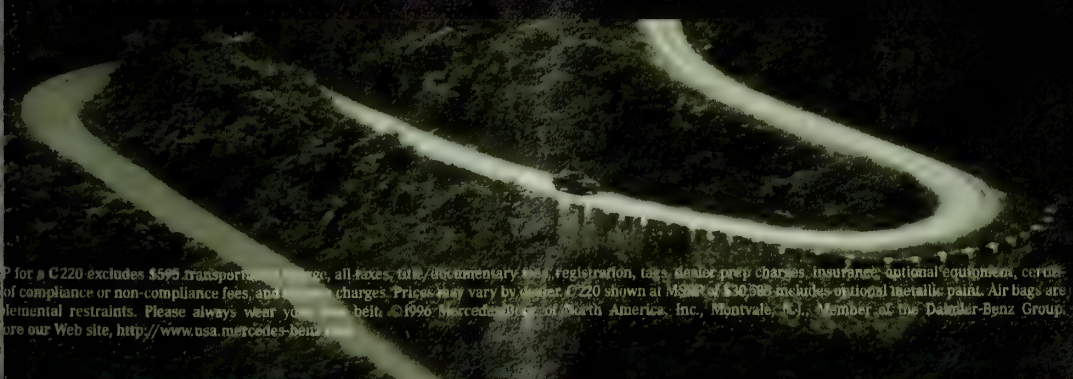


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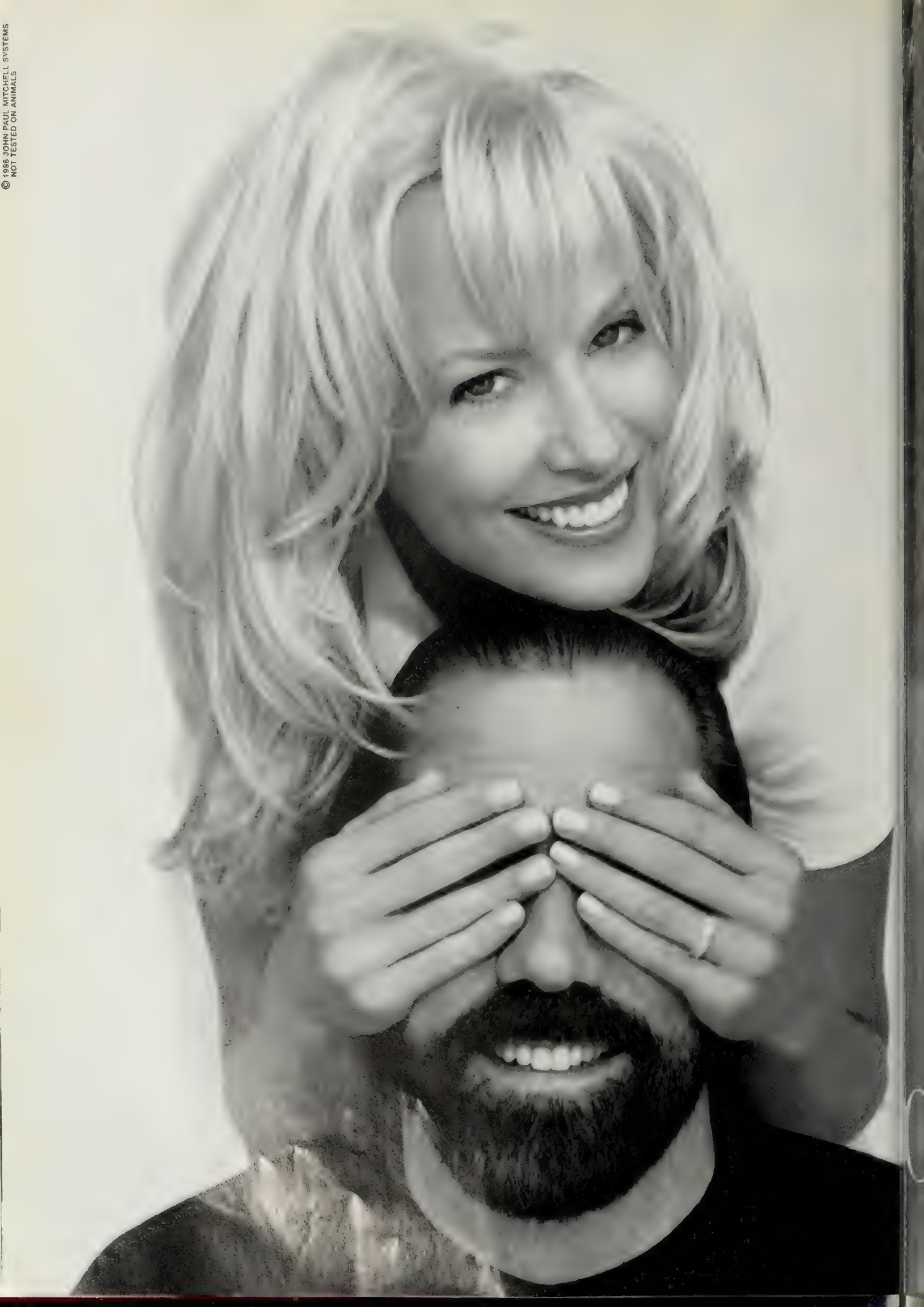
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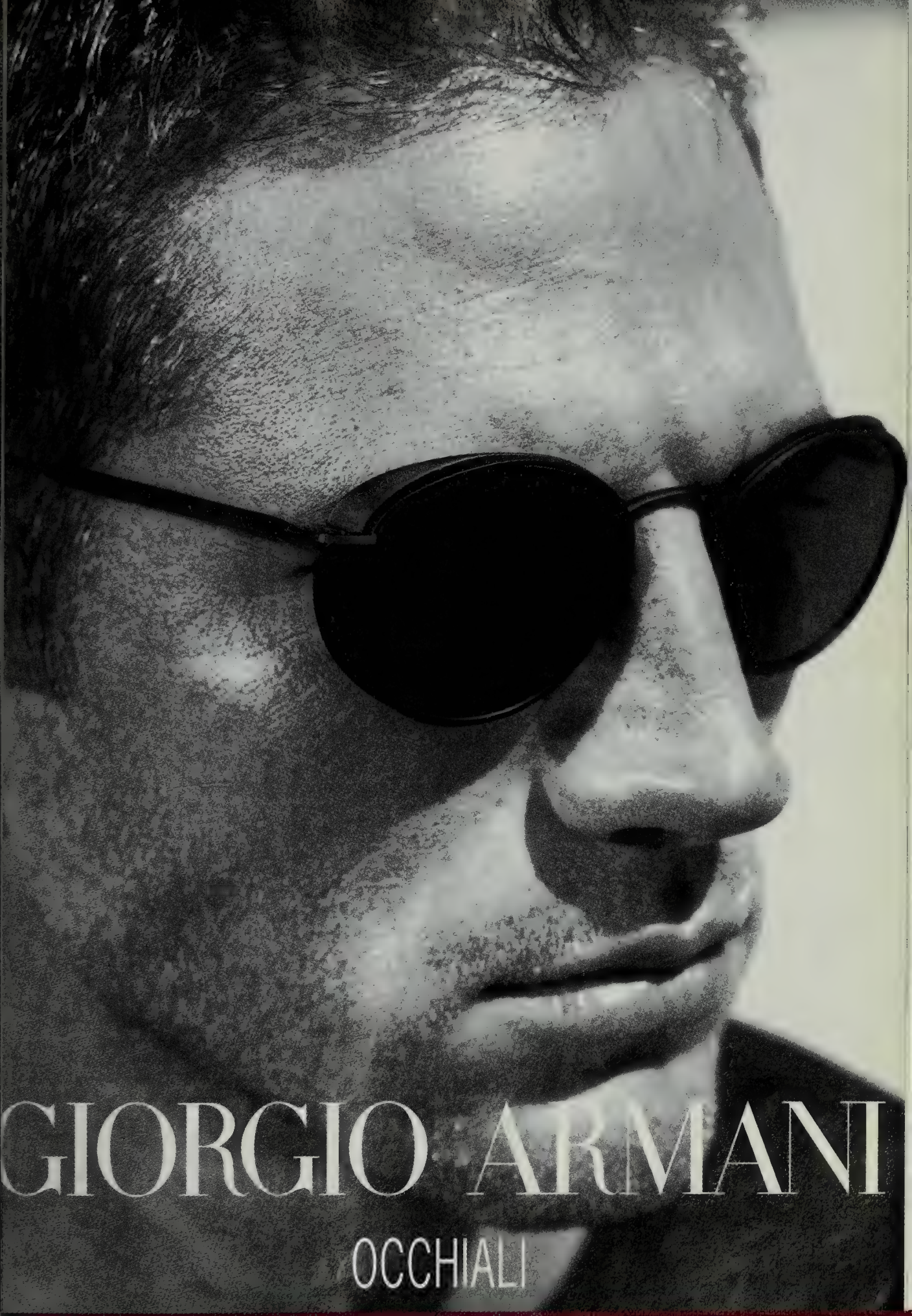


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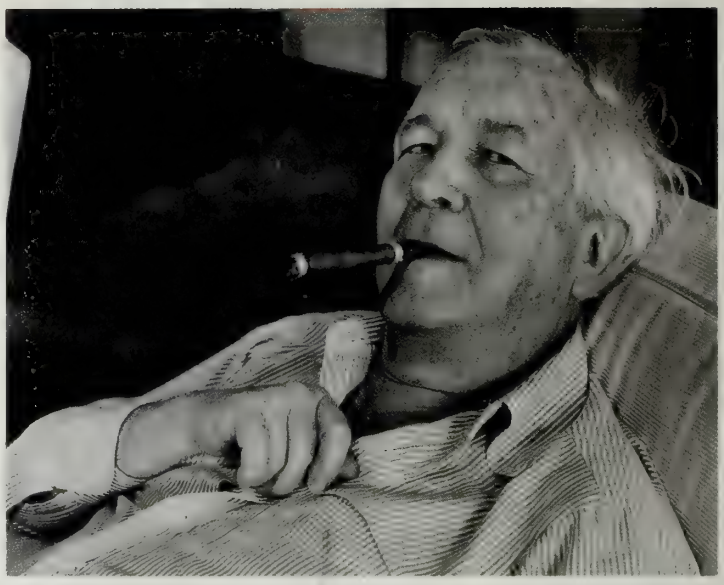
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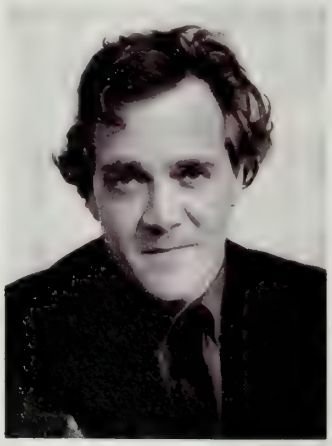
Contributors



JONATHAN BECKER

William Styron, who now enjoys cigars only on occasion, is smoking a Cohiba from a box given to him by his friend Gabriel García Márquez, who himself received it as a gift from Fidel Castro. On page 32, Styron fondly remembers the education he received from President John F. Kennedy on appreciating Cuban cigars. Part of Styron's best-selling memoir, Darkness Visible, *was first published as an essay in the December 1989 issue of* V.F.

At age 19, writer–*enfant terrible* **Legs McNeil** named a generation of music, coining the term "punk" when he co-founded the now defunct *Punk* magazine in 1975. McNeil and **Gillian McCain** have written *Please Kill Me: The Uncensored Oral History of Punk,* excerpted in this issue and due out from Grove this month. Also this month, McCain will publish *Tilt* (the Figures), a collection of prose poems.



JONATHAN DELANO

London editor Henry Porter has composed a poem in mock-heroic couplets about the Princess of Wales, which appears on page 61. "Writing this was all-consuming," Porter says. "You suddenly see a name of a supermarket or a BMW and wonder what words you can rhyme it with."

Contributing editor **Cathy Horyn** found her cover subject, Nicolas Cage, to be a courtly and knowledgeable gentleman. "He knows about everything from etymology to model trains; he has a photographic memory and an incredible ear for music. People are surprised at how articulate he is, but they shouldn't be."

Living in Italy for four and a half years left contributing editor **Judy Bachrach** with an understanding of Tuscany's allure; this month she provides the text for Brigitte Lacombe's photographs of the film industry's love affair with the countryside around Florence.

Contributing editor **Richard Merkin** is working with Bobby Short on a book tentatively titled *I Like the Likes of You: A Bobby Short Family Album.*

"John Grisham's conviction that *Natural Born Killers* spawned copycat murders and Oliver Stone's indignant reply dramatize complex legal and ethical issues," says contributing editor **Michael Shnayerson** of his article in this issue.

(Continued on page 18)



After a grueling day of defending the earth from piracy, greed and cruelty, I just can't wait to get home, kick back, and pour myself a drink. Of milk, that is. With nine essential nutrients that help make me strong, like protein, calcium and vitamin D, it's the beverage of choice for most superheroes.

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From the Speedway to the Runway

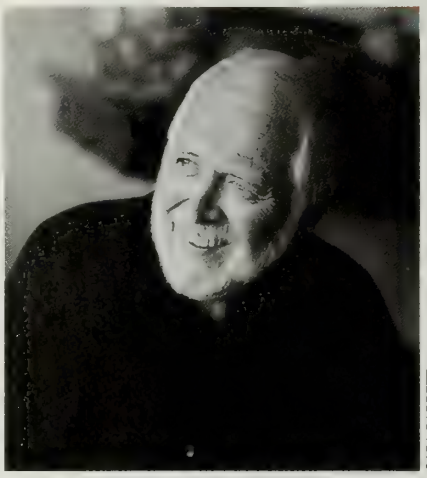
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Christian's car will be on display at Nordstrom from June 17 to 22. RSVP: 1-800-268-3247

Contributors

(Continued from page 16)



SARA BARRETT

"Manhattan '37," on page 116, marks writer-illustrator Bruce McCall's second appearance in Vanity Fair, *following his "Hollywood '37" in the April issue. He has recently finished a memoir about growing up Canadian, to be published by Random House.*

William Prochnau and his wife, journalist **Laura Parker,** profile Pat Robertson in this issue. Prochnau's book *Once upon a Distant War* (Times Books), about the first war correspondents in Vietnam, was excerpted in the November 1995 issue of *V.F.* Parker, on leave from the Washington bureau of *The Detroit News,* is a 1996 Alicia Patterson Fellow, writing about the impact of illiteracy on a small southern town.



ANDREW BRUCKER

On page 90, Josef Astor photographs I. M. Pei, Philip Johnson, and other leading architects as human representations of their most famous structures. The portfolio is Astor's update of the famous 1931 Beaux-Arts ball photograph, in which the creators of the New York skyline appeared costumed as their buildings.

The Association for Education in Journalism and Mass Communication has honored contributing editor **Christopher Hitchens** with its 1996 award for "Professional Freedom and Responsibility." "I have written back," Hitchens says, "to ask, May I accept the freedom and decline the responsibility?"

John Brodie is a reporter at *Variety* and a contributing writer at *GQ.* His summer cocktail of choice is a Dark and Stormy, composed mainly of Mount Gay rum, ginger beer, and a sprig of mint.



TIM SHEAFFER

Contributing editor Amy Fine Collins looks back on page 120 at Truman Capote's legendary 1966 Black and White Ball, which she describes as "a gathering of the political, financial, social, literary, and intellectual establishments. It took place at the cusp between the glamorous go-go years of the 60s and the era when the fabric of society began unraveling."

Contributing editor **David Kamp** admires the understated style of Rolling Stone drummer turned jazz musician Charlie Watts, and says his taste in rock stars has always run to the quiet ones: "George in the Beatles, Entwhistle in the Who, and, latterly, Bonehead in Oasis."

Senior editor **Matthew Tyrnauer,** who went on the presidential-campaign trail for the May issue of *V.F.,* highlights the premier architects of the late 20th century for this month's portfolio by Josef Astor.


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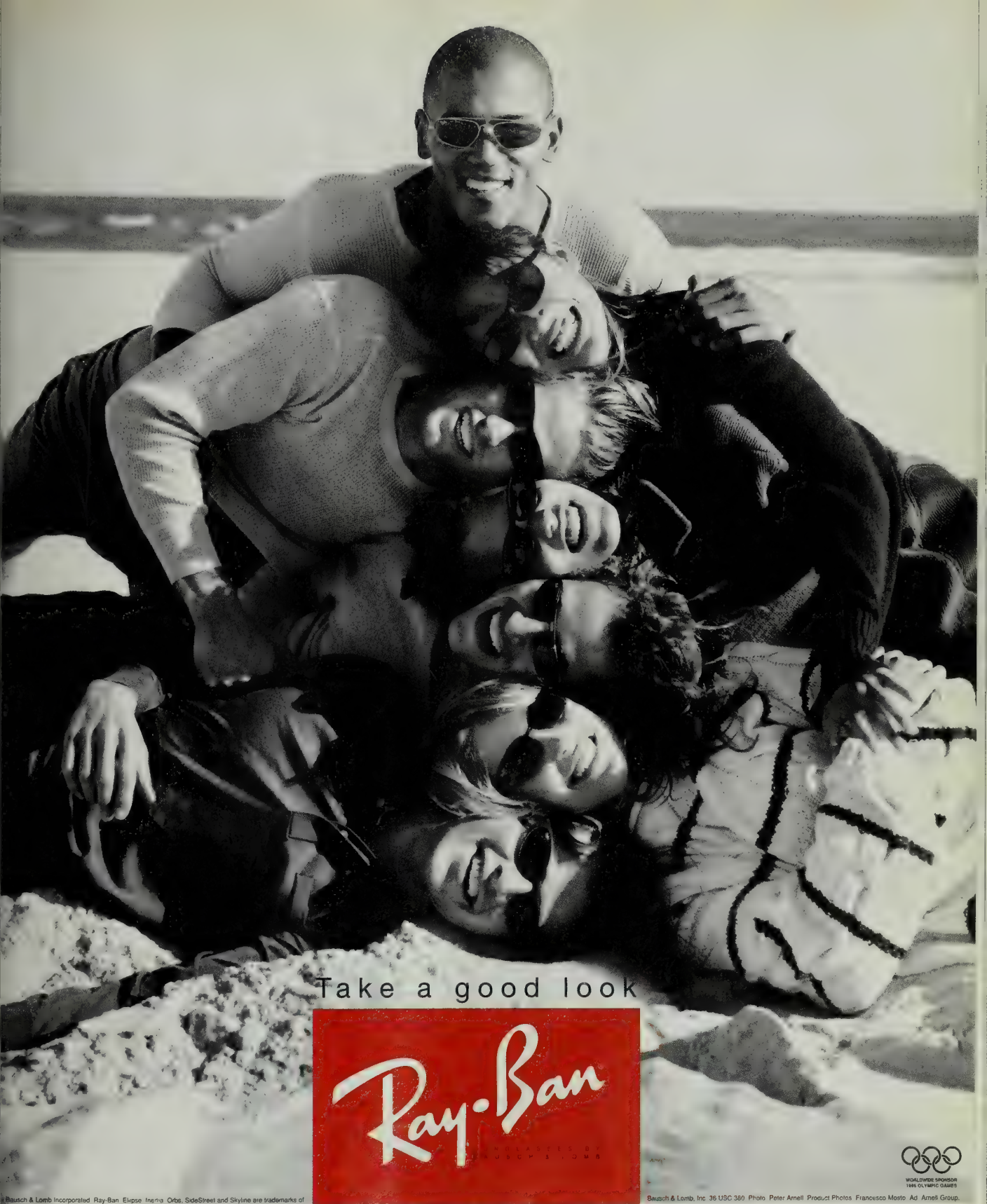
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Gloria Vanderbilt with her son, Carter Cooper, in 1966.

DEATH OF A SON

Thank you for Gloria Vanderbilt's story ["A Mother's Tale," May]. We survivors of a child's suicide are a family indeed. It is a lifelong test.

VIRGINIA ALBERT
Falmouth, Virginia

"A Mother's Tale" made me feel emotions I've kept inside since my brother's suicide 10 years ago. Ms. Vanderbilt speaks of being in a glass bubble, a feeling I've had also since birth. I wish my hands could hold Ms. Vanderbilt's for a moment to let her know that she is not alone, that her pain is shared and understood. A woman I will probably never meet has touched my life with her story, a story of loss which echoes my own. Ms. Vanderbilt, I will try to work my way out of my bubble in memory of your son and my brother.

NICHOLAS CORRIN
Whittier, California

Gloria Vanderbilt shows us the depth of grief that a mother can have at the loss of a child—a grief that transcends class and wealth. It seems that some people are under the impression that money buffers this kind of pain. Ms. Vanderbilt shows us that there is no [illegible] for such grief, unless it is a very primordial one.

JEFF SHAW
Oakland, California

When I began reading Gloria Vanderbilt's account of her son's death, my first reaction was one of "yet another poor-little-rich-girl story of tragedy." But as she unfolded the horror and strange occurrences surrounding his suicide, I realized that the "haves" and the "have-nots" share at least two things—the sense of overwhelming grief over the loss of a child and the ability to survive it.

Having survived AIDS for more than six years now, I would be lying if I said that I had not thought of ending my life on more than one occasion.

I know now that I could never end my life. Regardless of the pain and uncertainty that may lie ahead, I could never leave my family with the doubts and unanswered questions Ms. Vanderbilt is facing. Her honesty and willingness to share with the public one of the most tragic and private things a family can experience has saved one life.

JOHN HOLLISTER
Washington, D.C.

Scaling Mount Olympus

Annie Leibovitz's photographs of "The New Olympians" ["Let the Games Begin . . . ," May] were absolutely stunning. What a gift to each of those athletes—and to us.

MATTHEW E. CLOWNEY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

As the daughter of a fencer, I found David Halberstam's "Anatomy of a Champion" [May] most informative.

At the time of his death, in February 1993, my father was the oldest living fencer in New York City, and he always considered it a privilege when a much younger man asked to fence with him.

ELIZABETH VOGT ROSSUCK
East Hampton, New York

Your Annie Leibovitz "photolympics" portfolio was sensational, but you missed a great opportunity and dropped the ball—the field-hockey ball, that is. Although the photo of the U.S. men's team was pleasant to the eye, why not bring to the public's eye the U.S. women's team, a bona fide medal contender, filled with world-class athletes?

SHARON STEELE
Duluth, Georgia

Surely you could have selected a different pose for Mark Henry and Dominique Moceanu on your May cover. Throughout this country's history and legacy of slavery, black people, especially men, were often used and portrayed as "beasts of burden," as objects to be used and abused by adults, and as playthings for children. Ms. Moceanu is sitting on Mr. Henry's shoulder as if he were a chair.

CYNTHIA A. EVERETT
Miami, Florida

Bravo! on your May '96 cover and coverage of the Olympic Games. It was worth the $3 for Annie Leibovitz's cover shot alone, to say nothing of the rest of her photographs.

KIMBERLY M. GOLDSTEIN
Santa Barbara, California

Smoke Signals

Marie Brenner's article ["The Man Who Knew Too Much," May] was breathtaking in scope. The story provided more insight than any broadcast media could hope to offer. Even as all al-

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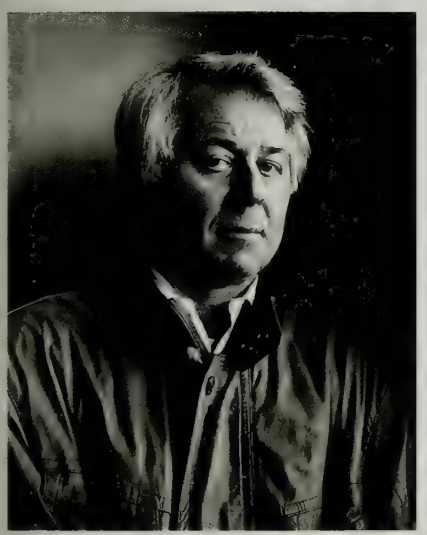


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legations against whistle-blower Jeffrey Wigand were addressed, the picture was unmistakably clear: Big Tobacco, presuming that the public cares about Wigand's personal or marital battles, is blinded by smoke.

Brenner's article should be required reading in every junior high school in the nation to peel away any whitewashing public-relations hype these companies are trying to sell to create the next generation of nicotine addicts.

NANCY LINE JACOBS
Omaha, Nebraska



Do you know how to whistle? Jeffrey Wigand takes on Big Tobacco.

Readers of Marie Brenner's article on Jeffrey Wigand might conclude that the challenge to Mr. Wigand's credibility was unfair, inaccurate, and perhaps even sinister. On the contrary, if any industry other than tobacco were involved, the scrutiny would be considered entirely appropriate and routine.

Mr. Wigand made serious public charges against officers of Brown & Williamson, some of which, if proved, could result in criminal indictments. Yet he has refused to be examined under oath and to substantiate them. The current charges must be considered in the context of his only available sworn testimony. In a January 26, 1994, deposition given under oath to the U.S. Department of Justice, Mr. Wigand answered this series of questions:

"Are you aware of any intent by Brown & Williamson to use outside counsel or its legal representative to further any crime or fraud?"

"Are you aware of any criminal or fraudulent behavior by Brown & Williamson as it relates to the manufacture and sale of cigarettes?"

"Are you aware of any effort by Brown & Williamson to prevent any of its current or former officers or employees from speaking to officials of the United States Government about its activities?"

"Or any effort by Brown & Williamson to influence anyone to testify falsely or give false information?"

To each and every question, Mr. Wigand responded with an unqualified "No."

In light of the contradictions between these statements and Mr. Wigand's statements to the press, the accused challenged his credibility. To that end, materials and facts that shed light on Wigand's personal and professional life were culled from the public record and made available to the press through my office. They were openly offered to, accepted by, and indeed requested by several news organizations.

After *The Wall Street Journal* examined the materials and essentially dismissed them, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, a nine-time Pulitzer Prize–winning newspaper and no friend of the tobacco industry, completed a lengthy investigation of the same documents and reported on March 28, 1996, that "an independent examination by this newspaper of available evidence concerning Wigand's professional and personal lives disclosed a consistent pattern of conflicting statements and embellishments." *The Courier-Journal* concluded that "Wigand's actions may furnish his opponents with ammunition to paint him as a man with an inflated sense of self whose word cannot always be trusted and whose integrity may be suspect." *The Courier-Journal* also reported that these matters of character and past behavior will most likely be admissible in court.

If Ms. Brenner or a member of her family were publicly accused of a possible crime without proof by someone with Mr. Wigand's personal and professional history, would she not challenge his credibility? Of course she would—with total vigor. Mr. Wigand's targets simply exercised the same rights.

JOHN SCANLON
Sag Harbor, New York

Mr. Scanlon is a paid consultant for the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.

Speaking of moral turpitude! Laurence Tisch is a perfect example of the type of person at the helm of American business today, where greed and personal

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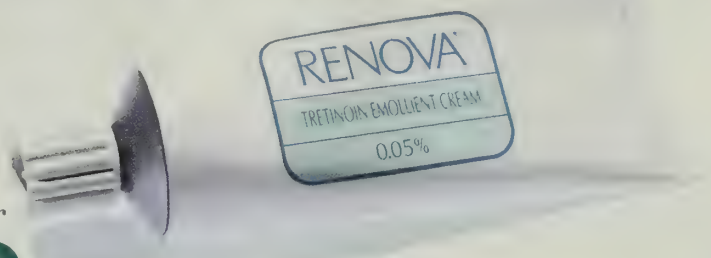
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to diminish fine lines and wrinkles. Proven to give skin a smoother texture and rosier glow when used as part of a comprehensive skin care and sun avoidance program and when skin care and sun avoidance programs alone are not enough.

Those are the facts. And so are these: RENOVA doesn't simply exfoliate the surface layer of your skin like over-the-counter wrinkle treatments do. RENOVA is a prescription cream containing tretinoin, a vitamin A derivative much like the naturally occurring one in your body. During the first month, your skin may become smoother and softer. After 2 or 3 months, brown spots fade and the fine lines around your eyes and mouth will begin to disappear. While using RENOVA, you can expect to experience some redness, itching or flaking. Generally, these effects are manageable and well-tolerated.

Remember, RENOVA does not eliminate wrinkles, it reduces them. Nor does it repair sun-damaged skin or reverse the aging process. And if you stop using RENOVA, improvements will gradually disappear. To learn more about what RENOVA can do, talk to your doctor or call

1-800-54-RENOVA.

Where there's proof, there's truth.

RENOVA is a dermal irritant, and the results of continued irritation for greater than 48 weeks are not known. In some patients treated with RENOVA for longer than 48 weeks, there is evidence of atypical changes in the skin. The significance of these findings is unknown. Safety and effectiveness of RENOVA in individuals over 50 or in those with moderately or heavily pigmented skin have not been established.

ORTHO

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RENOVA®

(TRETINOIN EMOLLIENT CREAM)

0.05%

FOR TOPICAL USE ON THE FACE ONLY

Brief Summary

RENOVA (tretinoin emollient cream) 0.05% contains the active ingredient tretinoin (a retinoid) in an emollient cream base.

IMPORTANT NOTE — This information is a BRIEF SUMMARY of the complete prescribing information provided with the product and therefore should not be used as the basis for prescribing the product. This summary was prepared by deleting from the complete prescribing information certain text, tables, and references. The physician should be thoroughly familiar with the complete prescribing information before prescribing the product.

INDICATIONS AND USAGE:

RENOVA (tretinoin emollient cream) 0.05% is indicated as an adjunctive agent (see second bullet point below) for use in the mitigation (palliation) of fine wrinkles, mottled hyperpigmentation, and tactile roughness of facial skin in patients who do not achieve such palliation using comprehensive skin care and sun avoidance programs alone (see bullet point 3 for populations in which effectiveness has not been established). **RENOVA DOES NOT ELIMINATE WRINKLES, REPAIR SUN DAMAGED SKIN, REVERSE PHOTOAGING, or RESTORE A MORE YOUTHFUL or YOUNGER DERMAL HISTOLOGIC PATTERN.** Many patients achieve desired palliative effects on fine wrinkling, mottled hyperpigmentation, and tactile roughness of facial skin with the use of comprehensive skin care and sun avoidance programs including sunscreens, protective clothing, and emollient creams **NOT** containing tretinoin.

- RENOVA has demonstrated NO MITIGATING EFFECT on significant signs of chronic sun exposure such as coarse or deep wrinkling, skin yellowing, lentigines, telangiectasia, skin laxity, keratinocytic atypia, melanocytic atypia, or dermal elastosis.
- RENOVA should be used under medical supervision as an adjunct to a comprehensive skin care and sun avoidance program that includes the use of effective sunscreens (minimum SPF of 15) and protective clothing when desired results on fine wrinkles, mottled hyperpigmentation, and roughness of facial skin have not been achieved with a comprehensive skin care and sun avoidance program alone
- The effectiveness of RENOVA in the mitigation of fine wrinkles, mottled hyperpigmentation, and tactile roughness of facial skin has not been established in people greater than 50 years of age OR in people with moderately to heavily pigmented skin. In addition, patients with visible actinic keratoses and patients with a history of skin cancer were excluded from clinical trials of RENOVA. Thus the effectiveness and safety of RENOVA in these populations are not known at this time. (See **WARNINGS** section.)
- Neither the safety nor the effectiveness of RENOVA for the prevention or treatment of actinic keratoses or skin neoplasms has been established.
- Neither the safety nor the efficacy of using RENOVA daily for greater than 48 weeks has been established, and daily use beyond 48 weeks has not been systematically and histologically investigated in adequate and well-controlled trials. (See **WARNINGS** section.)

CONTRAINDICATIONS:

This drug is contraindicated in individuals with a history of sensitivity reactions to any of its components. It should be discontinued if hypersensitivity to any of its ingredients is noted.

WARNINGS

- RENOVA is a dermal irritant, and the results of continued irritation of the skin for greater than 48 weeks are not known. There is evidence of atypical changes in melanocytes and keratinocytes, and of increased dermal elastosis in some patients treated with RENOVA for longer than 48 weeks. The significance of these findings is unknown.
- Safety and effectiveness of RENOVA in individuals with moderately or heavily pigmented skin have not been established.

- RENOVA should not be administered if the patient is also taking drugs known to be photosensitizers (e.g., thiazides, tetracyclines, fluoroquinolones, phenothiazines, sulfonamides) because of the possibility of augmented phototoxicity
- Safety and effectiveness of RENOVA in individuals older than 50 years of age have not been established

This product should only be used under medical supervision as part of a comprehensive skin care and sun avoidance program. (See **INDICATIONS AND USAGE** section.) It should only be applied before retiring at night. Because of heightened burning susceptibility, exposure to sunlight (including sunlamps) should be avoided or minimized during use of RENOVA. Patients must be warned to use sunscreens (minimum SPF of 15) and protective clothing when using RENOVA. Patients with sunburn should be advised not to use RENOVA until fully recovered. Patients who may have considerable sun exposure due to their occupation and those patients with inherent sensitivity to sunlight should exercise particular caution when using RENOVA and assure that the precautions outlined in the Information for Patients subsection are observed.

RENOVA should be kept out of the eyes, mouth, angles of the nose, and mucous membranes. Topical use may cause severe local erythema, pruritus, burning, stinging, and peeling at the site of application. If the degree of local irritation warrants, patients should be directed to use less medication, decrease the frequency of application, discontinue use temporarily, or discontinue use altogether.

Tretinoin has been reported to cause severe irritation on eczematous skin and should be used only with utmost caution in patients with this condition.

Application of larger amounts of medication than recommended will not lead to more rapid or better results, and marked redness, peeling, or discomfort may occur.

PRECAUTIONS:

General: RENOVA should only be used as an adjunct to a comprehensive skin care and sun avoidance program. (See **INDICATIONS AND USAGE** section.)

If a drug sensitivity, chemical irritation, or a systemic adverse reaction develops, use of RENOVA should be discontinued

Weather extremes, such as wind or cold, may be more irritating to patients using RENOVA.

Information for Patients: A patient information leaflet has been prepared and is included with each package of RENOVA. In addition, patients should be instructed:

- That RENOVA is not a cosmetic preparation and should be applied only as an adjunct to a comprehensive skin care and sun avoidance program,
- Never to use more RENOVA than instructed and never use RENOVA more often than instructed as application of larger amounts of medication than recommended will not lead to more rapid or better results, and marked redness, peeling, or discomfort may occur
- Only to apply RENOVA before retiring at night,
- To use a sunscreen with a minimum SPF of [illegible] treated with RENOVA. Following discontinuation of RENOVA, continued avoidance [illegible] sunscreen with a minimum SPF of 15 is recommended,
- To avoid direct sun exposure as much as possible whenever using RENOVA, and to avoid sunlamps totally while using RENOVA,
- NOT to use RENOVA if pregnant or attempting to become pregnant or at high risk of pregnancy,
- NOT to use RENOVA if sunburned or if the patient has eczema or other chronic skin condition(s),
- NOT to use RENOVA if inherently sensitive to sunlight,
- NOT to use RENOVA if also taking other drugs that increase sensitivity to sunlight,
- To use RENOVA with caution if also using other topical agents with a strong skin drying effect, products with high concentrations of alcohol, astringents, spices or lime, medicated soaps or shampoos, permanent wave solutions, electrolysis, hair depilatories or waxes, or other preparations or processes that might dry or irritate the skin, unless otherwise instructed by their health care practitioner,
- To discontinue use of RENOVA and consult their health care provider if sensitivity or increased chemical irritation occurs,
- That a majority of patients will lose most mitigating effects on fine wrinkles, mottled hyperpigmentation, and tactile roughness of facial skin with discontinuation of a comprehensive skin care and sun avoidance program including RENOVA; however, the safety and effectiveness of using RENOVA daily for greater than 48 weeks have not been established,
- That most of the improvement noted with RENOVA is seen during the first 24 weeks of therapy. Thereafter, therapy primarily maintained the improvement realized during the first 24 weeks.

Drug Interactions: Concomitant topical medications, medicated or abrasive soaps, shampoos, cleansers, cosmetics with a strong drying effect, products with high concentrations of alcohol, astringents, spices or lime, permanent wave solutions, electrolysis, hair depilatories or waxes, and products that may irritate the skin should be used with caution in patients being treated with RENOVA because they may increase irritation with RENOVA

RENOVA should not be administered if the patient is also taking drugs known to be photosensitizers (e.g., thiazides, tetracyclines, fluoroquinolones, phenothiazines, sulfonamides) because of the possibility of augmented phototoxicity.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility: In a life-time dermal study in CD-1 mice, at 100 and 200 times the average recommended human topical clinical dose, a few skin tumors in the female mice and liver tumors in male mice were observed. The biological significance of these findings is not clear because they occurred at doses that exceeded the dermal maximally tolerated dose (MTD) of tretinoin and because they were within the background natural occurrence rate for these tumors in this strain of mice. There was no evidence of carcinogenic potential when tretinoin was administered topically at a dose 5 times the average recommended human topical clinical dose. For purposes of comparisons of the animal exposure to human exposure, the "recommended human topical clinical dose" is defined as 500 mg of 0.05% RENOVA applied daily to a 50 kg person.

In a chronic, two-year bioassay of Vitamin A acid in mice performed by Tsubura and Yamamoto, generalized amyloid deposition was reported in all groups in the basal layer of the Vitamin A treated skin. In CD-1 mice, a similar study reported hyalinization at the treated skin sites and the incidence of this finding was 0/50, 3/50, 3/50, and 2/50 in male mice and 1/50, 0/50, 4/50, and 2/50 in female mice from the vehicle control, 0.25 mg/kg, 0.5 mg/kg, and 1 mg/kg groups, respectively.

Studies in hairless albino mice suggest that tretinoin may enhance the tumorigenic potential of carcinogenic doses of UVB and UVA light from a solar simulator. In other studies, when lightly pigmented hairless mice treated with tretinoin were exposed to carcinogenic doses of UVB light, the incidence and rate of development of skin tumors were either reduced or no effect was seen. Due to significantly different experimental conditions, no strict comparison of these disparate data is possible at this time. Although the significance of these studies to humans is not clear, patients should minimize exposure to sun.

The mutagenic potential of tretinoin was evaluated in the Ames assay and in the *in vivo* mouse micronucleus assay, both of which were negative.

Dermal Segment I and III studies with RENOVA have not been performed in any species. In oral Segment I and Segment III studies in rats with tretinoin, decreased survival of neonates and growth retardation were observed at doses in excess of 2 mg/kg/day (>400 times the average recommended human topical clinical dose).

Pregnancy:

Teratogenic effects: Pregnancy Category C.

ORAL tretinoin has been shown to be teratogenic in rats, mice, rabbits, hamsters, and subhuman primates. It was teratogenic and fetotoxic in rats when given orally in doses 1000 times the average recommended human topical clinical dose. However, variations in teratogenic doses among various strains of rats have been reported. In the cynomolgus monkey, which, metabolically, is closer to humans for tretinoin than the other species examined, fetal malformations were reported at doses of 10 mg/kg/day or greater, but none were observed at 5 mg/kg/day (1000 times the average recommended human topical clinical dose), although increased skeletal variations were observed at all doses. A dose-related increased embryolethality and abortion was reported. Similar results have also been reported in pigtail macaques.

TOPICAL tretinoin in animal teratogenicity tests has generated equivocal results. There is evidence for teratogenicity (shortened or kinked tail) of topical tretinoin in Wistar rats at doses greater than 1 mg/kg/day (200 times the recommended human topical clinical dose). Anomalies (humerus: short 13%, bent 6%, os parietal incompletely ossified 14%) have also been reported when 10 mg/kg/day was dermally applied.

There are other reports in New Zealand White rabbits with doses of approximately 80 times the recommended human topical clinical dose of an increased incidence of domed head and hydrocephaly, typical of retinoid-induced fetal malformations in this species.

In contrast, several well-controlled animal studies have shown that dermally applied tretinoin was not teratogenic at doses of 100 and 200 times the recommended human topical clinical dose, in rats and rabbits, respectively.

With widespread use of any drug, a small number of birth defect reports associated temporally with the administration of the drug would be expected by chance alone. Thirty cases of temporally-associated congenital malformations have been reported during two decades of clinical use of another formulation of topical tretinoin (Retin-A). Although no definite pattern of teratogenicity and no causal association has been established from these cases, 5 of the reports describe the rare birth defect category holoprosencephaly (defects associated with incomplete midline development of the forebrain). The significance of these spontaneous reports in terms of risk to the fetus is not known.

Non-teratogenic effects:

Dermal tretinoin has been shown to be fetotoxic in rabbits when administered in doses 100 times the recommended topical human clinical dose. Oral tretinoin has been shown to be fetotoxic in rats when administered in doses 500 times the recommended topical human clinical dose.

There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. RENOVA should not be used during pregnancy.

Nursing Mothers: It is not known whether this drug is excreted in human milk. Because many drugs are excreted in human milk, caution should be exercised when RENOVA is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use: Safety and effectiveness in patients less than 18 years of age have not been established.

Geriatric Use: Safety and effectiveness in individuals older than 50 years of age have not been established.

ADVERSE REACTIONS:

(See **BOXED WARNING, WARNINGS,** and **PRECAUTIONS** sections.)

In double-blind, vehicle-controlled studies involving 179 patients who applied RENOVA to their face, adverse reactions associated with the use of RENOVA were limited primarily to the skin. During these trials, 4% of patients had to discontinue use of RENOVA because of adverse reactions. These discontinuations were due to skin irritation or related cutaneous adverse reactions.

Local reactions such as peeling, dry skin, burning, stinging, erythema, and pruritus were reported by almost all subjects during therapy with RENOVA. These signs and symptoms were usually of mild to moderate severity and generally occurred early in therapy. In most patients the dryness, peeling, and redness recurred after an initial (24 week) decline.

OVERDOSAGE:

Application of larger amounts of medication than recommended will not lead to more rapid or better results, and marked redness, peeling, or discomfort may occur. Oral ingestion of the drug may lead to the same side effects as those associated with excessive oral intake of Vitamin A.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without prescription.

DERMATOLOGICAL DIVISION
ORTHO PHARMACEUTICAL CORPORATION
Raritan, New Jersey 08869

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659-10-870-1

power are the motivating forces. A concern for our children and the average person seems to have no place in business or social consciousness.

CLAYRE HAFT
Coconut Grove, Florida

Fashion Victims

Everyone I know who shops in Barneys has lost sleep over your article ["Bringing Down Barneys," by Jennet Conant, May]. It seems to me that all of those people waiting for the demise of Barneys and gloating over the Pressmans' problems are suffering from a huge case of sour grapes. Whenever I visit New York, Barneys is always a destination.

LAURA GOLDBERG
Miami Beach, Florida

Alas, weep not for Donna Karan and Hugo Boss for the uncollected debts they've amassed selling to Barneys. They'll survive. Sad to say, there are many small vendors and contractors owed a minute percentage of what Donna Karan is owed that may no longer be in business because they made the mistake of falling in with this vile company.

A more just justice would have taken the company away from the Pressmans and then sent the family to some Devil's Island, made out of itchy, lime-green (I take that back—lime green's too fashionable a color right now) polyester. Good riddance. It couldn't have happened to a nicer family.

M. C. MARTINO
Glen Rock, New Jersey

When giant suppliers such as Hugo Boss, Donna Karan, and Hickey-Freeman do not get paid for merchandise delivered, who gets fired? Regrettably, employees who toil hour after hour, bent over sewing machines making goods that supply Barneys, a store they'll likely never shop at or visit. While Gene Pressman is dining at fashionable restaurants for $200, these fired workers are feeding their kids on macaroni five nights a week and, maybe once a week, some chopped meat for variety. Their vacations are not trips to Hawaii or Paris, but a walk to the East River or sitting on a stoop to catch the evening air.

To pamper yourself with a surfeit of luxuries while owing money to people who trusted you is to build a life upon the ruined lives of others.

MAGGIE SMITH
Arlington, Virginia

I am a friend and neighbor of Holly Pressman's and found the references to her in your May article to be troubling. Holly is an intelligent and considerate person with great integrity. She is respected tremendously in our community as a person of commitment and an excellent, dedicated mother. She has taken her responsibilities at Barneys very seriously and has created a wonderful young boys' department, as fine as any in the city.

DEBORAH S. COGUT
Greenwich, Connecticut

Your article about Barneys could have been titled "Lifestyles of the Spoiled Rotten." Would it be stretching the limits to compare the brothers Pressman and Menendez? In both cases we see two brothers spoiled rotten, endlessly greedy, and out of control. One pair killed their parents, while the other seems intent on killing their family dream—Barneys.

JAKE GREENBERG
San Anselmo, California

Hunt No Further

Helen Hunt ["Mad About Helen," by David Kamp, May] is certainly one of that group of actors who have built careers on consistent good work. Enough with "the next hot thing"—give us the ones who have already proved themselves in that difficult arena that is Hollywood.

KENT MARTIN
Burbank, California

A Day in the Life

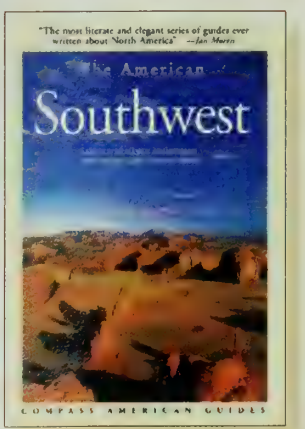
Each time the mailman brings *Vanity Fair,* all activity planned for my day stops! It is one of my luxury moments in life to be able at 78 to sit quietly and absorb all that *Vanity Fair* offers. I had to send this thank-you to all who give their best talent to a magazine that, in my opinion, has no competition.

MILDRED P. WHITWORTH
Chino Hills, California

CORRECTION: In June's "Hot Type," by Elissa Schappell, the title of Nancy Friday's new book was given incorrectly. It is The Power of Beauty.

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: The Editor, *Vanity Fair,* 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Address electronic mail to vfmail@vf.com. The letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.

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HAVANAS IN CAMELOT

J.F.K.'s humidor may have fetched $574,500 at Sotheby's, but it's impossible to put a price on memory: a young writer's first dazzling glimpse—through fragrant cigar smoke—of Kennedy glamour

BY WILLIAM STYRON



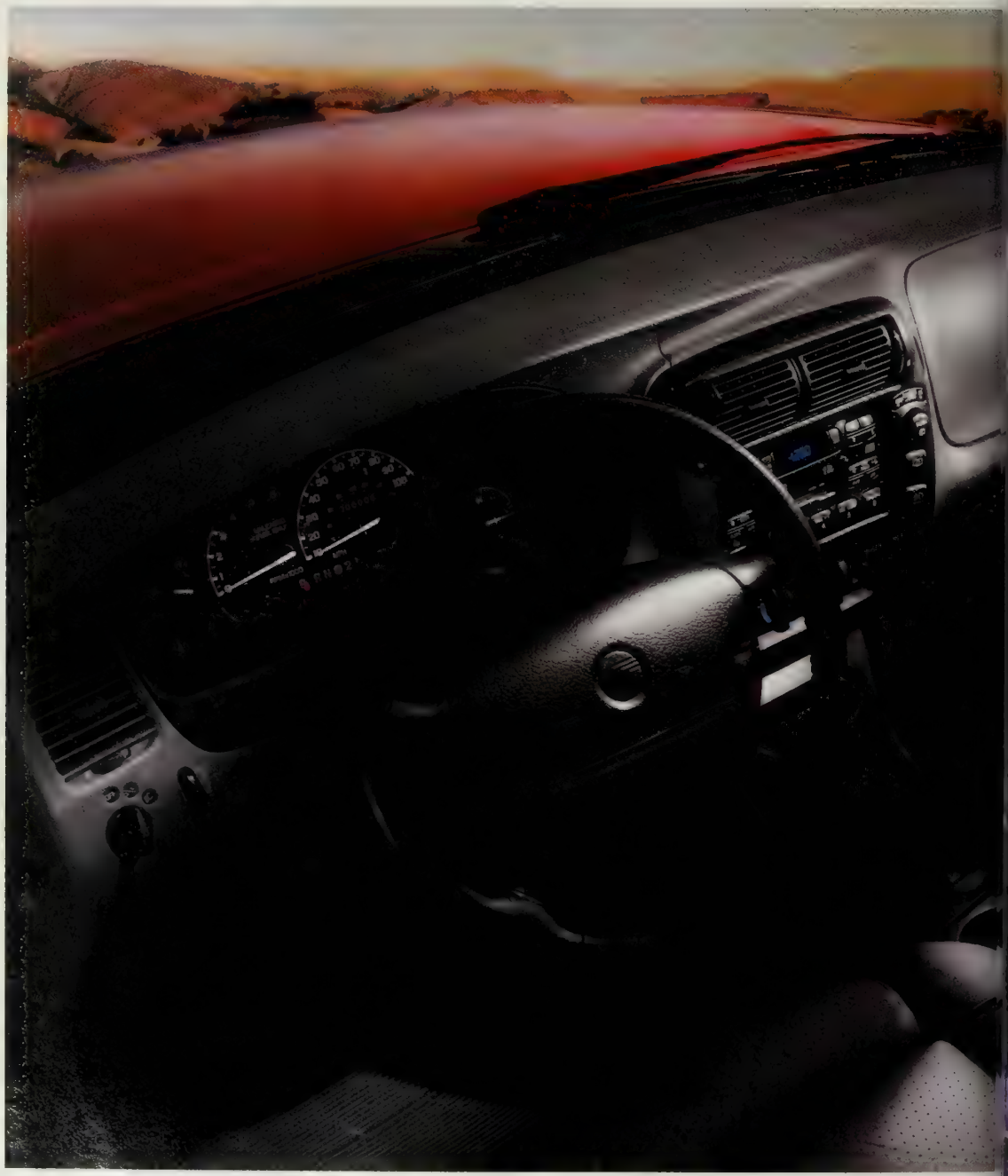
The president lights a cigar while watching naval maneuvers aboard the aircraft carrier *Kitty Hawk*, off the California coast, June 6, 1963.

Like millions of others, I watched transfixed as the acquisitive delirium that swept through Sotheby's turned the humblest knickknack of Camelot into a fetish for which people would pony up a fortune. A bundle of old magazines, including *Modern Screen* and *Ladies' Home Journal*, went for $12,650. A photograph of an Aaron Shikler portrait of Jackie—not the portrait itself, mind you, a *photo*—was sold for $41,400. (Sotheby's had valued the picture at $50 to $75.) A Swiss "Golf-Sport" stroke counter, worth $50 to $100 by Sotheby's estimate, fetched an insane $28,750. But surely among the most grandiose trophies, in terms of its bloated price, was John Kennedy's walnut cigar humidor, which Milton Berle had given the president in 1961 after having attached a plaque reading "To J.F.K. Good Health Good Smoking, Milton Berle—1/20/61." The comedian had paid $600 to $800 for it in that year. Thirty-five years later, poor Berle tried to buy the humidor back at Sotheby's but dropped out of the bidding at $185,000.

The winner was Marvin Shanken, publisher of the magazine *Cigar Aficionado*, who spent $574,500 on an object the auctioneers had appraised at $2,000 to $2,500. Even at such a flabbergasting price the humidor should prove to play an important mascot role in the fortunes of Shanken's magazine, which is already

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Kennedy sailing on Narragansett Bay, aboard the *Manitou*, August 26, 1962, with his mother-in-law, Janet Auchincloss (in sunglasses), her son, Jamie, and daughter Janet.

wildly successful, featuring (aside from cigars and cigar-puffing celebrities) articles on polo and golf, swank hotels, antique cars, and many other requirements for a truly tony lifestyle in the 1990s. After all, John F. Kennedy was no stranger to the nobby life, and what could be more appropriate as a relic for a cigar magazine than the vault in which reposed the Havanas of our last genuine cigar-smoking president?

I never laid eyes on the fabled humidor, but on the occasions I encountered Kennedy I sensed he must have owned one, protecting his precious supply, for he approached cigars with the relish and delight of—well, an aficionado. Indeed, if I allow my memory to be given a Proustian prod, and recollect Kennedy at the loose and relaxed moments when our lives briefly intersected, I can almost smell the smoke of the Havanas for which he'd developed such an impetuous, Kennedyesque weakness.

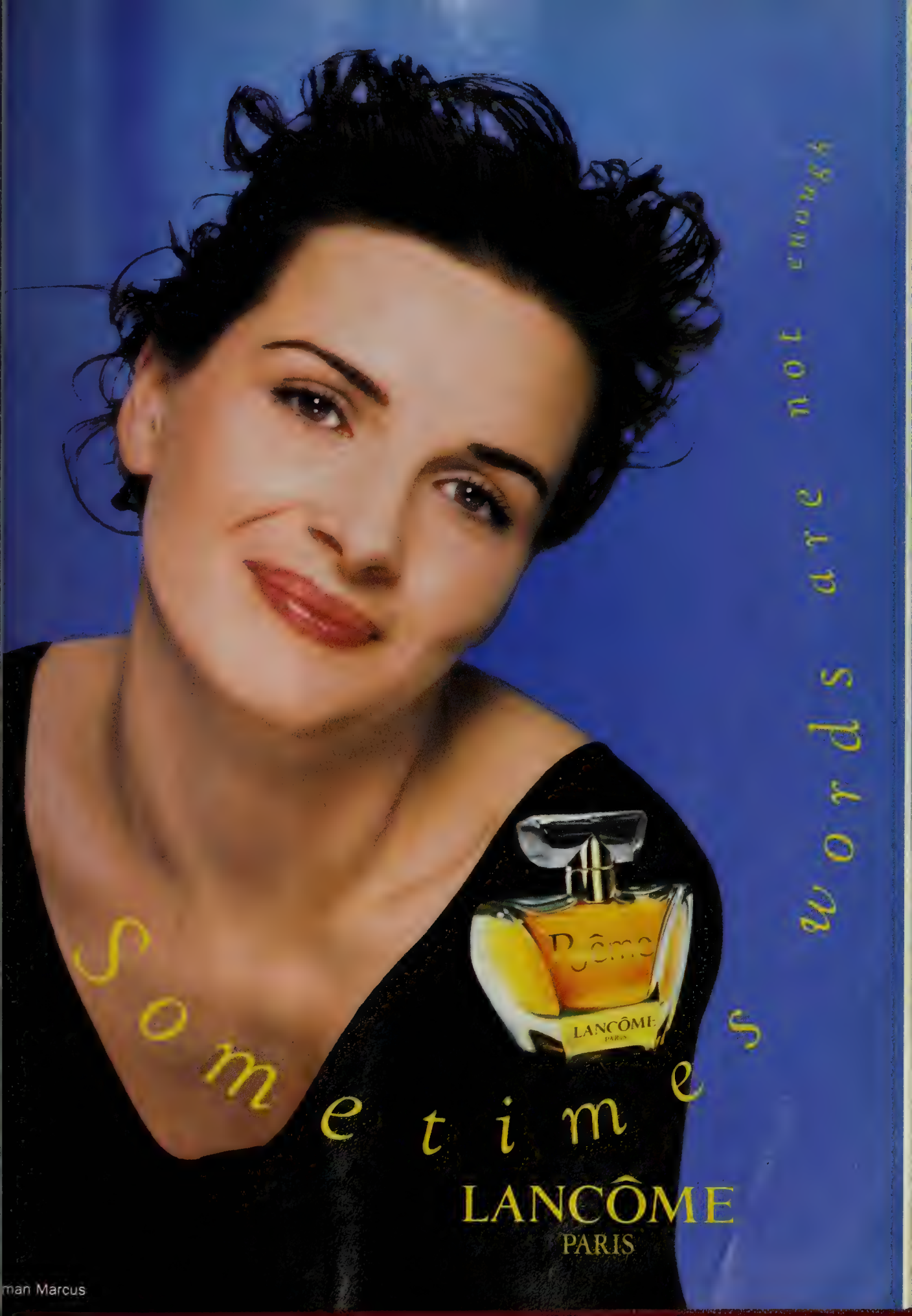
After the clunky Eisenhower years it was wonderful to have this dashing young guy in the spotlight, and soon there was nothing unusual in seeing the president posed, without apology or self-consciousness, holding a cigar. I had become friendly with two members of the Kennedy staff, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Richard Goodwin, both of whom were so passionate about cigars that smoking appeared to me to be almost a White House subculture. They would lecture me about cigars whenever I saw them in Washington. Havanas were, of course, the sine qua non, and, as an ignorant cigarette smoker still clinging miserably to an unwanted addiction, I found myself fascinated but a little puzzled by all the cigar talk, by the effusive praise for a Montecristo of a certain length and vintage, by the descriptions of wrappers and their shades, by the subtle distinctions made between the flavors of a Ramon Allones and a Punch. Stubbornly, I kept up my odious allegiance to cigarettes, but in my secret heart I envied these men for their devotion to another incarnation of tobacco, one that had been transubstantiated from mere weed into an object plainly capable of evoking rapture.

In late April of 1962 I was one of a small group of writers invited to what turned out to be possibly the most memorable social event of the Kennedy presidency. This was a state dinner in honor of Nobel Prize winners. Schlesinger and Goodwin were responsible for my being included—at the time, Kennedy didn't know me, as they say, from Adam—and it was a giddy pleasure for my wife, Rose, and me to head off to the White House on a balmy spring evening in the company of my friend James Baldwin, who was on the verge of becoming the most celebrated black writer in America. I recall that it was the only time I ever shaved twice on the same day.

Before dinner the booze flowed abundantly and the atmosphere crackled with excitement as J.F.K. and his beautiful lady joined the assembly and presided over the receiving line. Jack and Jackie actually *shimmered.* You would have had to be abnormal, perhaps psychotic, to be immune to their dumbfounding appeal. Even Republicans were gaga. They were truly the golden couple, and I am not trying to play down my own sense of wonder when I note that a number of the guests, male and female, appeared so affected by the glamour that their eyes took on a goofy, catatonic glaze.

Although I remained in control of myself, I got prematurely plastered; this did not damage my critical faculties when it came to judging the dinner. I'd spent a considerable amount of time in Paris and had become something of a food and wine snob. Later, in my notebook, I ungratefully recorded that while the Puligny-Montrachet 1959, served with the first course, was "more than ade-

ROBERT KNUDSEN


Sometimes words are not enough
Poême
LANCÔME
PARIS
LANCÔME
PARIS

man Marcus



The young Fidel Castro, *above*, in a reflective moment. Even after ordering the embargo against Cuba, Kennedy cherished his Havanas.

Of all the world's leaders the Harvard man and the Marxist from Havana were temperamentally and intellectually most alike.

quate," I found the Mouton-Rothschild 1955, accompanying the filet de boeuf Wellington, "lacking in maturity." The dessert, something called a "bombe Caribienne," I deemed "much too sweet, a real bomb."

Reviewing these notes so many years later, I cringe at my churlishness (including the condescending remark that the meal was "doubtless better than anything Ike and Mamie served up"), especially in view of the thrilling verve and happy spirits of the entire evening. Because of the placement of the tables I was seated at right angles to the president, and I was only several feet away when he rose from his own table and uttered his famous bon mot about the occasion representing the greatest gathering of minds at the White House since "Thomas Jefferson dined here alone." The Nobelists roared their appreciation at this elegant bouquet, and I sensed the words passing into immortality.

The White House was anything but smoke-free, and the scullions among us lit up our cigarettes. I noticed with my usual sulkiness and envy that many gentlemen at the tables around the room had begun to smoke cigars; among them was Kennedy, who was engaged in conversation with a stunning golden-haired young woman and plainly relishing her at least as much as his Churchill. Following coffee, we moved into the East Room for a concert of chamber music. After this, just as the party was breaking up and we were about to be converted into pumpkins, I was astonished to learn from an army captain in full dress that Rose and I were invited upstairs for something "more intimate" with President and Mrs. Kennedy. Although I had an instant's impish fantasy about what the "more intimate" implied—this was, after all, the dawn of the Swinging 60s—I was in fact rather relieved to discover that the small room into which we were ushered was filled with cigar smokers and their lady companions.

The president hadn't arrived yet, but Jackie was there, as were Goodwin and Schlesinger and Bobby Kennedy and Pierre Salinger, together with their wives, and all the men were focusing on their Havanas with such obvious pleasure that one might have thought the entire Nobel dinner had been arranged to produce this fragrant climax. Only in fine Paris restaurants, where—unlike in America—cigar smoking was encouraged, had I inhaled such a delicious aroma. I had by this time taken aboard too many of the various beverages the White House had provided, including the dessert champagne (Piper Heidsieck 1955), and sank down unwittingly into the president's famous rocking chair.

Rocking away, I talked with Lionel Trilling, the renowned critic, who, with his wife, Diana, was the only other literary person invited upstairs. He was also the only other cigarette smoker, as far as I could tell—indeed, a real chain-smoker, with a haggard, oxygen-deprived look—and we made book chat and indulged in our forlorn habit while the others convivially enjoyed their great cigars. It was not until Schlesinger discreetly asked me to let the president sit down in the rocker, for the sake of his dysfunctional back, that I realized that J.F.K. had been standing in the room for some time, too polite to shoo me out of his chair. When I leapt up, mortified, and Kennedy apologetically took my place, I noticed that he was still fondling his Churchill. The leader of the Free World wreathed in smoke, gently rocking: this was the relaxed and contented image I took away with me when, well after midnight, we wobbled our way homeward from one hell of a party.

In the months that intervened before I saw Kennedy again, I waged a demonic struggle with my cigarette habit. Thanks to my two White House gurus, I was also gingerly experimenting with cigars. The embargo against Cuba, insti-

tuted officially by Kennedy himself, was now in force; Havanas had become nearly unavailable overnight, and so I found myself buying the next-best cigars, which were then being made in the Canary Islands. These cigars were actually very good, and many of them were outstanding.

But I was still hesitant to commit myself. Although I was fully aware that I was undermining my health with an addiction that had held me captive since the age of 15, I was unable to make the transition to cigars without going through convulsions of moral doubt. Actually, I was a victim of the conventional wisdom. This was because in America, an essentially puritanical society that is as absolutist in its views about health as it is about many other issues, there was little distinction to be made between cigarettes and cigars.

After all, in a country which some years later, in its panic over the cholesterol in eggs, would virtually banish this agelessly invaluable food from the national diet rather than merely caution moderation, it was entirely natural that the relatively harmless pleasure of moderate cigar smoking should suffer the same opprobrium as the lethal addiction to cigarettes. If I stopped cigarettes, there were a lot of old nannies of both sexes eager to tell me: Cigars are just as bad!

Well, they plainly are not, and indeed, unlike cigarettes, they possess an intrinsic good. At that time, in notes I made for a 1963 review (in *The New York Review of Books*) of *The Consumers Union Report on Smoking and the Public Interest,* which was a precursor to the original surgeon general's report on the hazards of tobacco, I wrote:

"It is a grim irony that in our health-obsessed society an addiction as plainly ruinous as cigarette smoking should be condoned and promoted while the comparatively benign use of cigars should be condemned as if it were a plague. Cigars are a genuine pleasure; cigarettes are a pseudo-pleasure, of the same kind experienced by laboratory rats. The stigma against cigars has as much to do with economics and social class as it has with misplaced moralizing. The nearly universal habit of cigarette smoking is the property of the vast middle class, while cigar smokers are confined to the upper and lower ends of the economic scale. (There are overlappings and intersections,



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of course, but this is the basic contour.)

"Among middle class cigarette smokers, cigars are regarded either as the overpriced indulgence of bankers, rich corporate board members and movie moguls like Darryl Zanuck, or, at the lower end, the cheap habit of White Owl chompers who inhabit low-class saloons and sleazy gyms. The comic strip figure of the 1930s 'Pete the Tramp' best illustrates this dichotomy: the little drifter always on the lookout for plutocrats' quality cigar butts, which he'd pluck from the gutter and impale on a toothpick.

"Cigars have never found a comfortable middle ground of acceptance," I continued. "What compounds the irony is that White Owls and Dutch Masters do in fact offend the nostrils—certainly mine—and women, especially, with their canary-like sensitivity, are often justifiably upset by such effluvia. Women disturbed by cheap mass produced cigars have innocently helped give all cigars a bum rap. What is so fascinating is that the same women, when exposed to the smoke of a prime Montecristo, will often emit genuine swooning sounds, thus demonstrating that cigars of high quality need not endure prejudice forever. Women someday will be smoking cigars. I predict, too, that at some point in the future, after society has become aware of the awful hazards of cigarettes, many of the middle class will begin gradually to embrace cigars—cigars of excellence which, coming from countries other than Cuba, will also become more and more affordable."

I'm pleased to find that my crystal ball, so often dismally clouded, was quite clear when I set down those last lines.

The following summer I quit smoking cigarettes for good, cold turkey. It was just a few weeks before Jack Kennedy invited Rose and me out for a ride on his cabin cruiser, the good ship *Patrick J.* He and Jackie crossed over from the Cape to Martha's Vineyard, where I had rented a house, and took us out on an overcast August day for a wallowing luncheon afloat. Aside from my friends John and Sue Marquand, who accompanied us, the only other passenger aboard was the late Stephen Smith, J.F.K.'s brother-in-law. A Coast Guard cutter hung around not far away for security reasons, but otherwise the seven of us had the rolling waves to ourselves. The sea was moderately rough, though alcohol soothed the *mal de mer.* The Bloody Marys, poured out by a rather jittery Filipino mess steward, overflowed their glasses; there was a lot of chitchat between the Marquands and Jack and Jackie, who had known each other for years, about mutual friends; variations on the twist, and other hip music of that year, blared from a record player; and the general preluncheon mood was frisky despite the gray weather.

Kennedy in Hyannis Port, May 11, 1963, after saying farewell to Canadian prime minister Lester Pearson.



I began feeling a certain odd, fugitive sadness at this little gift from Kennedy, a sadness I couldn't quite fathom.

The talk became a little bit more serious when we sat down to eat. At the table of the *Patrick J.*'s open cockpit, no one paid much attention to the disastrous lunch. It was a mad joke of cold hot dogs in soggy buns, gooey oeufs en gelée, spoons dropped by the nervous Filipino into everyone's laps, glasses of beer not merely iced but frozen solid. We got involved instead in the conversation, which ranged from Massachusetts politics and the racial situation heating up in the Deep South—the previous fall's violent events in Oxford, Mississippi, had plainly shaken J.F.K.—to the old chestnut about whether Alger Hiss was guilty (Kennedy thought he was) and the president's obvious pique over an article in *The American Scholar* by the critic Alfred Kazin questioning his intellectual credentials. I was both amused and impressed that Kazin should bug him so.

A lot of the time Jackie kept her shapely but rather large bare feet in the presidential lap. At one point J.F.K., in a personal aside to me, asked what I was writing, and when I told him it was a novel about Nat Turner, who had led a 19th-century slave insurrection in Virginia, he became immediately alert and probed me brightly and persistently for information, which I was happy to provide. He seemed fascinated by my story of the revolt. The issue of race was plainly beginning to bedevil Kennedy, as it was nearly everyone else. At that time, few Americans had heard of Nat Turner. I told Kennedy things about slavery he had obviously never known before.

Then, after the ice cream and coffee, the president passed out to the men Partagas cigars, made in Havana and encased in silver tubes. I rolled mine around between my fingers delightedly, trying not to crack too obvious a smile.

CECIL W. STOUGHTON

I was aware that this was a contraband item under the embargo against Cuban goods and that the embargo had been promulgated by the very man who had just pressed the cigar into my hand. Therefore the Partagas was all the more worth preserving, at least for a while, in its protective tube, as a naughty memento, a conversation piece with a touch of scandal. I watched as the president began to smoke with pleasure, displaying no sense of the clandestine. I palmed the Partagas into my pocket while Kennedy wasn't looking, resolved to smoke it on some special occasion, and lit up one of my Canary Island coronas. Soon afterward, however, I began feeling a certain odd, fugitive sadness at this little gift from Kennedy, a sadness I couldn't quite fathom, though it may have been only the same poignant regret that prompted me to write, later on, when I remembered the boat trip, "of the irreconcilable differences, the ferocious animosity that separated Castro and Kennedy. Of all the world's leaders the Harvard man and the Marxist from Havana were temperamentally and intellectually most alike; they probably would have taken warmly to each other had not the storm of twentieth-century history and its bizarre determinism made them into unshakable enemies."

I saw Kennedy again the following November at a crowded, elegant party one Friday night in New York. I thought, before going, that we might get a brief glimpse of him and nothing more. But Rose and I, entering the dinner, discovered him at the bottom of a flight of stairs looking momentarily lost and abandoned. As if arrested in an instant's solitude, he was talking to no one and pondering his cigar. He had a splendid Palm Beach tan. He threw his arms around us and uttered a line so cornily ingratiating that it gave blarney new meaning: "How did they get *you* to come here? They had a hard enough time getting me!" He asked me how the novel was coming, and once again he began to talk about race. Did I know any Negro writers? Could I suggest some Negro names for a meeting at the White House? And so on. Finally someone distracted him and he disappeared into the crowd. Sometime later, on his way out, he caught my eye and, smiling, said, "Take care."

They were words I should have spoken to him, for exactly two weeks later, on another Friday, he was dead in Dallas.

I smoked the Partagas in his memory. □

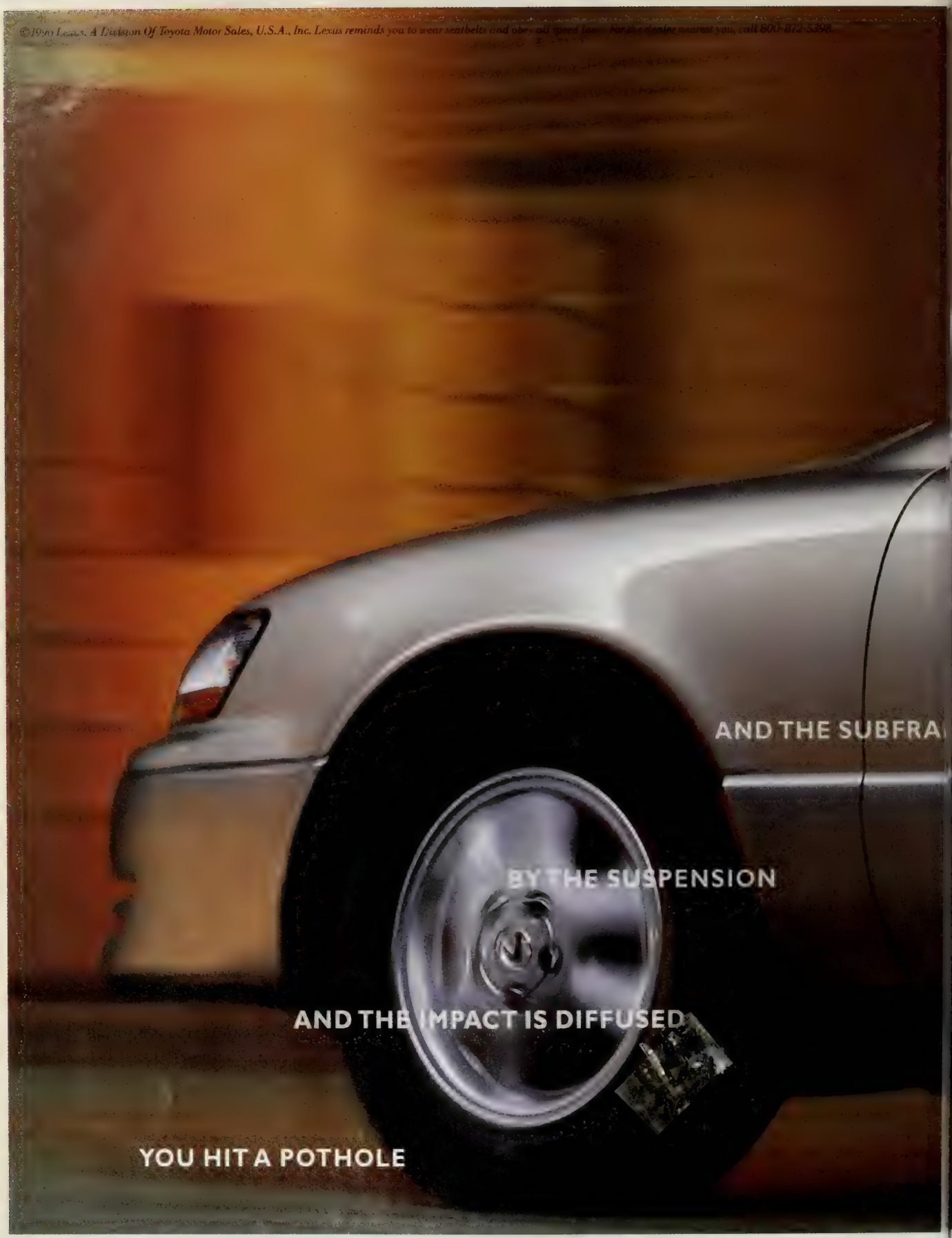


"La esencia de la divinidad" by Arnulfo Mendoza, Oaxaca, Mexico

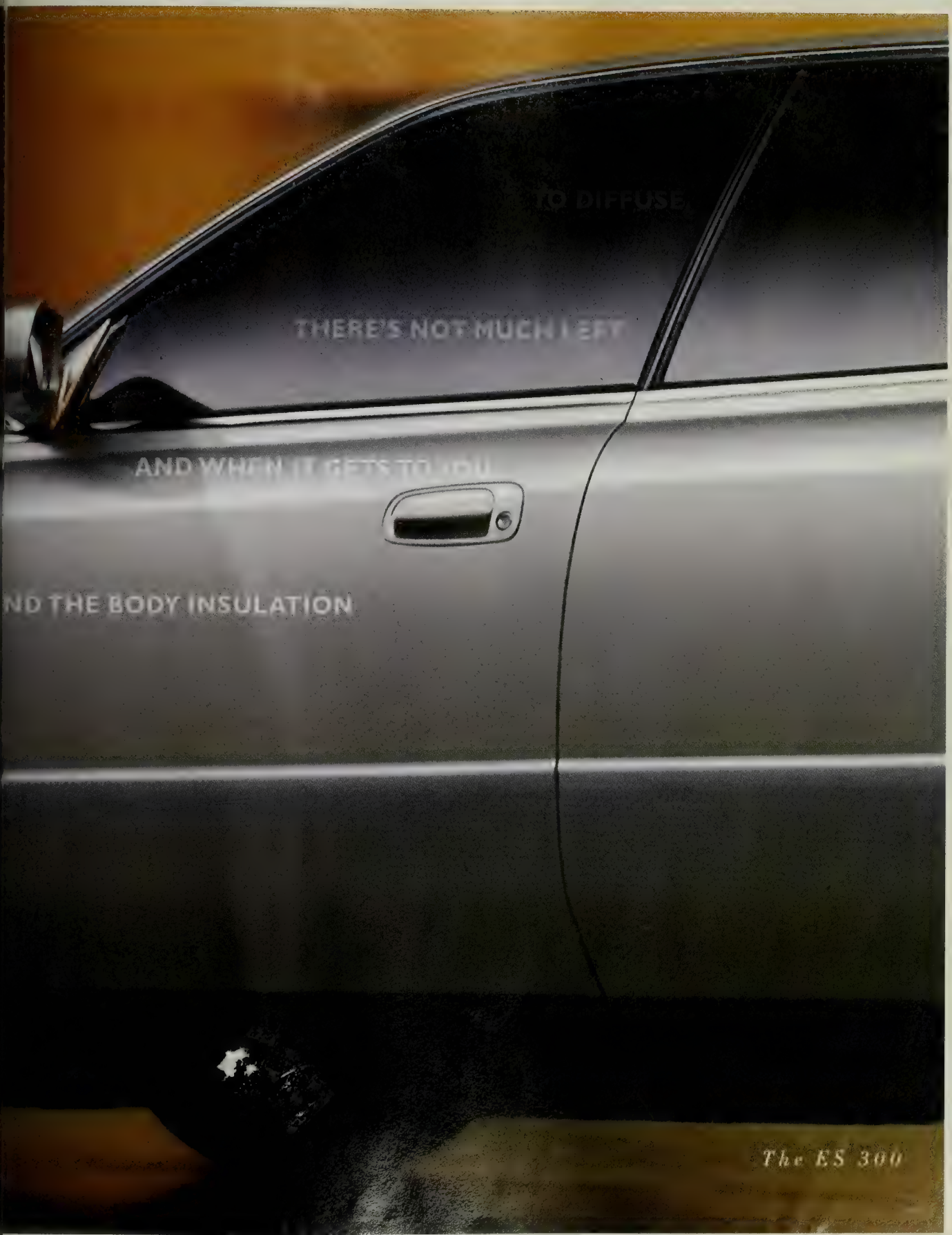
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THE BIRTH OF PUNK

In a new oral history, Malcolm McLaren, Debbie Harry, Richard Hell, and other progenitors of punk remember the New York underground roots of the last great youth movement

BY LEGS McNEIL AND GILLIAN McCAIN



ANARCHY IN THE U.S.A.
Clockwise from top left: **Malcolm McLaren in 1978; Lou Reed and Barbara Hodes, 1974; Handsome Dick Manitoba with girlfriend, 1976; the Sex Pistols' first album, 1977; the New York Dolls, 1974; Max's Kansas City; punk fans; Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious, 1977; *Punk* magazine's March 1976 issue.**

In 1973, while songs such as Deep Purple's "Smoke on the Water" and Wings' "Live and Let Die" were on top of the *Billboard* charts, a different, aggressive kind of music was coming out of New York, inspired by the Velvet Underground, the MC5, and Iggy Pop and the Stooges. A group called the New York Dolls brought a new urgency to rock 'n' roll, and within a year even rawer, more explosive bands, such as Television and the Ramones, emerged. A hand-lettered New York magazine called *Punk* gave its name to the new movement, and the Dolls' former manager Malcolm McLaren, a London-based fashion designer, borrowed a look from Television bassist Richard Hell—torn T-shirt, biker jacket, spiked hair, and safety pins—and took it back to England. There punk culminated in the nihilistic antics and political ravings of the Sex Pistols. The whole movement lasted less than six years.

DEBBIE HARRY (former singer for Blondie; solo recording artist): One day I was over at someone's apartment on 13th Street, and this station wagon pulls up, and Malcolm McLaren starts pulling out these rubber dresses and platform shoes and selling them on the street. We didn't know who Malcolm was, but that's the day we found out.

MALCOLM McLAREN (former owner of the London clothing store Sex; former manager of the New York Dolls and the Sex Pistols; solo recording artist): The Dolls had come into my shop several times in London, and they were staggered by the store because nobody in New York was selling rock 'n' roll culture in the form of dress and music in one particular place. It wasn't some fucking middle-of-the-road golden-oldies shop—far from it.

About two years after the time they came to England, I started managing the Dolls. It was my raison d'être in New York. It was a means of travel. But I caught venereal disease. Many of the girls around the New York Dolls were bloody disease-ridden. I had to look at

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Excerpted from *Please Kill Me: The Uncensored Oral History of Punk,* by Legs McNeil and Gillian McCain, to be published this month by Grove Press; ©1996 by the authors.


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them with a different kind of eye. You know, like some sort of clean-foreigner thinking.

BOB GRUEN (photographer): Malcolm made these sets of clothes for everybody in the New York Dolls—the whole band was in red. And he made this big Communist flag to put behind the band. Malcolm really wanted to get people excited on a political level.

MALCOLM McLAREN: The New York Dolls clung to that notion of narcissism which was so apparent in the 60s generation—of never ever wanting to grow up. The Dolls emulated that in their transsexual clothing and their general notion of remaining a doll. So I tried to throw politics into the mill. There was the whole notion of the "politics of boredom," and this whole idea of dressing the Dolls up in red vinyl and throwing them Mao's Red Book—I just loved fucking with that kind of pop-trash culture of Warhol, which was so pretentiously American, where everything had to be a product, everything had to be disposable. I thought, I'm not going to make them disposable. I'm going to give them a serious political point of view.

TERRY ORK (former manager of the band Television): It was pretty bad—[the Dolls] felt embarrassed in their little outfits. So I said to Malcolm, "That might work in London, on the King's Road, but not [in New York]."

MALCOLM McLAREN: To me, the Establishment's notion of bad needed to be redefined. At the beginning of the 70s, that meant Bryan Ferry. It meant green velvet loon pants. It meant hippies, bright young things, the American flag, television, and PG ratings.

JERRY NOLAN (late drummer for the New York Dolls and the Heartbreakers): Malcolm caught us at a very vulnerable moment. He had booked this horrible string of gigs for us in Florida, in these terrible out-of-the-way clubs. The limos were long gone.

SYL SYLVAIN (former guitarist for the New York Dolls and the Criminals): We were staying at Jerry Nolan's mother's house in Florida. She had six trailers that she rented out like motel rooms, and she let us use three of them. Every night, before the gig, we'd have dinner in Jerry's mom's house. At first it was fun, but after a week it started to drag.

JIM MARSHALL (known as the Hound; currently a New Jersey disc jockey): A bunch of us were hanging around [the Dolls] all the time—'cause they were from New York and the Stooges never played Florida and the MC5 were long gone, so they were definitely the only game in town. We all totally worshiped the Dolls. In Florida, if you liked rock 'n' roll, there was only the Allman Brothers and Lynyrd Skynyrd, and I hated that shit. The one thing that impressed me was that [the Dolls] were always asking people for their clothes, especially girls. They were, like, "I like your shirt. Can I have it?"

"Malcolm was always making jokes with that English humor no one can understand—let alone two guys on heroin."



LIPSTICK KILLERS The New York Dolls at the Mercer Arts Center in New York, New Year's Eve, 1972. *Below,* Malcolm McLaren, the Dolls' manager, raises a Soviet banner for a performance in 1975.

SYL SYLVAIN: We'd have to drive into the country, to some wooden shack, and there'd be, like, 20 people there yelling, "Play the Rolling Stones!" So we knew we were not doing too good. Jerry and Johnny [Thunders, late New York Dolls and Heartbreakers guitarist] didn't like Malcolm. Malcolm was always goofing around. He was always making jokes with that sort of English humor that no one can understand—let alone two guys on heroin. Plus Malcolm would wake up with his curly hair all sticking up, with his tasseled pants and shit. Jerry would say, "Johnny, look at this guy. This is how we're gonna become like the Beatles, with this schmuck?" They didn't take Malcolm seriously, which was a mistake.

JIM MARSHALL: Our friend that used to go into Overtown, in Miami, to get dope for Johnny and Jerry, got busted. He was, like, 15 at the time and I think the cops roughed him up. Then nobody wanted to go down to Miami to get dope, so they quit the band.

JERRY NOLAN: We were having dinner one night when David [Johansen, former New York Dolls singer who later became Buster Poindexter] said, "Anyone in this band can be replaced." That did it. I got up and said, "I'm out." Then Johnny got up and said, "If Jerry's leaving, I am, too."

MALCOLM McLAREN: I thought they were leaving because they hated the group and thought there was no genuine likelihood of them having success in Tampa. They *really* wanted to get back to New York because it was easier for them to score heroin. I was so naïve.

ELIOT KIDD (singer and guitarist for the Demons): I knew that the New York Dolls were supposed to be in Florida for another week, so when I saw Johnny and Jerry [in New York], I said to them, "What the fuck are you guys doing

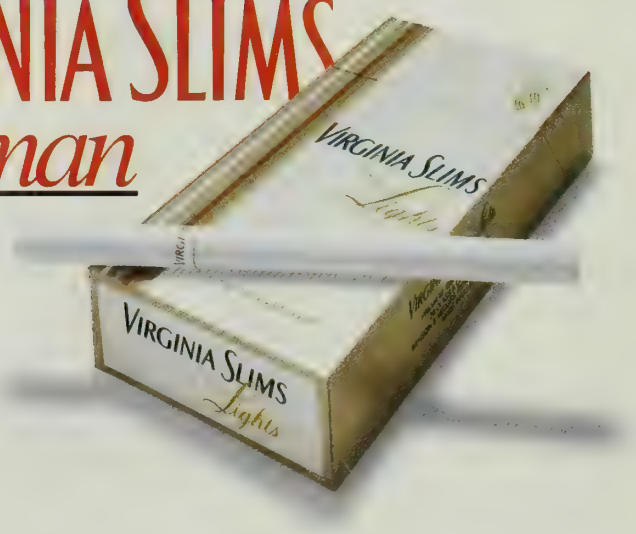
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MARQUEE MOON
CBGB's in 1977. *Below,* Christmas 1975 party at Max's Kansas City: singer Wayne County, bottom center; directly behind him, Richard Hell; in bottom right corner, the Ramones.

back?" They said, "We quit the band." I thought they were kidding. I started to realize that they were serious. They said, "We got Richard Hell leaving Television and he's going to play with us."

DUNCAN HANNAH (painter and actor): I think Tom [Verlaine, singer and guitarist for Television] was mad because Richard Hell would get too high. But Richard's thinking was: That's rock 'n' roll. I mean, Hell wasn't a great bass player, plus he was goofy—the way he jumped around and made faces, like he was something out of a revival show.

RICHARD HELL (real name, Richard Meyers; former singer and bassist for Television, the Heartbreakers, and Richard Hell and the Voidoids; actor, with a brief appearance as Madonna's mobster lover in *Desperately Seeking Susan*): Tom got horrible, man. He gradually decided that he lived by separate rules. And if anything fell apart for him, Tom would just say that he was a misunderstood genius.

ROBERTA BAYLEY (doorperson at CBGB's; photo editor of *Punk*): Tom Verlaine was just cutting all of Richard's songs out, one by one. Richard used to sing maybe half of the songs in Television; then he was only singing one song, "Blank Generation." Then I believe that Tom suggested, "Let's cut 'Blank Generation.'"

SYL SYLVAIN: After Malcolm and I got back, we went to CBGB's almost every night. The person that he loved the most was Richard Hell. I mean, right before

"Beethoven quartets are supposed to be slow. Rock 'n' roll is supposed to be fast."

Malcolm left for England, he gave me a suit to give to Richard. He kept saying, "You won't forget to give that suit to Richard. I love Richard. I think Richard has a lot of talent."

MALCOLM McLAREN: I just thought Richard Hell was incredible. Again, I was sold another fashion victim's idea. This was not someone dressed up in red vinyl, wearing bloody orange lips and high heels. Here was a guy looking like he'd just grown out of a drain hole, looking like he was covered in slime, and looking like no one gave a fuck about him. And looking like he didn't really give a fuck about you! He was this wonderful, bored, drained, scarred, dirty guy with a torn T-shirt. And this look of this spiky hair, everything about it—there was no question that I'd take it back to London. I was going to transform it into something more English.

RICHARD HELL: I liked Malcolm because he seemed to be really interested in me. There weren't that many people who gave us any respect, you know?

BOB GRUEN: The first time I saw Richard Hell, he walked into CBGB's wearing a white T-shirt with a bull's-eye painted on it, and the words "Please Kill Me" written on it. For somebody to walk the streets of New York with a target on his chest, with an invitation to be killed—that's quite a statement.

RICHARD HELL: I don't remember wearing the "Please Kill Me" T-shirt, though I do remember forcing Richard Lloyd to wear it. I was too much of a coward.

RICHARD LLOYD (guitarist for Television): I was, like, "I'll wear it." So I wore it when we played upstairs at Max's Kansas City, and afterwards these kids came up to me. These fans gave me this psychotic look—they looked as deep into my eyes as they possibly could—and said, "Are you serious?" Then they said, "If that's what you want, we'll be glad to oblige because we're such big fans!" They were looking at me, wild-eyed, and I thought, I'm not wearing this shirt again.

TERRY ORK: I approached Hilly [Kristal, owner of CBGB's] and said, "Hilly, look what you got, look at the crowds we had here!" I said, "You gotta go with new music every night." The music didn't have a name yet. And that's when it really began to break, and we started getting other great bands, like the Ramones.

RICHARD HELL: The scene definitely started snowballing. CBGB's was clearly where things were happening, from the very first time we played there. There was not another rock 'n' roll band in the world with short hair and torn

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clothes. We were these notch-thin, homeless hoodlums, playing really aggressive music that was also lyrical. But I was pretty pissed off when I first heard the Sex Pistols' "Pretty Vacant." Malcolm had stolen that whole attitude from "Blank Generation." But ideas are free property. I stole shit, too.

MALCOLM McLAREN: I came back to England determined. I had these images that I came back with—it was like Marco Polo, or Walter Raleigh. These are the things I brought back: the image of this distressed, strange thing called Richard Hell. And this phrase, "the blank generation."

LEGS McNEIL (real name, Eddie McNeil; co-founder of *Punk* magazine; former editor in chief of *Nerve*): The whole idea for *Punk* magazine came from two inspirations: [my friend] John Holmstrom's teacher at the School of Visual Arts Harvey Kurtzman, who was the cartoonist who had started *Mad* magazine, and the Dictators' *Go Girl Crazy!*

HANDSOME DICK MANITOBA (known as the Handsomest Man in Rock 'n' Roll; singer for the Dictators and Manitoba's Wild Kingdom): The Dictators were latecomers compared to the guys who were living downtown, even though we had the first record out. *Go Girl Crazy!* was released in 1975. I get the feeling that we were perceived as these Bronx bullies. Boorish rednecks. Maybe, to some degree, we came off like that.

LEGS McNEIL: My only ambition in life became to meet Handsome Dick Manitoba. That's why we started *Punk* magazine, so we could hang out with the Dictators.

ANDY SHERNOFF (former bassist for the Dictators): When we first started the Dictators, we would bring Handsome Dick out in his bathrobe and he would sing "Wild Thing." And since the audience was usually composed of all our friends, they would just go crazy!

HANDSOME DICK MANITOBA: I was always the kind of guy, if you threw food at me, I have to throw 10 times the food at you. I have to one-up you all the time.

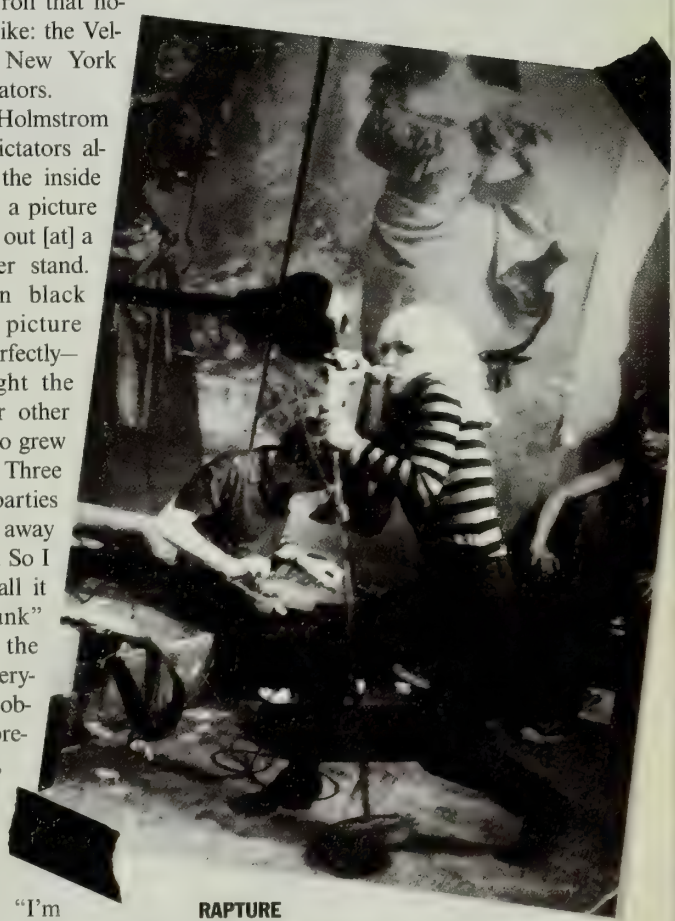
LEGS McNEIL: When I was 18, I was living in New York, working at some hippie film commune on 14th Street, making this horrible movie about a stupid advertising executive who takes acid and drops out. This was 1975, and the idea of taking acid and dropping out was just so lame, and the hippie film commune was just as lame. I hated hippies. Anyway, summer came, and I went back to Cheshire, Connecticut, where I grew up, and made this Three Stooges comedy with two high-school friends of mine, John Holmstrom and Ged Dunn. Then one day we were riding in the car, and John said, "I think we should start a magazine."

We had been listening to *Go Girl Crazy!*, and we'd just get drunk every night and lip-synch to it. Holmstrom had found the record. He was the one who turned Ged and I on to the Velvet Underground, Iggy and the Stooges, and the New York Dolls. I hated most rock 'n' roll because it was about lame hippie stuff. There really wasn't anyone describing our lives. But I didn't understand why Holmstrom wanted to start a magazine. John said, "If we had a magazine, we could drink for free. People will give us free drinks." That got me. Holmstrom wanted the magazine to be a combination of everything we were into—television reruns, drinking beer, getting laid, cheeseburgers, comics, grade-B movies, and this weird rock 'n' roll that nobody but us seemed to like: the Velvets, the Stooges, the New York Dolls, and now the Dictators.

I saw the magazine Holmstrom wanted to start as a Dictators album come to life. On the inside sleeve of the record was a picture of the Dictators hanging out [at] a White Castle hamburger stand. They were dressed in black leather jackets. The picture seemed to describe us perfectly—wise guys. So I thought the magazine should be for other fuckups like us. Kids who grew up believing only in the Three Stooges. Kids that had parties when their parents were away and destroyed the house. So I said, "Why don't we call it *Punk*?" The word "punk" seemed to sum up the thread that connected everything we liked—drunk, obnoxious, smart but not pretentious, absurd, ironic, and things that appealed to the darker side. So John Holmstrom said, "Well, I'm gonna be the editor." Ged said, "I'm gonna be the publisher." They both looked at me and said, "What are you gonna do?" I had no skills. Then Holmstrom said, "You can be the resident punk!" So it was decided I would be a living cartoon character, like Alfred E. Neuman was to *Mad* magazine. And Holmstrom changed my name from Eddie to Legs. It's funny, but we had no idea about CBGB's and what was going on, but I don't think we cared. We just liked the idea of *Punk* magazine.

MARY HARRON (former feature writer for *Punk;* co-writer and director of *I Shot Andy Warhol*): I met Legs when I was working as the cook for Total Impact, the hippie film commune on 14th Street. Legs came in and said, "We're starting a magazine. It's called *Punk.*" So I said, "Oh, I'll write for you," even though I didn't know what it was about. A few nights later Legs and John came in and said they were going

"Two maniacs were running around putting up signs that said, PUNK IS COMING!"



RAPTURE
New Wave singer Debbie Harry performing with Blondie at CBGB's in 1976.

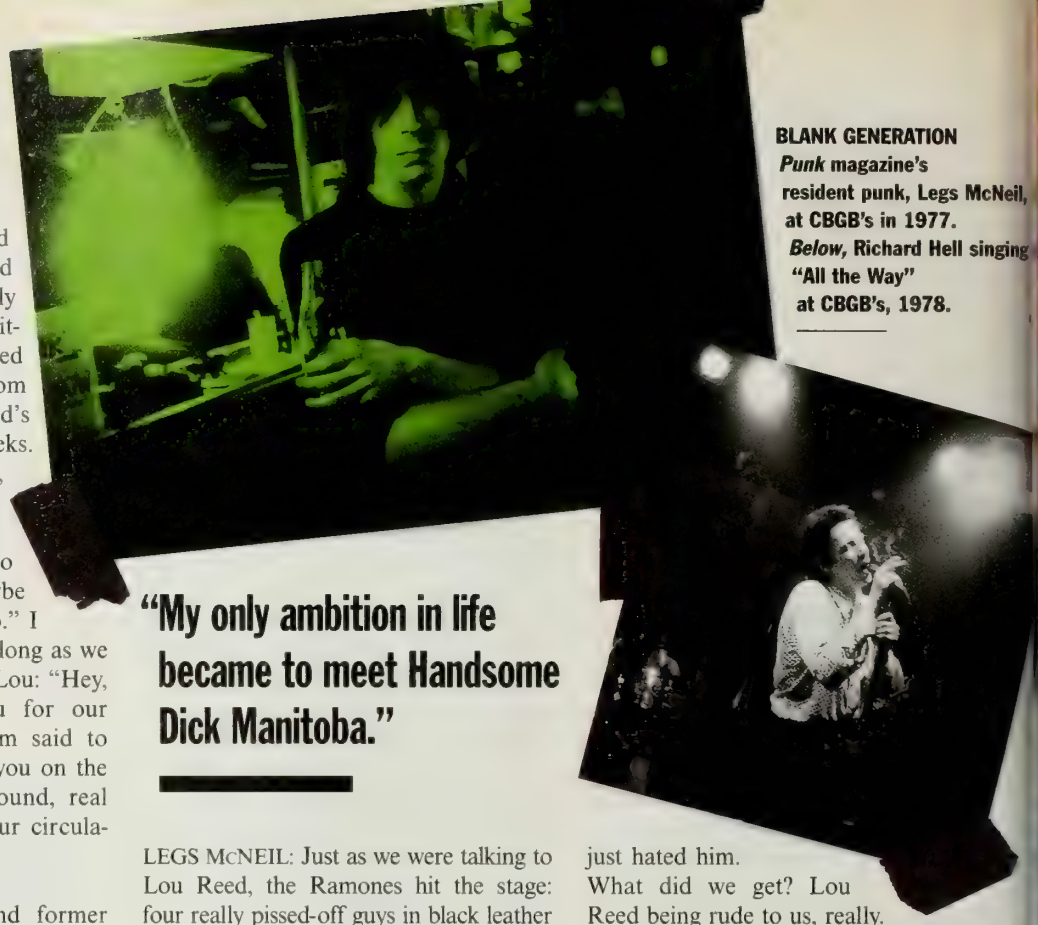
GODLIS

to go to CBGB's. We all went to hear the Ramones, and that was the night everything happened.

LEGS McNEIL: We talked our way into CBGB's, and then I saw this guy with really short hair and sunglasses sitting at a table. I recognized him as Lou Reed. Holmstrom had been playing Lou Reed's *Metal Machine Music* for weeks. It was awful, just noise, which Holmstrom loved and proclaimed the ultimate punk album. So I went up to Holmstrom and said, "Maybe we should interview him too." I was thinking—you know—as long as we were there. So I went up to Lou: "Hey, we're gonna interview you for our magazine!" Then Holmstrom said to Lou, "Yeah, we'll even put you on the cover!" Lou just turned around, real deadpan, and said, "Oh, your circulation must be fabulous."

DANNY FIELDS (writer and former record executive; former manager of the Stooges and the Ramones): I was editing *16 Magazine* and writing a column in the *Soho Weekly News,* and I was always writing about Television and Patti Smith. So Tommy [Ramone, drummer for the Ramones] would call me and say, "Why don't you ever write about us?" [Music critic] Lisa Robinson and I decided to divide up. There was some other band who was harassing both of us, and we decided [that] I would go see the other band and Lisa would see the Ramones. The next day Lisa called me all excited about the Ramones, saying, "Oh, you'll love them. They do songs one minute long and it's very fast and it's all over in less than a quarter of an hour. And it's everything you like and you'll love it. And it's just the funniest thing I've ever seen."

I went down to see them at CBGB's, and I got this seat up front with no problems. They were the perfect band. They were fast and I liked fast. Beethoven quartets are supposed to be slow. Rock 'n' roll is supposed to be fast. I introduced myself to them afterwards and I said, "I love you so much, I'll be your manager." And they said, "Oh, good, we need a new drum set. Do you have money?" I asked my mother for $3,000 and she gave it to me. That's how I started managing the Ramones. I bought myself into being their manager.



BLANK GENERATION
***Punk* magazine's resident punk, Legs McNeil, at CBGB's in 1977. *Below,* Richard Hell singing "All the Way" at CBGB's, 1978.**

"My only ambition in life became to meet Handsome Dick Manitoba."

LEGS McNEIL: Just as we were talking to Lou Reed, the Ramones hit the stage: four really pissed-off guys in black leather jackets. It was like the Gestapo had just walked into the room. These guys were definitely not hippies. Then they counted off a song—"ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR!"—and we were hit with this blast of noise. You physically recoiled from the shock of it, like this huge wind, and before I could even get into it, they stopped. Apparently they were all playing a different song. The Ramones had a mini-fight onstage. They were just so thoroughly disgusted with each other that they threw down their guitars and stomped off the stage. Lou Reed was sitting at the table laughing.

Then the Ramones came back, counted off again, and played the best 18 minutes of rock 'n' roll that I had ever heard. You could hear the Chuck Berry in it. When the Ramones came offstage we interviewed them, and they were like us. They talked about comic books and 60s bubblegum music and were really deadpan and sarcastic. I really thought I was at the Cavern Club in 1963 and we had just met the Beatles. Only it was *our* band—the Ramones. But we had to go interview Lou Reed, who was old and snotty.

MARY HARRON: I was quite startled because of the way Legs and John would ask the questions. It was quite connoisseurish. They would ask, "What kind of hamburgers do you like?" Lou got very mad at Legs. He just hated him. What did we get? Lou Reed being rude to us, really.

LEGS McNEIL: Holmstrom kept jumping up and down, saying, "We got Lou Reed for the cover! We got Lou Reed for the cover!" I didn't know what he was so excited about.

MARY HARRON: When I finished writing the Ramones article, I walked that night all the way across town to deliver the article to the "Punk Dump," the *Punk*-magazine office on 10th Avenue. It was *Taxi Driver* time—you know, steam coming out of the manholes. It was really a beautiful kind of weird New York night, and the Punk Dump looked like something out of "Batman." It was a storefront under the train tracks with the windows painted black—like a cave. The light was on, and John Holmstrom was there at his desk, doing the artwork for the cover for the first issue of *Punk. It was a cartoon!* I read the Lou Reed interview quickly, and I could see that everything that was humiliating, embarrassing, and stupid had been turned to an advantage. And that's when I knew that *Punk* was going to work.

WAYNE KRAMER (former guitarist for the MC5): While I was in jail [in Kentucky for cocaine dealing], one of my pals bought me a subscription to *Billboard* magazine. I started reading about the Ramones—who to me all looked like

BOTH BY GODLIS



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Fred "Sonic" Smith [late MC5 guitarist and husband of Patti Smith]. From where I sat, "punk" did not have a good ring to it. So I was flushing the articles down the toilet, because in jail a punk is somebody that they knock down and make their girlfriend. So when I kept reading in *Billboard* that my band started this punk thing, I was thinking, Oh man, I don't want nobody to start thinking I'm involved in this punk-music thing, not here in jail.

LEGS McNEIL: The next thing we did was go out and plaster the city with these little posters that said, WATCH OUT! PUNK IS COMING! Everyone who saw them said, "Punk? What's punk?" John and I were laughing. We were, like, "Ohhh, you'll find out."

DEBBIE HARRY: John Holmstrom and his living cartoon creature, Legs McNeil, were two maniacs running around town putting up signs that said, PUNK IS COMING! We thought, Here comes another shitty group with an even shittier name.

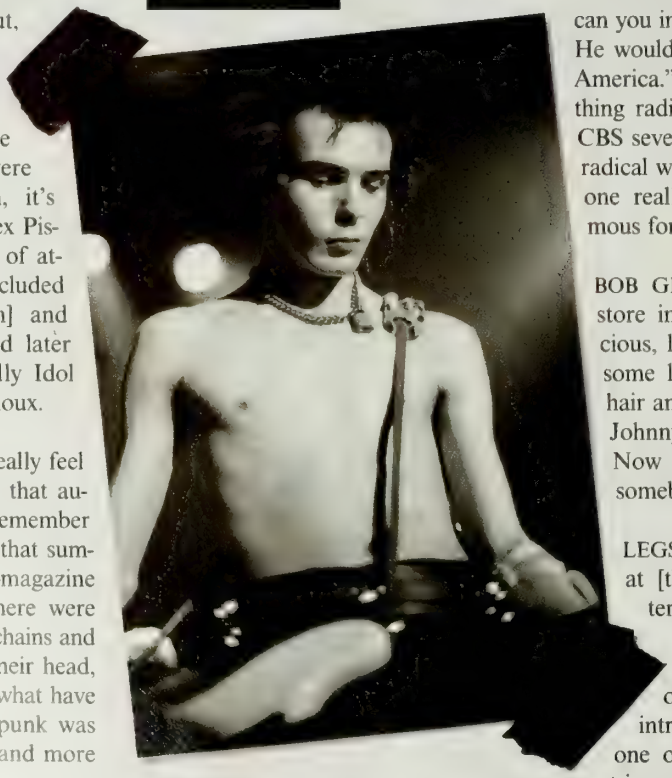
BOB GRUEN: The first time I went to England, the only phone number I had was for Malcolm McLaren. He took me down to the Club Louise. There were all these kids hanging out, wearing weird clothes and their hair in that weird spiky way. The Sex Pistols came into the club and they were ridiculous. All the kids were standing around like "Oooh, it's them, they're so great." The Sex Pistols were the complete center of attention in this group which included Joe Strummer [of the Clash] and Mick Jones [of the Clash and later Big Audio Dynamite] and Billy Idol and Adam Ant and Siouxsie Sioux.

MARY HARRON: You could really feel the world moving and shaking that autumn of 1976 in London. I remember going to see the Damned play that summer. I was wearing my *Punk*-magazine T-shirt and I got mobbed. There were hundreds of little kids wearing chains and swastikas and things stuck in their head, and I was, like, "Oh my God, what have we created?" I think English punk was much more volatile and edgy and more dangerous.

DANNY FIELDS: I was fol[illegible] the Sex Pistols in the press, thinking, This is trouble. They interfered with [illegible] agenda. They were just diverting attention and energy from what we were doing. They were inspired by Iggy [Pop] and the Stooges. The first song that the Sex Pistols played was "I Wanna Be Your Dog," the greatest punk song ever written to this day. Malcolm's strategy for the Pistols was the theory of chaos. They put safety pins in the Queen's nose and they would vomit and curse and say it's the end of the world. I always say when the music moves from the music section to the front page of the newspaper you're in trouble.

BOB GRUEN: Traveling with the Sex Pistols was a contrast to their concerts. Their shows were complete chaos, but the bus was actually mellow. Mostly we drank beer, passed joints, and listened to dub-reggae music. At one stop, Johnny Rotten [real name, John Lydon; former singer for the Sex Pistols and later Public Image Ltd.] opened a window and leaned out. The fans came running over. A kid held up an album and begged, "Would you autograph this for me?" Johnny just leaned over and spat on it. The kid said, "Wow, man, thank you! I can't believe it! Thank you so much!" That's when I started thinking, This is not normal.

"Punk felt like this phony media thing. It had become everything we hated."



SID'S WAY
Sid Vicious of the Sex Pistols performing in Memphis in 1978, on the group's final tour. One year later he was dead of an overdose.

EBET ROBERTS

LEGS McNEIL: After four years of doing this thing called punk, and basically getting laughed at, suddenly everything was "PUNK!" As the Pistols made their way across America, the hysteria was broadcast on the news every night. Kids were suddenly transforming themselves with safety pins, spiked haircuts, and ugliness. I was, like, "What is this shit?" After all, we were *Punk* magazine. We had come up with the name and had defined punk as this underground American rock 'n' roll culture that had existed for almost 15 years. So it was, like, "Hey, if you want to go start your own youth movement, fine, but this one's already taken." But the answer that came back was "Oh, you wouldn't understand. Punk started in England. You know, everyone is on the dole there. Punk is really about class warfare and economic blah, blah, blah."

DANNY FIELDS: The Sex Pistols were on Walter Cronkite every night! I mean, can you imagine the marketing, the hype! He would say, "They're now arriving in America." But they didn't really do anything radical in terms of getting on the CBS seven-o'clock news. What they did radical was in terms of music, which no one really appreciated. They were famous for the wrong reasons.

BOB GRUEN: We went to this gay store in San Francisco, and Sid [Vicious, late Sex Pistols bassist] bought some lubricant and put it all in his hair and his hair was sticking up, and Johnny Rotten said, "Great, Sid. Now you can stick your head up somebody's ass."

LEGS McNEIL: The Pistols sucked at [the San Francisco club] Winterland, but it didn't seem to matter. Everyone was just thrilled to be in the presence of the Sex Pistols. Bob Gruen introduced me to the band. Every one of them looked miserable. Sid sat in a chair with his shirt off. Johnny was alone on a couch muttering to himself. Steve [Jones, Sex Pistols guitarist] and Paul [Cook, drummer] were lounging next to a plastic garbage pail filled

with Heinekens. Sid had pulled four chicks from the audience, and the four girls were just standing around. Everyone was ignoring them. Sid turned to them and said, "So who's gonna fuck me tonight?"

Just then Annie Leibovitz, the *Rolling Stone* photographer [currently a *Vanity Fair* contributing photographer], and an assistant carrying boxes, cables, and white umbrellas came barging in and began setting up the equipment in the bathroom. She said, "Ah, excuse me . . . Johnny, could we get you in here for a shot with Sid?"

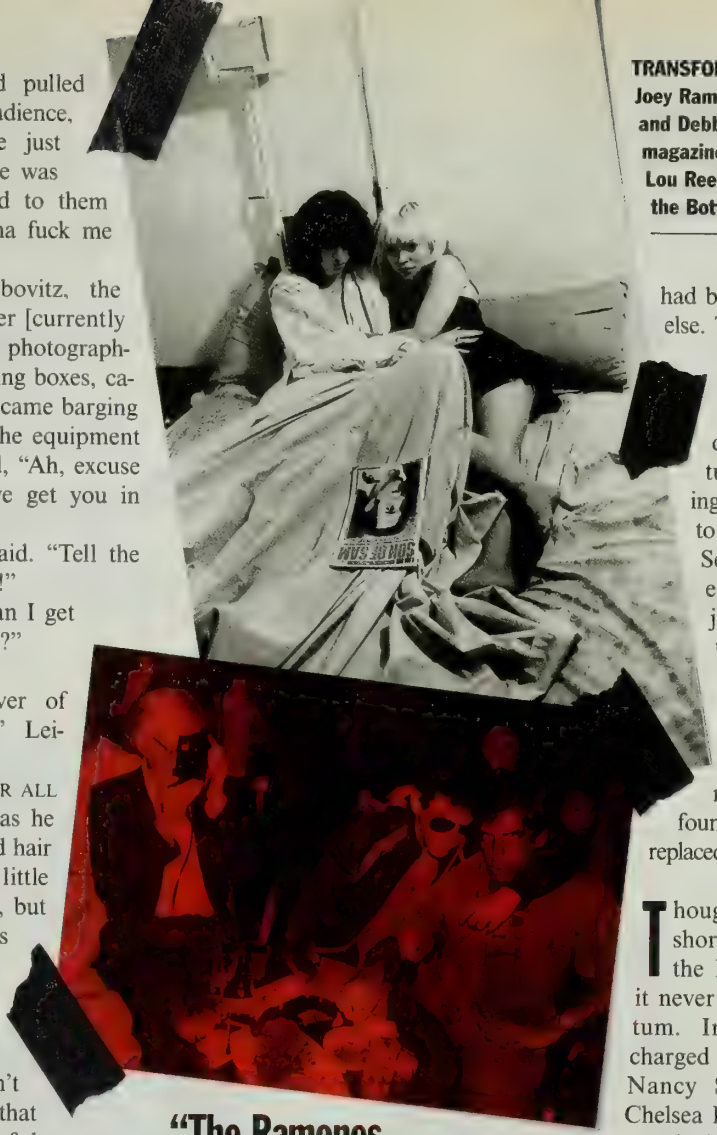
"Fuck him," Johnny said. "Tell the wanker to come over here!"

"O.K., then, Johnny, can I get you in the bathroom alone?"

"Piss off!"

"But it's for the cover of *Rolling Stone* magazine," Leibovitz said.

"WELL, THEN, IS MY HAIR ALL RIGHT?" Johnny shrieked as he pulled on his greasy, matted hair so that it formed two little horns. It was pretty funny, but overall the whole scene was pretty depressing. The Sex Pistols didn't seem to be having any fun. So I loaded up my jacket with Heinekens and split. I didn't know it at the time, but that was the last few moments of the Sex Pistols' existence.



TRANSFORMERS
Joey Ramone of the Ramones and Debbie Harry, photographed for *Punk* magazine, 1977. *Below,* Andy Warhol, Lou Reed, and Danny Fields at the Bottom Line in New York, 1978.

TOP: BY ROBERTA BAYLEY; BOTTOM: BY BOB GRUEN

BOB GRUEN: When I got back to New York, I felt pressured because tons of magazines were going to be doing big features on the Sex Pistols. I went over to CBGB's. I walked in, and Johnny Rotten was there. He said, "Did you hear the news?" He showed me his T-shirt that said, "I survived the Sex Pistols tour." Johnny had written on his shirt "But the band didn't." I said, "Well, what does that mean?" He said, "What do you think? This is it. We broke up." I said, "What do you mean, you broke up?" I had just invested two weeks and a lot of money into these pictures. He said, "That's it. Malcolm and the rest of the guys went off to Brazil, and I'm here. We're not doing it anymore."

They were the biggest band in the world and they just broke up. Everything just seemed to be the opposite with that band all the time.

DANNY FIELDS: When the Sex Pistols broke up in San Francisco, it showed that this punk thing wasn't viable. They were meant to self-destruct, and so what's the point in investing in any of them? Why institutionalize them if it's their nature to destroy others and to destroy themselves? The whole thing just got out of control, and whatever chance the Ramones had to get on the radio based on the merit of the music was then wiped out by the Sex Pistols, because it became too hot to handle. American radio, then as now, doesn't like to participate in anything that is dangerous or revolutionary or radical.

"The Ramones were like us. They talked about comics and 60s bubblegum music."

LEGS McNEIL: Now "punk" was being used to describe something the world thought of as English. Overnight, punk had become as stupid as everything else. This wonderful vital force was about advocating [that] kids not wait to be told what to do—that real creativity came out of making a mess—about turning everything embarrassing, awful, and stupid in your life to your advantage. But after the Sex Pistols tour, I had no interest in doing *Punk* magazine. It just felt like this phony media thing. Punk wasn't ours anymore. It had become everything we hated. It seemed like it had become everything we had started the magazine to rage against. So Holmstrom found a new resident punk. I was replaced. But I didn't care. It was over.

Though punk continued for a short while with bands such as the Damned and the Buzzcocks, it never regained its former momentum. In 1978, Sid Vicious was charged with stabbing his girlfriend, Nancy Spungen, to death in the Chelsea Hotel in New York, and four months later he died of a heroin overdose. The grisly events underscored the excesses inherent in the movement. Yet in Britain it had many disciples, most notably the Clash and the Jam, politically inspired bands which survived into the 80s. In America, punk never fully recovered. Television broke up in 1978. In 1979, Patti Smith went into retirement for nine years. The Heartbreakers, which included former Dolls musicians, stopped recording in the mid-80s. But now, a decade after the 1986 film *Sid and Nancy,* some of punk's survivors have returned. In 1992, Television re-formed and released a new album. *Punk* writer Mary Harron's *I Shot Andy Warhol* was released in May. This month Richard Hell is publishing his first novel, *Go Now;* Patti Smith is releasing a new album, *Gone Again;* the Sex Pistols—along with their original bassist, Glen Matlock—are starting a world tour; and a collection of the best of *Punk* magazine, which ceased publication in 1981, is being issued. The Ramones say they will play their last concert this August on the Lollapalooza tour. □

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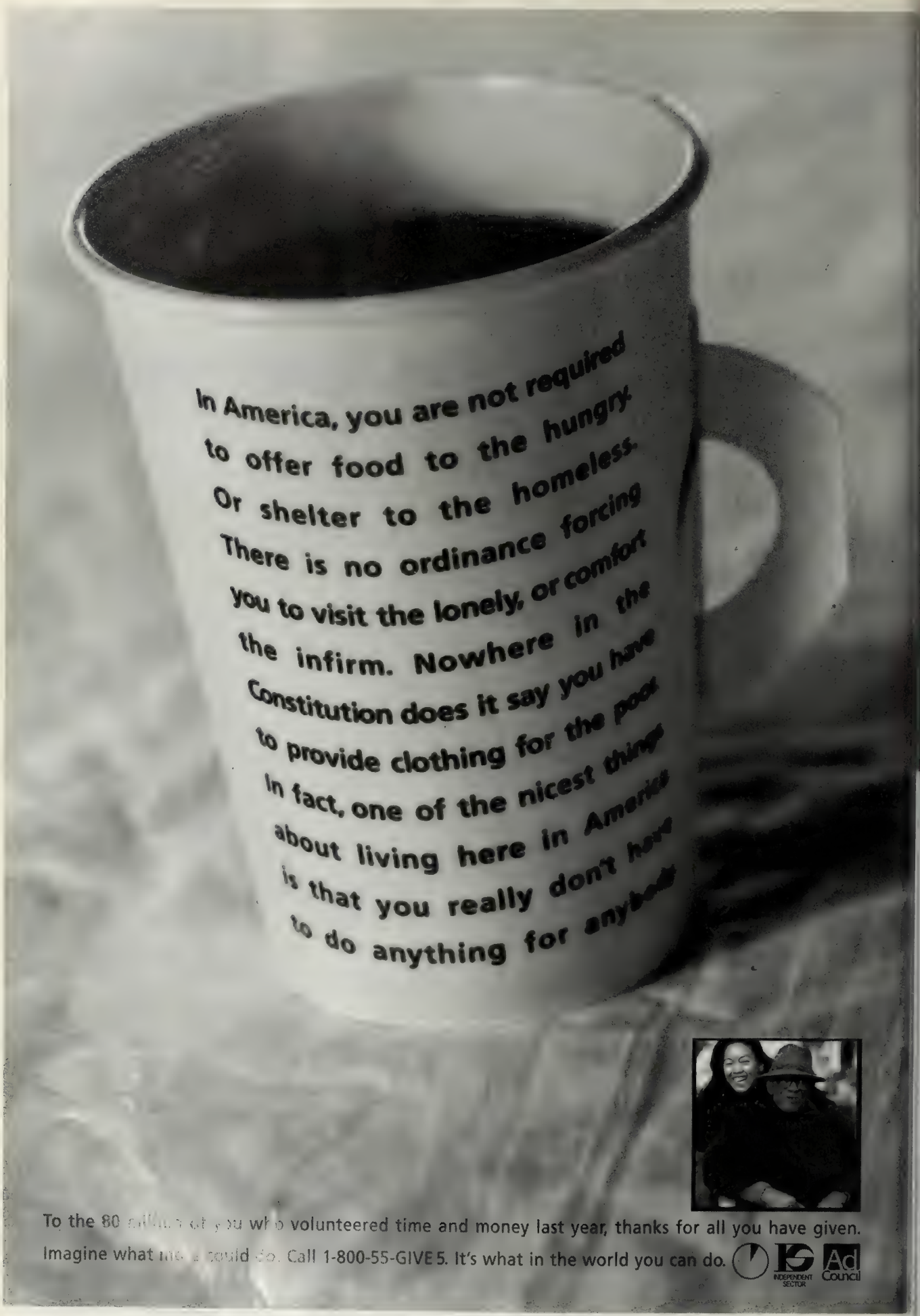
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***Left,* Jackie Gleason and Toots Shor compare midriffs in 1958; *below,* Shor and Joe DiMaggio; *bottom,* then–New York State attorney general Jacob Javits, Shor, and Margaret Truman at Yankee Stadium in 1955.**



TOOTS SHOR

In 40s and 50s Manhattan, Toots Shor's West 51st Street gin mill drew everyone from Ernest Hemingway to Joe DiMaggio

BY RICHARD MERKIN

Long ago Toots Shor and the fabled gin mill that bore his name became members of the Apocrypha Club, where, eternally, Yogi Berra swaps malapropisms with Casey Stengel, Oscar Wilde verbally fences with Jimmy Whistler, and Dorothy Parker talks with, well, anyone at all. The restaurant opened in April 1940 at 51 West 51st Street. (It was to have two more bona fide incarnations and, in the end, three locations that merely traded on Shor's name.) It opened on a shoestring, but Shor was partial to shoestrings. As he was about to go in the front door he took the 40 cents he had to his name and threw it down Sixth Avenue. He later explained, "I wanted to go in flat-pocket and start from scratch."

In the Manhattan of the 40s and 50s, Toots Shor's was the celebrity joint of choice, counting among its august clientele Ernest Hemingway, Frank Sinatra, Jackie Gleason, Harry Truman, Bob Hope, Jimmy Cannon, Eddy Duchin, Georgie Jessel, former mayor Jimmy Walker, George Raft, Joe DiMaggio, J. Edgar Hoover, Mark Hellinger, Red Smith, Earl Wilson, and Sir Alexander Fleming. (Women were not encouraged—on general principles, one presumes.)

If the décor was modest in appearance, the saloonkeeper wasn't. Six feet two and beefy, Shor was, at once, outrageously generous and kind and capable of a colossal arrogance. One night Charlie Chaplin was waiting on line, a situation that would have called for an immediate seating at any other hot spot in New York. "It'll be 20 minutes, Charlie," Toots said. "Be funny for the people." On another occasion Louis B. Mayer tired of the wait. In a loud voice he said to his companion, "This is a nice room here. I hope the food is good." Toots turned and, with a sneer, said, "I've seen some of ya pitchas."

Six years before Toots died in 1977, one of the original locations was padlocked for unpaid income taxes. Speculation upon the cause of the demise was rampant. But Toots Shor's closed because the Tootsian sentiment "Any bum who can't get drunk by midnight ain't tryin'" was no longer a popular sentiment. Toots Shor's folded finally because hangovers were no longer fashionable. Shor's time was a simpler one, a time of chorus girls and baggy flannel baseball uniforms and bespoke Peal's shoes, when, as Fitzgerald put it, "we still believed in summer hotels and the philosophies of popular songs." □

TOP LEFT, BY ROBERT KELLEY







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And so they've set out their chivalrous case,
Secretly in hope of her fond embrace,
Pointing up gravely where principle lies,
Yet prisoners all to her panda eyes.

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It's now past the sacred hour of seven
And Di is late for her muscled heaven.
Her pulse quickens for the Harbour Club dash
But without the car that was last week's crash.
Indeed, on these rapid journeys of Di's,
One's always quite thankful when she arrives,
Which now she does on pairs of borrowed
wheels,
Stirring journalists from their take-out meals.
They swarm like a minor plague of locusts,
Barbour jackets flapping, cameras focused,
Chasing with questions their helpless quarry:
"About the divorce, ma'am: are you sorry?"
She makes for the door with sprinting vigor,
Star-spangled jerkin hinting her figure.
Cameras whir with their tiresome menace
At subject more snapped than ever Venice,
And with speed of light her form is set frozen,
Locked behind shutters in frames not yet chosen.

She arrives at the gym warmed up nicely,
Starts the stretch routine, designed precisely
By Carolan Brown, personal trainer,
Who always in shape tried to maintain her.
Now she strips down to plain Lycra bodice
Which first drew Carling's eyes so immodest.
O strapping arms! How he wished he'd
kissed them
As Springsteen's music pumped through
the system.
So the pressure is piled and pleasure soars
As Di pulls mighty on waterless oars,
Then trips to weighted Nautilus machine,
There to make perfect her muscles unseen.
These clubs are, indeed, shrines to vanity,
Prone to build on sinews, not sanity,
Where endomorphs are most sternly defied,
And ecstatic rush dependably supplied.
But in storing up adrenal surplus
Di has a more particular purpose
And now considers while lifting a weight
The meeting she has with the head of state.

After hours of toil and calorie loss
Di speeds emboldened to visit The Boss.
A gap in her diary has been created
Between appointments she had inflated,
And skipping tarot-card and colon dates
She's waved on through the open palace gates.
There a convertible prompts her surprise,
Signaling a presence never apprised
Of husband estranged, the heir to the throne,
Which means that the Queen will not be
alone.
Suddenly, Di and Charles are face-to-face,
Clinching quickly in a fumbled embrace—
Look, these aren't titans or battling giants,
Just humans trapped in deadly alliance.



Now the room's grown thick with apology;
Di distracts with talk of astrology,
Then healing powers of a holy sister,
Which helps him see why he never missed her,
Nor, indeed, the appalling tedium
Of wife in flow on psychic medium.
Of course, he'd choose the Gothic Revival
To take them up to the Queen's arrival.

Soon his mother comes with frigid manner,
Gives formal greetings to dear Diana,
And starts to make a most compelling case
For restoration of the public's faith.
The terms and conditions on the table
Place restrictions on how Di is able
To bring up the two princes postdivorce,
And where she will live—in England,
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These include an acutely worded stress
On the future form of her royal address.
For Beth is resolved that Di's ovation
Should now be hushed with a year's probation.
On money, the Queen describes all she lacks,
Making much of how she must now pay tax:
There is not the cash in the royal coffer
To make more than just this modest offer.

Di listens in a respectful silence,
Her mind seething with inward violence,
And before her now she sees a trade-off
Of being dismissed without being paid off.
But this is not simply a business rift,
More like a sort of continental drift,
A process—inch by inch and day by day—
In which parties go their separate way.

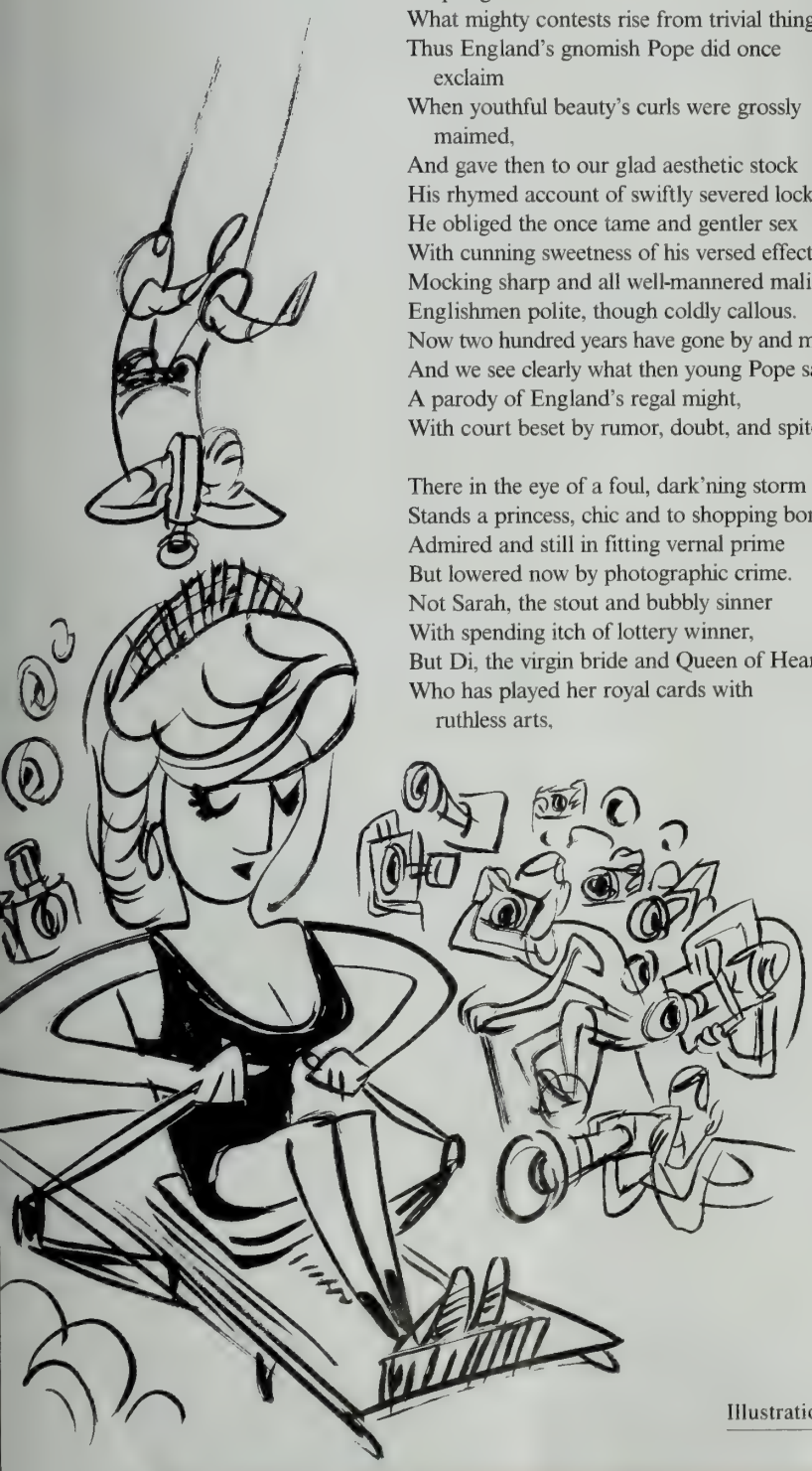
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And Di's pride, so honorably nettled,
Her future role, so furiously fought,
Will count for little in a dusty court.

But I digress: The meeting has ended;
Ignoble dealing is now suspended.
And this passage in Diana's story
Closes with a brief, resistant glory.
For us there is still one matter in hand,
More dire and ugly than the morning's span.
While Di is cradled by Ms. Orbach's care
And lulled to confide in the tall-back chair,
Prints come to life in developing tray,
Dappled light reveals and shadows betray
A defect which is surprisingly Di's—
The dimpled effect at the back of her thighs.
Soon the picture will be auctioned and bought
To wrap up with news and Saturday sport
And there removing from the royal closet
Bleak evidence of fatty deposit.
And contained in these films—I do not mock—
Is the very modern Rape of the Lock.
Much worse than stealing severed loops and curls
Has been effected by these tabloid churls,
Who used to advertise their scandal sheets
By asking why the Princess never eats.
Now with a casual and oafish glee
They hint at age and signs of eating spree.
So here is the point, in case it's missed you:
Fat is more than a feminist issue.
And with this final thought I bid good-bye
And a fond farewell to our ravished Di,
Hoping this verse has not her offended
And rhyme and reason are aptly blended. □



The Rape of the Frock

Where is the English bard to immortalize the travails of the Princess of Wales? With apologies to Pope, HENRY PORTER picks up his lute and enters the fray



"What dire offense from am'rous causes
springs?
What mighty contests rise from trivial things?"
Thus England's gnomish Pope did once
exclaim
When youthful beauty's curls were grossly
maimed,
And gave then to our glad aesthetic stock
His rhymed account of swiftly severed lock.
He obliged the once tame and gentler sex
With cunning sweetness of his versed effects,
Mocking sharp and all well-mannered malice,
Englishmen polite, though coldly callous.
Now two hundred years have gone by and more,
And we see clearly what then young Pope saw—
A parody of England's regal might,
With court beset by rumor, doubt, and spite.

There in the eye of a foul, dark'ning storm
Stands a princess, chic and to shopping born,
Admired and still in fitting vernal prime
But lowered now by photographic crime.
Not Sarah, the stout and bubbly sinner
With spending itch of lottery winner,
But Di, the virgin bride and Queen of Hearts,
Who has played her royal cards with
ruthless arts,
And 'neath her shy, winning, and
girlish glance
Has led Queen Beth on such a merry dance.
Gliding from gym-crazed fitness obsession
To Orbach's therapeutic confession,
Di plots a course so perilous between
Public favor and all its vengeful spleen.
Thus far the winds have blown in her direction
And backed her cause with a warm affection.
Yet will the strain soon begin to ail her,
Bringing rats to scent the air for failure?
And does her lonely siege so dire indeed
Give frantic signal of Di's hour of need?

Draw near now to prowl in ghostly trespass,
Far beyond the reach of standard press pass,
And gaze upon Di's whirring, dream-filled
head
That rests in silk and soft, embroidered bed.
'Neath three rampant feathers of the royal crest
Mem'ries rise sharply on a curtained breast.
A strap has slipped from ivory shoulder,
But our spectral eyes must grow no bolder!
Look only at her quiet, unconscious charm
And how light falls on one Nautilized arm,
Then touches with heav'nly refulgent glint
Sam McKnight's daily hundred-guinea tint.

What other head has lain here—
Heaven knows!—
And been wont to kiss those manicured toes?
Yet to woo in these so formal chambers
Carries much more than average dangers.
For still in this modern age of reason
Bedding Di is seen as highest treason,
And all hotheaded pursuers of royal sex
Should now watch carefully their common
necks.
I mention Will Carling and Ollie Hoare,
Though each has denied the glamorous score;
But James Hewitt, who to the press has sung,
May yet—as they say—be really well hung.

We must leave talk of this priv'leged phallus
To move crosstown to another palace,
Where Her Majesty, the resplendent Queen,
Has the morning papers already seen

Illustrations by TIM SHEAFFER



And is looking more than usually sour,
Pacing pregnant with monarchic power.
Just as she plans from court to erase her,
Di appears like a Mother Teresa,
Helping in some grim, compassionate task,
Watching hearts repaired 'hind surgical mask.
"Really!" says the cold and majestic voice,
"She has got to go—I've no other choice!
While Rome burns and Windsor Castle singes,
She slips 'tween sainthood and shopping binges!"



Returning apace to the Kensington scene,
We find Di wakening from world of dream.
Like some startled antelope she rises,
Innocent of the world's cruel surprises,
And makes for her mirrored boudoir table
Fondly to regard the reflected fable.
She's still the picture of uncommon health;
Nothing has yet come of Time's nightly stealth.
No lines are wrote by age since last she gazed—
No tucks, no creases, not a pimple raised!
Of this favored glass she should ask no more
Than to show its mistress the hidden flaw
Which lurks unseen beneath her spandex shorts,
Worn now in readiness for health-club sports.

She brings her mind to bear on worldly ills,
Swallows water and supplement'ry pills,
One of which will ease that lonely station:
For Di has just joined the Prozac Nation.
Her thoughts do speed in repetitive whirl
As she clips to each ear a single pearl,
And there she stays without ever turning
To consider all those issues burning:
What it's like to be a global icon,
With each movement watched by prying Nikon;
How to keep the favor of the masses,
Yet cold distance of Jacqueline Onassis;
How to handle Her Majesty's lawyers,
Who come as from a painting of Goya's

To speak of money, access, and title,
Plus the welfare of her princes vital.
These thoughts circle with less crucial matters,
Such as Armani and the royal hatters,
Chanel, Ferragamo, and Calvin Klein,
Not to mention Herrera's frocks sublime.
Lord! how she wished she could leave these worries,
The pressure of endless legal flurries,
And stay forever in far Pakistan
With the fair Jemima and Imran Khan.
But now she's calmed by a heavenly peace
As merciful Prozac begins release.

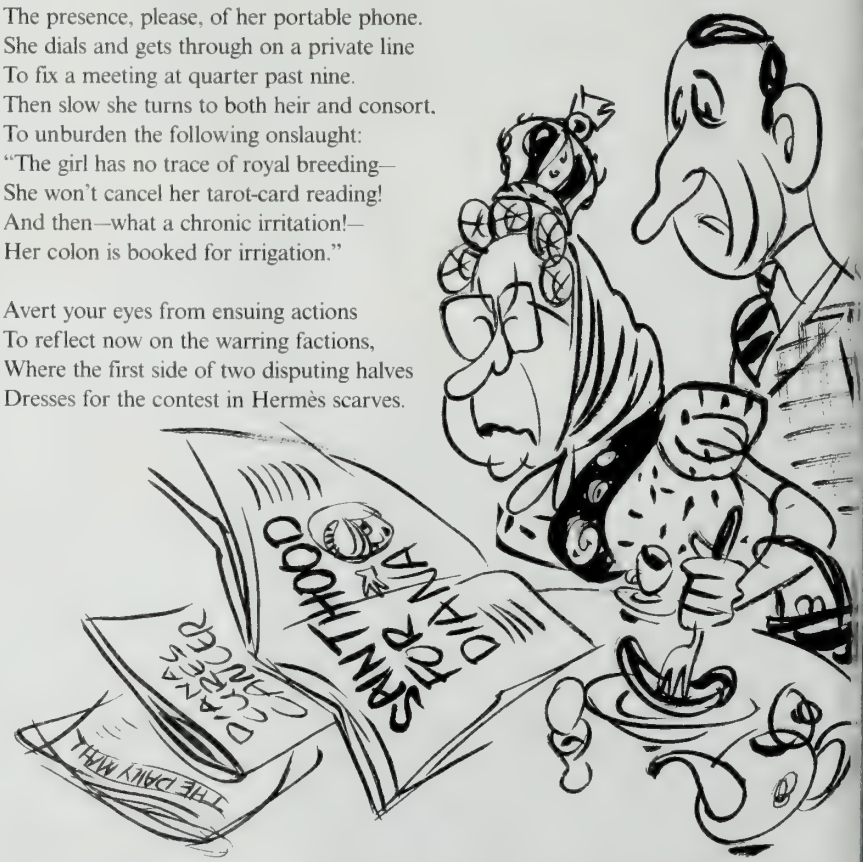
Less peaceful is the stately breakfast room
Where Queen Beth is served in menacing gloom
And steadily regards one soft-boiled egg
As ill-tempered corgis dispute and beg.
Beth's determined that without more delay
Di should be summoned on this very day
And given those terms most artfully hatched
Which saw young Sarah so neatly dispatched.
Now in frightening and resolute mood
Her mind and desire begin to collude,
And, seeing not an egg but Di instead,
She wields a knife, crying, "Off with her head!"

A seething silence Queen Beth now maintains,
As Philip and Charles dab at egg-yolk stains.
Snapping corgis arrest their canine brawl
And footmen glide out through the green baize door.
All feel the atmosphere so appalling—
Even a bug on the window stops crawling.
Then she summons (in her chilliest tone)
The presence, please, of her portable phone.
She dials and gets through on a private line
To fix a meeting at quarter past nine.
Then slow she turns to both heir and consort,
To unburden the following onslaught:
"The girl has no trace of royal breeding—
She won't cancel her tarot-card reading!
And then—what a chronic irritation!—
Her colon is booked for irrigation."

Avert your eyes from ensuing actions
To reflect now on the warring factions,
Where the first side of two disputing halves
Dresses for the contest in Hermès scarves.

These are known as the Gucci guerrillas,
Or hunting pals of Charles and Camilla's.
Who dwell on moors, streams, and Scotti heather,
Killing foxes, fish, and birds together.
Their blood, of course, is a near-perfect bl
If not, they tend to add a name or two—
And their code of honor is crystal-clear:
Never submit to the therapist's ear,
Never succumb to the media's guiles,
And never stoop to indignant denials!
In short they're greater than their sum of p
Much heartier than any Queen of Hearts
As genuine as England's rare roast beef—
And true as Camilla's upper front teeth.

And what on Diana's side do we find?
Those many gentlemen who've been so k
To dust off dear Don Quixote's armor
And tilt at critics who mean to harm her.
Swelling—nay, even tumescent—with prid
They have leapt to defend the virgin brid
Once girlish wife, then dutiful mother,
But never, it seems, Charles's cherished l
They say what brought her gentle spirits d
Were the fixed labors of the social round.
(To spend a Christmas with all regal born
Is like knitting socks while your teeth are drawn.)
Who could dare blame her for the meals she missed
While Charles disported on amorous trys
And what of bulimia and fainting fits
While husband dabbled with his painting



And so they've set out their chivalrous case.
Secretly in hope of her fond embrace,
Pointing up gravely where principle lies,
Yet prisoners all to her panda eyes.

PROZAC

It's now past the sacred hour of seven
And Di is late for her muscled heaven.
Her pulse quickens for the Harbour Club dash
But without the car that was last week's crash.
Indeed, on these rapid journeys of Di's,
One's always quite thankful when she arrives,
Which now she does on pairs of borrowed
wheels,
Stirring journalists from their take-out meals.
They swarm like a minor plague of locusts,
Barbour jackets flapping, cameras focused,
Chasing with questions their helpless quarry:
"About the divorce, ma'am: are you sorry?"
She makes for the door with sprinting vigor,
Star-spangled jerkin hinting her figure.
Cameras whir with their tiresome menace
At subject more snapped than ever Venice,
And with speed of light her form is set frozen,
Locked behind shutters in frames not yet chosen.

She arrives at the gym warmed up nicely,
Starts the stretch routine, designed precisely
By Carolan Brown, personal trainer,
Who always in shape tried to maintain her.
Now she strips down to plain Lycra bodice
Which first drew Carling's eyes so immodest.
O strapping arms! How he wished he'd
kissed them
As Springsteen's music pumped through
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So the pressure is piled and pleasure soars
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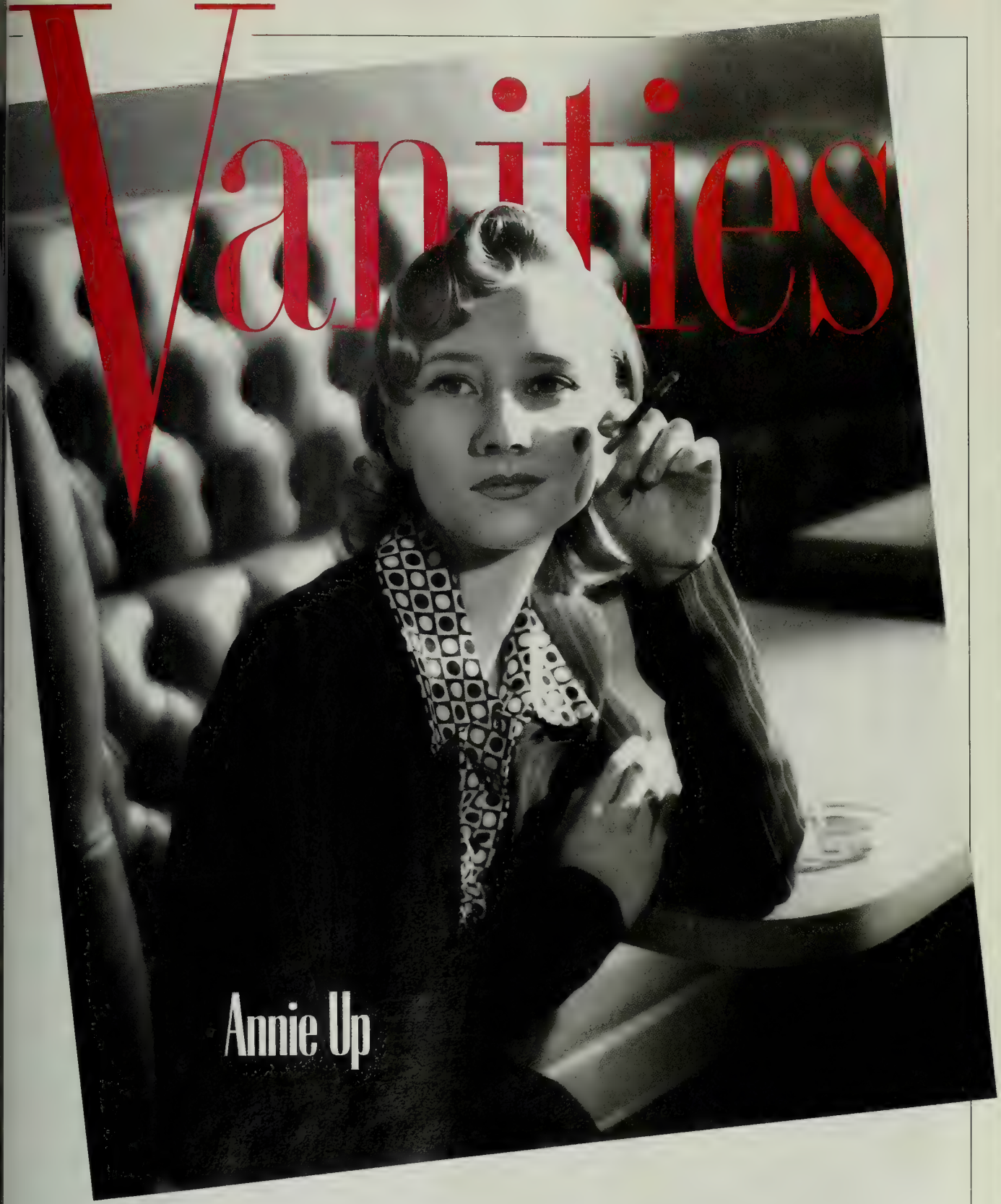
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Vanities



Annie Up

Name: Anne Heche. **Age:** "Twenty-six. I don't lie about my age." **Occupation:** Actress. **Attachment:** "Like a vacuum cleaner? What does that mean? I'm sure it means personal attachment." (Won't elaborate.) **Hometown:** "I'm from Aurora, Ohio." **Current projects:** *If These Walls Could Talk,* an HBO drama; *Walking and Talking,* a romantic comedy from Miramax; crime drama *Donnie Brasco,* with Johnny Depp and Al Pacino. **Big break:** "*O[illegible] neers!* was my first film. Some people say *The Juror* was the one that opened doors." **Influences:** "Caffeine [illegible]" **Pet name:** "Annie. I don't have a Trixie-type name. It's either Annie or Anne—or goddess." —MICHAEL MUSTO

Photograph by EIKA AOSHIMA

Vanities

Cocktail Nation

How we're becoming 1990s hepcats



Drinks, like life, keep getting harder, it seems; tastemakers are increasingly forgoing the tame offerings of the microbrewery and the vine in favor of high-octane cocktails. Barmen are scouring antiquated mixology guides for the components of such retro libations as gimlets, Gibsons, salty dogs, and bee's knees (1 jigger of gin, 1 teaspoon of honey, juice of ¼ lemon; shake well with ice and strain into glass). The allure of old-fogy drinks—whose very names evoke women in hostess pajamas and men wearing Hai Karate aftershave—goes hand in hand with a renewed interest in the smoky and smooth sounds of Shirley Bassey, Esquivel, Antonio Carlos Jobim, Bobby Darin, Mel Tormé, and Louis Prima.

"Interest in serious liquor picked up about a year ago," says John McDonald, the owner of New York's MercBar and its newly minted Phoenix outpost. "People are getting the feel for more sophisticated liquor just as they are listening to more sophisticated music. We're moving a lot more Manhattans [⅔ bourbon, ⅓ vermouth, dash of bitters] and even negronis [⅓ gin, ⅓ Campari, ⅓ sweet vermouth, lemon twist]." Perhaps the avatars of hip are looking for an antidote to greasy kid stuff like mosh pits, flannel shirts, and brew pubs. "As you get a little older, you turn away from pounding a Budweiser. And when I'm wearing my sharkskin suit, I want a cocktail that's a little more classic—a little more *Breakfast at Tiffany's,* a little more James Bond," says Señor Amor, the premier D.J. on the Los Angeles lounge scene. Bands such as Combustible Edison, Love Jones, the Blue Hawaiians, and Big Bad Voodoo Daddy have emerged as well; some have contributed music to Miramax Films' *Swingers,* a movie which promises to become the *American Graffiti* for the new grooviness. Directed by Doug Liman (the son of Iran-contra Senate counsel Arthur Liman), *Swingers* features two twentysomething cats who road-trip to Vegas for a little ring-a-ding-ding.

Indeed, sultriness is the order of the day: "We have a saying about our infusions [concoctions made with fruit-laced vodka]," says L.A.'s Bar Marmont co-owner Sean MacPherson with an insouciance that would make Joey Bishop proud. "These cocktails are like women's breasts: one is not enough and three is too many." —JOHN BRODIE

Face in the Crowd

There's no mistaking the classical gravity of a David Seidner photograph. The mysterious tension between light and line, the synapse inside stillness—these are Seidner themes, carried through subjects ranging from the nude to the fashion shoot (a form Seidner is single-handedly redefining). This month, "The Face of Contemporary Art" goes up at Paris's new Maison Européenne de la Photographie. A presentation of portraits from among the some 100 Seidner photographs in the museum's permanent collection, the exhibition (and book of the same title) honors the ancient Roman bust, each face employing a blank, archaic stare. "I was trying to get to the basics of what registers in our subconscious as a portrait," Seidner explains. And he does, in gazes bold with being. —LAURA JACOBS

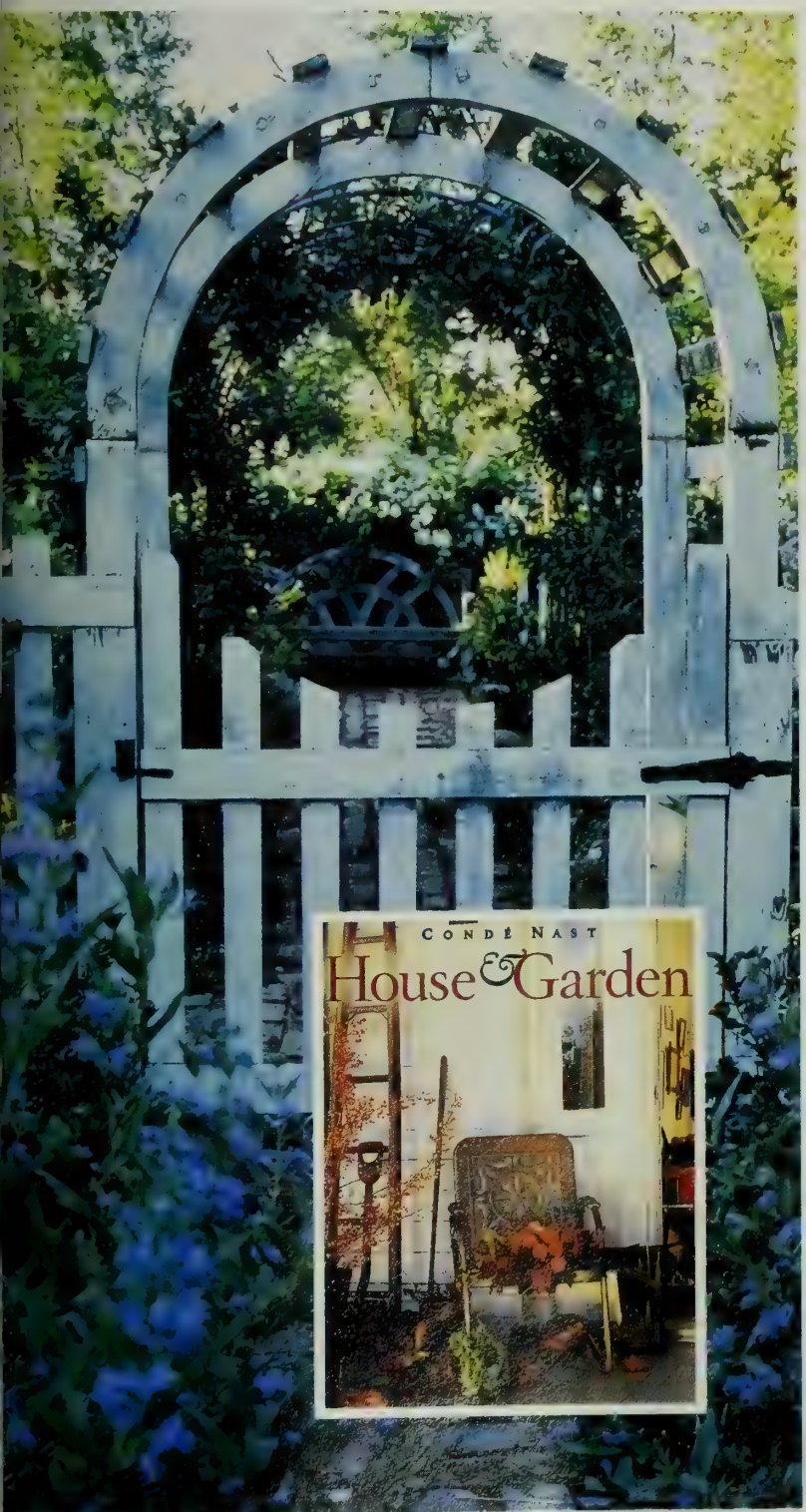


Portraits of an artist: From top left, *Brice Marden, Cindy Sherman, Jeff Koons; Joan Mitchell, John Cage, Louise Bourgeois; Roy Lichtenstein, Ross Bleckner, Richard Serra. All photographed by David Seidner.*

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Vanities



Trainspotting *producer Andrew Macdonald and director Danny Boyle.*



Matt LeBlanc, *actor:* The Last Sanctuary, *by Craig Holden (Delacorte). "It's an extremely intelligent thriller that deals with more than just black and white or good and evil. It paints a more complex, realistic—and I think fascinating—picture of human nature."*

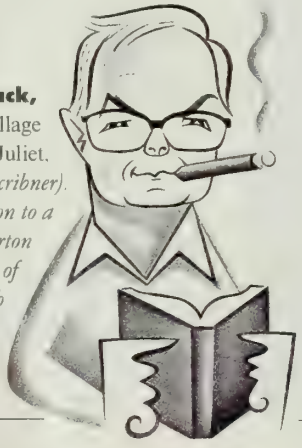
Night-Table Reading

Karen Black, *actress:* As I Lay Dying, *by William Faulkner (Vintage). "If called upon to report what the spontaneous seconds of life are really like as they hiss by—textured, redolent of half-memories—most people would be unable to do so accurately. Faulkner's people, stunningly, can."*





Betty White, *actress:* The True Life Story of Isobel Roundtree, *by Kathleen Wallace King (Washington Square Press). "It was a first novel that was given to me, and I found the writing just enchanting."*



David Black, *writer, producer:* A Village Romeo and Juliet, *by Gottfried Keller (Scribner). "In her introduction to a 1914 translation, Edith Wharton wrote, 'Certain images of Gottfried Keller's rank with Shakespeare's.'"*

Scotch Take

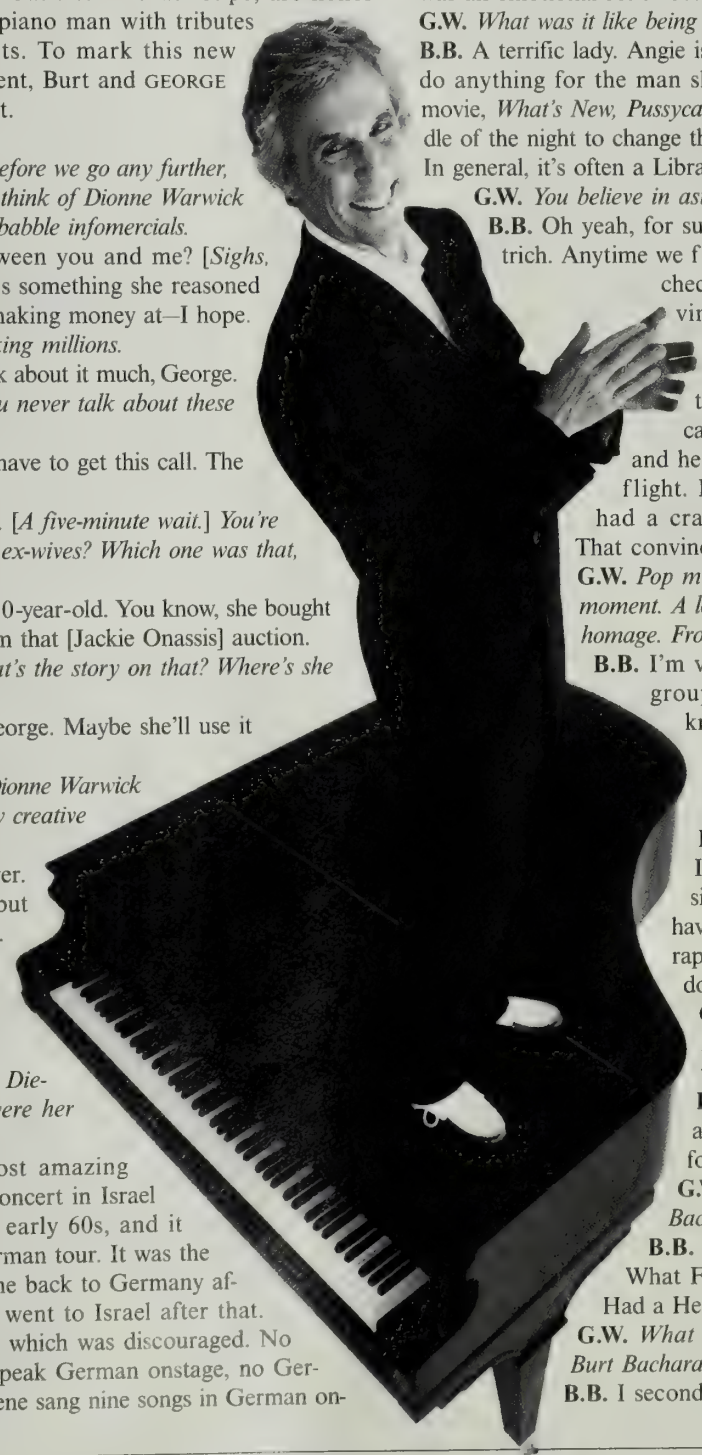
Now that we've seen Liam Neeson cozy up to a dead cow in *Rob Roy,* and Mel Gibson wield his ax in *Braveheart,* what's so strange about seeing a bunch of Edinburgh lads shoot heroin in *Trainspotting*? Plenty, as American audiences will discover this month when this latest Scottish high arrives Stateside. Dark and smart, with blasphemous humor to spare, *Trainspotting* makes no concessions to middle-class anxieties. "Choose life. Choose a job. . . . Choose a fucking big television," as the film's unlikely hero, Mark Renton, played with brilliance and pasty thinness by Ewan McGregor, rants in the opening sequence. Since its London debut in February, *Trainspotting* has been scoring with audiences while agitating critics. "It's now as big as *Dumb and Dumber,* as I'm fond of saying," reports Scottish producer Andrew Macdonald, who made the film, with English director Danny Boyle and Scottish screenwriter John Hodge, for a scant $2.3 million. The threesome, who came to prominence with last year's stylish sleeper *Shallow Grave,* goes further with this lucid adaptation of an arcane book about a bunch of contempo wasters. There's Sick Boy and Spud, Tommy and Begbie, but it's Renton who stands out and saves the film from being a terminal downer. In one very funny scene he's observed diving into a filthy toilet bowl after a misguided opium suppository. Despite the array of needles, *Trainspotting* is strangely uplifting—"life-enhancing," as Boyle says. Meanwhile, Miramax is hoping for another *Pulp Fiction,* and Macdonald, Hodge, and Boyle say they'll reunite this fall for a $10 million romance called *A Life Less Ordinary.*

—CATHY HORYN

What's New, Bacharach?

Burt's back and better than ever

In the 60s, Burt Bacharach wrote the songs that made Dionne Warwick and Tom Jones sing. Now current pop icons, from Oasis to Michael Stipe, are honoring the original piano man with tributes to his classic hits. To mark this new Bacharach moment, Burt and GEORGE WAYNE do a duet.



George Wayne: *Burt, before we go any further, I must know what you think of Dionne Warwick and her psychic-psychobabble infomercials.*

Burt Bacharach: Between you and me? [*Sighs, long pause.*] I guess it's something she reasoned she had a chance of making money at—I hope.

G.W. *I hear she's making millions.*

B.B. Well, we don't talk about it much, George.

G.W. *So you mean you never talk about these commercials at all?*

B.B. No. Hang on. I have to get this call. The ex-wife.

G.W. *One of the many.* [*A five-minute wait.*] *You're still friendly with your ex-wives? Which one was that, Carole Bayer Sager?*

B.B. Yeah, we have a 10-year-old. You know, she bought that rocking chair from that [Jackie Onassis] auction.

G.W. *Carole did? What's the story on that? Where's she gonna put it?*

B.B. I don't know, George. Maybe she'll use it in the office.

G.W. *Were you and Dionne Warwick lovers during your very creative period of the 60s?*

B.B. No, no, no. Never. We love each other, but we were never lovers. I never mix the two. I only did it one time, and that was with Carole.

G.W. *Tell me a great Dietrich anecdote. You were her musical director.*

B.B. I think the most amazing time was doing the concert in Israel with her. It was the early 60s, and it was just after the German tour. It was the first time she had gone back to Germany after the war. And we went to Israel after that. She sang in German, which was discouraged. No one was allowed to speak German onstage, no German films. And Marlene sang nine songs in German onstage in Tel Aviv. And it was one of the most emotional experiences ever. The dam broke. Everybody was crying. It was an emotional roller coaster.

G.W. *What was it like being married to Angie Dickinson?*

B.B. A terrific lady. Angie is the type of woman that would do anything for the man she loves. When I did that first movie, *What's New, Pussycat?,* she would get up in the middle of the night to change the film on my Moviola machine. In general, it's often a Libran quality, George.

G.W. *You believe in astrology?*

B.B. Oh yeah, for sure. Remember, I was with Dietrich. Anytime we flew anywhere, she had the dates checked out. I remember what convinced me was once we were in Brazil and she wanted to come back later than I did. I wanted to come back earlier, so she called the astrologer in California, and he told her not to take the earlier flight. Later we found out that flight had a crash landing in the Caribbean. That convinced me.

G.W. *Pop music is having a Burt Bacharach moment. A lot of current stars are paying you homage. From Oasis to Michael Stipe.*

B.B. I'm very flattered. A lot of English groups especially. Actually, they knew me much more in England when I started out than here.

G.W. *Are you a Pearl Jam or Green Day fan?*

B.B. Driving around in my Lexus I listen to a lot of interesting music. I listen to urban music, but I have a hard time listening to all that rap. I'm a melody person. The rap I do respond to has melodic hooks.

G.W. *Which is ironic, because the Lexus is a status item in the world of rap.*

B.B. The reality of it is that it is a great car. I've had this car now for seven years.

G.W. *What are your three favorite Bacharach tunes?*

B.B. "Alfie" would be one. "That's What Friends Are For," "Anyone Who Had a Heart."

G.W. *What the world needs now is another Burt Bacharach hit.*

B.B. I second that.

Vanities



Above, Leo Castelli waits to check his coat; below, Bianca Jagger learns something new at the Bleckner after-party at Pravda.





Striking a pose: Parker Posey toasts Ross Bleckner.



Boone town: Mary Boone, Roy Lichtenstein, and Malcolm Morley.



Above, John Waters, Ross Bleckner, and Gregg Kadel at Bleckner's opening; below, Iman, David Bowie, and Damien Hirst at Hirst's opening at the Gagosian Gallery.



V.F. Camera

POP GOES THE EASEL

The Ross Bleckner opening at the Mary Boone Gallery was like a Studio 54 reunion. Among the revelers were Calvin Klein, Bianca Jagger, and Nicole Miller, not to mention Mary Boone herself. If Parker Posey, who plays Mary Boone in Julian Schnabel's upcoming *Basquiat*, had decided to stand at the door with a clipboard and a velvet rope, the crowds would have soon started to form.





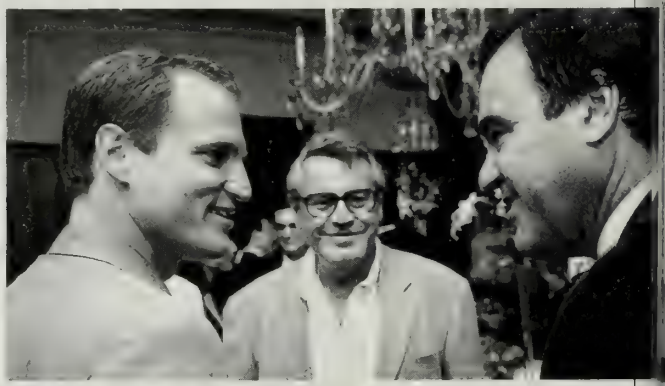
"Don't ever change!" James Garner and Tony Curtis have an Old Hollywood moment, while Howard Stringer and Robert Morton embrace and remember the halcyon days at CBS. Below, Kevin Costner.



WASHINGTON NIGHTS

Los Angeles and New York made their annual pilgrimage to Washington for the White House Correspondents' Association Dinner. Kevin Costner, Woody Harrelson, Richard Dreyfuss, Tom Selleck, Oliver Stone, and Diane Von Furstenburg schmoozed till dawn at the *Vanity Fair* after-party at the Lothrop mansion.

-TOBY YOUNG



Oliver and company: Above, Woody Harrelson, Miloš Forman, and Oliver Stone; below, Richard Dreyfuss with Madeleine Albright, and Anthony Hopkins with Stone.





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NIGHT & DAY

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS ac-cen-tuates the positive– and the negative– of a black-and-white world

For some reason, people have become fond of saying that things aren't black and white, but they are, they are. Nuns and penguins and zebras apart, with their lovely intrinsic contrasts, many things are either deeply black or profoundly white. Anthracite and ebony, snowballs and cocaine. Some felines are jet, some bears are milky—and vice versa. Invited to a black-tie event or a white-tie one, I know where I stand (or, if not, at least whether I've worn the wrong tie). The ace of spades is a decisive card. The white knight clearly announces his intentions. At the beginning and end of our universe, and at its edges and outer limits, black holes and white dwarfs are the unambivalent symbols of the absolute and the infinite. They are possible futures and possible pasts, and they are totally stark. They are not—to employ another common, lazy phrase—shades of gray.

With black and white, you know where you are and (like Laurel and Hardy, like Othello and Desdemona, like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza) you can't have one without the other. The game of chess, with its dance of death and its infinite depth and variety, would be the same game if the squares and pieces were orange and blue. Except that it wouldn't be. We need our black and white.

> Between the idea
> And the reality
> Between the motion
> And the act
> Falls the Shadow.

So wrote T. S. Eliot in 1925. Watch the films taken from outer space as the sun rises (and sets) across the terrestrial globe. Or watch the transitions between scenes in *Citizen Kane* as the sharp edge of shadow transforms the entire perspective. Day and night. Night and day. We need this alternation and, though the whole spectrum of color is involved in it, that spectrum is defined by the presence of black and white—neither of which is a color at all.

In some unexamined but authentic sense, the tones of black and white are the tones of truth and reality. Do not the grainy old documentaries of the Western Front and the Nuremberg rallies and the Depression seem more genuine than yesterday's lurid splashes of color from the TV news? Matthew Brady's photographs of the Civil War, which seem to have a silvery quality about them, hold the attention and the eye much longer than more garish recent spreads from Rwanda or southern Lebanon. So do Edward S. Curtis's immaculately posed Native American chieftains. The blood in Kurosawa's version of *Macbeth* is actually black, and it looks much more *bloody* than any crimson or scarlet gore. Who watches a colorized *Casablanca* without wincing? Sergei Eisenstein in his classic work *The Film Sense* argues that by avoiding the superficial attractions of color you achieve what both you and the audience want, which is a greater attention to form. Eisenstein was right.

In India and in Japan, and in some other countries and cultures, people wear white at funerals and during periods of mourning. But if it weren't white, don't tell me it would be cerise or canary yellow. In our pathetic way we strive for purity and seriousness, and black and white are the raw materials. When Goya used color, as in his court paintings of the Bourbons, he was a master of the palette and the spectrum and the gorgeous. But when he desired to leave a really vivid impression on the retina, he reached for the charcoal. When Picasso strove for the Goya effect and executed his masterpiece *Guernica,* he ensured that it was completely and utterly colorless.

Henri Cartier-Bresson and Richard Avedon are alike in this—color is for commercial work, but black-and-white is for the realist study and the attempt at honesty. When Rudyard Kipling aimed to write alternative narratives of the same society and scenery, he chose the title *In Black and White.* And it's no use being literal and saying that Indians are actually brown. For that matter, ivory is really yellow and so are most "white" piano keys. We know what we are talking about. We don't look at the newspaper or a contract or a confession or a signature of a famous person or a treaty and say, "Here it all is in purple on a yellowing parchment." We satisfy ourselves about the authenticity and we say, "Here it all is—in black and white."

VANITY FAIR
JULY 1996



Caged Heat

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • Styled by ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

With three homes in one city Nicolas Cage is kinetically domestic, settled in yet free to improvise. There's a rhythm to his life, but it's jazzy—drawn out and sultry, then suddenly bebop, just *smoking*. You're never sure of the next riff. Sometimes he lives in a white ersatz castle high in the Hollywood Hills, and to an easterner, unaccustomed to the vertiginous heights of glamour, the steps leading up to Chez Cage seem to go on forever, much like the actor's legs. Previously, in an apartment he keeps in downtown Los Angeles, Cage managed to display his impeccable manners, while casually insinuating his preferences. "Would you like a Diet Coke?" he asked, his voice dropping to a warm *g-r-r-r*. "Or a real root beer?" He caresses dialogue slowly, imparting nuance, velvet innuendo. But he's not just talk. He keeps a place in Malibu. In case he wants to surf.

Although he is not, as director Mike Figgis observes, "conventional Hollywood chocolate-box good-looking," Nick Cage is one dreamboat worth losing a little sleep over. He is somewhere between over-the-edge and out-of-sight, between the man you think you want and the one you shouldn't have. Combed, he could pass for a Roman tenor; uncombed, bar the door. He is the one with the heavy lids, the bowstring mouth, the guy who told *Playboy,* "I dig affection, baby, but not while I'm driving." Now, after 14 years of laying rubber and throwing glances, Nick Cage has become our smoothest practitioner of the sloe-eyed move.

The downtown apartment is one of those wood-inlaid-and-crushed-leather places you're more apt to find back East. It used to be the boardroom for the L.A. Water Board, which right away, of course, says a lot about Hollywood country . . . dames and the smell of orange blossoms. "I was driving late one night in my car," Cage tells me. "It was raining and I felt like going downtown. At night, L.A. becomes . . . like Gotham. Totally empty. So I checked into a hotel and I thought, Tomorrow I'm going to look for an apartment." He makes this sound as if it were the most uncomplicated thing in the world, like ordering a burger or something at Norm's. And, in a way, it's this casualness, this mind-set of "Just Do It," that defines both the actor and his audacious career. He's like a throwback to a 40s hero: "Let's not think too hard about the consequences," a Cage character might have said to Stanwyck or Bacall. And she wouldn't, not for a hot second.

His adventurousness has taken him to the heights and through shady, less traveled venues. In *Leaving Las Vegas,* Cage played a Hollywood screenwriter who drinks himself to death in the arms of a prostitute. Not exactly career-enhancing material, yet in March it won him the Academy Award for best actor and helped boost his asking price from $4 million a picture to $7 million. In his latest film, *The Rock,* which opens this month, Cage shifts the rhythm again. He plays Stanley Goodspeed, a mild-mannered, vinyl-versus-CD kind of F.B.I. agent who joins forces with a medieval-looking convict (Sean Connery) to save the city of San Francisco from chemical attack. Cage, not unexpectedly, doesn't rely on the usual action-hero poses. He creates a consummately thoughtful character who, like himself, moves with deliberate speed—after he has assessed the mood of the rain splashing in the umber lights.

"With Nick, you never know what's going to happen," says his old friend songwriter Phil Roy. "I've been to the airport to drop him off—and gotten on the plane." A year ago last April, Cage surprised everyone, including his previous girlfriend, by marrying actress Patricia Arquette (*Flirting with Disaster, True Romance*) in a semi-secret ceremony in Carmel.

"It was something I had been meditating on for eight years," explains Cage, who first met Arquette in 1987, when she was 19, at Canter's delicatessen in L.A. (According to the well-known story, our hero, no stranger to the extravagant gesture, swore at that moment, before her and the salami, that she would one day be his wife.) "There was something about her that hadn't yet happened—that had some incredible meaning in my life," says the 32-year-old Cage. The two dated briefly, then stayed in occasional telephone contact until they came together again (at Canter's) a few months before the wedding. Whatever the confluence of fate and timing, Cage clearly seems to have found in the blonde and beguiling Arquette his long-sought-after Diana, a goddess who can cast a spell and, as he once put it, "kick my ass."

"Courtly" is not a word anyone would immediately think of to describe Nicolas Cage. This is the guy, after all, who said that if he could be a woman for a day the first thing he would do is masturbate; who once hurled a ketchup bottle against the wall of a restaurant to impress a girl; and who, in a serious moment of comic impairment, got on the P.A. system of an airplane and announced to the cockpit, "This is the captain speaking . . . I'm losing control of the airplane . . . Please bear with me . . . "

But he's a courtly hellion, with an old-world graciousness about him. "None of us is one thing, or the one thing that the press picks up on," says Cher, who was so taken by Cage's strangely compelling performance in 1986's *Peggy Sue Got Married* (she compared it to watching a two-hour car crash) that she proposed him for the part of Ronny in *Moonstruck*—then walked out of the production for a day until the producers gave in.

"A couple of times I made lunch for Nicky at my apartment," Cher adds. "One time he asked me if I was a witch—he was into that stuff. So I said, 'I am.' He said, 'I thought so.'" But she doesn't overemphasize the unconventional—the uncaged Nick. "If anyone is a rounded person, Nicky is. To me, Nicky is a Renaissance man." He is, after all, the sort of person who lives in beautiful homes surrounded by works of art and freshly cut flowers, who reads voraciously and can discuss the contours of a Raymond Loewy model train. "That's the thing I noticed about Nick years ago," says his friend Jim Carrey, who met Cage 10 years back on the set



THE ENGINE THAT COULD
Cage, photographed at the Santa Fe Railroad in San Bernardino, California, is a connoisseur of objects. He mixes Murano glass and Lionel railway models designed by Raymond Loewy in his white castle in the Hollywood Hills.

tended as praise, was misinterpreted by the paper to mean professional demise, and the two stopped talking. I ask Cage how things stand with August now.

"Things are O.K. between us," he says guardedly, "but you know how it is. Sometimes you're on the right wave and sometimes you're not."

"And sometimes," I venture, "you're a prickly pear."

For his latest role, Cage has reincarnated himself. As an action hero. "I always felt that Nick would be the right guy for *The Rock,*" says producer Jerry Bruckheimer. "He was the first actor we went after. And this was before anyone knew what would happen with *Leaving Las Vegas.*" In fact, Cage has signed up to do two more action adventures: *Con Air,* which Bruckheimer is also producing for Disney, and John Woo's futuristic thriller *Face Off,* which will pair Cage and John Travolta as a terrorist and a cop who literally trade faces.

"I mean, I like all three of these movies that I'm doing," Cage explains. "They just happen to fall into an action genre. I like *Con Air.* I think it's a great script. And I think *The Rock* is going to be a good movie. And *Face Off* is fascinating."

The conversation is taking place at Chez Cage, which doesn't resemble a castle so much as a perfect marzipan miniature. It is stunningly white, like a Turkish towel against a tan, and it overlooks the whole of the Los Angeles basin. When Cage appeared at the door, he had on cowboy boots, black leather pants, and a white T-shirt. His hair was lightly combed.

When our talk turns to the décor, he is voluble. "I wanted to make it look Gothic Hot Rod," he says. "So I combined art that I like, which is more underground artists, like Robert Williams and Anthony Ausgang, with a kind of Gothic feeling, which I've always admired since I saw Jean Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast.* That was my dream as a child—to live in the Beast's castle."

I look around the room at the candy-apple-red grand piano . . . the illuminated alcoves of mounted butterflies . . . the red-russet *(Continued on page 144)*

The Doomsday Man



He's the most powerful player in Republican grassroots politics. He's Ralph Reed's boss. And he believes that the world will end in four years. Is this the man America wants dictating terms in this year's presidential election? WILLIAM PROCHNAU and LAURA PARKER investigate the fire-and-brimstone, cash-and-carry world of Pat Robertson

A Sunday drive down Highway 3 offers escape from the grime of the industrial town of Manchester, New Hampshire, the countryside turning softly to Norman Rockwell family values. Clapboard farmhouses dot rolling snow-covered fields. Traditionalist church spires jut toward heaven. Five miles out, just past the lumberyard, the eight-o'clock service at the Faith Christian Center begins.

The state's largest charismatic church, Faith Christian is born-again modern, its altar arrayed with electric guitars and bongos, its hymns Christian contemporary from the Integrity Hosanna line. This morning, a mission to Liberia is back from a successful evangelizing endeavor: many converts were made, and with a laying on of hands a blind man was caused to see, a crippled penitent walked, and Satan was driven from a native drummer who had been barking like a dog. Next, assistant pastor John Fortin turns to more secular matters

Illustration by PHILIP BURKE



HOLIER THAN THOU

"If the pro-family Roman Catholics and the conservative evangelicals unite together," Pat Robertson has said, "there is no candidate that we cannot elect." This may be tested by the presidential quest of Senator Bob Dole, pictured opposite with Robertson and true believer Lauch Faircloth, Republican senator from North Carolina.

"We have an election coming up. It doesn't matter what we think with our natural mind. We lift this election up to You, Father. Let the man of Your choosing go on to win."

But the faithful must do God's work at home as well as in Africa, and so on this last Sunday before the New Hampshire primary, red-white-and-blue voting guides from televangelist-entrepreneur Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition have been tucked inside each worshiper's program. It is a sign of the times.

Not since the days of William Jennings Bryan, a century ago, has religion moved into such a central location in an American election. And bedrock religion it is—faith healing, miracles, speaking in tongues, salvation for the saved, damnation for the rest, and a stern social agenda in our transitory domain here on earth. As the folks from Faith Christian headed homeward that Sunday, Pat Buchanan, the hero of the Christian rightists, hit the airwaves. "You may believe you're descended from monkeys," he thundered at ABC's Sam Donaldson. "I think you're a creature of God."

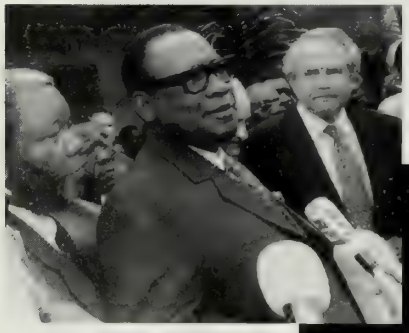
Actually, Buchanan was late to the game. Phil Gramm had already invoked the Second Coming to raise money, Lamar Alexander had already agreed to consider Robertson as a running mate, and Bob Dole and his wife, Elizabeth, had abandoned their traditional Methodist congregation to attend what a friend described as "several evangelical churches that more accurately reflect their Christian belief." By the time Dole wrapped up the nomination in April, the Christian Coalition had claimed credit for delivering the crucial votes, enhancing the notion that Robertson's troopers had become the most powerful political machine since organized labor's glory days.

Part of that claim was illusory—and keeping Robertson hidden was crucial to sustaining the illusion. As the 1996 election year progressed, the Christian Coalition would prove to be less powerful than its carefully contrived reputation. Even its much-repeated claim of having 1.7 million members appeared badly inflated. And Robertson's moneymaking pursuits were proving as interesting as his political maneuverings. But the broadcaster who parlayed 800-number religion and boiler-room business tactics into a multimillion-dollar empire has succeeded in thrusting himself back into the thick of American politics.

The comeback was slick. Eight years ago Robertson, who sees himself as a prophet anointed by God, was all but laughed out of a presidential bid made on orders from above. Back now as a power broker, Robertson is a little older, many, many millions of dollars richer, and totally untempered by time. Oddball views pop out of him like gum from a gumball machine. Satan moves the Ouija board. Feminists are witches.

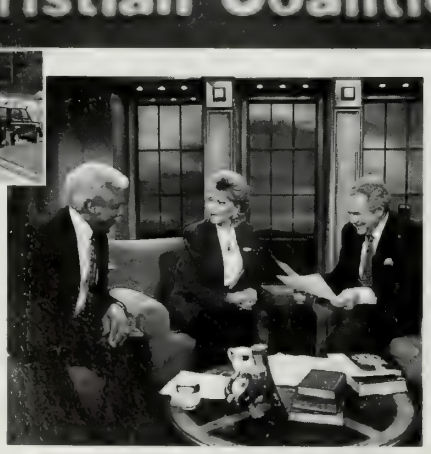
None of his views is more provocative, however, than his increasingly frequent insistence on the approaching end of the world. Robertson, who is 66, says it will happen in his lifetime. He likes the sound of the year 2000, with its nice millennial ring.

In other words, the new political kingpin's candidate would not serve out a full term.









APOCALYPSE NOW

Clockwise from top: with Robertson at his side, Mobutu Sese Seko, president of Zaire, addresses the press in 1995. Ralph Reed, the Christian Coalition's unholy warrior, shows his teeth. Robertson with pals Ben Kinchlow and Terry Meeuwsen on the *700 Club* set. The club is the cash cow for CBN and is broadcast from Robertson's compound in Virginia Beach, Virginia.

In the Virginia Tidewater country, where Marion G. "Pat" Robertson planted his roots 35 years ago, the weather can quickly turn biblical. Thunderheads form at sea before rumbling ashore to dampen the daily bacchanal at Virginia Beach, snapping a few bolts at the resort town's devilish New Age delis and T-shirt shops before roiling up Witch Duck Creek and moving inland toward God's compound.

The place looks as if it can take it. Its buildings have been called neo-Georgian but appear neo-fortress, with red brick walls and small, restrictive windows. Housed within are a television network connected to the most powerful satellite dishes in Christendom; a university founded to prepare its students for business, law, journalism, and the Second Coming; and a luxury hotel that was as dry as Carry Nation's cupboard until Robertson yielded recently to the intemperate realities of the bottom line.

The centerpiece is the headquarters and studios of the Christian Broadcasting Network, which produces Robertson's *The 700*

"I made no threat against the life

Club religious talk show and spreads his word around the world. CBN has become the golden goose that has funded all the rest and more. By the end of the century it will have raised, from those 800-number donations alone, at least $2 billion.

The frontispiece of the complex is the Founder's Inn, a 249-room hotel with a Monet as well as oil portraits of three distinguished Virginians—Washington, Jefferson, and Robertson. Behind the inn is one of Robertson's homes, a brick mansion built with his book royalties. Nearby, his prized Arabian horses graze. Beneath the manicured lawns, tunnels enable him to move from home to office in secrecy and safety. Robertson has a mania for security. The house is surrounded by a brick wall, which is surrounded by a wooden fence, which is surrounded by an electric fence, which is surrounded by sensors. Secret cameras, other security devices, and a private police force of 42 patrol the house and the 700-acre compound.

But Robertson's pride and joy is Regent University, which he is confident will produce the journalists, lawyers, and businessmen who will serve God and keep the coffers brimming. Outside the library, students mill about a striking metal sculpture of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Three of the horsemen have already ridden out of a background wall. All but the hindquarters of the fourth horse, a pale steed representing Death, has emerged.

Regent University is one of Robertson's paradoxes. He is an empire builder who builds even more furiously as the end nears.

Robertson operates under the blessing of "the prosperity gospel," and his moneymaking ventures are a vision to behold. "He's a businessman," says Ed Rollins, the political operative who has previously advised him. "The product that he sells is religion."

By Robertson's own Lincolnesque account, he arrived in the Virginia Tidewater country in 1959 with $70 and a dream. Robertson likes myths. In fact, he was the child of Virginia gentry; his father, A. Willis Robertson, was a U.S. senator who did not think much of his son's discovery of Bible-thumping. The senator's opinion would fall further five years later when, locked in a tight reelection race, he was informed by his son that God had refused to let him help out. The senator lost by 600 votes.

Pat had returned to Virginia after graduating from Yale Law School but failing the bar. He would later speak with southern pride, often on *The 700 Club,* of his manly tests of combat in Korea. But Robertson's father had pulled strings to keep his son away from shots fired in anger. (His buddies called young Robertson "the liquor officer," since one of his duties was to ferry booze in from Tokyo.) Robertson's father also bailed his son out of some early business failures: young Pat had a wild, get-rich-quick gambler's streak that he would never quite subdue. There were other concerns. Pat had married beneath himself, the senator thought, and it didn't help that the young woman was seven months pregnant at the time.

The move to Virginia Beach changed everything. If Robertson had been wandering in the desert, now he had stumbled into the Lost Dutchman's mine. He bought a small, unsuccessful television station which by the early 1980s had become CBN, where his talk show was pulling in tax-free donations at the rate of $2 million a week. The volume in small checks and cash was so great, recalls Gerard Straub, a former CBN producer, that the bagged money was dumped on conveyor belts for separating and counting. By 1996, Robertson had become one of the richest men in a state known for quiet but expansive wealth.

Robertson runs his personal business in as much secrecy as the law allows and as much obfuscation as he can create. But no one doubts the fortune. In 1990, in the most public of his moneymaking deals, Robertson spun the Family Channel out of the charitable, tax-exempt world of CBN and into the profit-making world of Wall Street. Overnight, he and his son Tim turned a $183,000 investment into $90 million. They also got control of the new parent company, International Family Entertainment (I.F.E.), and became its top executives at combined salaries and bonuses now totaling more than $1 million a year.

Robertson's aides say he gives 75 percent of his I.F.E. salary to CBN and has drawn no salary from the religious network for five years. There are few public records or comments from his aides about salaries from other businesses he has spun out of CBN, but Robertson's books must be an accountant's dream. According to one pending lawsuit against him, Robertson charged one of his own companies for the speeches he made for it.

Some of the enterprises that have operated on the edge of CBN have left investors and buyers alike feeling as if the tin man had just come through the neighborhood. Robertson has sold Sea of Galilee mud masks to aging matrons and vitamins through a franchise setup that critics say had all the markings of a pyramid scheme. The business dealings are remarkably revealing of Robertson's private character. His public persona is documented more easily. Robertson's 1988 presidential campaign collapsed under a deluge of what his former campaign director, Marc Nuttle, called Pat's "funny facts." A taped 1982 faith-healing session at a businessmen's gospel fellowship quickly made the rounds:

"Satan, be gone!" Robertson exhorted. "A hernia has been healed. If you're wearing a truss, you can take it off! Several people are being healed of hemorrhoids and varicose veins. . . . People with flatfeet, God is doing just great things to you . . . "

Other problems come from his quasi-political pronouncements, which one observer calls "geo-biblical gibberish."

"[Saddam Hussein] is in Babylon," Robertson announced during the 1991 Gulf War. "Babylon is the center of false religion, and here the nations of the earth have gathered together in this armada to launch what they call the new world order. Now, Saddam Hussein is the opening act. This isn't the major struggle. The major struggle is going to be against Israel. The forces are assembled. We have set something in motion that's going to be used against Israel. Trust me!"

During the 1988 campaign, these videotaped flashes from

afety of Mark or Andrea Peterson," Robertson said.

"The creek is deep and I swim better than you," sa

The 700 Club fell like confetti at a funeral. Paul Weyrich, a prominent right-wing activist, wrote off Robertson's presidential campaign as so humiliating it embarrassed even Evangelicals and charismatics.

The Christian right is a diverse place. Confusing an Evangelical with a Fundamentalist not only infuriates both groups but is as wrongheaded as mistaking a Catholic for a Presbyterian. Robertson is hard to place in the lineup, a neo-Pentecostal Evangelical of loose theological moorings. In the world beyond his own loyal audience, he never has been wildly popular. Billy Graham, in his heyday, often showed up in polls as one of the most admired men in America. Robertson has never made the list, and one recent Democratic poll showed his "very positive" rating at 7 percent. Nor are his more extreme theological views widely shared by Christian rightists. Fewer than half, for example, believe that the battle of Armageddon is looming.

After 1988, a Robertson comeback seemed so unlikely that the Christian Coalition, founded less than 12 months later, made its debut with what its operatives called a "stealth campaign." The chief hireling, a tough young born-again political organizer named Ralph Reed, put it this way: "I want to be invisible. I do guerrilla warfare. I paint my face and travel at night. You don't know it's over until you're in a body bag."

Soon the bags were full of Democrats—and Reed became a phenom, the new story, a Washington favorite drawn into the town's homogenizing orbit. To his fellow movers and shakers, Reed seemed a nice enough fellow who talked moderation in a suit a couple of sizes too large. The press adored him. Satan didn't move his Ouija board. Washington began to forget who was calling the shots. Reed offered few reminders. Floating a smoke screen over Robertson was always part of his job. "Robertson knows he agitates people when he is visible," Ann Stone, head of Republicans for Choice, has said. "It's sort of like a vampire who can't stand the light."

Neither Robertson nor Reed would agree to be interviewed for this article. Robertson, who lives in a closed-off world, soured on the secular press long ago. "Thank the Lord most of the Christians read neither *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post,*" he once said.

Reed doesn't mind getting his name in either paper. He thrives on Washington's game of spin and bluff—and the media, he knows well, provide the game board. So he talks polls and percentages—until the subject turns to his boss. Then he runs like a rabbit to his hole. When Michael Lind wrote a scathing analysis of Robertson's conspiratorial tome, *The New World Order,* in *The New York Review of Books* in 1995, the Tidewater complex went into orbit. Reed ran for cover. He refused to appear on *Crossfire* with Michael Kinsley—unless the commentator promised not to bring up the book. Kinsley wouldn't promise. Reed stayed away until the controversy died down. When *Vanity Fair* sought an interview with Reed, his aide, Mike Russell, made a telling inquiry: "Ralph wants to know what percentage of this story will be about him." In the end Russell said Reed would submit to an interview if *Vanity Fair* agreed not to talk to Reed's opponents. Russell explained that he had cut the same deal with Ted Koppel on *Nightline.* When asked to confirm this, the producers at *Nightline* were not happy. "Conflict is the essence of our show," said Eileen Murphy of ABC News. The deal, she insists, simply did not happen.

It all amuses Lind, an irreverent former neoconservative who thinks Reed is getting a free ride from the press. "As the Bible says, 'Ye shall be free where no man pursueth,'" he laughed. Lind wants to debate Reed. "I'd ask him, 'Do you believe that all the animals walked out of Noah's Ark? Yes or no? Do you think this should be taught as science in junior-high-school geology classes? Yes or no?'"

But hiding Robertson and his views is an impossible chore. The boss seems unable to rein in his rhetoric. "The feminist agenda is not about equal rights for women," he wrote in a fund-raising letter in 1992, three years after forming his coalition. "It is about a socialist, anti-family political movement that encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism and become lesbians."

Robertson wasn't Reed's only impossible task. Moderation didn't sit well with his foot soldiers, either. Reed favors Dole. ("Ralph wants to have dinner at the White House," said one catty G.O.P. colleague.) But most of the troops jumped ship when Buchanan's star flared briefly. Even in the South Carolina primary, when Dole finally blew past Buchanan, Reed produced less than a majority of the Christian right for his man. He rushed in to take the credit for Dole's win—and the press quickly gave it to him. But the return of monolithic big labor it was not, and it augured trouble between Reed, now a Washington power player, and his purist foot soldiers.

"Ralph Reed's a baby-faced Boss Tweed looking for a machine," said Kevin Phillips, the Republican soothsayer who thinks the hard swing to the Christian right means nothing but trouble for the G.O.P. Still, Phillips is not altogether unsympathetic to Reed's dilemma. All of politics is a straddle, he said, and Reed's is tougher than most: "It's hard to wear a gray flannel suit around Georgetown if you have to talk in tongues in South Carolina over the weekend."

Robertson's failed presidential campaign in 1988 became more than a personal humiliation. It also rocked CBN. With its star off campaigning, *The 700 Club* nose-dived to half its normal audience of 1.5 million, and according to Internal Revenue Service records, contributions fell from $83.5 million in 1987 to $59.5 million in 1988.

CBN was still making so much money that the I.R.S. began an investigation of its tax-exempt status which continues today. Under the tax laws, CBN is allowed to operate for-profit subsidiaries—but only if they produce an "in-

bertson's bodyguard.









PAPA, DON'T PREACH
From top: Robertson in the lobby of the inn at the CBN complex, where paintings hang of Washington, Jefferson, and—himself; the evangelist's late father, Senator A. Willis Robertson, at the American Bankers Association convention in 1963; Pat Robertson's four-fireplace, six-bathroom mansion (11,136 square feet) in Hot Springs, Virginia; Robertson in the broadcasting booth of his FM radio station in Portsmouth, Virginia, 1966.

bstantial" portion of total revenues. The Family Channel, n which Robertson packaged inexpensive reruns around is *700 Club,* produced anything but insubstantial revenues.

After the presidential fiasco, Robertson went on a new moneymaking, mpire-building binge. He proceeded ith the Family Channel sale, which ecame one of those magical Wall treet deals in which everyone got ch and no one in particular got hurt. he Robertsons got their $90 million. CBN got $600 million, enough o make anyone believe in the prosperity gospel.

Robertson's deal was legal; its propriety was ubious. Jeffrey Hadden, a University of Virinia professor and Robertson biographer, said hat, especially as a religious leader, Robertson as operating "at the edge of ethics." Representative Pete Stark, a California Democrat, called he sale "self-dealing" by "insiders," and introuced legislation to close the tax-law loopholes hat allowed it. When it comes to cutting corers, Robertson tends to take the view of the man from he countinghouse rather than the man from the chapel. He was a man of religion creating a personal fortune, in ffect, out of the collection plate.

Gene Kapp, the official spokesman for CBN, wrote off all riticisms as "religious bigotry." It became a common defense.

Robertson moved on, hanging an array of new for-profit nd nonprofit ornaments on CBN. He took the religious etwork into media, sales, travel, retirement, and high tech. Over the next few years, CBN evolved into a conglomerte of more than a dozen enterprises. Among the nonrofits, old and new, were the Founder's Inn hotel, *The 700 Club,* and Middle East Television, which beams religious rogramming into Israel from Lebanon.

CBN also built a small for-profit empire, largely through he creation of a holding company called United States Media Corporation (U.S.M.C.). Under the U.S.M.C. umbrella, CBN ended up with companies that owned the interactive ights to William Bennett's best-selling *The Book of Virtues* nd leased the famous headline board in the heart of sinful Times Square. CBN owns a jet-charter company. A Tidewater retirement community, Founder's Village, is in the lanning stages and down payments have been taken. The etwork also invested $10 million in the Asia Pacific Media Corporation and gained a partnership with the wealthy Pentecostal entrepreneur Kay Peng Khoo, a Malaysian who wns the religious theme park Heritage U.S.A.

Robertson bought and sold almost compulsively. Some of the companies were quickly unloaded or passed out of existence, and dollar figures on many are obscure. But by 1995, CBN was operating on revenues of $100 million, of which $83 million came from donations, an $8.7 million drop from 1994. It was big business.

At I.F.E. he bought Mary Tyler Moore Entertainment for $94 million, gaining in the deal a host of syndicated television shows, including *Lou Grant, Rescue 911, The Bob Newhart Show,* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show.* He also added a TV health club, an entertainment company, and other baubles. He bought and sold the Ice Capades. But Robertson extended his personal reach and wealth far beyond CBN and I.F.E. By 1996 he was running at least 24 for-profit and nonprofit organizations, including the American Center for Law and Justice, a high-powered advocacy law firm often described as the right wing's American Civil Liberties Union.

He was making a lot of money and it showed. He filled his house at CBN with fine Oriental rugs and antiques. "Opulent," said one recent visitor. In 1993 he built a four-fireplace, six-bathroom second home—mountain mansion—11,136 square feet of living space on 27 acres in Hot Springs, Virginia. The house is so big that once when workmen left the lights on overnight the local fire department received reports that the mountain was on fire. Assessed at $1.26 million, it has several decks, a kidney-shaped pool, a pool house, and a tennis court.

During these years of plenty Robertson also founded the African Development Company, which he shrouded in

secrecy, and acquired a marketing company, American Sales Corporation, which exploded in gushes of unwanted publicity. However, the visible part of his personal expansion program did not always match his well-cultivated "business genius" reputation: some of his deals quickly turned sour and others raised ethical eyebrows once again. None did more of both than his vitamin company and his diamond mine.

The vitamin company grew out of a $2.8 million CBN investment in the American Sales Corporation, which had originally marketed a home-study Bible course known as "Living by the Book." The company, however, quickly moved into vacation rentals, eye-care products, and long-distance telephone service. By the time vitamins and beauty products were added, American Sales had evolved into KaloVita, "the Good Life Company," and was peddling cosmetics and a variety of concoctions, including weight-loss pills that purportedly worked while you slept. KaloVita, using an Amway-style system known as multilevel marketing, bought the vitamins for $8 a bottle and resold them for $49.95.

The company is now closed and entangled in a lawsuit that could raise further questions about CBN's tax-exempt status. (The suit, brought by a former company president, is one of two that threaten to open the guarded finances of Robertson's empire to public scrutiny. The second suit involves CBN's for-profit holding company, U.S.M.C., whose fired president alleges financial improprieties. Kapp declines comment on the litigation.)

In 1991, American Sales offered the promise of making a lot of money for CBN. Crisscrossing the country, Robertson recruited distributors in suburban-motel meeting rooms, where he personally pitched to housewives and retirees eager to get in on his prosperity gospel. In one promotional videotape he extolled the company's multilevel marketing as "one of the greatest expressions of the biblical principles of prosperity that I know of."

Biblical prosperity was not so easily achieved. The new venture quickly lost $4 million. Four company presidents came and went in four years. The second was abruptly sacked, according to court documents, when an employee told Robertson the boss was operating the company as an illegal pyramid scheme. That official, Bill Newell, adamantly denies the charge and says the marketing plan had been approved by a company lawyer. But the employee making the charge, Mark Peterson, suddenly found himself promoted from a $6-an-hour shipping clerk to company president. Peterson lasted 12 months and was fired amid accusations that he was "under satanic influences," according to court documents.

Peterson, who had been broke, divorced, unemployed, and living with his sister when he started in the mailroom, remembers clearly the day he was promoted. He told Robertson about his "sinful life . . . legal problems, and bad debts," and recommended a more experienced person. But Robertson, according to Peterson's affidavit, wanted him: "Pat Robertson looked at me and said, 'I prayed to God about this all afternoon and God told me to make you president.' I, at that time, thought of Pat Robertson as a biblical prophet, like Moses. I accepted the *(Continued on page 147)*

Rockin' Robin

'Robin's got the greatest combination of skill and soul—with a beautiful face," says Sean Penn. "That's pretty cinematic stuff. . . . She's a special woman and a great mother."

Moviegoers first fell in love with Robin Wright as Buttercup in *The Princess Bride,* but it is Penn, after fathering her two children and then suffering through a heartbreaking split-up, who has finally captured her real-life heart. What appeared to be unfolding as the grimmest of fairy tales—the ups and downs of their stormy relationship used as tabloid fodder, Penn's absence from this year's Oscars ceremony because he was accompanying her to the hospital in a medical emergency—has ended happily ever after with their recent Malibu wedding. Long awaited, this is a royal union by Hollywood standards, one that has the blessing of the town's highest, loosely collared priests; after the ceremony the two were toasted by Marlon Brando, Jack Nicholson, and Warren Beatty.

"She's like another Grace Kelly," claims Rob Reiner, who directed her in *The Princess Bride. Forrest Gump* novelist Winston Groom has another take. "When I saw Robin walking out on the screen, that *was* Jenny. She has that tough innocence." Such innocence was on display in *State of Grace* with Penn and *The Playboys* with Aidan Quinn. Next up is the title character in *Moll Flanders.* "When talking to Robin, we knew Moll was going to be exploring the maze of life and going into some dark ends," says Pen Densham, the film's writer and director. "Finally it's about a mother's love."

And what does Wright wish for *her* children, daughter Dylan, five, and son Hopper, two? "I want them to know contentment. Love. Hope. All the things you want for yourself, too, as an adult. . . . I always wanted kids. Couldn't wait. And I thought I wanted only boys, but when I had that little girl . . . well . . . she's a *pistol,* man."

—KEVIN SESSUMS

Photograph by HERB RITTS
Styled by ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

Couture



Philip Johnson

Principal of Philip Johnson, Ritchie & Fiore Architects, New York, New York.

Perhaps the greatest architectural figure of the day, Johnson, who turns 90 in July, is, in the words of his one-time protégé Robert A. M. Stern, "the father of us all." The edifice which he wears as his rightful crown is the PPG Building (1984), the mirrored postmodern corporate cathedral which stands along the Allegheny River in downtown Pittsburgh. Johnson—who keeps a drawer full of the Le Corbusier-

years—co-curated the landmar

Museum of Modern Art in 1932, th year after the Beaux-Arts ball pho on the following page was

Costumes designed and ... ucted by JOSEPH HUTCHINS, Works N.Y.



Sir Norman Foster

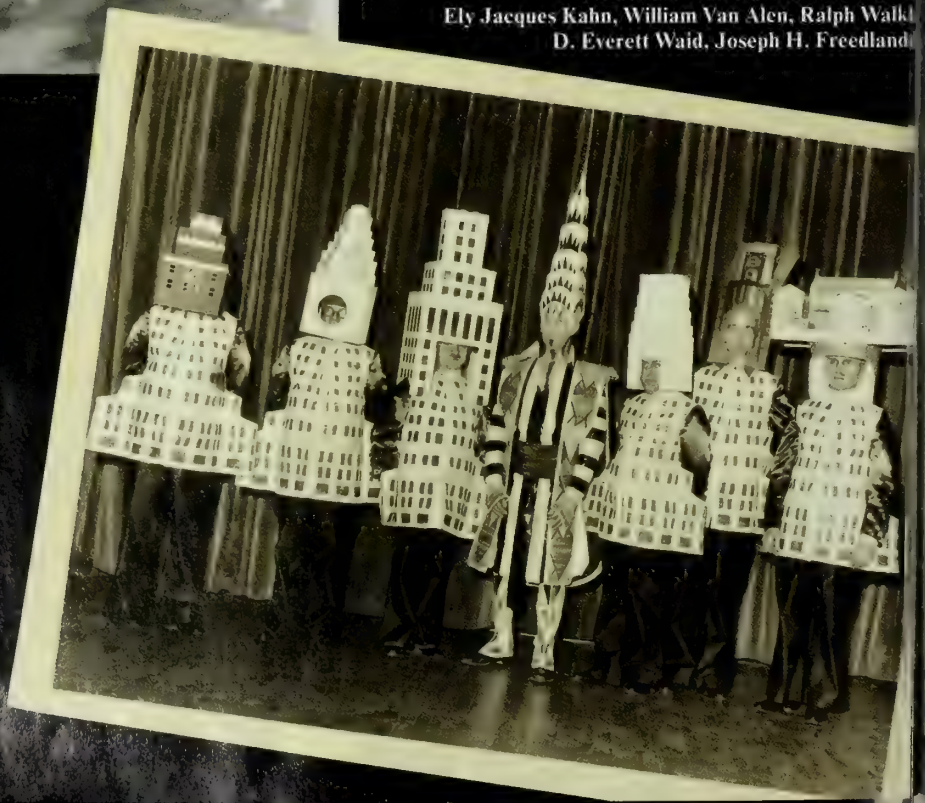
Principal of Foster and Partners, London, England.

A modernist and high-technologist to the core (he even pilots his own helicopter), Foster wears his Hong Kong Shanghai Bank (1986) as he emerges from the waters of Victoria Harbour. The bulk of the structure is strapped to his back, oxygen-tank-style. The street facade is affixed to his front like a protective breastplate. ("Finally," Foster noted, "trapped by the monster I created!") The brilliantly organized 56-story tower of glass and steel is among the most inspired high-rise structures of the 1980s—a triumph of very late modernism that is perhaps the foremost symbol of the emerging economic [illegible] Far East.

The theme of th evening on January 23, 1931, at the Society of Beau Arts Architects' Annual Ball in the Hotel Ast was "A Fête Moderne—A Fantasie in Flame an Silver," and as *The New York Times* noted the fo lowing morning, "one of the striking features the entertainment was a scene in which famou skyscrapers and public buildings of the city, hous hold appliances, and mechanical implements can to life in forming 'The Skyline of New York.'"

This bizarre postmidnight pageant was a cel bration of the great transformation in Manhatta architecture during the 1920s—the end of the fir age of the skyscraper. And, as the *Times* accou added, "most of the representations of widely know buildings were worn by the architects who d signed the structures." While the paper failed mention any names, photographs from that eveni of infamy reveal, among other civic spires, t Waldorf-Astoria hotel (as worn by Leona Schultze), the Squibb Building (as worn by E Jacques Kahn), One Wall Street (as worn Ralph Walker), and the Chrysler Building (worn by William Van Alen). Together, this i probably zoned collection *(Continued on page 14*

"The Skyline of New York" pageant at the 19 Beaux-Arts ball, Hotel Astor, New York City. From ld A. Stewart Walker, Leonard Schult Ely Jacques Kahn, William Van Alen, Ralph Walk D. Everett Waid, Joseph H. Freedland





Cesar Pelli

Principal of Cesar Pelli & Associates Inc., New Haven, Connecticut. Dean of the Yale School of Architecture, 1977 to 1984.

Pelli is aiming for Carnegie Hall Tower (1972), which rises gracefully 60 stories above Manhattan's famed concert hall and is one of the great recent additions to the city's skyline. Only 50 feet wide at its thinnest point, the building is one of the slimmest ever constructed. Currently, Pelli is at work on what will become the two tallest structures ever built, the Petronas Twin Towers in Kuala Lumpur, scheduled for completion in 1997.



Charles Gwathmey

Principal of Gwathmey Siegel & Associates Architects, New York, New York.

Gwathmey wears the house that he designed for his parents in Amagansett, New York, in 1965. The cedar-clad structure, which owes much to the principles of Le Corbusier, was built *before* Gwathmey earned his architect's license. When he finally went to take his licensing exam—which he had failed three times—Gwathmey discovered a picture of the house and its matching studio in a multiple-choice question. The other houses shown were the Farnsworth House, by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, and Fallingwater, by Frank Lloyd Wright.

Michael Graves

Principal of Michael Graves, Architect, Princeton, New Jersey; Schirmer Professor of Architecture at Princeton University.

The breakout boy of the 1980s, Michael Graves personifies postmodernism. Here he wears his Humana Building (1985), a 26-story pink granite office tower in Louisville, Kentucky. Among the most prolific architects ever, Graves has also designed nearly 600 products, ranging from armchairs and flatware to a Fieldcrest dust ruffle.

Peter Eisenman

Principal of Eisenman Architects, New York, New York; founder of the Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies.

A modernist turned deconstructivist, and among the most provocative and theoretical of architects, Eisenman wears his unbuilt Max Reinhardt tower (Berlin) as pants. Based on the form of the Möbius strip, which, according to Eisenman, "symbolizes infinite thought," the 38-story glass tower is intended to be used as a theatrical and cultural center. Its imposing, almost disquieting hulk corresponds to Eisenman's theories of design as shock therapy—an *epater les bourgeois* attitude that may account for the fact that only 22 of his 79 design projects have been built.

Richard Meier

Principal of Richard Meier & Partners, New York, New York.

Meier almost surely wins the title of architect of the decade. He is clad here in his 1995 Museum of Contemporary Art in Barcelona (a very well-received building). But it is another Meier museum project, the Getty Center, in Los Angeles—at close to $1 billion, perhaps the largest architectural commission in history—that is fueling most of the excitement and gossip in design circles these days. The Getty Center is scheduled to open in late 1997.



Philippe Starck

Principal of Starck-Ubik, Issy-les-Moulineaux, France.

Starck, wearing his bold, gestural Nani Nani building (1989), is equipped for high-speed intergalactic travel. The building's permanent site on Earth, however, is a crowded neighborhood in Tokyo. Covered by strips of green oxidized copper, Nani Nani houses a restaurant, offices, and showrooms. "When I design Nani Nani," Starck recalled in his colorful Franglais, "I said it will be the first building alive. It is named for a monster in Japan. 'Ah! Nani Nani!' is what you say when you see a ghost—it means that what you can't name."

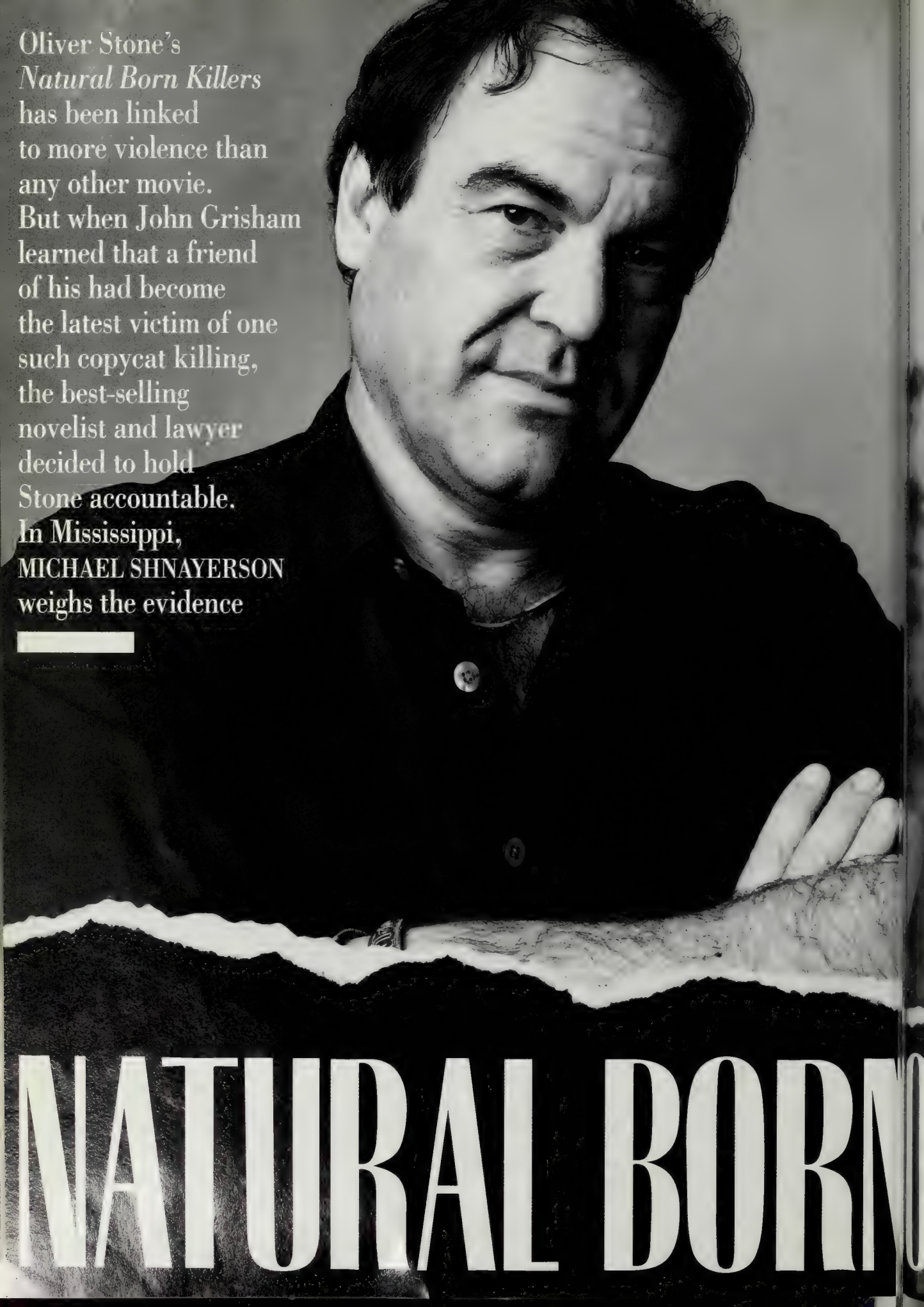




Robert A. M. Stern

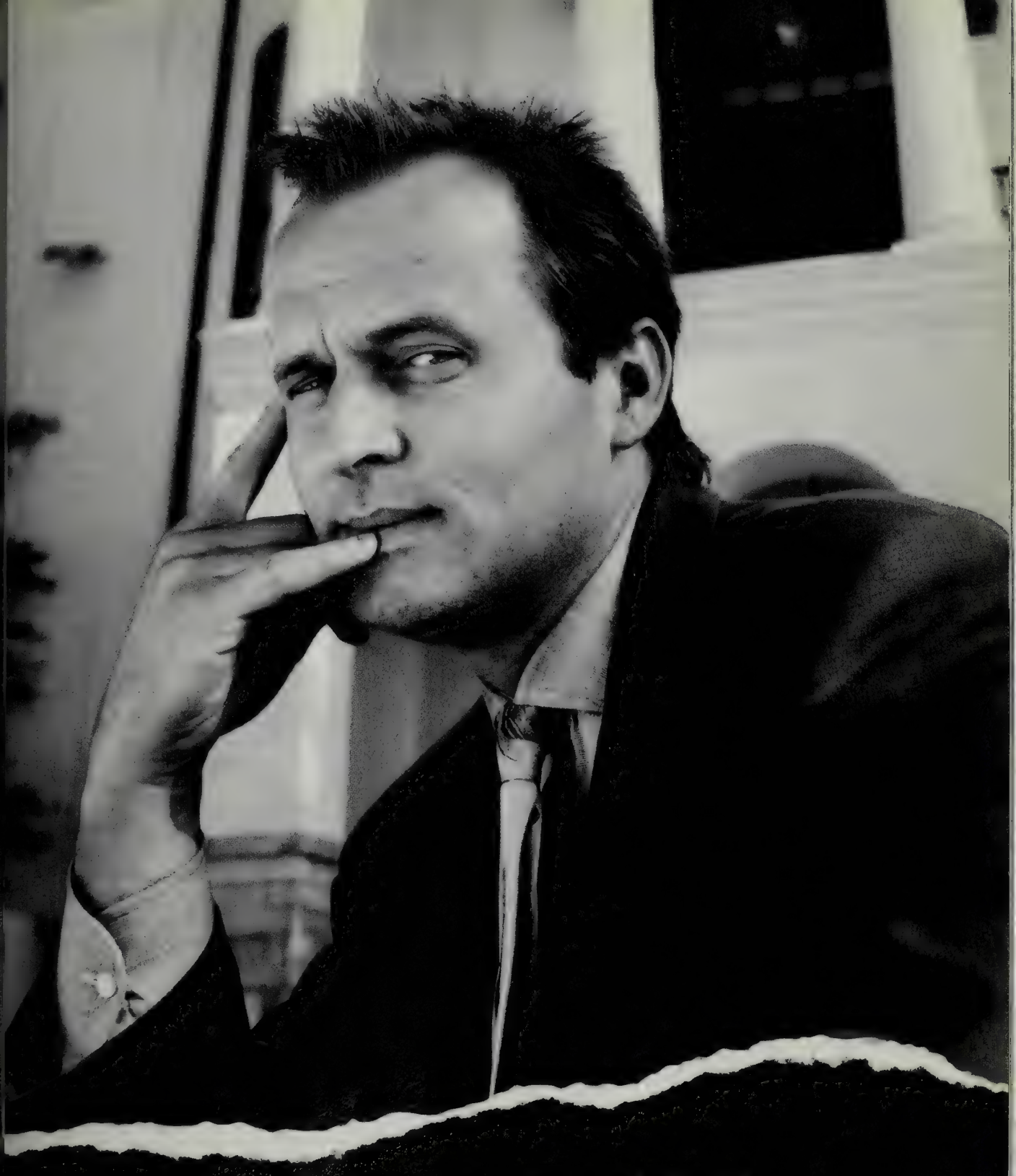
Principal of Robert A. M. Stern Architects, New York, New York; professor at the Columbia University Graduate School of Architecture, Planning, and Preservation; co-author of three mammoth and remarkable architectural histories: *New York 1900*, *New York 1930*, and *New York 1960*.

Stern wears the Disney Feature Animation Building (1994). His creation actually sits astride the 134 Freeway at the Walt Disney Studios in Burbank, California. The entrance to the three-story structure is marked by a 65-foot-high cone-shaped tower—a bold reference to Mickey Mouse's hat in his famous role as the Sorcerer's Apprentice in *Fantasia*. Stern's yellow gloves are in homage to his patron mouse.



Oliver Stone's *Natural Born Killers* has been linked to more violence than any other movie. But when John Grisham learned that a friend of his had become the latest victim of one such copycat killing, the best-selling novelist and lawyer decided to hold Stone accountable. In Mississippi, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON weighs the evidence

NATURAL BORN



OPPONENTS

Opposite, director Oliver Stone in Hollywood. *Above,* author John Grisham in Oxford, Mississippi. Stone calls his movie *Natural Born Killers* a satire "holding a mirror up to society." Grisham contends, "Stone always takes the high ground in defending his dreadful movies."

"Ben made fun and mocked the noise the man mad

"I'm just in my Saturday orange," Sarah Edmondson says as we meet.

It's a little joke, a play on the sort of line a proper southern girl might utter if you dropped by without calling first. At 19, Sarah looks like a sorority sister, her long, reddish-blond hair neatly brushed, her eyes friendly behind gold-rimmed glasses. The orange jumpsuit is what she wears every day—it's standard issue here at the Tangipahoa Parish jail in Amite, Louisiana.

Many of Sarah's jailmates come from broken homes. Her own parents have been married for 26 years. Her father is a district-court judge in Oklahoma, her uncle is the state's attorney general, her grandfather was a congressman, her great-uncle was a governor and U.S. senator. Yet Sarah Edmondson stands accused of walking into a convenience store in nearby Ponchatoula at about 11:50 P.M. on March 8, 1995, and shooting the sole clerk on duty, paralyzing her for life. Sarah and her boyfriend, Ben Darras, arrested as the getaway driver, are also implicated in the killing of a man the previous day in Hernando, Mississippi. Before their grisly road trip, according to Sarah, the two ingested copious amounts of hallucinogenic drugs.

They also watched the movie *Natural Born Killers* again, and again, and again.

Though the two were arrested in June 1995, the link to Oliver Stone's film surfaced only last winter in a pre-trial proceeding. Among those trying to make sense of the crimes was, as it happened, America's most successful lawyer turned novelist, John Grisham. Often in his years as a Mississippi lawyer and legislator, Grisham had paused to chat in the Hernando courthouse square with William Savage, a well-liked man in town who worked at a local cotton gin. When Grisham learned that his friend might have been the victim of a Hollywood copycat murder, his grief changed to fury.

"Oliver Stone has said that *Natural Born Killers* was meant to be a satire on our culture's appetite for violence and the media's craving for it," Grisham writes in the spring 1996 issue of *The Oxford American,* a Mississippi literary bi-monthly of which he is part owner. "But Oliver Stone always takes the high ground in defending his dreadful movies. A satire is supposed to make fun of whatever it is attacking. But there is no humor in *Natural Born Killers.* It is a relentlessly bloody story designed to shock us and to numb us further to the senselessness of reckless murder. The film was not made with the intent of stimulating morally depraved young people to commit similar crimes, but such a result can hardly be a surprise."

Grisham goes on to suggest a legal remedy. "Think of a film as a product," he writes, "something created and brought to market, not too dissimilar from breast implants. Though the law has yet to declare movies to be products, it is only one small step away. If something goes wrong with the product, whether by design or defect, and injury ensues, then its makers are held responsible. . . . It will take only one large verdict against the likes of Oliver Stone, and his production company, and perhaps the screenwriter, and the studio itself, and then the party will be over."

Hollywood's dark tradition of inspiring reckless and criminal behavior includes one presidential-assassination attempt (John Hinckley's shooting of Ronald Reagan, linked to *Taxi Driver*), outbreaks of gang violence and/or murder (*Colors, New Jack City, Menace II Society*), and the murder and mutilation of a prostitute (*The Silence of the Lambs*). Two years after its theatrical release, though, *Natural Born Killers* remains in a class by itself, having been linked to more copycat killings than any film ever made. To its creator, the incidents merely confirm the film's vision of America as a society that glamorizes violence. But critics of *Natural Born Killers* observe that in the film, unlike in real life, violence occurs in a moral void. Mickey and Mallory, the hallucinogenic-drug-ingesting thrill riders portrayed by Woody Harrelson and Juliette Lewis, are not, in the end, forced to reckon with justice as, say, Bonnie and Clyde are. They grow world-famous as their murder toll climbs. Arrested by corrupt and pathological cops, they break out of prison like heroes and ride away happy as the closing credits crawl.

Indeed, the closest precedent for *Natural Born Killers,* in the gleefulness of its characters as they conduct violent acts, and the relative freedom they enjoy in the end, is *A Clockwork Orange*. Upon its release in 1971, critics wrote admiringly of its violence as a social statement. But when British youths raped a woman to the tune of "Singin' in the Rain," as Malcolm McDowell does in the film, director Stanley Kubrick was so appalled that he had his own masterpiece banned in Britain; it remains so today. Even Anthony Burgess, the author of the book upon which the movie is based, expressed misgivings near the end of his life.

So far, Stone has made no apology, publicly at least, for an extraordinary series of copycat crimes that began almost as soon as *Natural Born Killers* reached theaters in the summer of 1994. In a Paris suburb, two shotgun-toting French students—a 19-year-old girl and her 22-year-old boyfriend—led police on a car chase that ended in the deaths of five, including the boyfriend. Reportedly, the girl's one comment was "It's fate," which Mickey declares of his own actions in *Natural Born Killers;* in their apartment, police found a review of the film along with anarchist pamphlets. In Texas that fall, a 14-year-old boy accused of decapitating a 13-year-old girl reportedly told police he wanted to be "famous like the natural-born killers." In Utah, a teenager said by police to have been obsessed with the movie shaved his head and wore tinted granny glasses, as Mickey does; he stands charged with the murder of his stepmother and half-sister. In Georgia, a teenager accused of shooting to death an 82-year-old Florida man shouted at television cameras, "I'm a natural-born killer!" Four other Georgians in their 20s were charged with killing a truckdriver and fleeing in his vehicle after watching the movie 19 times. In Massachusetts the next spring,

hen Ben shot him."

three youths, ages 18 to 20, were accused of killing an old man by stabbing him 27 times. "Haven't you ever seen *Natural Born Killers* before?" one bragged to his girlfriend.

In each incident, the accused killers were young and the violence was unprovoked. In all, it could be said, the links to Stone's film were tenuous—a line uttered here, a supposition added there.

Not so in the case of Sarah Edmondson and Ben Darras.

The mention of *Natural Born Killers* in a January court proceeding in Louisiana was, as it turned out, embedded in a most unusual document entered that day. This was a summary of Sarah's confession, which she gave to gain immunity for the killing in Mississippi by agreeing to be a witness there against Ben Darras. It is an intriguing first stop in the journey to understand the influence Oliver Stone's movie may have had on two young minds.

On the night of March 5, 1995," Sarah's statement reads, "Ben Darras and I spent the night at our family cabin . . . at the Wauhillau Outing Club. While there, we watched the movie *Natural Born Killers*. Ben really loved this movie."

The next morning, after pawning Ben's guitar and a boom box in Muskogee, Oklahoma, to raise some travel money, the two set out east in Sarah's 1986 white Nissan Maxima, bound for a Grateful Dead concert in Memphis. Sarah had her father's .38 Smith & Wesson revolver, along with half a box of shells. "I took the gun to use as my muscle with Ben in case he became aggressive with me," her statement reads. While making love the previous night at the cabin, she explained, he had begun choking her and scaring her. (Darras's lawyer declines to comment on the specifics of Sarah's allegations, but he believes that "her statements are obviously planned and calculated in an effort to extricate herself from a very difficult position. What proof do we have that Ben Darras did anything?")





Top, the cotton gin in Hernando, Mississippi, where Grisham's friend Bill Savage was killed on March 7, 1995. *Inset, above,* Patsy Byers at home in Ponchatoula, Louisiana, Christmas 1995. She is paralyzed from the neck down.



William Savage, 1994. Grisham remembers him as "a devout Christian and solid citizen . . . always ready to volunteer."





Above, Sarah Edmondson in a Louisiana police car with Sheriff's Detective Debbie Brunett, June 1995. *Left,* Ben Darras with police captain Richard Prima, June 1995.

"She fell. I ran out of the store to the car and got i



A video still from the Time Saver convenience-store surveillance camera shows Sarah Edmondson holding a gun on clerk Patsy Byers, who was shot in the neck moments later, March 8, 1995. *Inset*, a still from *Natural Born Killers*.

was crying and screaming, 'I just killed her.'"



By the time they got to Memphis, they had learned they had the concert date wrong. So they decided to drive to New Orleans. "Between Memphis and Hernando, Ben started talking about finding an isolated farm house and doing a home invasion, that is, robbing a family and killing them, leaving no witnesses. I told him he was crazy and I wouldn't do such a thing, and he wasn't either. As Ben talked about this, it was as if he was fantasizing from the movie *Natural Born Killers*."

Sarah pulled off the highway at Hernando for gas. Ben told her to drive past the stations near the exit ramp. She crossed the north side of Hernando's lovely courthouse square—the one that had been Grisham's hangout as a local lawyer, and from which come some of his descriptions of the courthouse in his best-selling book *A Time to Kill* (the movie of which is due in theaters July 24). Ben directed Sarah to drive on out of town. "We came to the farming business and Ben told me to pull in. . . . There was a pickup parked by the building."

Ben told Sarah to get out "and act real angelic." They found a man working in a glass-walled cubicle within the dark, cavernous building. "Ben asked the man inside for directions to I-55," Sarah recounted. "The man looked at me like he knew something was going on. He gave directions, and about that time, Ben took a step toward him, pulled the pistol and shot him. The man threw his hands up and made a terrible sound. I freaked out and ran outside. I started to leave, but decided I could not leave Ben. When I went back in, Ben was at the rear door, pulling on it. He had the gun

in his right hand. The door came open. I noticed blood on the right side of the man's head. The man grabbed Ben, and they struggled back toward the front of the office, and Ben shot again. . . . Ben told me to get his fucking wallet. I just stood there saying 'No, we have to go.' Ben came around the desk, rolled the man upon his left side, and told me again to get the fucking wallet, and I did."

Back in the car, headed toward the interstate, Ben found two $100 bills in the wallet. "As we rode, Ben made fun and mocked the noise the man made when Ben shot him. Ben was laughing about what happened and said the feeling of killing was powerful. Ben put the wallet in the glove compartment, ate something and went to sleep while I drove. We went to New Orleans where we got a cheap motel room."

The next day, the two walked around the French Quarter as tourists. "Ben began saying things like 'It's your turn' and 'We're partners.' I tried ignoring him, and he grabbed me by the arm and got in my face, and kept saying it was my turn. I finally said okay, so he would quit talking about it."

As they drove northwest after dark, Sarah related, Ben came up with the convenience-store plan, in which Sarah would shoot the clerk. "He said the after effects were not bad, because he was handling it just fine. He told me, 'You've got to have faith in us. You're strong enough, mean enough, and bad enough.'"

By chance, they pulled off in Ponchatoula. At the highway end of town, set slightly apart from the start of Main Street with its Winn-Dixie, its gas stations, its feed-and-seed store, and the antiques shops that draw summer tourists, was Time Saver No. 8. Ben parked in its asphalt lot. When the coast was clear, Sarah went in.

"I . . . got a candy bar, and walked up to the counter," Sarah said. "A woman was working. As I looked at her, I did not see her, but I saw the demon. I shot it. She fell. I ran out of the store to the car and got in. I was crying and screaming, 'I just killed her.' Ben was trying to calm me down. He asked me did I get the money. I didn't. Ben told me I had to go back inside and get the money, so I did."

Then, as if the shootings were mere scenes in a longer film, Sarah and Ben continued on with their road trip. Eventually they reached the California coast, where each, at precisely the same moment, had the same epiphany while looking out over the Pacific.

It was time to go home.

Producers Gin, as the company is known, lies a mile west of Hernando, located in a warehouse-like structure so unprepossessing that it only compounds the mystery of why Ben and Sarah stopped there. William Savage's widow, Barbara, lives a short drive away, in a modest house.

Along with her grief in this last year, Savage has had to endure a steady stream of questioners, from the police, the D.A.'s office, and the F.B.I. to reporters from as far away as England, drawn by the link to *Natural Born Killers*. She screens her calls now; when she does allow a reporter to visit, she greets him warily. But part of her new life, she's come to see, is honoring her husband's memory.

"He was just an ordinary man in a lot of ways," she says. "We were married when we were 15 and 18; we would have been married 40 years in May." Bill Savage worked 30 years at the gin, eventually becoming its manager, but what he did was less important than who he was. Grisham in his *Oxford American* essay recalls Savage as "active in local affairs, a devout Christian and solid citizen who believed in public service and was always ready to volunteer."

For the three months that her husband's killing remained unsolved, Barbara had to wonder, as did the rest of the town, what possibly could have motivated it. Then came the break: a well-known local lawyer, Steve Farese, told the district attorney in Hernando he had a witness to the crime who would name the killer in return for immunity. "That night they called me," Barbara Savage says of the D.A.'s office, "to ask how I would feel if there was more than one person involved and they had to do something like that." Her face hardens as she remembers. "My words to them: I want the shooter."

By now, Ben and Sarah were in jail in Amite, arrested on a tip from an ex-boyfriend of Sarah's whom she had told about the Time Saver shooting. The authorities remained unaware of the Mississippi connection, but Sarah had confessed it, apparently, to her lawyer, a ponytailed Baton Rouge litigator named James Boren, known for saving clients from the ultimate punishment in high-profile murder cases. For the convenience-store shooting, Sarah faced not death but a possible maximum term of 149 years, while Ben, for an armed robbery charge, to which he has since pleaded guilty, faced up to 99 years; but for the Mississippi killing, both could stand trial in a county known for its swift application of capital punishment. Boren was convinced that Ben, not Sarah, had shot Bill Savage; if he moved fast, before one of the two confessed to a visitor or jailmate, he might trade Sarah's Mississippi story for a plea bargain there. But for that he needed a Mississippi lawyer who would know how to approach the local D.A. Which was why he called Steve Farese.

A son of one of the South's best-known trial lawyers, Steve Farese runs the family firm with a brother and a cousin, among other partners, out of tiny Ashland, but spends a lot of his time in the Hernando D.A.'s office, casually cutting deals as he chews on unlit cigars. Farese knew that the D.A., Bobby Williams, was so desperate for a break in the case that he might go so far as to grant Sarah immunity to get it. However, if Williams learned Farese's client was already in jail with the alleged shooter, any incentive to do a deal would evaporate. Far cannier than his aw-shucks manner might suggest, Farese drew up a statement that related the crime, with details only the criminals and police could know—the left blanks for the criminals' names.

Oliver Stone replies, "Mr. Grisham has become a ve

Williams scanned the form, scowling, and asked the obvious question. How could he be sure Farese's client wasn't the shooter? Farese was ready for that; he had the results of a polygraph test administered to Sarah that day. An escape clause was added at Williams's insistence. If Farese's client refused to cooperate in any way with the D.A.'s office, the D.A. could put the deal aside. Reluctantly the D.A. signed, then watched Farese fill in the names. Months later, when Ben Darras's public defender in Louisiana learned of the deal, he was furious: Sarah's confession may well result in a death sentence for his client. It could be "the immunity deal of the century," Sam Dileo declares—a deal that in effect finds Sarah Edmondson innocent of being the shooter based on a polygraph test.

The deal, and the conversations that ensued between Sarah and an investigator from the Hernando D.A.'s office, remained secret until January. But Barbara Savage was kept apprised. When she heard about the link to *Natural Born Killers,* she made herself watch the video.

"I tried to think why Oliver Stone had made it," she says in her simple living room, a framed picture of Bill Savage on the sideboard. "I understand it was supposed to be a satire. I understand it was supposed to be about the media. But watching it, all I could see was the violence, the utter disregard for human life."

Behind an old partners desk at the firm that bears his name, Jim Boren spends a lot of time these days pondering what weight to give *Natural Born Killers* in Sarah's defense. Her plea at this point is not guilty. "It's hard to believe that I could go before a jury and say that Sarah Edmondson ought to be found not guilty by reason of insanity because she saw the Oliver Stone movie," Boren allows. "As we say down in Tangipahoa Parish, that dog won't hunt." Still, he says, "*If* the movie is part of it, and *if* psychedelic drugs are part of it, and *if* she has a history of mental illness, which we believe we can demonstrate, then the whole background is what's relevant. I think the case of Sarah is not really so much what happened on March 8 between 10 P.M. and midnight—that's 15 minutes of a five-year-long story."

Over in Amite another lawyer, Joe Simpson, is pondering *Natural Born Killers,* too. Simpson represents Patsy Byers, the paralyzed Time Saver clerk, for the civil suits sure to arise from the crime. Last year, when he took her on, he saw fat enough targets in Sarah Edmondson's prominent family and its insurance company. Then came the January court proceeding, and a target fat enough to put the others in the shade.

"What do I want from Stone?" Simpson says in his office near the Amite courtroom. "If he's found negligent, you're looking at $20 to $30 million."

Tall and gaunt, like a southern version of Ichabod Crane, Simpson knows every family in the region. That's his strength. Let him sue a big company in local court and he'll pick the most sympathetic jury every time. In one recent case, Simpson collected $12 million from a drug company that failed to place a warning on its aspirin bottles about a rare and sometimes fatal reaction called Reye's syndrome. Patsy Byers's paralysis portends a far more vivid courtroom drama. "They're going to have this woman in court," says Simpson, "laying back on that spine board and all that; they're going to show the *movie*—you're looking at big, big bucks."

Simpson agrees with Boren that the movie alone cannot be said to have led to the crimes. But if it's found to be a contributing factor, he explains, an odd wrinkle in Louisiana law makes the prospects especially bright. Traditionally in the state, if several parties were found liable and some had more money than others, the richer ones could be made to pay a disproportionate share of the damages. In fact, a rich party found to be 1 percent responsible could have been made to pay 100 percent. The law was later modified to cap a party's exposure to 50 percent of the damages, and just in the last year changed to make damages proportional. But when Patsy Byers was shot, Simpson says, the 1-to-50 ratio obtained.

If Stone is vulnerable to Simpson's suit, the extent to which he is, and at what cost, will not be settled for years in a court of law. But Sarah Edmondson's parents have begun to search for their own answers already.

On a spring Friday afternoon, a plain white four-door sedan draws up to the Budget Inn in Hammond, Louisiana. Jim and Suzanne Edmondson have made the two-day drive from Muskogee for a Saturday visit with Sarah. They stay here because Amite, a short drive to the north, has no accommodations to speak of. Facing huge legal bills, they choose the Budget Inn, rather than the nicer Holiday Inn next door; Jim's salary as a judge is not lavish and $38 a night sounds a whole lot better than $68.

Emily Post provides no guide for how to greet the parents of a girl who's in jail up the road for attempted murder, but the Edmondsons make it easy. Jim is a tall man with a friendly face and a low, steady drawl; he has a full head of light-brown hair and looks younger than his 51 years, until you realize how passive he seems, and how terribly sad. Suzanne is the hostess, even here in Room 210, putting a guest at ease and pouring the drinks, but her brittleness is all too apparent. To understand what influence a movie may have played in their daughter's life, I want to know when Sarah's downward drift began. As a child, was she lonely? A poor student? Depressed?

"On the contrary," Jim says slowly. "Happy, outgoing. Her interest was primarily the environment: protection of the rivers, air . . . " Jim's father, the congressman, helped protect the Illinois River, a tributary of which passes in front of the Edmondsons' weekend cabin. "She believed in rescuing stray cats, taking care of life." She sang in the church choir, was active in the Girl Scouts, had good times at camp.

Somehow, though, the emotions that came with puberty were just much more *(Continued on page 141)*

ch man off a body of work which utilizes violent crime."

ALL THAT JAZZ

Charlie Watts's jazz quintet is kicking off a new album and a U.S. tour. DAVID KAMP feels the beat of his favorite Stone, whose retro elegance is as evident in his drum strokes as in his bespoke suits and shoes

Are there others out there for whom Charlie Watts is the focal point of the Rolling Stones? Granted, it's an odd stance to take, like declaring yourself a delegate for Richard Lugar, or saying you've never noticed the naked lady in the foreground of Manet's *Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* because you've been fixated on the clothed one at the back. But as the years have burned off Mick Jagger's sensuality and rendered Keith Richards as craggy as Auden, Watts, now 55 years old, has become the band's most mesmerizing presence. With his houndstooth suits, polished brogues, and that wonderful, gaunt deadpan out of silent-film comedy, the drummer has a look that recalls old photographs of Harpo Marx off duty, without the curly wig, posing in garden-party getup with Chico and Alexander Woollcott on a mansion lawn somewhere.

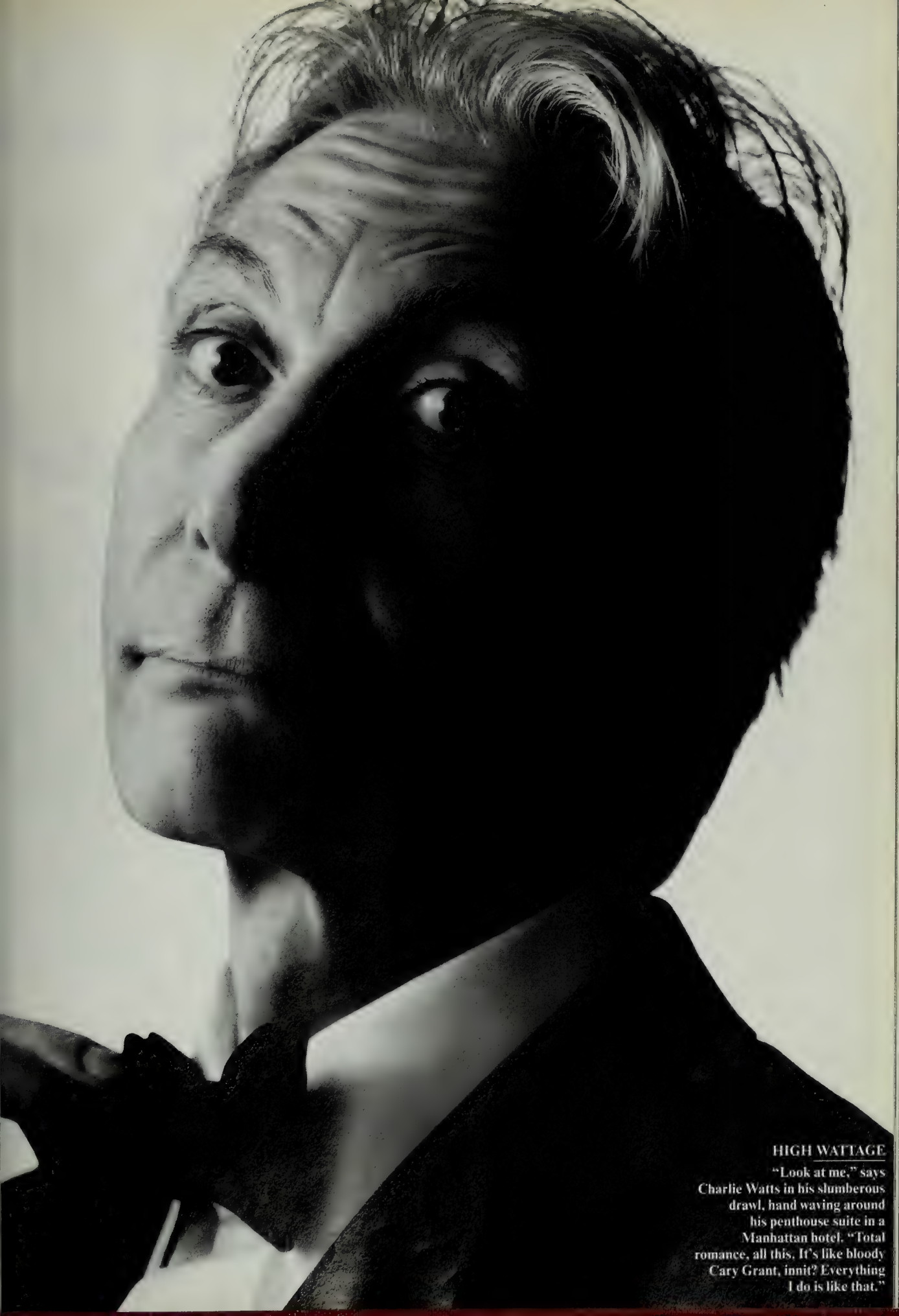
The echoes of old Hollywood and New York's smart set are, Watts admits, deliberate. "Look at me," he says in his slumberous drawl, one hand fingering a lapel of his bespoke double-breasted suit, the other waving around his penthouse suite in a Manhattan hotel. "Total romance, all this. It's like bloody Cary Grant, innit? Everything I do is like that. As a child living in a prefab in England, I had that romance. When I first heard Charlie Parker—when I was 14, I suppose—I loved it. I wanted to be his drummer."

Parker died well before Watts could pull that one off, but the greatest alto-sax player of all time was nevertheless responsible for the inception of Watts's other band, the Charlie Watts Quintet, whose fourth album, *Long Ago & Far Away,* is just out. The group first convened in 1991 to record music to accompany the reprint of *Ode to a High Flying Bird,* a children's book about Parker that Watts wrote and illustrated in the early 60s, when he was working as a graphic designer. No dubious merger of jazz and rock in the tradition of Spinal Tap's lamentable "Jazz Odyssey" ("Hope you enjoy our new direction!"), the Quintet is the real, unfettered thing, featuring such crack players as Peter King on saxophone, Brian Lemon on piano, the 23-year-old phenom Gerard Presencer on trumpet, and David Green, a childhood friend of Watts's, on stand-up bass.

Absent from the proceedings is Watts's signature drum sound, the metronomic ticka-*thwack,* ticka-*thwack* that the people at *Modern Drummer* are talking about when they trot out the word "Stonesy." Charles Mingus once wrote that good jazz drummers don't "play the beat where it is. [They] draw a picture away from the beat . . . [and] tease the mind by not telling [the audience] what everyone knows—where one, two, three, and four are." Watts, modest even about his talents as a rock drummer, is reluctant to put himself in the company of Elvin Jones and Dannie Richmond, two of the greats who backed Mingus, but happily declares that he enjoys the stylistic change-up the Quintet work affords him. "It's subtler," he says. "There's a lot of air in jazz. There's air in acoustic instruments you don't get in electric instruments, and when you play with virtuosos like that, they drop and change a lot."

On *Long Ago & Far Away* and its predecessor, 1993's *Warm and Tender,* the band has *(Continued on page 14*

Photograph by ALBERT WATSON



HIGH WATTAGE

"Look at me," says Charlie Watts in his slumberous drawl, hand waving around his penthouse suite in a Manhattan hotel. "Total romance, all this. It's like bloody Cary Grant, innit? Everything I do is like that."

A Season in

The glorious Northern Italian landscape that seduced Shelley and Tennyson is drawing the likes of Jeremy Irons, Liv Tyler, Jane Campion, and Bernardo Bertolucci. JUDY BACHRACH discovers Tuscany as the ultimate movie set

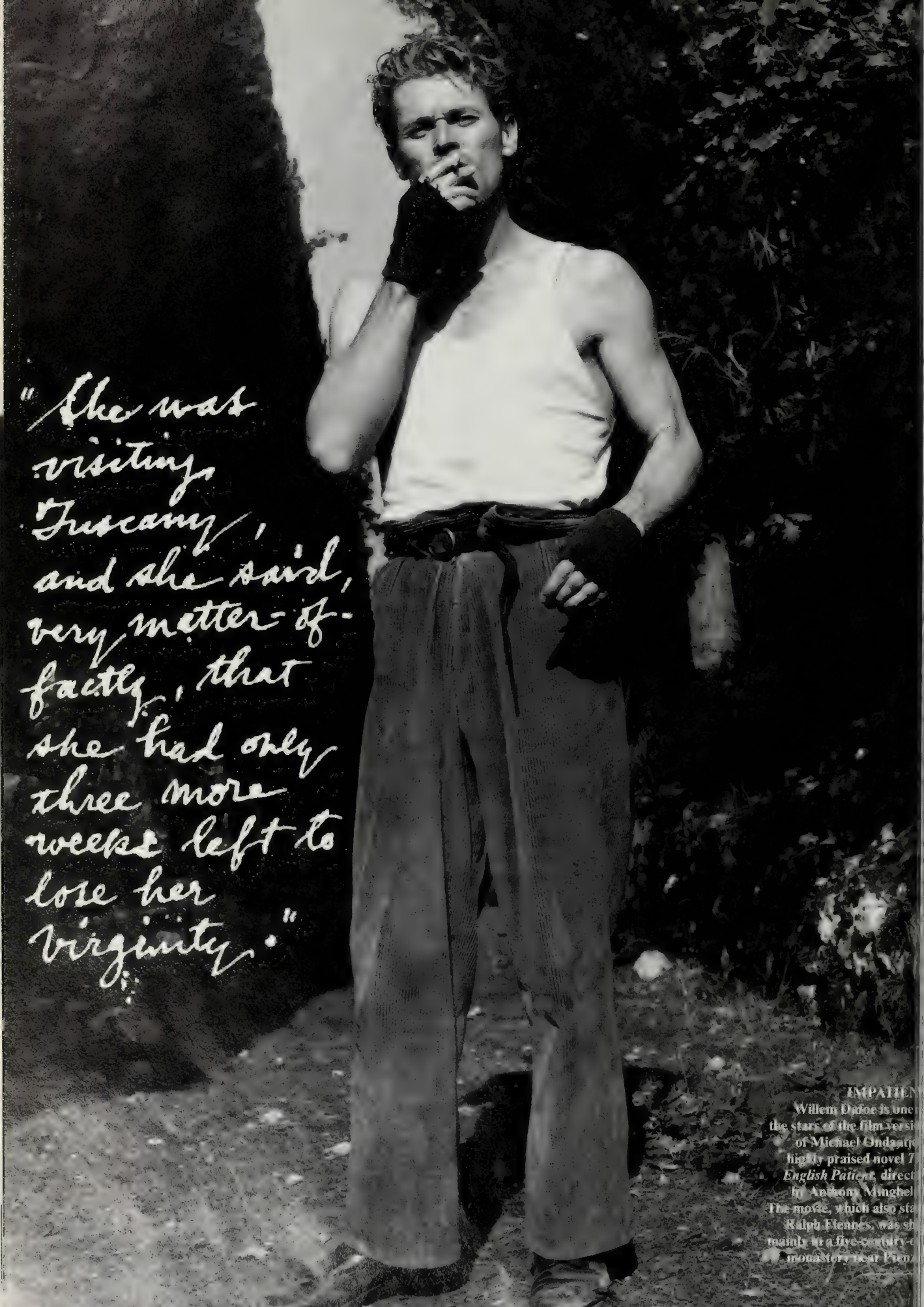


Photographs by BRIGITTE LACOMBE

Paradise



OBJECTS OF BEAUTY. Affairs and others convene on location in Tuscany for *Stealing Beauty*, the film which marks the end of director Bernardo Bertolucci's decade-long exile from his native Italy. *From far left:* Diane McCann, producer Jeremy Thomas, production designer Gianni Silvestri, director of photography Darius Khondji, Rachel Weisz, Bertolucci, Jean Marais, Jeremy Irons, Sinéad Cusack (his wife), Ignazio Oliva, Liv Tyler, screenwriter Susan Minot.



IMPATIEN
Willem Dafoe is one
the stars of the film versi
of Michael Ondaatj
highly praised novel T
English Patient, direct
by Anthony Minghel
The movie, which also sta
Ralph Fiennes, was sh
mainly in a five-century-
monastery near Pisa

I suppose you know that I have been in voluntary exile for a long, long time, more than 10 years," says Bernardo Bertolucci, the very Italian director of very Italian films including *The Conformist* and, of course, *1900.* "I felt I really couldn't be inspired in my country. I said, 'I want to go as far away as possible.' And I find myself in China. And I did, you now, *The Last Emperor.* And so on. And then, in the 90s, I thought that things were changing in Italy. It was a bit naïve on my part, but anyway I decided: It's time to go back. And so, *Stealing Beauty* is about the beauty of Tuscany. And it is the story of the confrontation—this confrontation between different types of beauty: the beauty of the landscape, the beauty of art, the beauty of a girl . . . "

Bertolucci's latest—like so much of any great director's work—signals a new wave in film, a trend born not of social cataclysm or a withered Frenchman's sexual abandon, but rather of landscape. This wave flows from Tuscany, a location much appreciated by international filmmakers bored with Burbank and stultified by the Lutheran attractions of low-budget Toronto. You could say it's long overdue. Writers and artists have never made a secret of their admiration for this sensuous locale. Shelley, that sun-worshiping romantic, once boasted, "My custom is to undress and sit on the rocks, read Herodotus until the perspiration has subsided, and then to leap from the edge of the rock into the fountain." But he executed one leap too many—and nearly drowned off La Spezia, on the Tuscan coast. (Later, when Shelley *did* succumb, Byron cremated his friend's body on the Tuscan shore, burning oil, wine, and frankincense to signal his soul's ascension.)

The literati—undaunted, perhaps even attracted by Shelley's dramatic peril—have continued through the years to shuffle creatively and consumptively through these quiet timbers and soothing colors (talking, as often as not, of the Tuscan Michelangelo). Visiting *inglesi*—the Italian term for the pale En-

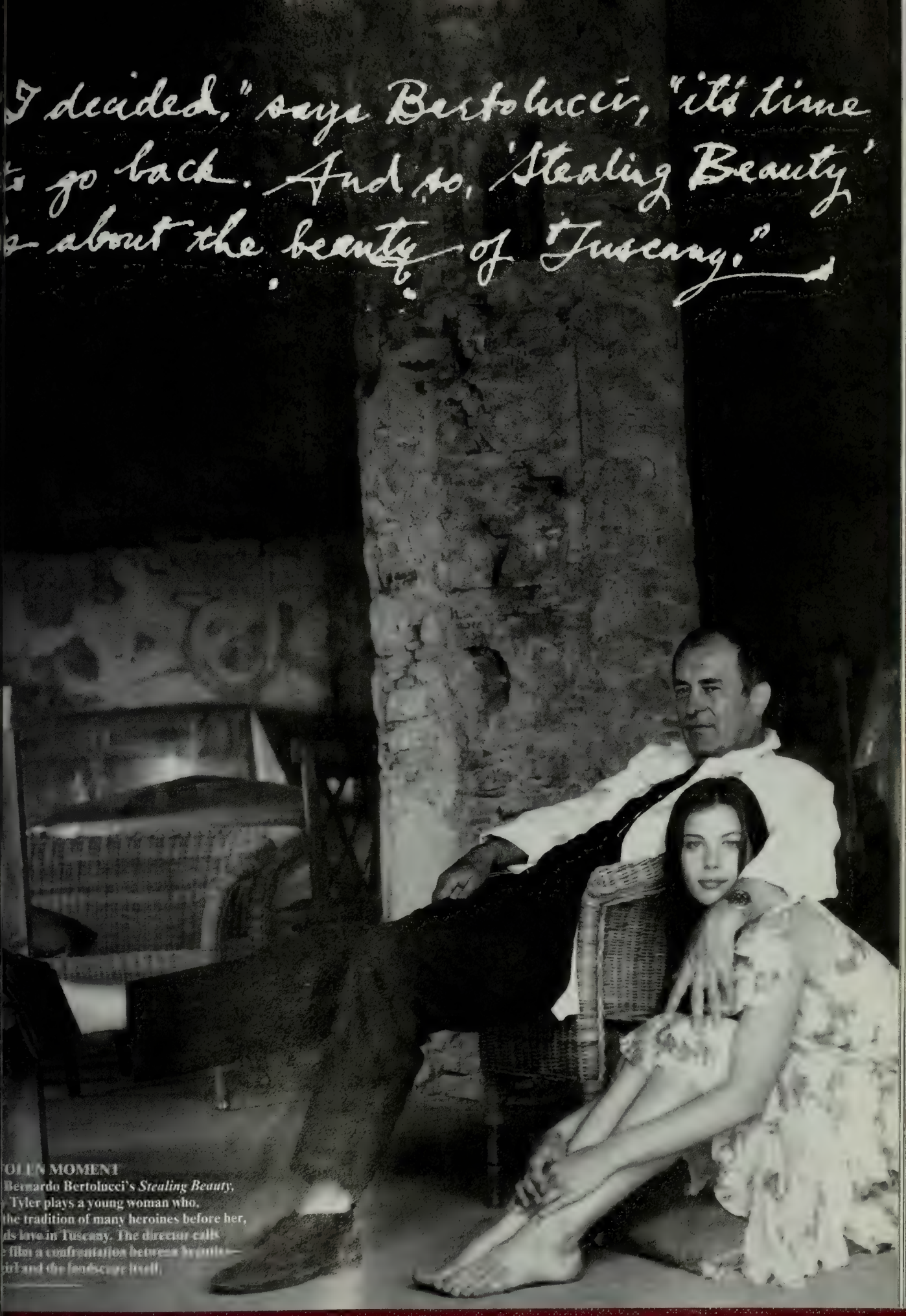


DREAM GIRL
Marie Gillain plays Ottilie in the film version of Goethe's *Elective Affinities*. The film's creators, Paolo and Vittorio Taviani (*The Night of the Shooting Stars*), are native Tuscans, born 15 minutes from the birthplace of Leonardo da Vinci, who have transferred the setting of the story from Germany to the Villa Val de Sogni (the Villa of the Valley of Dreams) in the countryside near Pisa.



A ROOM WITH A VIEW
"A complete canvas," director Paolo Taviani calls the pastoral country near Florence. A hint of the landscape's glories is visible behind actor Jean-Hugues Anglade, one of the stars of *The Elective Affinities.*

I decided," says Bertolucci, "it's time
to go back. And so 'Stealing Beauty'
is about the beauty of Tuscany."



OL'N MOMENT
Bernardo Bertolucci's *Stealing Beauty*,
Tyler plays a young woman who,
the tradition of many heroines before her,
ds love in Tuscany. The director calls
film a confrontation between a beauti-
irl and the landscape itself.

glish—have included Virginia Woolf, a woman not easily seduced by scenery, as well as Tennyson, D. H. Lawrence, Stendhal, the transcendental Emerson, the peculiar Brownings, and the tubercular Dylan Thomas. Henry James came, too, huffily bemoaning "one's detested fellow pilgrims" as his imagination gradually surrendered.

Small wonder, then, that the cineasts have seen fit to invade in an influx which seemed to begin when the lusty Helena Bonham Carter glimpsed the glories of the lilac-covered hillsides (and the smooth pectorals of the agile peasants) in Merchant Ivory's *A Room with a View.* Then came Kenneth Branagh, who planted *Much Ado About Nothing* beneath Tuscany's cool cypresses, and quite recently Jane Campion (*The Piano*), who filmed near Lucca last summer with Nicole Kidman in tow and a script worked from the pages of *The Portrait of a Lady,* by the grumpy James. Who can even feign surprise? Heroines have been chastened and ravished by these vistas since time immemorial. Isabel Archer was hardly the first to find her comeuppance and, ultimately, her destiny under these sfumato clouds.

The only problem? The place itself has the tendency to usurp less tenacious heroines, even those stringently aerobicized Californians. Tuscany, you see, *always* plays the lead. She will not be ignored and is capable of any ruse required to capture the attention of those she seeks to amaze. Everything else must play along. Against this landscape, narrative is undermined, along with willpower. A chase scene is as impossible to contemplate as a light supper. (Or a brief anecdote.) Who could expend the effort to move so speedily? The great soul of the place defies all trivial conventions. Yet, like some deus ex machina, it alters the lives of those who pass through it—particularly the destiny of those limpid English virgins. Few remain unaffected by its magical qualities of transformation. Who could suffer here? As Bertolucci says, "We deal in my film with beauty as a kind of healing factor. Beauty as a comfort. *La bellezza* as a refuge. *La bellezza* as a shelter."

Tuscan light soothes vanities and dissolves accumulated tensions, happy news for publicists, cinematographers, divas, and even those too seriously artistic to concern themselves with such small matters. Naturally, all the actors shooting here currently fall into the final category. They include Jeremy Irons, star of June's *Stealing Beauty;* Isabelle Huppert, the French favorite now starring in the film version of Goethe's *Elective Affinities* under the supervision of the Taviani brothers; and the extraordinarily beautiful Juliette Binoche, to be seen in *The English Patient,* based on the novel by Michael Ondaatje. Also on view in the Tuscan hills: Liv Tyler, the daughter of Aerosmith's Steven Tyler, whose character, as green as a grove of Italian olives, is the central figure in the Bertolucci film. As untried as all the eager girls who have preceded her here, Tyler seems destined to ripen pleasingly under the bright-blue bolt of Sienese sky.

The light is only one of Tuscany's virtues—or, rather, her pleasures. There is the topography as well—subtle yet voluptuous. There are no canyons here, grand or otherwise, no spectacular gestures. This is a territory of gentle poses which, despite its own theatrical aspirations, yields gracefully to some occasional activity in the foreground. Pageantry amuses Tuscany; commerce it finds delightful. War is ruthless enough to qualify for her indulgence, but love, love of course is second nature here, as welcome as the *inglesi.*

"This is a great story of love! The mother of all love stories. We took it and put it in Tuscany." So says Tuscan-born director Paolo Taviani of his new film. He is attempting to explain why he and his brother, Vittorio, creators of the splendid *Night of the Shooting Stars,* hijacked *Elective Affinities,* a 19th-century Teutonic novel which marked the beginning of German psychological fiction, and transported it without apology to their homeland, to the nubby, green ground around Pisa. Here the exquisite Huppert, no stranger to Italy, has found a new contentment in the Villa Val de Sogni—literally, the Villa of the Valley of Dreams.

"Isabelle? A French Tuscan," insists Paolo, *(Continued on page 146)*

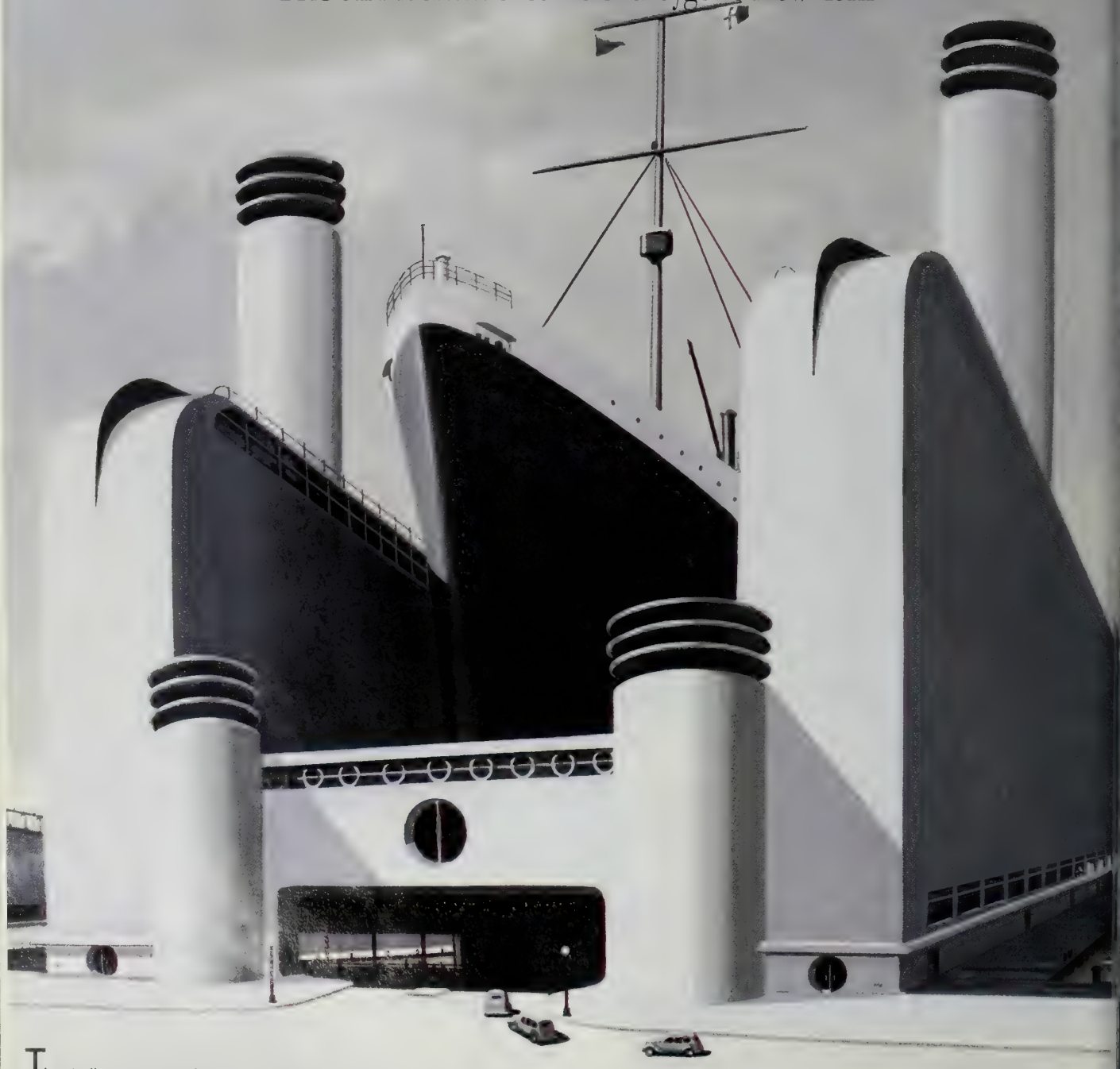




ITALIAN DAYS
Who can say how many afternoons were passed this way? On the set of *The Elective Affinities:* Vittorio Taviani, Isabelle Huppert, Jean-Hugues Anglade, Paolo Taviani, Marie Gillain, and Fabrizio Bentivoglio.

MANHATTAN '37

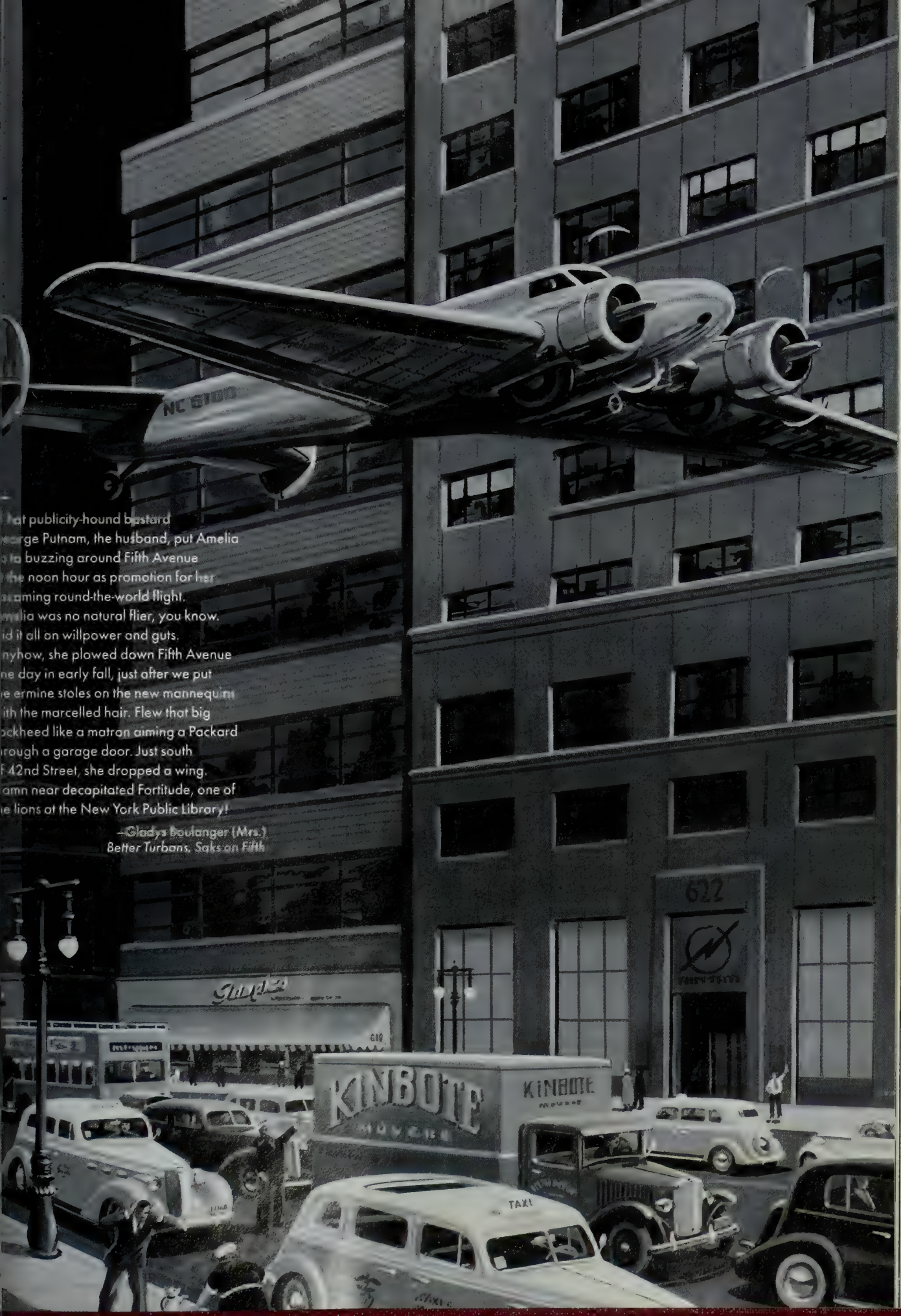
Rollicking bon voyage parties on the Gallic Line, Amelia Earhart buzzing Fifth Avenue, the $100 cover charge at Nat's Revolv-o-Mat Follies—BRUCE McCALL dreams of a bygone New York



The Gallic Line insisted on inspecting the fingernails of us customs guys before we came on board, but I never minded. It was a plum assignment just to work there. Little French maids would come by with trays—canapés, petits fours, and sidecars with swizzle sticks of gleaming chrome. All gratis. Everything was silver and white—the four-star restaurant, even the velodrome for bike races. What a lavish place! No unadorned detail went undetected in the Gallic Line's quest to top the French Line's *Normandie*. The nightclub house band was none other than Django Reinhardt and the Hot Club of France, I remember. Winchell us to come by to review the bon voyage parties. Josephine Baker sailed over once from Cherbourg, did a bon voyage party, and sailed right back. Never set foot on U.S. soil!

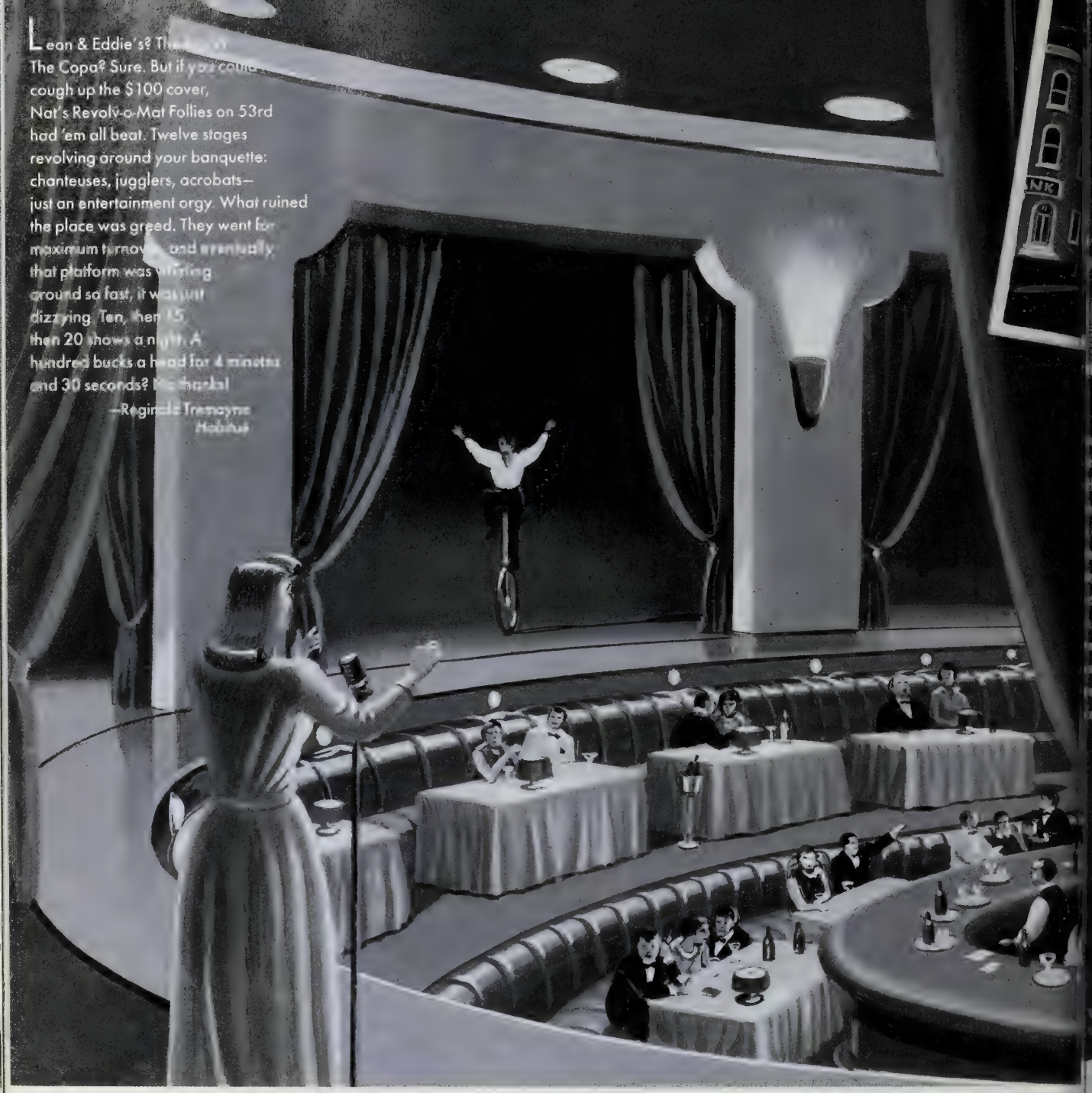
—Ernest Trounce, *U.S. Customs (retired)*

Illustrations by BRUCE McCALL



hat publicity-hound bastard
eorge Putnam, the husband, put Amelia
to buzzing around Fifth Avenue
the noon hour as promotion for her
aiming round-the-world flight.
melia was no natural flier, you know.
id it all on willpower and guts.
nyhow, she plowed down Fifth Avenue
ne day in early fall, just after we put
e ermine stoles on the new mannequins
ith the marcelled hair. Flew that big
ockheed like a matron aiming a Packard
rough a garage door. Just south
f 42nd Street, she dropped a wing.
amn near decapitated Fortitude, one of
e lions at the New York Public Library!

—Gladys Boulanger (Mrs.)
Better Turbans, Saks on Fifth



You look at pictures and it's skyscrapers and crowds and that same New York feel to the streets. But don't be fooled: New York in the 30s might as well have been another galaxy. Mob Day, for example. Can you even imagine, today, letting all the gangsters in town run amok for 24 hours? It worked, too; crime *plunged* for the rest of the year. Now all we've got is those street fairs with fried dough and snow shakers. Nothing you could use to bring a smile to a Copa girl. That's for sure!

And the sense of community! You'd think nothing, on your lunch hour, of pitching in to help the construction guys put up a skyscraper. People down on their luck lived in the lobbies of those swank apartment buildings on Park and Fifth all through the Depression. That's where th Kissingers lived when they first came over from Ge many, by the way, and a lot of people say that this how Henry picked up his expensive tastes.

It was just a wonderful place to be, New York bac then. So much to see and do. They froze Third Avenu in winter and there'd be skating races from 96th dow to 23rd. That's how Sonja Henie got discovered—or s goes the story. Summer, all the big midtown buildin opened up their roofs to sunbathers, and every sto gave out free flavored ice in big buckets, and Kleger on 57th had that giant electric fan, cooling Lexingto for blocks and blocks. And then the 40s came, and th war, and you can see it even in the photos, a whole ci turning sour and surly and rough. "Fun City," they later call it. It should have been "Paradise Lost." □



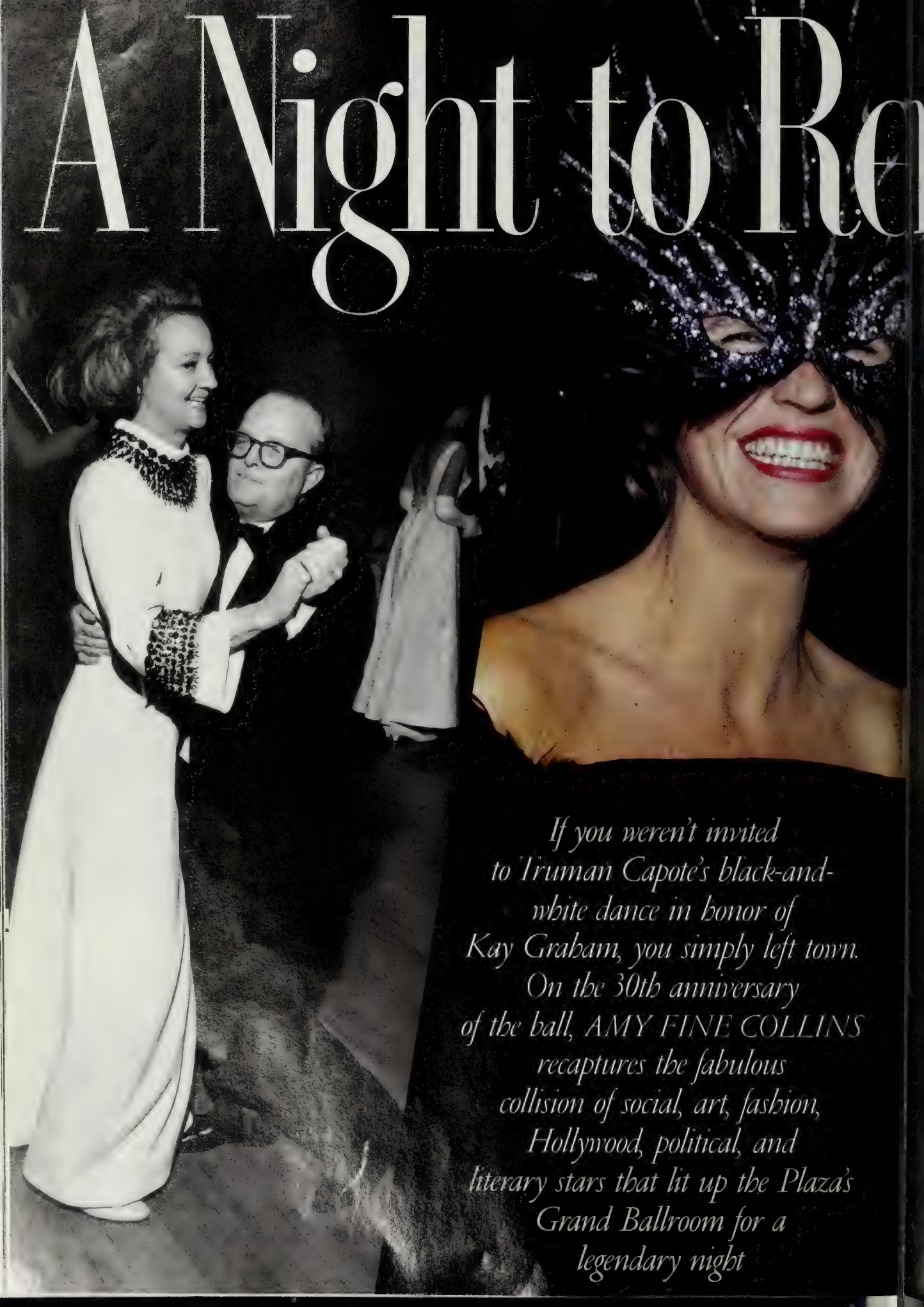
re was something called a "Moletown tan"—
itish pallor. Moletown kids never
e ball teams; half blind, they were. The
itects called it Subterranean Gardens,
Experiment in Crepuscular Living," and the
were cheap and you were right there
r the Sixth Avenue skyscrapers. But Moletown—
h was what Manhattanites called it—
literally, the dark side of that 30s New York
ned-community craze, and it was
ndoned and filled in in '41. Everybody knew
ebody who lived down there. But
ody ever *visited* anybody who lived down there.

—Maisie Stern Gahagan
Architectural historian

Those wooden ramps got real greasy in the rain, but there were no railings, because, even in those days, the lawyers said railings would admit risk. But on a dry day I could scoot from 59th down to 34th in a minute and a half, way above the congestion. The fares were too damn scared to complain. Mayor La Guardia wiped out the Skyline Taxi Express anyway in '37—air-rights violations, a technicality. After, when they were closing out the operation, it was a funny thing. The count showed one less taxi than they knew they had. Never found it, either.

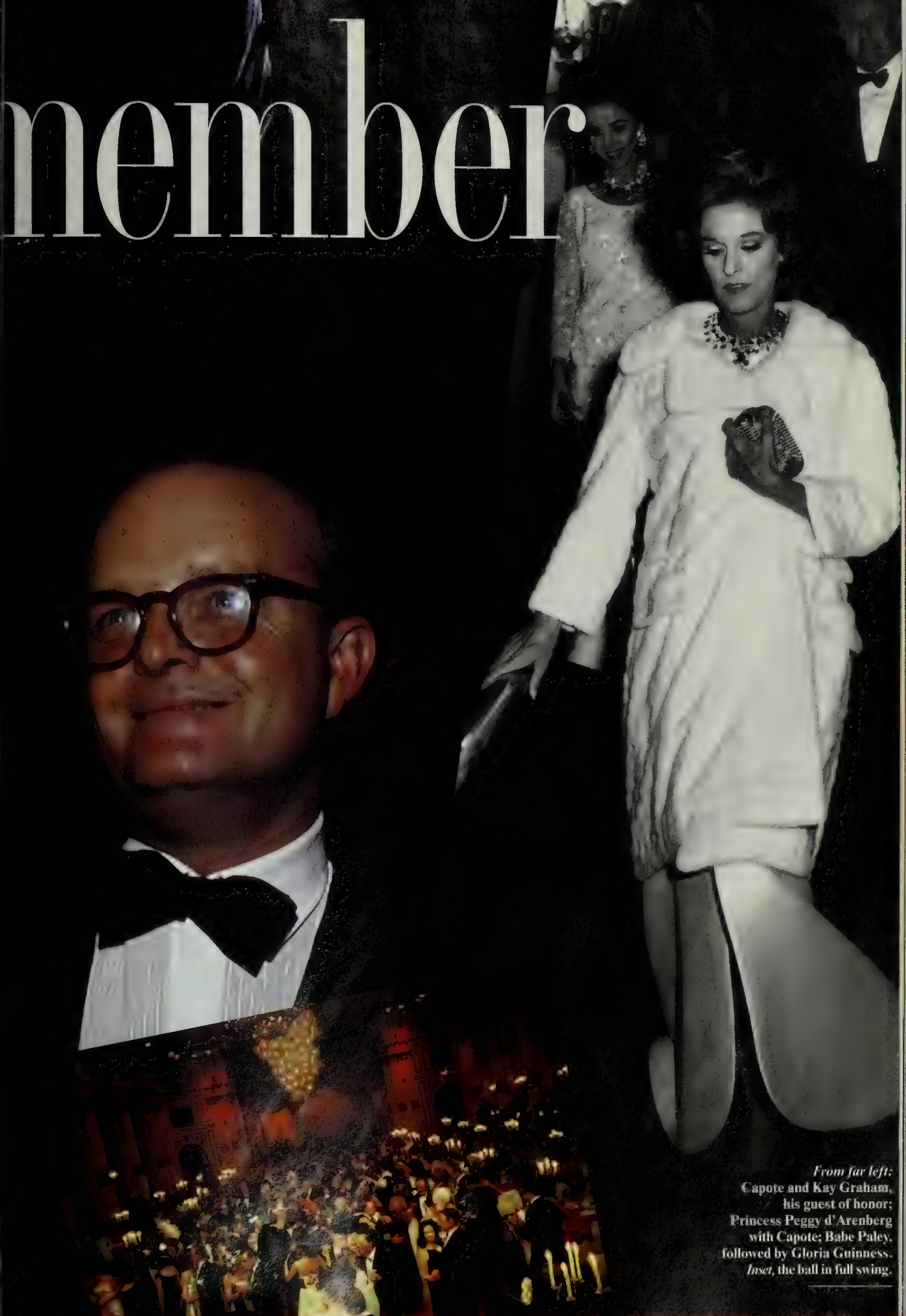
—Al Grasso
Skyline Taxi Express driver

A Night to Re



If you weren't invited to Truman Capote's black-and-white dance in honor of Kay Graham, you simply left town. On the 30th anniversary of the ball, AMY FINE COLLINS *recaptures the fabulous collision of social, art, fashion, Hollywood, political, and literary stars that lit up the Plaza's Grand Ballroom for a legendary night*

nember



From far left: Capote and Kay Graham, his guest of honor; Princess Peggy d'Arenberg with Capote; Babe Paley, followed by Gloria Guinness. *Inset,* the ball in full swing.

As a Depression-era schoolboy in Monroeville, Alabama—where his mother had parked him with relatives while prospecting for love and money in bigger towns—Truman Capote inscribed in a diary the motto he retained for the rest of his life: "I Aspire." Many decades later, Capote brooded on the meaning of the phrase. "I don't know why I chose those particular words," he said. "Odd they are, and I like the ambiguity—do I aspire to heaven or hell?"

By 1966, Capote must have felt that he had finally passed through the gates of paradise. His artistic and social careers had already hit some precociously lofty heights—from the moment he published his first short stories, at age 20 (followed by his first novel, *Other Voices, Other Rooms,* at 23), the media-lit Establishment had anointed him its fair-haired darling. But his 42nd year marked as clearly as an exclamation point the summit of his fame and achievement. His *annus mirabilis* began with the highly anticipated arrival in January of *In Cold Blood,* chronicling the massacre of a Kansas family, the Clutters, by two drifters named Perry Smith and Dick Hickock. The polished fruit of more than half a decade of research and writing, the book was immediately received in a universal embrace. The entire Fourth Estate—magazines, newspapers, television, and radio—became, wrote Gerald Clarke in his definitive *Capote: A Biography* (1988), "a giant band that played only one tune: Truman Capote." Capote's puckish face peered out victoriously from the covers of *Newsweek, Saturday Review, Book Week,* and *The New York Times Book Review. Life* published its longest article ever devoted to a writer, and hyped the feature on an electronic billboard in Times Square that throbbed through the night with the words IN COLD BLOOD. With the paperback rights, movie rights, foreign rights, and



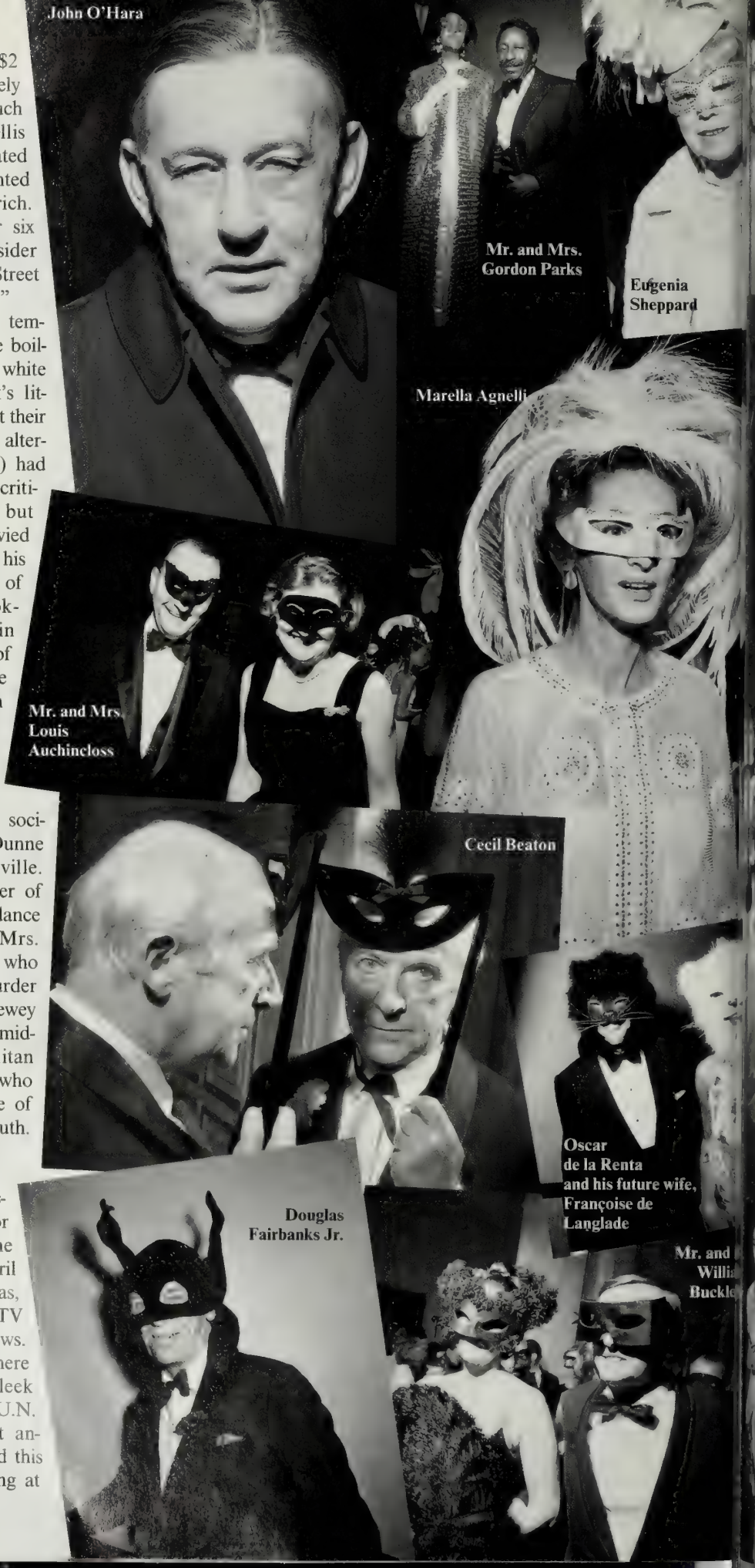


Feathers, jewels, even a paper plate went into the masks Capote's "chosen" dreamed up for the ball. *Inset,* the coveted invitation.

other sales, the book racked up $2 million for the author. Intimately acquainted with the purses of such Croesus-like friends as the Agnellis and the Paleys, Capote, exasperated with reports of his wealth, pointed out that he was, in fact, not rich. "When you average it out over six years," he reasoned, "and consider the taxes, any small-time Wall Street operator gets at least that much."

On the social scene, Capote's temperature, already sizzling past the boiling point, now blazed with the white heat of a supernova. New York's literary-minded hostesses, thrilled that their saucy pet (a lapdog nicknamed, alternately, Tru Heart and Tru Love) had pulled off not just the greatest critical success in recent memory but also a major commercial coup, vied more strenuously than ever for his presence at their tables. As much of a draw as Capote at the book-launch celebrations was Alvin Dewey, of the Kansas Bureau of Investigation—the local detective who had been instrumental in cracking the Clutter case—in town to help the best-selling author savor his triumph. Dewey made an appearance at the home of Elsie Woodward, the formidable society matron on whom Dominick Dunne modeled his senior Mrs. Grenville. Earlier, Katharine Graham, owner of *The Washington Post,* had given a dance for Capote, the Deweys, and Mrs. Roland Tate, widow of the judge who had presided over the Clutter murder trial, at her Georgetown house. "Dewey was a salt-of-the-earth, American midwestern hero," recalls Metropolitan Museum lawyer Ashton Hawkins, who met the investigator at the house of Graham's daughter, Lally Weymouth. "He took it all in his stride."

In March the book's publicity blitz whisked the author to London to promote the British edition, and in April spirited him back to Kansas, where he was followed by TV cameramen from NBC News. Returning to Manhattan, where he had just acquired a sleek $62,000 apartment at the U.N. Plaza, he was honored with yet another round of parties, occasioned this time by a heavily attended reading at




Lee Radziwill
William "Billy" Baldwin
Joan Fontaine and Dr. Benjamin Kean
Marianne Moore
Candice Bergen
Kenneth Jay Lane and Mrs. Denise Bouché
Arthur Ochs Sulzberger
Kitty Carlisle Hart
Masked ma and fan mas
Lauren Bacall and Jerome Robbins
Shana Alexander
Mrs. Henry Ford II
Mrs. William vanden Heuvel
Masked mysteries
The Maharani of Jaipur

Town Hall. Not about to relinquish the limelight, he next planned the rerelease of the short *A Christmas Memory* in time for the holidays. But this was just a stopgap measure to keep the motor running while he dreamed up a more grandiose scheme.

In June he evolved a plan guaranteed to refuel the *In Cold Blood* engine. He was in no shape to start another major book—his nearly six years working on the story had, he said, "scraped me right down to the marrow of my bones." Instead he decided to give a party that would become the biggest social cause célèbre since Ward McAllister, in 1892, compiled his list of the 400 souls worthy of fitting into Mrs. Astor's Fifth Avenue ballroom. Sitting poolside in Bridgehampton, at the house of his mother's friend Eleanor Friede, Capote worked—with a concentration usually reserved for writing—entering (like one of God's angels) the names of the chosen into a 10-cent black-and-white composition book. When he had filled its ruled right-hand pages, he turned it upside down and continued the roster on the opposite sides. Periodically, he would review the list, deleting names as he inserted new ones into the ledger. "The party," Gerald Clarke notes, "was the product of a literary mind"—in this case, a manipulative instrument whose considerable might was applied to assembling a cast of characters and moving them about like so many chess pieces. In his diminutive hands he controlled, or so it seemed, the destinies of an international group of players who could rouse presidents to action, steer the course of a country's economy, determine the silhouettes of millions of women, compose the sound track of a generation.

Capote toted his register with him everywhere, canvassing friends for suggestions. A garrulous creature disinclined to make a secret of either his professional activities or his private life, he twittered [illegible] about his work in progress. The [illegible] Gray Foy remembers Capote revealing his plan soon after its inception to Leo Lerman, the late Co[illegible] editor. Lerman anxiously inquired, "When is it going to be?" Capote reassured him, "Don't worry, you'll be invited!" Others were taunted with the refrain "Well, maybe you'll be invited and maybe you won't." During the summer of 1966, Mary "Piedy" Gimbel Lumet—a former United Artists employee who was helping Capote with a TV project about prisoners on death row, produced by Leland Hayward—accompanied him, her country neighbor, on a drive up the Pacific Coast Highway. "He kept telling me he was going to invite *everybody*. I was very disappointed when I finally realized that the Bridgehampton postman wasn't going to be there."

As the list took shape, Capote set the date (November 28, the Monday after Thanksgiving), the time (10 o'clock), the place (the Plaza Hotel's Grand Ballroom), and the theme. Inspired by *My Fair Lady*'s breathtaking Ascot scene, costumed by Cecil Beaton entirely in black and white, he would restrict his guests' attire to this most severe of palettes. This decision, he felt, would bring at least visual unity to a convocation of people as different, says former *Harper's Bazaar* fashion editor D. D. Ryan, "as chalk and cheese." Capote explained, "I want the party to be united the way you make a painting." Furthermore, all guests would be required to wear masks, and the ladies to carry fans. (Capote allowed only this last rule to be bent.) "I haven't been to a masked ball since I was a child," he said. "That's why I wanted to give one." The masks, according to his scenario, would free guests to dance and mingle as they pleased. At midnight the disguises would be removed. "It was complete autocratic hosting," recalls D. D. Ryan.

Capote's despotism extended to asking a number of friends to host preball dinners. Kay Meehan, a Capote loyalist and wife of the late Wall Street magnate Joseph Meehan, says, "Back in the summer he announced that I would be giving a dinner, and he told me *exactly* who I was to invite."

Shrewdly, Capote also came to realize that the party spotlight had to [illegible] someone other than himself. [illegible]n conjured up a name guaranteed to arouse the most curiosity and [illegible] the most publicity: Katharine Graham. Following her husband Philip's suicide in 1963, Graham, who[illegible] Truman had met around 1961 through Babe Paley, had taken up the reins of the media empire—including *The Washington Post* and *Newsweek*—forged by her father, Eugene Meyer. Without fanfare and in spite of her shyness and uncertainty, she had overnight become, arguably, the most powerful woman in America. By introducing her to international society, Truman would consolidate her power, and by association, of course, his own. The inventor of such memorable characters as Holly Golightly also liked playing Pygmalion to real-life women (he had, for example, briefly turned Lee Radziwill into an actress). "Truman absorbed people who interested him," says Pied Gimbel Lumet. "He took over their whole lives, re-creating them."

Katharine Graham, known as Kay, says, "Truman called me up in the summer and said he wanted to give a party for me, to, quote, cheer me up. I told him I didn't need cheering up. At first I didn't think he was serious. He had the idea of the party first—I think he had always wanted to give a party at the Plaza. Then afterward he was looking for a reason, and I guess I was it. . . . I suppose he chose me because I didn't conflict with all the glamorous women he knew." Capote's celestial flock of swans—Babe Paley, Marella Agnelli, Slim Keith, Gloria Guinness, Lee Radziwill, C. Z. Guest—presumably would not have appreciated his showing favoritism by designating just one of them belle of the ball.

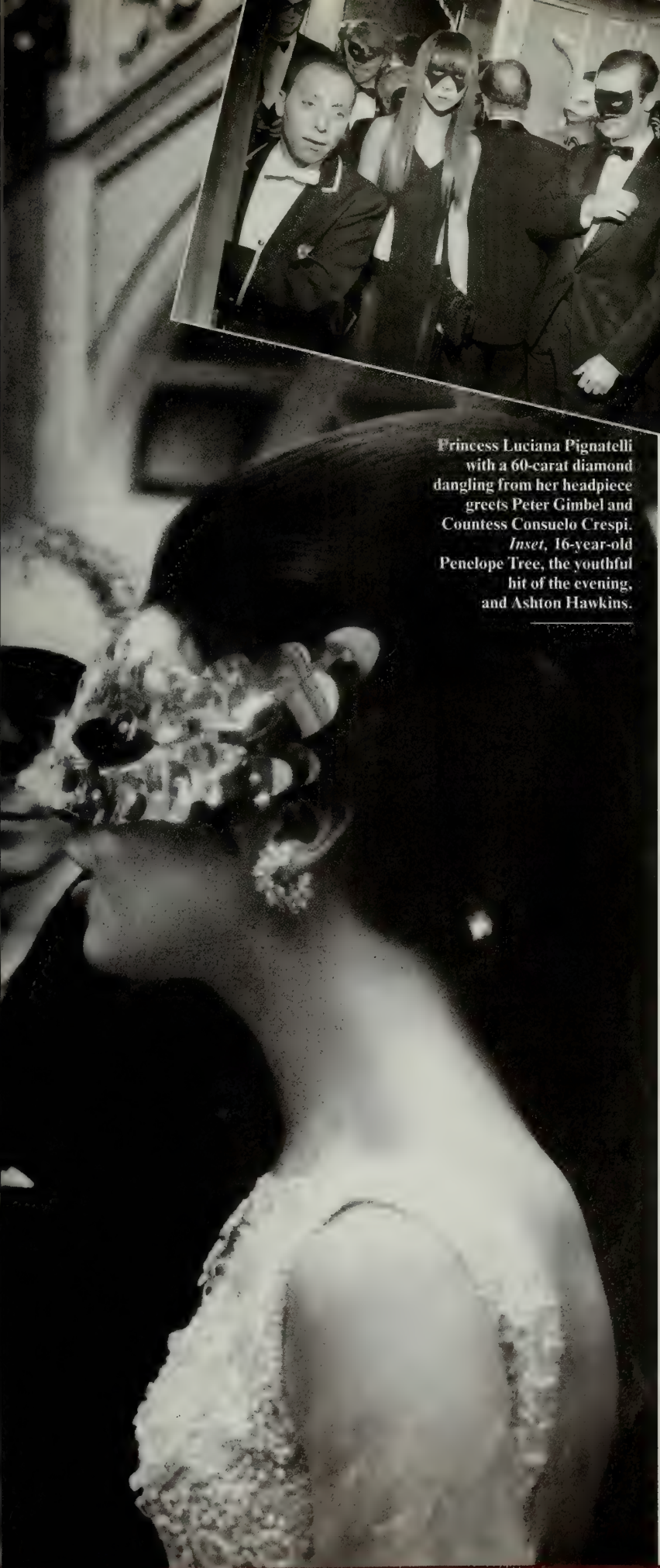
Capote spent August traveling with two of these rarefied creatures—Lee Radziwill, who accompanied him to Portugal, and Marella Agnelli, who invited him to cruise down the Dalmatian coast with her and her husband, Gianni, on their yacht. All the while, he edited his roster of names just as the summer before he had proofread galleys for *In Cold Blood* on the Agnellis' boat. In early October he at last mailed out the invitations, 480 cards bordered in red and yellow, which read: "In honor of Mrs. Katharine Graham / Mr. Truman Capote / requests the pleasure of your company / at a Black and White Dance / on Monday, the twenty-eighth of November / at ten o'clock / Grand Ballroom, The Plaza / DRESS Gentlemen: Black tie; Black



As one aristocrat remarked, "A party is never given for someone. It is given against someone."

ote's dear friend
. Ryan whispers
ething in the
wizard's ear that
hts him.


"It was the Last
Great American Party.
The Last Gasp!"



Princess Luciana Pignatelli with a 60-carat diamond dangling from her headpiece greets Peter Gimbel and Countess Consuelo Crespi. *Inset,* 16-year-old Penelope Tree, the youthful hit of the evening, and Ashton Hawkins.

mask. Ladies: Black or White dress; White mask; fan. R.S.V.P. Miss Elizabeth Davis, 465 Park Avenue, New York." (Elizabeth Davis worked for Irving Lazar, Capote's agent.)

If Capote had yelled *Fire!* on opening night at the opera, the pandemonium among the Beautiful People that autumn could not have been more frenzied. Precipitating all the hysteria, says Peter Duchin, whose orchestra Capote hired for the party, was the simple truth that "if you weren't invited, you'd think you were nowhere." The writer gave Duchin strict instructions, none related to music. "I could not tell anyone that I was playing, and I could not tell the press who was coming. Truman said, 'I'll take care of that.'" Enid Nemy, then a fledgling *New York Times* society reporter fresh out of Canada, says, "I was *stunned* at the idea that any social event could be so important. What shocked me most was that suddenly all these people started insisting they had to be in London, or wherever, on the day of Truman's party. And then there was absolutely no question—to make good on their lie, they really had to go!"

One of Capote's extra men says, "Jerry Zipkin was a major factor among those who pretended to be called away to Monte Carlo, or was it Paris? It was so dumb!" (Capote and Zipkin remained bitter enemies for years after, going as far as to have a public slapping match in the parking lot of the Bistro, a Beverly Hills restaurant. Capote retaliated with his best weapon, words, and said that Zipkin had "a face shaped like a bidet.") Man-about-town John Galliher remembers that some people actually tried to bribe Capote with "great sums of money." All this shameless striving, Galliher says, "thrilled Truman. And, of course, it added to the anticipation and delight of those of us who had been asked."

A certain well-known man, Capote gleefully reported to *Esquire,* "announced to his staff . . . that there would be a meeting at his office at five P.M.

on the 28th, and there were rumors *all* week long. Was the company going to dissolve? The boss retire? Well, at five o'clock everyone was tense tense tense, and . . . he announced that he wanted everyone to know that he *had* been invited to the party . . . but had refused!" *New York Review of Books* editor Robert Silvers says, "The ultimate thing was when a man told Truman his wife had threatened to kill herself if she weren't invited." This time Capote—whose mother had committed suicide in 1954—caved in to the demand. The beleaguered writer sighed that he might as well rename the event "the 'In Bad Blood' party."

Capote's exclusions in certain cases seemed ruthless and capricious. Ina Claire, an old friend, pleaded from San Francisco via telegram, to no avail. Tallulah Bankhead fared better, but only by sheer persistence. The invitation, in its way, was a great leveler; the intelligentsia and showbiz folk, Capote's family and jet-setters, all received the same maddeningly arbitrary treatment. Truman invited the president's daughter Lynda Bird Johnson but excluded her steady beau, actor George Hamilton. It is not difficult to understand why he barred fellow southern author Carson McCullers. Once his protector, she had turned on him the instant he became famous. Ailing (she was less than a year away from death), McCullers issued the absurd announcement from her sickbed that she would upstage her rival by throwing a party of her own. Capote also banned any reviewer who had dared to give him an unfavorable notice. His old friend Kenneth Tynan, who had thrashed *In Cold Blood* in the London *Observer,* was now *persona non grata.* But Capote welcomed F. W. Dupee, who had lauded the work in *The New York Review of Books.* He slighted Tiffany chairman Walter Hoving, giving as his reason the fact that the publicity he had generated for the store with *Breakfast at Tiffany's* was inadequately acknowledged. "When I moved into my new apartment," he said, "they finally sent me a silver breakfast service. Should have been gold!"

"There was a slight note of insanity about the party," Katharine Graham concedes. "There is just no rational reason why the whole situation escalated." No rational reason, perhaps, but certainly some irrational ones. Former Condé Nast editorial director Alexander Liberman suggests, "When you think of all the people in New York, there were a tremendous number of exclusions. It titillated a lot of people." As the aristocratic Parisian host Étienne de Beaumont purportedly remarked, "A party is never given for someone. It is given against someone."

Despite Capote's efforts to contain the number of his elect, as the day of the ball approached, the roll call swelled from 480 to 540. With a fiction writer's crafty sense of timing, Capote held back the final invitations until the last minute—presumably to build suspense. After all, while Mrs. Astor's ballroom may have held only 400, the Plaza's Grand Ballroom, at 4,000 square feet, has, according to the hotel, a 550-person capacity.

Who exactly made Capote's final cut? Though his remark that it was "just a party for the people I like" had the hollow ring of false modesty, he in fact "knew everyone in the world," says Graham, who at that point did not. What gave the Black and White brew its intoxicating piquancy was the fact that he had flung together, in a gilt-edged melting pot, the most alluring power brokers in the worlds of high society, politics, the arts, and Hollywood—disconnected universes that collided, if not for the first time that evening, then at least with unprecedented force. "I have always observed," Capote told *Esquire,* "in almost every situation, and I have been in almost every situation, that people tend to cling to their own types. The very rich people, for instance, tend to like the company of very rich people. The international social set likes international socialites. Writers writers, artists artists. I have thought for years that it would be interesting to bring these disparate people together and see what happens."

But by no means did Capote forget about the more obscure company he kept. Eleven of the gentry of Garden City, Kansas—a country doctor, a banker, a broadcaster, as well as the Deweys, Judge Tate's widow, and a farmer named Odd Williams strengthened the texture of the bouillabaisse. He also welcomed Katharine Graham's secretary Elizabeth Hylton; family members of his lover of 18 years, writer and ex-dancer Jack Dunphy; one of his former schoolteachers; and a doorman from the U.N. Plaza. Says photographer Gordon Parks—who claims he was, along with Ralph and Fanny Ellison, "the Blacks of the Black and White Ball"—Truman was "very democratic. He used to say everybody goes to the bathroom for the same thing."

During the fall of 1966, it also seemed as if everyone were going to the dressmaker for the same thing. An old gown simply would not do for the lady, whether she was Diana Vreeland or Diana Trilling. Milliners on two continents rejoiced as mask-seeking women streamed into their salons. Their profession, dangerously near extinction, suddenly rallied. Diana Trilling says, "I had a relation who worked at Bergdorf Goodman. She told me the millinery department was going mad, that it was absolutely being raided for masks." The store's hot young hatmaker, a handsome Indian named Halston, wearily reported from the front, "The ladies have killed me." Among the perpetrators of this crime of fashion was Babe Paley, for whom Halston contrived a white velvet beline mask embellished with a false ruby. Its goggle-like peepholes showcased her eyes, which she considered her best feature. For 19-year-old Candice Bergen, he devised a fluffy, long-eared, $250 white mink bunny mask. And for D. D. Ryan, Halston surpassed himself with a white kid, nose-tip-to-hairline Kabuki mask. "I painted the eyes on myself," Ryan says. "My mask was austere, modern. Everyone else's was encrusted with rhinestones and plumes. If they were giving out a prize, it would have gone to me." (Halston also designed one of his easiest dresses for the party, a plumed black organza gown and stole, worn by his great fan fashion journalist Carol Bjorkman.)

Adolfo, who created about 125 made-to-order masks at his East 56th Street salon and sold about 100 more through Saks Fifth Avenue, says, "A lot of birds donated their feathers to the cause. For three weeks it was a re-

deluge, one lady after the other. I had to turn some away! Making a mask, you know, is not so easy. The configuration of everyone's eyes is different, so I needed to make a buckram and do fittings for each one. My whole staff was up all night! I made them not just for the ladies—Merle Oberon, Adele Astaire, C. Z. Guest, Kay Meehan—but for some of the gentlemen too." At Saks, the millinery buyer, Elena Schouvaloff, complained, "Most women don't know what they want when they come in. But they do know their enormous false eyelashes *have* to show."

Many women ordered two masks, often from different designers, leaving their final decision to the last minute. Some designers sent out masks unsolicited to women they knew had been invited, just in case. *Women's Wear Daily* published in its advance fashion reports an illustration of Isabel Eberstadt in an Adolfo mask, but she in fact arrived at the party in a tour de force confected by milliner turned photographer Bill Cunningham—two interlocking swans, one black, the other white. And several of the uninvited went as far as to commission masks just to keep up appearances.

Even jewelers leapt into the fray. Kenneth Jay Lane, for example, converted a chrysoprase-and-"diamond" necklace dripping with pearls into a mask for Benedetta Barzini, daughter of the Italian writer Luigi Barzini. Seventeen years old and a *Vogue* mannequin, she was one of the "ravishing little things" Truman added to his compound for some youthful leavening, so necessary in those youthquake days. Over in Paris, French *Vogue*'s editor in chief, Françoise de Langlade, called upon the services of a theatrical-costume designer, who created for her a white marabou cat disguise. (Her date—and future husband—Oscar de la Renta, wore a matching black cat face.) Gloria Guinness, who had commissioned a white gown and mask from Castillo, sought de Langlade's opinion about whether to drape her famously long neck with an extraordinary diamond necklace or an equally ravishing ruby choker. The editor replied with the only possible

"The Black and White Ball commanded more media attention than the Beatles when they stayed at the Plaza."



Frank Sinatra cruises with his third wife, Mia Farrow. Throughout the evening, Ol' Blue Eyes stuck to Wild Turkey.


"It was more
like a pageant than a
party, very self-
conscious—a congress
of peacocks."



Unmasked at last—from far left, Bill Paley, Marella Agnelli, Countess Brandolini, Lee Radziwill, and Cecil Beaton. Standing behind them are Count Brando Brandolini d'Adda and David Somerset, now the Duke of Beaufort.

answer: "She advised Gloria to wear both," recalls Oscar de la Renta. The combined weight of the jewels so strained Guinness's vermicelli-thin neck, Charlotte Curtis reported in *The New York Times,* that she predicted she would have to remain in bed the next day to recuperate.

Other guests relied upon their own ingenuity and made masks themselves: Henry Fonda glued every last spangle on his wife Shirlee's, and Adolph Green's mask was produced by his son and the boy's nanny. George Plimpton bought a cheap white dime-store mask so "full of glue I got high from sniffing it all night." Octogenarian Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Theodore Roosevelt's daughter, economized with a 35-cent white mask which she trimmed into a narrow band and attached to her temples with adhesive tape. Capote's own black domino, from F. A. O. Schwarz, set him back 39 cents.

The writer had no intention of squandering money on decorations, either. He solicited help from Evie Backer, wife of former *New York Post* editor George Backer. Admired for her taste in interior design, Evie had helped Kitty Carlisle Hart with her East 64th Street apartment, the Swifty Lazars with their pied-à-terre at the Ritz, and Capote with his U.N. Plaza *garçonnière.* (To accommodate her petite frame, in her own apartment the pictures were hung low and the furnishings were small-scale—features that must have endeared the place to the 64-inch writer, who nicknamed Evie "Tiny Malice.") Taking their cues not only from the host's predilections but also from the wine-red velvet curtains festooning the Plaza ballroom's stage and "royal boxes," the pair agreed to inject color into the black-and-white scheme in the form of scarlet tablecloths for the 53 round tables they would set up. (Babe Paley talked Capote out of draping the walls with more red fabric.) Golden candelabras wreathed in smilax (a twining green plant) and holding white tapers would provide the only centerpieces. "The people are the flowers," Backer suggested poetically.

As Black and White Day drew near, Capote, still besieged by invitation seekers, cut off his phone and abruptly withdrew to the country. "Only Babe had his phone number and knew where he was," Kay Meehan remembers. "Truman told me that I should call Babe if there were any emergencies. A friend of mine, someone Babe and Truman knew, called me from London, hoping to be invited. I telephoned Babe, who asked Truman—and he said yes."

Very early on the morning of the 28th, the East 54th Street doors of the city's most fashionable hairdresser, Kenneth, slid open, admitting a swarm of women, many carrying hairpieces. The salon traffic did not abate until after dusk, when the master coiffed his last heads. Among those ladies who ascended to the third floor, where Kenneth himself presided, were Slim Keith, Lee Radziwill (who had lunched at the Colony that day with Capote), Lauren Bacall, Mrs. Alvin Dewey (sent by Capote), Rose Kennedy, Marietta Tree, Isabel Eberstadt, D. D. Ryan, and Pamela Harriman (then Mrs. Leland Hayward). "We had a lot of wives, ex-wives, and mistresses that we had to hide in different places," Kenneth recalls. "This was before the days of wash-and-wear hair. Some of these hairdos required up to seven hairpieces at a time. We had some for sale, as well as a few masks." Piedy Gimbel Lumet remembers one client goading Kenneth into copying a picture of an 18th-century hairdo. "I've never seen Kenneth so upset. No matter what he did, he couldn't pile the hair high enough to please her." Among the stylist's last patrons that evening was Denise Bouché, widow of the portraitist and fashion illustrator René Bouché, for whom he created the party's most extraordinary coiffure. He parted her hair in the center, dying one side black and powdering the other half white. "It followed the line that I normally wore, very like a Fragonard hairdo," Bouché says. While Kenneth worked on her, Bouché was mortified to discover Kay Graham settling into the seat beside her. "I buried my head in my lap! I wanted it to be a surprise." At 4:30, Carol Bjorkman reported in *Women's Wear Daily,* the guest of honor was still in the salon waiting patiently, her head bristling with rollers. States Graham, "I was the last one in and the last one out."

Toward eight o'clock, about 300 of

Capote's guests headed for 18 pre-ball dinner parties. As festively bedecked revelers stepped out into the rainy night (weather was one element of the evening Capote could not control), the whole city, it seemed, was tingling with Black and White fever. The *San Francisco Chronicle*'s Herb Caen and his wife, Maria, went to Dru and Jack Heinz's triplex for dinner (the hostess wore Galitzine's white palazzo pajamas), where they were joined by Alan Jay Lerner and his fifth wife, Karen, Jules and Doris Stein, Carol Bjorkman, and a cluster of photographers and reporters, who, tipped off about dinner-party locations, stood watchfully in the lobby. Piedy Gimbel Lumet hosted another, literary group composed of Norman Mailer, Ralph Ellison, and Capote's editor, Joe Fox. C. Z. and Winston Guest attended Kay Meehan's dinner for about 30. "Winston left early," Meehan says, "to pick up the Maharani and Maharaja of Jaipur at the airport." C. Z. Guest says, "Mr. Guest had asked Truman if they could come. Ayesha was then at the height of her beauty"—one of the several reasons no one complained when the Maharani broke the dress code by wearing a gold sari. At Carter and Amanda Burden's apartment in the Dakota, Candice Bergen, who had recently completed her first movie, *The Group,* dazzled the guests with her vernal beauty.

The winking eye of the gathering storm, however, was situated in the apartment of Amanda Burden's mother, Babe Paley, who had been assigned the supreme role of entertaining—along with Lauren Bacall, Prince Stanislas and Princess Lee Radziwill, Philip Johnson, and the Deweys—the host himself and his guest of honor. Reporters had been staking o the Paleys' building since early in t evening, quizzing Mrs. Paley's hairdress about her coiffure ("simple") and makeu ("She'll do her own"), and her doorma about deliveries of food and flower Slipping out after cocktails, Capote ar Graham withdrew to the Plaza suite h had booked for the night. With only m ments to spare before taking their plac in the receiving line, they fortified ther selves with what Capote called a repa of "bird and bottle."

Meanwhile, gawkers, restrained by p lice sawhorses, thronged outside the h tel's front entrance, on Grand Arm Plaza. Unanticipated numbers of journa ists, paparazzi, and TV cameramen wa ed in the lobby. "The Black and Whi Ball commanded more media attentio than the Beatles did when they stayed

THE TRUMAN DOCTRINE . . . The list to end all list

A

Leroy Aarons (Washington journalist)
Charles Addams (*New Yorker* cartoonist, Addams Family creator)
Richard Adler (Broadway composer)
Count Adlerberg (Russian aristocrat)
Mr. and Mrs. Gianni Agnelli (Fiat kingpin and Marella, one of Capote's "swans")
Umberto Agnelli (Gianni's brother)
Edward Albee (playwright, wrote *Tiny Alice* in 1964)
Mr. and Mrs. Archie Albright Jr. (executive vice president of Stauffer Chemical Company)
Nelson Aldrich (writer)
Shana Alexander (journalist, *Life* magazine)
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allen (unidentified)
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Alsop (political journalist and Susan Mary, Washington hostess)
Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Alsop (political journalist)
Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Amory (author, *Who Killed Society?* "Society is not only *kaput*—it is Capote")
Princess Charles d'Arenberg (born Margaret Bedford, Standard Oil heiress)
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Arlen (composer, wrote *House of Flowers* with Capote)
Odette Arnaud (unidentified)
Mrs. W. Vincent Astor (Brooke, New York grande dame, philanthropist)
Mary Louise Aswell (*Harper's Bazaar* fiction editor, did not attend)
Mr. and Mrs. William Attwood (U.S. ambassador to Kenya)
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Auchincloss ([illegible] figure and novelist, wrote *The Rector of Justin* in 1964)
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Avedon (photographer, collaborated with Capote on *Observations*)
Mr. and Mrs. George Axelrod (playwright, wrote *How to Murder Your Wife* in 1965)

B

Don Bachardy (portraitist, [illegible] companion of Christopher Isherwood)
Mr. and Mrs. George Backer (former *New York Post* editor and Evie, who decorated Capote's apartment)
James Baldwin (novelist, did not attend)
William Baldwin (society decorator)
Tallulah Bankhead (actress)
Samuel Barber (composer, did not attend)
Trumbull Barton (New York man-about-town)
Benedetta Barzini (*Vogue* mannequin, daughter of Italian writer Luigi Barzini)
Charles Baskerville (portraitist)
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bassett (Palm Beach socialites)
Cecil Beaton (photographer-designer)
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Beebe (chairman of the board of the Washington Post Company)
S. N. Behrman (playwright)
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Belafonte (singer-actor, did not attend)
Marisa Berenson (model-actress)
Candice Bergen (actress daughter of ventriloquist Edgar Bergen)
Mrs. Seymour Berkson (Eleanor Lambert, publicist)
William Berkson (poet, Lambert's son)
Mr. and Mrs. Irving Berlin (composer, did not attend)
Sir Isaiah and Lady Berlin (Oxford University philosopher)
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Bernstein (composer-conductor and Felicia Montealegre Cohn, did not attend)
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bernstein (C.E.O. of Random House)
LeMoyne Billings (Kennedy-family confidant)
Mrs. Pierre Billotte (unidentified)
Carol Bjorkman (fashion journalist)
Mr. and Mrs. Watson Blair (banker)
Mr. and Mrs. Anthony di Bonaventura (pianist and Sara, Jock Whitney's stepdaugther)
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bonien (unidentified)
Mrs. René Bouché (Denise, widow of the society portraitist)
Anthony Bower (unidentified)
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Braden (*Los Angeles Times* columnist)
Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bradlee (managing editor of Kay Graham's *Washington Post* and second wife, Antoinette Pinchot)
Count and Countess Brando Brandolini d'Adda (Venetian aristocrats; Cristiana, Gianni Agnelli's sister)
Henry Brandon (associate editor, *The Sunday Times* of London)
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Brisson (Hollywood producer and actress Rosalind Russell)
James E. Broadhead (unidentified)
Donald Brooks (fashion designer)
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brooks (film director who would direct *In Cold Blood* and actress Jean Simmons)
Eve Brown (secretary of gossip columnist Maury Paul, known as Cholly Knickerbocker)
Mr. and Mrs. John Mason Brown (theater critic)
Mr. and Mrs. David K. E. Bruce (U.S. ambassador to England and Evangeline, Washington hostess)
Mrs. Mellon Bruce (Ailsa, Paul Mellon's sister, David Bruce's first wife)
Mr. and Mrs. William F. Buckley Jr. (*National Review* founder and Pat, New York socialite)
Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Bunche (diplomat and Nobel Peace Prize winner, did not attend)
Mr. and Mrs. McGeorge Bundy (special assistant to the president for national security)
Mr. and Mrs. S. Carter Burden Jr. (New York socialites; Amanda, daughter of Babe Paley)
Susan Burden (director of Paraphernalia boutique, did not attend)
Mr. and Mrs. Abe Burrows (playwright, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*)
Robert Burtis (unidentified)
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burton (actor and second wife, Elizabeth Taylor, did not attend)
Mrs. Robin Butler (New York socialite, later married English banker Rupert Hambro)
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Byers 3d (Hilary, adopted daughter of William Paley and his first wife, Dorothy, now wife of former secretary of health, education, and welfare Joe Califano)

C

Paul Cadmus (painter)
Mr. and Mrs. Herb Caen (*San Francisco Chronicle* columnist)
Mrs. William M. Campbell (unidentified)
Mr. and Mrs. Cass Canfield (chairman of t Harper & Row editorial board)
Prince Carlo Caracciolo (Italian aristocrat, brother of Marella Agnelli)
Prince and Princess Nicolo Caracciolo (relatives of Marella Agnelli)
Leslie Caron (actress, did not attend)
Margaret Case (*Vogue* society editor)
Mr. and Mrs. Dan Platt Caulkins (New York socialites)
Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Cerf (co-founder of Random House)
Christopher Cerf (writer, son of Bennett)
Lord Chalfont (British editor and minister of state in the Foreign Office)
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh J. Chisholm Jr. (poet-translator and Rosemary Warburton, a Vanderbilt)
Blair Clark (associate publisher of the *New York Post*)
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Clurman (*Time* and *Life* chief of correspondents and second wife, writer Shirley)
Harold Cole (unidentified)
Dr. and Mrs. John Converse (plastic surgeon and Rocky, former wife of Gary Cooper)
Senator and Mrs. John Sherman Cooper (Kentucky Republican)
Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Cooper (writer and Gloria Vanderbilt)
General John Coulter (handsome officer-about-town, widower of actress Constance Bennett)
Noël Coward (playwright, did not attend)
Chandler Cowles (Broadway producer)
Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Cowles (*Look*-magazine owner)
Count and Countess Rodolfo Crespi (fashion publicist and Consuelo, model and *Vogue* editor)
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cronkite (CBS

the Plaza in February 1964 to tape *The Ed Sullivan Show*," says Curt Gathje, the hotel's historian and V.I.P. manager. According to Peter Duchin, who had refused gossip columnist Earl Wilson's entreaty to be smuggled in disguised as a trombonist, the party "closed an era of elegant exclusiveness and ushered in another of media madness—the one in which we still live."

Just after Kay Graham and Capote assumed their posts in the Grand Ballroom, some of the first guests—the Kansas 11, conveniently bunked at the Plaza—arrived. Outside the hotel, the crowd applauded bedizened revelers as they issued from the endless caravan of limos. One of the mask-makers who had contributed to the evening's fancy dress planted himself among the mob. Eyeing the work of a competitor, he shrieked, "Oh, dear, what a catastrophe. . . . I've never seen so many pimples. They should have made the masks bigger to cover their entire faces." In the midst of the commotion, Prince Bertil of Sweden and two of his aides turned up to check into the Plaza. Their interest piqued, they mingled briefly with the horde in the chilly, damp night to watch the shimmering spectacle pass.

The hotel's main doorway and two side entrances were monitored by a dozen policemen, who permitted the Maharaja and Maharani of Jaipur and Winston and C. Z. Guest to sneak in via 58th Street. Inside, the hotel's stairways and doors were cordoned off and guarded at strategic points. Lynda Bird Johnson's Secret Service men checked each partygoer who rode the elevators up to the Grand Ballroom. As if that were not enough security, Harry Winston had sent in some henchmen to keep an eye on the walnut-size diamond Princess Luciana Pignatelli had borrowed to suspend from her headdress.

Those who attended the pre-ball dinners had already received white cards engraved in red, reading: "Mr. Capote's Dance. Please present at door." Two security officers dressed in black-tie took these cards, which had been printed at the last minute to avoid forgeries. Those who went directly to the hotel checked in at a desk where secretaries matched names with a master list.

As guests filed in to the receiving line, an announcer read their names. Aileen Mehle stationed herself just behind the host and guest of honor, where—glittering in her striped Nilo de Paul mini—she gathered information for her "Suzy Knick-

broadcaster, did not attend)
Elizabeth de Cuevas (sculptor, daughter of ballet impresario Marquis de Cuevas and Margaret Strong, a Rockefeller)
Charlotte Curtis (*New York Times* society columnist)
Thomas Quinn Curtiss (*New York Times* theater critic)
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Cushing (New York and Newport socialites; she was the ravishing Natalie Fell)
Minnie Cushing (Frederick's sister)

D

Mr. and Mrs. John Daly (TV host, *What's My Line?*)
Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Daniel (managing editor of *The New York Times* and Margaret Truman, daughter of Harry S. Truman)
Mr. and Mrs. Sammy Davis Jr. (entertainer)
Françoise de Langlade (editor of French *Vogue*)
Oscar de la Renta (fashion designer, later Françoise de Langlade's husband)
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dellheim (unidentified)
Alan Delynn (unidentified)
Arnaud de Rosnay (photographer)
Mr. and Mrs. Armand Deutsch (Sears, Roebuck heir and Harriet, Los Angeles socialite)
Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Dewey (Kansas Bureau of Investigation agent who worked on Clutter case)
Marlene Dietrich (singer-actress, did not attend)
Mr. and Mrs. C. Douglas Dillon (international financier and arts patron)
Ainslie Dinwiddie (unidentified)
Sharman Douglas (socialite, daughter of former U.S. ambassador to England)
Mrs. Kingman Douglass (Adele Astaire, Fred's sister)
Mrs. Peter Duchin (bandleader's first wife, Cheray Zauderer)
Drew Dudley (former World Bank official)
Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava (British aristocrat and Lindy, Loel Guinness's daughter)
Jack Dunphy (longtime lover of Capote's)
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunphy (Jack's brother and sister-in-law)
Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dupee (literary critic)

E

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Eberstadt (socialite photographer and Isabel, writer)
Mr. and Mrs. Osborn Elliott (editor of Kay Graham's *Newsweek*, later inspiration for a central character in John Guare's *Six Degrees of Separation*)
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ellison (author, *The Invisible Man*)
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Engelhard (heir to precious-metals family and Jane, socialite)
Jean Ennis (director of publicity at Random House)
Mr. and Mrs. Jason Epstein (Random House editor and first wife, Barbara, editor at *The New York Review of Books*)
Elliott Erwitt (photographer)
Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Evans Jr. (half of Evans and Novak pundit pair)

F

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. (movie star and second wife, Mary Lee)
William Farenga (interior designer, did not attend)
Mrs. John R. Fell (New York socialite)
Mr. and Mrs. Mel Ferrer (actor and third wife, Audrey Hepburn, did not attend)
Mrs. Marshall Field (widow of department-store heir)
Jason Biddle Fishbein (unidentified)
Frances FitzGerald (writer, older daughter of Marietta Peabody Tree)
Janet Flanner (*New Yorker* Paris correspondent with pen name Genêt)
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda (actor and fifth wife, Shirlee)
Joan Fontaine (actress)
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford II (grandson of Ford founder and Cristina, Grosse Pointe socialite)
Mrs. McDonnell Ford (Anne, ex-wife of Henry)
Michael Forrestal (son of former U.S. secretary of state)
Mr. and Mrs. James Fosburgh (artist and Mary, Babe Paley's sister and former Mrs. Vincent Astor)
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fox (Capote's editor at Random House)
Gray Foy (artist)
Mrs. Jared French (widow of painter)
Lawrence Fried (photographer)
Mrs. Donald Friede (Eleanor, friend of Capote's mother's)
Clayton Fritchey (Washington insider and columnist, did not attend)
Mr. and Mrs. Winston Frost (New York socialites)

G

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Gabel (actor and Arlene Francis, TV personality)
Mr. and Mrs. John Kenneth Galbraith (Kennedy-circle economist)
John Galliher (man-about-town)
Greta Garbo (movie actress)
Geoffrey Gates (stockbroker)
Henry Geldzahler (modern-art curator at Metropolitan Museum)
Mr. and Mrs. Brendan Gill (*New Yorker* writer)
Genevieve Gillaizeau (French model, girlfriend of Darryl Zanuck)
Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Gilpatric (friends of the Kennedys')
Mrs. Bailey Gimbel (Piedy, Capote's Long Island neighbor)
Peter Gimbel (department-store heir)
Bernard Giquel (unidentified)
Peter Glenville (British director)
Tony Godwin (unidentified)
Mr. and Mrs. William Goetz (Hollywood executive and Edith, the daughter of mogul Louis B. Mayer)
Ambassador and Mrs. Arthur J. Goldberg (former Supreme Court justice, did not attend)
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn (Hollywood producer, did not attend)
Henry Golightly (business consultant, did not attend)
Mark Goodson (TV game-show producer)
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Goodwin (J.F.K. speechwriter)
Mrs. Philip Graham (Kay, Capote's guest of honor)
Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Green (lyricist and Phyllis Newman, actress)
G. Lauder Greenway (chairman of Metropolitan Opera Association)
Mr. and Mrs. Stéphane Groueff (socialites; Lil, a legendary beauty)
Mrs. Polk Guest (ex-wife of former U.S. ambassador to Ireland Raymond Guest)
Mr. and Mrs. Winston Guest (Long Island socialite and C.Z., one of Capote's "swans")
Mrs. Loel Guinness (Gloria, another of the "swans," wife of the British banker)
Thomas Guinzburg (president of Viking Press)
Mr. and Mrs. John Gunther (best-selling political writer)
Baron Nicolas de Gunzburg (fashion editor, *Vogue*)
David Guthrie (unidentified)

H

Mr. and Mrs. William Haddad (journalist, government official)
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Halliday (theatrical producer and singer-actress Mary Martin)
Hamish Hamilton (London publisher)
Jean Hannon (unidentified)
Earl of Hardwicke (British aristocrat)
Ambassador and Mrs. W. Averell Harriman (former New York governor and second wife, Marie)
Mrs. Moss Hart (actress Kitty Carlisle, widow of the playwright)
Ashton Hawkins (Metropolitan Museum lawyer)
Kitty Hawks (daughter of "swan" Slim Keith and director Howard Hawks)
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hayes (editor of *Esquire*)
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lind Hayes (actor and Mary Healy, actress)
Mr. and Mrs. Lennie Hayton (former musical director at MGM and singer Lena Horne)
Mr. and Mrs. Leland Hayward (agent-producer and fourth wife, currently Pamela Harriman)
Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst Jr. (communications heir)
Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Heinz II (processed-food heir)
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Heiskell (Time Inc. board chairman and Marian, of the *New York Times* Sulzbergers)
Lillian Hellman (playwright)
John H. Heminway (unidentified)
Princess Domietta Herculani (unidentified)
Mr. and Mrs. Reinaldo Herrera (international socialites; Mimi, a renowned beauty; did not attend)
Mr. and Mrs. John Hersey (writer)
Milton Holden (unidentified)
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow (film producer)
Helene Horsent (unidentified)
Horst P. Horst (fashion photographer Horst, did not attend)
Jean Howard (Hollywood social photographer)
Emmet John Hughes (writer)
Elizabeth Hylton (Kay Graham's longtime assistant)

I

Christopher Isherwood (Anglo-American writer)

J

Maharaja and Maharani of Jaipur
Senator and Mrs. Jacob K. Javits (New York Republican)
Lynda Bird Johnson (daughter of the president)
Philip Johnson (architect)

A Night to Remember

erbocker" column. Kenneth Jay Lane recalls, "None of us really knew Kay at that point. In the receiving line we said 'How do you do?' to her instead of 'Daaaling, how are you?'—kiss KISS." Graham herself says, "Though I obviously appreciated it and loved the role, I was terribly nervous. I felt like an ancient debutante! . . . Once I forgot all the excitement outside and the party really started, it became great fun."

The party's jubilant atmosphere was punctuated by the sound of barmen popping open 450 bottles of Taittinger champagne—flowing, according to C. Z. Guest, "like the Mississippi, or the Nile." Not into Frank Sinatra's glass, however; the crooner—who, rounding up his friends, had requisitioned two tables in front of the stage—had a thirst only for Wild Turkey, says Plaza waiter Joe Evangelista, who was assigned to "take care" of his idol for the night. Liquor alone didn't account for the party's high spirits, however. Peter Duchin's upbeat music, including show tunes by several composers and lyricists present—Alan Jay Lerner, Comden and Green, Harold Arlen—swept people out of their seats and onto the dance floor. Duchin's band traded off with another, funkier group, the all-black Soul Brothers of Detroit. "My biggest memory is of John Kenneth Galbraith being a hepcat," says Gray Foy. "Here was this large gentleman with all these intellectual credentials bouncing around, dancing by himself." Galbraith was not the only egghead to get into the groove. Columbia University's eminent literary scholar Lionel Trilling thrilled to the discovery that it was possible to "dance without having to lead a partner," his widow, Diana, recounts. Vividly etched in Lee Radziwill's memory is a pas de deux performed by Lauren Bacall and choreographer Jerome Robbins. "Near the end of the evening Jerome Robbins and Lauren Bacall began to waltz," she says. "They were superb. The floor cleared, and everyone stood back enraptured. . . . It was a beautiful, fleeting moment"—one that was nearly nipped even shorter by a blunder on the part of historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. "I tried to cut in on my old friend Lauren Bacall," he says. The actress admonished him, "Don't you see whom I'm dancing with?"

Bacall also danced with Capote; only Lee Radziwill, incandescent in a silver paillette dress by Mila Schön, and Kath-

K

Mr. and Mrs. Garson Kanin (director and Ruth Gordon, actress)
Mr. and Mrs. Warren Kask (unidentified)
Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas de B. Katzenbach (Kennedy-administration member)
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kazin (literary critic)
Dr. Benjamin Kean (tropical-disease specialist)
Mrs. Kenneth Keith (Capote's "swan" Slim)
Horace Kelland (man-about-town)
Senator and Mrs. Edward M. Kennedy (Teddy and first wife, Joan, did not attend)
Mrs. John F. Kennedy (Jackie, did not attend)
Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy (Rose, the clan mother)
Senator and Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy (did not attend)
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kerr (drama critic and Jean, playwright)
Prince Amyn Khan (brother of the Aga Khan)
David Kidd (unidentified)
Mr. and Mrs. Donald Klopfer (co-founder of Random House)
Alfred Knopf (publisher)
John Knowles (author)
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kraft (Washington columnist and Polly, artist)
Jack Kroll (*Newsweek* critic)
Harry Kurnitz (playwright-screenwriter)
Mr. and Mrs. Steven Kyle (businessman and Betty Comden, lyricist)

L

Melissa Laird (unidentified)
Baron Leon Lambert (Belgian banker)
Kenneth Jay Lane (costume jeweler)
Mr. and Mrs. Kermit Lansner (managing editor of *Newsweek*)
Lewis Lapham (currently editor of *Harper's Magazine*)
Marquis Raymundo de Larrain (balletomane, subsequently married Margaret Strong)
Mrs. Mary Lasker (philanthropist for medical research, art collector)
Mrs. Patricia Lawford (J.F.K.'s sister)
Valentine Lawford (*Vogue* writer)
Barbara Lawrence (editor)
Mr. and Mrs. Irving Lazar (agent; known as Swifty)
Harper Lee (Capote's childhood friend, who made him a character in her novel *To Kill a Mockingbird*)
Vivien Leigh (actress)
Mrs. Oates Leiter (known now as Washington hostess Oatsie Charles)
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lemmon (actor, did not attend)
Leo Lerman (Condé Nast editor)
Mr. and Mrs. Alan Jay Lerner (playwright-lyricist, *Camelot*, and fifth wife, Karen, TV producer)
Herman Levin (Broadway producer, *My Fair Lady*)
Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Liberman (Condé Nast editorial director and second wife, Tatiana, hostess)
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard Lieberson (CBS executive and Vera Zorina, ballerina)
Mr. and Mrs. John V. Lindsay (mayor of New York, did not attend)
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lippmann (political pundit)
Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Logan (director)
Mrs. Nicholas Longworth (daughter of Theodore Roosevelt)
Anita Loos (author, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*)
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lowell (poet and second wife, Elizabeth Hardwick, writer)
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Luce (founder of Time Inc. and Clare Boothe Luce, former congresswoman, U.S. ambassador, and managing editor of *Vanity Fair*, did not attend)
Andrew Lyndon (man-about-town)

M

Shirley MacLaine (actress, did not attend)
Mr. and Mrs. Norman Mailer (writer and fourth wife, Beverly)
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mankiewicz (director, *All About Eve*)
Marya Mannes (journalist)
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Marcus (president of Neiman Marcus)
Mr. and Mrs. William Marshall (unidentified)
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Masoner (banker from Garden City, Kansas)
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Matthau (actor and second wife, Carol, writer)
Paul Matthias (New York reporter for *Paris Match*)
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Matthiessen (writer, co-founder of *The Paris Review*)
Mr. and Mrs. Graham Mattison (Barbara Hutton's attorney and Brazilian wife, Perla)
Dr. and Mrs. Russell Maxfield (Garden City, Kansas, doctor)
Albert Maysles (documentary filmmaker, *Grey Gardens*)
David Maysles (documentary filmmaker, Albert's brother)
Ken McCormick (editor at Doubleday)
Roddy McDowall (actor-photographer)
John McHugh (philanthropist)
Mr. and Mrs. Robert McNamara (U.S. secretary of defense, declined for political reasons)
Marcia Meehan (the Meehans' daughter)
Aileen Mehle (known as Suzy Knickerbocker, the gossip columnist)
Frederick Melhado (New York socialite)
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon (Pennsylvania banking heir and philanthropist and Bunny, intimate friend of Jackie Kennedy's)
Gian Carlo Menotti (opera composer, did not attend)
David Merrick (Broadway producer)
Robert Merrill (operatic baritone)
David Metcalfe (unidentified)
Mrs. Agnes E. Meyer (the guest of honor's mother)
André Meyer (financier who later managed Jackie Onassis's fortune)
Mr. and Mrs. James Michener (novelist)
Caterine Milinaire (daughter of the Duchess of Bedford)
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Miller (playwright and third wife, Inge Morath, photographer)
Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller (theatrical producer and Kitty, socialite)
Mrs. Walter Millis (Eugenia Sheppard, New York columnist)
Mr. and Mrs. Vincente Minnelli (Hollywood director and Denise, currently Denise Hale)
John Moore (unidentified)
Marianne Moore (Brooklyn poet)
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore (unidentified)
Mr. and Mrs. William S. Moorhead (Pennsylvania congressman)
Mr. and Mrs. Walther Moreira Salles (former Brazilian ambassador and Eliza, international socialite)
Edward P. Morgan (news commentator)
Stanley Mortimer (Babe Paley's first husband)
Ann Mudge (lawyer)
Mrs. Natalia Murray (longtime companion of writer Janet Flanner)

N

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel I. Newhouse Sr. (owner of Condé Nast Publications)
Mrs. Stavros Niarchos (Charlotte Ford)
Mike Nichols (director)
Eric Nielsen (international socialite)
Norman Norell (American couturier)

O

Serge Obolensky (P.R. executive, prominent White Russian émigré)
Lord and Lady David Ogilvy (British corporate executive and Virginia Fortune Ryan, currently Countess of Airlie, Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth II)
John O'Hara (novelist, *Butterfield 8*)
Patrick O'Higgins (Helena Rubinstein's boy Friday and biographer)

P

Mr. and Mrs. Bruno Pagliai (Italian industrialist and Merle Oberon, actress)
Mr. and Mrs. William S. Paley (CBS chairman and the one and only Babe, Capote's best friends until he published a chapter of *Answered Prayers*)
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Parks (poet-photographer)
Mr. and Mrs. Iva S. V. Patcévitch (president of Condé Nast Publications)
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Peabody (New York socialite and Judy, fund-raiser)
Mr. and Mrs. Drew Pearson (journalist)
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck (actor and Veronique, Los Angeles socialite)
William Pennington (decorator)
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perry (film director and first wife, Eleanor, writer, *David and Lisa*)
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Phipps (socialite and polo player and Muriel, mother-in-law of Thomas Schippers)
Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Phipps (head of Phipps family, racehorse breeder)
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Phipps (playwright, nephew of Nancy Astor)
Princess Luciana Pignatelli (Italian aristocrat, Rudy Crespi's half-sister)
Duarte Pinto-Coelho (Portuguese decorator)
George Plimpton (writer, co-founder of *The Paris Review*; now at work on an oral history of Truman Capote)
Mr. and Mrs. Norman Podhoretz (editor of *Commentary* and Midge Decter, writer)
Katherine Anne Porter (writer whom Capote fictionalized harshly in *Answered Prayers*, did not attend)
Dr. and Mrs. Joel Pressman (L.A. doctor and actress Claudette Colbert)
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Prince (Broadway producer-director)
Alan Pryce-Jones (critic for *New York Herald-Tribune*)

rine Graham, sheathed in a monkish white wool jersey Balmain trimmed in jet beads, shared this rare privilege. Ironically, says Radziwill, "dancing was not Truman's forte." Like a sorcerer satisfied with the knowledge that he has successfully cast his spell, Capote was content to stand back and watch the magic take hold. And, most guests agree, the real charm of the evening lay in people-watching. Aileen Mehle says, "Everybody, no matter how rich or sophisticated, was rubbernecking." Gray Foy elaborates: "It was almost more like a pageant than a party, very self-conscious and, in spite of the music, stately—a congress of peacocks." From the galaxy of beauties, Diana Trilling singles out Amanda Burden, who had rented one of Cecil Beaton's original Ascot costumes from *My Fair Lady* for the evening. But, for most observers, the girl who really stole the show was 16-year-old Penelope Tree. Draped in a black sleeveless, floor-length tunic slit up to her ribs and clinging to those few surfaces it covered, she was the wood nymph in the enchanted forest. Her stemlike legs were enveloped in sheer black tights topped by hip-hugger bikini briefs—an outfit purchased at the ultra-mod boutique Paraphernalia. Her hair hung loose and straight, and her bangs nearly covered her eyes, which were revealed (once she removed her black batwoman mask) to be painted like Pierrot's. "It was a total revelation among that very dressed-up crowd," says Isabel Eberstadt. "It absolutely gave one a frisson—one had the impression of Cinderella in her rags and tatters looking so beautiful and waiflike you couldn't believe it. It was really Penelope's coming-out. It launched her career." The ever watchful eyes of photographer Richard Avedon and Diana Vreeland, then American *Vogue*'s editor in chief, alighted with equal alacrity on this remarkable sight. Not long after, to the consternation of Ronald and Marietta Tree, Vreeland ran a huge Avedon portfolio of their daughter in *Vogue*—officially inaugurating the flower-child look of the late 60s. Isabel Eberstadt remarks, "The ball was a carryover from the 50s—the last time when people felt no guilt about expenditures, and were not bothered by any serious social questions. . . . Penelope Tree was the forerunner of what was to come."

The Vietnam War, about to become the gravest political crisis, weighed heavily on the mind of at least one guest. Pundit and literary critic Norman Podhoretz remembers sitting at a table with policy-

R

Prince and Princess Stanislas Radziwill (Polish nobleman and Lee, sister of Jackie Kennedy, one of Capote's "swans")
Count Vega del Ren (unidentified)
Mr. and Mrs. James Reston (*New York Times* Washington correspondent)
Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes (French socialite)
Mr. and Mrs. Larry Rivers (artist, did not attend)
Mr. and Mrs. Jason Robards Jr. (actor and Lauren Bacall, actress)
Jerome Robbins (choreographer, *West Side Story*)
Governor and Mrs. Nelson A. Rockefeller (New York governor and second wife, Happy, did not attend)
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rodgers (Broadway composer)
Mr. and Mrs. William P. Rogers (U.S. attorney general under President Eisenhower, later secretary of state under President Nixon)
Philip Roth (novelist)
Baroness Cécile de Rothschild (Greta Garbo's closest friend)
Baron and Baroness Guy de Rothschild (head of French branch of family banking business and second wife, Marie-Hélène, famous party giver)
Theodore Rousseau (Metropolitan Museum curator)
Mr. and Mrs. John Barry Ryan 3d (businessman and D.D., former *Harper's Bazaar* fashion editor)
Mrs. John Barry Ryan Jr. (daughter of banker Otto Kahn)

S

Arnold Saint-Subber (Broadway producer of Capote's *House of Flowers*)
Herbert Sargent (TV writer and producer)
John Sargent (president of Doubleday)
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sarnoff (president of RCA)
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schiff (Gloria, *Vogue* editor)
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Schippers (conductor and Nonie Phipps, socialite)
Mrs. George Schlee (couturière Valentina)
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. (Harvard historian)
Jean Schlumberger (Tiffany jeweler)
Mr. and Mrs. Mark Schorer (writer)
Mrs. Zachary Scott (actress Ruth Ford)
Peggy Scott-Duff (English socialite, now Mrs. Hans Kertess)
Nelson Seabra (Brazilian socialite)
Daniel Selznick (son of producer David)
Mrs. David O. Selznick (actress Jennifer Jones, the producer's widow)
Mrs. Irene Selznick (daughter of producer Louis B. Mayer, first wife of producer David)
Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Shaw (novelist)
Mrs. Robert E. Sherwood (widow of playwright-historian)
Mr. and Mrs. Sargent Shriver (director of Peace Corps and Eunice, sister of J.F.K.)
Robert Silvers (editor of *The New York Review of Books*)
Agnes Sims (artist)
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sinatra (singer and third wife, Mia Farrow, actress)
Richard Sirce (unidentified)
Earl E. T. Smith (future mayor of Palm Beach, former U.S. ambassador to Cuba)
Oliver Smith (theatrical designer)
Preston Smith (unidentified)
Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Smith (Kennedy-family financial adviser and Jean, sister of J.F.K.)
David Somerset (British aristocrat, now Duke of Beaufort)
Stephen Sondheim (composer-lyricist)
Theodore Sorensen (J.F.K. speechwriter)
Charles F. Spalding (vice president of Lazard Frères)
Sam Spiegel (Hollywood producer)
Dr. and Mrs. Jules Stein (founder of MCA)
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stein (editor in chief of *McCall's* magazine)
Susan Stein (daughter of Jules Stein, later Mrs. Gil Shiva)
Mr. and Mrs. John Steinbeck (Nobel Prize–winning author)
Gloria Steinem (feminist journalist)
Mr. and Mrs. George C. Stevens Jr. (son of movie director)
Marti Stevens (singer)
Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart (dowager socialite, said to be the most beautiful woman of her day)
Monica Stirling (unidentified)
Mr. and Mrs. William Styron (Bill and Rose, literary couple)
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ochs Sulzberger (publisher of *The New York Times*)

T

Harold E. Talbott (unidentified)
Mrs. Roland Tate (widow of judge who presided over Clutter case)
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Thayer (unidentified)
Ambassador and Mrs. Llewellyn E. Thompson Jr. (U.S. ambassador to the Soviet Union)
Virgil Thomson (composer)
Alfredo Todisco (unidentified)
Alvin Topping (unidentified)
Mr. and Mrs. Warren Topping (Hamptons socialites)
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Tree (older son of decorator Nancy Lancaster and Ronald Tree)
Penelope Tree (young daughter of Ronald and Marietta Tree)
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Tree (investment banker and second wife, the former Marietta Peabody, U.S. representative to the U.N.)
Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Trilling (Columbia University literary critic and writer Diana)
Van Day Truex (head of Parsons School of Design)

U

Mr. and Mrs. Giancarlo Uzielli (Italian businessman and Anne Ford, daughter of Henry Ford II)

V

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Valenti (currently head of Motion Picture Association of America)
Mr. and Mrs. William vanden Heuvel (Kennedy insider and Jean, daughter of Jules Stein)
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt (owner of racehorses and third wife, Jean Harvey)
Mrs. Murray Vanderbilt (Jeanne, second wife of Alfred, did not attend)
Wendy Vanderbilt (sculptor, daughter from Alfred's first marriage, to Molly Hudson)
Baron and Baroness van Zuylen (unidentified)
Duke Fulco di Verdura (Sicilian aristocrat and famous jeweler)
Mrs. Doris Vidor (widow of director Charles Vidor)
Marqués and Marquesa de Villaverde (Spanish aristocrats; Carmen was the daughter of Generalissimo Franco)
Mrs. T. Reed Vreeland (Diana, the empress of style)

W

Gillian Walker (future wife of filmmaker Albert Maysles)
Mr. and Mrs. John Walker III (director of National Gallery in Washington, D.C., and Lady Margaret Drummond)
William Walton (painter, Kennedy confidant)
Walter Wanger (movie producer, former husband of actress Joan Bennett)
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Warburg (unidentified)
Andy Warhol (Pop artist)
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Penn Warren (poet-novelist and Eleanor Clark, writer)
Whitney Warren (San Francisco socialite)
David Webb (jeweler)
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wells (manager of radio station in Garden City, Kansas)
Glenway Wescott (novelist)
Mr. and Mrs. Anthony West (writer)
Mr. and Mrs. Yann Weymouth (architect and Lally, daughter of Kay Graham)
Monroe Wheeler (MoMA official, art critic)
Robert Whitehead (theatrical producer)
Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney (Long Island socialites Jock and Betsey, sister of Babe Paley)
Mr. and Mrs. Billy Wilder (film director)
Thornton Wilder (playwright, did not attend)
Edward Bennett Williams (Washington lawyer and fixer)
Mr. and Mrs. Odd Williams (Garden City, Kansas, farmers)
Tennessee Williams (playwright, did not attend)
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Wilson (literary Pooh-Bah)
Jean Sprain Wilson (unidentified)
Donald Windham (writer)
Duke and Duchess of Windsor (the abdicator and Wallis, did not attend)
Frederick M. Winship (editor at U.P.I.)
Mr. and Mrs. Norman K. Winston (real-estate developer and Rosita, prominent New York hostess)
Mrs. Frank Wisner (widow of former deputy director of the C.I.A.)
Mrs. William Woodward (Long Island socialite, model for Dominick Dunne's elder Mrs. Grenville)
Alfred Wright Jr. (fourth husband of actress Joan Fontaine)
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wrightsman (oil magnate and Jayne, major donors to Metropolitan Museum)

Z

Darryl Zanuck (producer, president of Twentieth Century Fox)

maker McGeorge Bundy and writer Lillian Hellman when Norman Mailer came over to Bundy and fired off some salvos about the war. "Lillian tried to calm him down," Podhoretz says, "but Mailer got belligerent. He invited Bundy outside for a fistfight." Not deigning to respond to the challenge, Bundy, according to Podhoretz, "looked down at Norman with lofty disdain. And Mailer retorted, 'I paid you too much respect.' Everybody was very embarrassed."

By the time waiters had spread out a midnight buffet of chicken hash with sherry, spaghetti Bolognese, pastries, and coffee in the ballroom's foyer, a few guests had grown restless from so many hours of heady confinement. Jill Fox (wife of Capote's editor) and George Plimpton, spotting John Kenneth Galbraith walking around with a candelabra "as if he were in some kind of a stately procession," Fox says, grabbed the economist's top hat off a table and began to play football with it. Further improvising, Fox and Plimpton incorporated not just the hat but Galbraith and his candelabra into the rules of their spontaneous game. "It somehow also involved George pushing me around in a chair," Fox says. "I was wearing a white silk sleeveless dress that made me look as if I had a smashing bosom, and a white boa of ostrich feathers that kept blowing up my nose. But I was running around that room as if I were in blue jeans. The party had a rather formal, strange feeling, which had a lot to do with the masks. When it came time to toss the top hat around, it was a welcome relief."

Duchin's orchestra played on until 3:30 in the morning, and even then the Kansas contingent had not yet ingested its fill of fun. Dr. Russell Maxfield recalled that they were "the last to leave. When we went back to our rooms in the Plaza, Truman joined us. He was so excited. He wanted to talk to us all night."

The furor stirred up by the press before the Black and White Ball was but a summer downpour compared with the media maelstrom unleashed the next day. "Truman once told me, 'I'm a better publicist than a writer,'" says Kay Meehan. "He said that to make a best-seller you or your publisher had to spend a lot of money, saturating the media all at once. Well, the Black and White Ball saturated the media." Late the evening before, CBS had aired live coverage of the party. Stories were dispatched on wire services to places most of Capote's 540 would never see: Champaign-Urbana, Illinois; Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Fort Worth, Texas; Deer Park, New York. Aileen Mehle's paper, the New York *World Journal Tribune,* ran front-page coverage; so did the *New York Post. Women's Wear Daily* rated the guests with a system of stars. The trade paper bestowed on style queens Gloria Guinness and Marella Agnelli the top accolade of four and a half stars, Diana Vreeland earned a miserly single star, and Norman Mailer was consigned to fashion hell with a score of minus five.

> "The only other time guest lists were ever published was for state dinners at the White House."

But what most captivated ball followers was *The New York Times*'s implied endorsement of Capote's own method of scorekeeping. To supplement articles by Charlotte Curtis and Enid Nemy, the newspaper printed the master list of invited guests—an optimistic list well in excess of 540. Some of those named had not in fact gone to the party—Edward Kennedy, Jacqueline Kennedy, Mayor John Lindsay, and Nelson Rockefeller had sent regrets because they either were out of town or had conflicting engagements. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara had declined, deeming it, in William F. Buckley Jr.'s words, "inappropriate to frug-with-Kay at Truman's blast" while the Vietnam War fermented. (Pete Hamill, seething with moral outrage, wrote a column in the *New York Post* in which he interspersed snippets of imagined fatuous ball chitchat with reports of war horrors.) Writer Katherine Anne Porter—who had once called Capote "the pimple on the face of American literature" and whom Capote would later pillory in *Answered Prayers* as the sex-starved octogenarian Alice Lee Langman—had badly wanted to go, but was ill and bedridden.

But *Times* readers who quibbled about the discrepancy between those listed and those in attendance missed the whole malicious point: the fakers who had fled to the Bahamas or claimed they had "frugged-with-Kay" were exposed, routed, and humiliated. Capote insisted that Charlotte Curtis had snatched the list off the party's registration desk, but Enid Nemy avers, "Truman provided the list. He was really cooperative."

Norman Podhoretz recalls, "The only other time guest lists were ever published was for state dinners at the White House. But then, the only other time I remember being at a party where every single person was delighted to be there was at a White House state dinner." As many of the 540 soon learned, "having your name on the list became a mark of tremendous status for a few months," Podhoretz continues. "It provoked enormous hostility, admiration, and curiosity. Afterwards I went to Yaddo [the writers' retreat in upstate New York], and all anyone wanted to talk to me about was the party."

Katharine Graham calls the party "astounding—a very big event in my life, very important to me. I had just gone to work in '63, and was not well known. Though I had never met most of those people before, many have stayed in my life since." As for Capote, he was nearly buried alive by the windfall of flowers and champagne that blew into his apartment over the next several days.

In a stroke worthy of Napoleon, that other bantam, Capote had not only conquered the worlds of his choice but also crowned himself, in a self-generated and self-glorifying ceremony, emperor. *Women's Wear Daily* declared him "omnipotent," and through the agency of decorator Billy Baldwin (whose unicorn mask, designed by Tiffany display artist Gene Moore, had eclipsed all the other men's efforts), the Museum of the City of New York established an archive of memorabilia—invitations, costumes, masks—from what the press now labeled "the Party of the Century." George Washington's inaugural ball was one of the few other parties to be so consecrated.

"It was the Last Great American Par-," D. D. Ryan declares elegiacally. "The ast Gasp! I hate the sound of that—it's final." The Black and White Ball, in ct, did sound the death knell of an elite lture founded on privacy, exclusivity, d breeding, and heralded the emerence of another, more raucous one, deted to publicity, celebrity, and big mony. It was the last hurrah of the glamrous go-go phase of the 60s, the optiistic era of Camelot, space launches, he Great Society," horizonless prosperi-, and a certain sophisticated, irretrievble naïveté. Capote's artistic and social otency peaked at the same moment as merica's supremacy as a world power. n 1966—before Vietnam escalated disasously, before R.F.K.'s and Martin Luher King Jr.'s assassinations, before disillusionment took hold—Capote and the ountry both felt invincible. All the rules f society were about to flip around, reerse, and go topsy-turvy: positive was bout to become negative, and black beome white.

If, for a time, Capote seemed to be the axis on which the planet spun, he was rom the start a somewhat off-kilter pivt. Slowly at first, and then more rapidly, he wobbled out of control, weakening ith each unsteady rotation his once irresistible gravitational pull. Some of his nore perceptive friends had already niffed out trouble in paradise. Cecil Beaton in 1966 confided to his journal a omewhat wishful insight: "I secretly feel . is in a bad state and may not last long. He has become a real neurotic case." Kay Meehan, who, unlike Beaton, never bandoned Capote, recalls experiencing certain poignant sensation occasioned y the Black and White Ball. "When I hought of all the power he commanded t the ball, I couldn't help but remember is terrible, lonely childhood and how e'd been abandoned by his parents. The arty represented for him some kind of onging. Some sensitivity in me made me t that point question his stability."

The causes of Capote's decline during he 70s and early 80s are many and comlex. He never quite recovered from the hock, in 1965, of witnessing Perry Smith nd Dick Hickock's double execution by anging. (This harrowing experience, excerbated by the gnawing thought that e might somehow have saved them, urned him into a crusader against capi al punishment.) Another major problem, Robert Silvers points out, was that he was "a man divided in his missions. A serious author, he was taken seriously, but he was also a great social figure. . . . Ultimately it was a question of what to sacrifice." Unlike his "secret friend" Proust (Capote sought to emulate the Frenchman in his projected magnum opus, *Answered Prayers,* a nonfiction novel biting many of the café-society hands that had fed him), who spent the first period of his adult life immersed in the haut monde before retiring to the cork-lined isolation of his bedchamber to write, Capote ambitiously tried to do it all at once. Yet his last years don't necessarily unfold like a cautionary tale against mixing artistic and worldly aims. Capote managed to publish five books after *In Cold Blood*—all of them, however, short works or story collections. Misguidedly, though, he had pinned his writerly ambitions on the ill-starred *Answered Prayers.* Before the scandalous excerpts were published in *Esquire*—a devastating event that made him a pariah among the very people who had fawned over him 10 years earlier at the Black and White Ball—he admitted, "I basically don't really want to finish it. . . . It's like suddenly taking some beautiful animal, say, or . . . some lovely child . . . in the yard and [shooting] it in the head."

Capote never understood why his "swans" Babe, Slim, et al. felt so betrayed by his writer's exercise of airing their dirty laundry—the "laundress," after all, was an artist—and his lack of comprehension only aggravated his suffering. It was as if, in a self-destructive case of repetition compulsion, Capote felt constrained to recapitulate his recurrent childhood trauma of being seduced and then rejected by a larger-than-life, adorably glamorous mother figure.

Capote's central psychic drama of attraction and abandonment followed precipitously by rage and despair was also replayed ad nauseam in a series of damaging, disturbed relationships with inappropriate men (usually straight, in one case an air-conditioning repairman), at first prompted by the dissolution of the writer's long-standing relationship with Jack Dunphy. These sexual obsessions were so consuming that they pre-empted writing and most other activities, except boozing and pill popping.

And, of course, the example of his alcoholic mother—who, like Capote, had ended up dying from complications related to an overdose—made him acutely susceptible to the siren song of substance abuse. The cosseted, blond-banged prodigy with the signature castrato drawl had by his late 50s degenerated into a figure of fun, an embarrassing bad joke. And his worst humiliations, like his greatest triumphs, took place in public. At a party for Liza Minnelli in 1983 (the year before his death), New York gossip columnist Liz Smith, noticing how assiduously other guests were ignoring him, organized half-hour shifts of people who—strictly out of charity—agreed to speak to America's most celebrated living novelist.

One late-life friend, tourism consultant Joe Petrocik, who lived near Capote in the country, remembers how he would often—over long, liquor-soaked dinners—reminisce about the Black and White Ball. "He was proud of it till the day he died, never regretted giving it. He was so pleased with the way it had opened a new kind of career for Kay Graham." The ball, in fact, loomed so large in his imagination that when he spoke of its cost—actually, a rather modest $16,000—the sum grew and grew, as in a fisherman's tale of his catch, first to $75,000, then to $155,000. "He liked the fact that he had paid for it with his own money, that he didn't have some corporation sponsor it," Petrocik says. A favorite pastime of Capote's was poring over his Black and White Ball scrapbooks. "There were albums and albums and albums," Petrocik says. "Large black ones with black pages. There were clippings and photos—300 to 400 pictures—glued in or mounted with corners. Truman, you know, was a big gamester. One game he'd play was to look at a woman's picture in the album and name how many husbands she'd had since the ball, and then name how many wives her spouse at the time had had since the ball. And he'd figure out the various marriages that took place among ball guests who didn't even know each other at the time." Toward the end of his life Capote spoke about giving another ball. "I have right here in his own writing an invitation he drafted," Petrocik says. "'Don Señor Truman Capote requests your company for a masked ball—in Asunción, Paraguay.' He liked the idea of people having to travel a very long way for his party. I'm sure as hell Truman would have repeated the ball if he could. It was his social chef d'oeuvre."

Once, over afternoon drinks in the Plaza's Oak Room, Capote told Andy Warhol that he considered anything into which he poured great effort—a novel, a traffic ticket, or a ball—an artistic act. Refining this point on another occasion, he explained, "For some people, religion is the consolation for being human. For me, it's art." □

(Continued from page 92) created a grand, idealized Manhattan vista. "These costumes were some of the most striking at the ball," the *Times* reported, "and collectively in this episode they formed an impressive display."

Look closely, however, at the faces of these gods of the skyline, partially obscured by their stepped-back bonnets, and you will find little gaiety in their eyes. "There is a sort of sad, tragic quality there," says architect and historian Robert A. M. Stern. "The era of the skyscraper was over. The Empire State Building was under construction, but I think every other skyscraper was finished and the likelihood of another being built was quite in the distance." The Great Depression was under way, and it was suddenly a bad time to be in the skyline business.

Following a decade of economic catastrophe and four years of world war, the renown of that earlier generation of architects, the big T squares of their day, slipped away. Stern notes that Ralph Walker, he of the costume labeled One Wall Street, was awarded the Centennial Medal of Honor in 1957 by the American Institute of Architects in celebration of its 100th year. He then faded into obscurity. And William Van Alen, the beau of the ball in '31? "I have no idea what happened," says Stern rather ominously. "I have always wondered."

The many forgotten architecture stars of the first part of the century could never have imagined the level of fame that their successors would achieve. Popular architects today are dramatis personae in the mega-media culture of our lives. Their images are virtually bonded to the façades they build.

One rarely thinks "Chrysler Building" and "William Van Alen" concurrently—unless one happens to be looking at that faded photo of Van Alen *wearing* the Chrysler Building. But when one gazes upon the Louvre pyramid, a mental image of the genteel, perfectly tailored I. M. Pei is usually hovering—even if he doesn't happen to be staring out at you with a model of it on his head. The Chippendale top of the Sony Building and the spires of the PPG tower are synonymous with Philip Johnson, as strong and enduring as his considerable persona. (The Johnson persona, in fact, may turn out to be stronger and more enduring than some of his many building styles.) "Philip," notes Stern, "is the only one in the current group that is a link to the original Beaux-Arts group, and that is very remarkable."

"Architects have become media figures, and buildings have become mediaized in a way," says Peter Eisenman, who skipped a photo shoot for the Gap in order to model his (unbuilt) Max Reinhardt tower for *Vanity Fair*. "The old Beaux-Arts photo reflects on a simpler, easier time with these guys dressing up like Ku Klux Klanners for this party," Eisenman adds. "Basically we are in a different era. People are much more with it; they are much more excited by personalities."

Indeed, no two big-league architects of today could (or would) be caught dead in identical grand-wizard-style smocks, such as those you see on the architects in the Beaux-Arts photo. "This is a time of pluralism in style," according to (the *extremely* stylistically consistent) Pei.

And strong "brand" identity, to use the cant of the day. So Richard Meier (here outfitted as his Barcelona Museum of Contemporary Art) has become the White Building Man; Sir Norman Foster (who models his Hong Kong Shanghai Bank) is King of Slick Tech; Michael Graves (wearing his Humana Building) is indubitable Mr. Postmodern. These are the stylists who have prevailed in the turbulent skies of the media age.

"The guys who are around today are much more heavy hitters in terms of personality," acknowledges Eisenman, no wallflower himself. "The danger of media for architects, though, is that media feeds on constantly changing things. It's an edge game: you take your chances being out there, because"—like the Beaux-Arts brethren of '31—"you could also be gone." □



Arquitectonica

Bernardo Fort-Brescia and Laurinda Spear, principals, Miami, Florida.

Perhaps the most successful architects of their generation, Fort-Brescia and Spear were among the first to look back to the commercial modernism of the 1950s—especially the work of Morris Lapidus—and adapt it for the 80s and 90s. Fort-Brescia is dressed in the firm's famous "hole in the middle" Atlantis condominium, built in Miami in 1982. Spear wears the building from their 42nd Street Redevelopment Project in New York City—a gleaming 45-floor structure whose façade evokes a crashing meteor, to be built in 2000.

Watts

ntinued from page 106) also featured ocalist, Bernard Fowler, and concen- ed less on basement bebop than on ish arrangements of standards. The lition of Fowler is, visually and vo- y, striking. A dreadlocked veteran sion singer who has logged time in ious short-lived funk and rock com- , he was unfamiliar with most of the terial on *Long Ago & Far Away* until tts presented it to him. "I went into sic wanting to do stuff like Parlia- nt-Funkadelic, Graham Central Sta- n, and Sly Stone," says Fowler. "I l never sung standards, but I love a llenge." The results are surprisingly isfying. In Fowler's and the Quintet's nds, Duke Ellington's "In a Senti- ntal Mood" recalls Nat King Cole, ile "All or Nothing at All," a hit for thur Altman and Jack Lawrence in 0, veers ingeniously between rumba l swing, with Fowler's baritone vari- sly evoking Tony Bennett, Mel Tor- , and Billy Eckstine—minus the maltz and histrionics of their cock- l-lounge imitators. "Bernard's not a z singer, you see," says Watts. "He sn't brought up singing in jazz clubs lounges, so he doesn't have the shoo- -doo bit. He sings the songs very aight, and bends them like a blues ger would bend them, so the melody totally there." For his part, Fowler s sufficiently overcome the intimida- n he first felt in the presence of accomplished jazz players that he now wants to be known—in the tradition of Tormé's sobriquet, "the Velvet Fog"—as "the Dreaded Crooner."

Watts harbors no illusions as to why he, unlike most part-time jazz drummers, has a record deal and gets to play to full houses. "You get young guys [at Quintet concerts] who are curious, but who have never heard anything but a guitar solo," he says. "I'm not being detrimental. You also get elitists, people who come to see you fall on your arse. Both are valid. If an elitist says, 'Well, he's all right, but you want to hear Max Roach playing it properly,' that's all right by me. I don't mind being called an ambassador. When I was a kid, Louis Armstrong was called an ambassador."

Likening himself to Woody Allen, another jazz enthusiast who has made his name elsewhere, Watts has tailored for himself a glorious retro aesthetic, mapping out his tastes and preferences with the precision of an Art Nouveau dandy: Georgian England for home décor and gardens, 30s Hollywood for men's dress, 40s New York for music and urban life. He will gladly expound at length on such subjects as the joy of getting shoes custom-made ("a nine-month job there"), the low point in the history of men's fashion ("The early 70s, when I saw the only picture of Fred Astaire where I thought, Don't like that, Fred—he was wearing a kerchief, and it was a bit sticking out. It *was* Keith's best period to look at, though"), and the logistics of personally packing, transporting, and unpacking his sizable wardrobe when the Stones tour: "We're at the hotel, and Mick says, 'Right, are you coming out to eat?' and I say, 'No, I'm in the middle of folding my pajamas,' and he says, 'Haven't you done that yet?' because he never touches a bloody thing. Mick's got a valet, three or four people. I could have that, but I bloody hate it. Nobody touches my clothes."

As it happens, the Quintet's planned summer swing through the U.S. (augmented by a 23-piece orchestra) dovetails nicely with the so-called easy-listening revival that has college kids ordering martinis and cuddling up to Bennett and Tormé again. Watts is happy for his outfit to reap the benefits of this trend, but for him the romance of mid-century America is not a pose; it's not, as it is with many people under 30, a life lived between quotation marks. The suits, the combed-back hair, the constant referencing of Bird and Astaire—all speak to his yearning to hold on to whatever vestiges of elegance and integrity remain in 20th-century life. As he discusses the thinning ranks of great jazz drummers, his visage for once becomes almost animated. "Art Blakey, there was so much tension when he played," he says. "He was so loud and quiet at the same time. Now he's gone—you just think, all that noise and silence, *gone*. You *must* go and see these people play while you can. You must go see Max Roach play, because he's phenomenal. Roy Haynes—you must see him play. Even if you don't like the way they play, you've got to see them play." □

Grisham v. Stone

ontinued from page 105) difficult, more mplex, than for many of Sarah's peers. age 14 she responded to the news of r grandfather's death by throwing a ephone through the window and paint- her room black. Over time she made ts on her wrists and burned her arms th cigarettes.

"We tried to feel our way, without be- repressive," Suzanne says. The Ed- ndsons knew that both Sarah and her ler brother had tried pot. "We have in- ligent, curious kids, and we were not rprised," Suzanne says. But when Sarah gan taking harder drugs, they were too ive to notice.

"I'd think she was tucked into bed," n says, "and then she'd sneak out her ndow and go down the tree and stay out all night." A Tom Sawyer of her times, tripping on LSD. Eventually Sarah's parents had her see a therapist; when at 15 she said she wanted to drop out of school, and had moved to a friend's house and refused to come home, they drove her to a rehab center for adolescents, where she stayed for two months.

Back in school, Sarah earned good grades. She edited the opinion page of the newspaper, as her father had done years before, and helped produce the yearbook. She still hung out with the druggy crowd, however. And from saving stray cats she graduated to "rescue missions," as her parents called them, to help deeply troubled boyfriends. One followed her to Connors State College, leading her to drop out. For the spring term she enrolled at Northeastern State University. But then she met Ben Darras.

Sarah introduced her new friend, a slight, dark-haired introvert, to her parents out at the cabin over Valentine's Day weekend of last year. "We assumed he was a Northeastern student," Suzanne says. "He was not; I only found that out after he was arrested. I asked him about his family, but Ben is kind of reserved. He would answer my questions yes or no." Later, the Edmondsons would learn that Ben lived near Northeastern's campus in Tahlequah, that he played in a local band and lived at home with his mother, Debra Lafon, who works for a doctor.

Sarah's behavior and her performance in school were erratic enough that her parents sensed she might be doing drugs again. Still, they were shocked when Sarah failed to appear for her father's 50th-birthday dinner. Late that evening, after the Edmondsons were in bed, the phone rang. Blearily, Suzanne picked up the receiver and heard her daughter's voice. "I'm in another state," Sarah said. With Ben Darras. Suzanne

replied, "I'm too tired for this: shame on you, you disappointed your father."

That was the evening of March 7, 1995, the day Bill Savage was killed.

Later, the Edmondsons would learn how many drugs Sarah says she and Ben took on March 5, and how many times, over the preceding days, they had watched the newly released video version of *Natural Born Killers*. "I didn't know the significance until I talked to my son," says Jim. "Jimmy and Sarah saw it together. And . . . from what I could pick up from Jim, she and Ben had watched it anywhere from half a dozen to two dozen times. It seems to me that on one occasion they watched it six times in one night, over and over, doing drugs watching that."

One night at about three A.M., weeks after Sarah's disappearance, Suzanne came downstairs. She hadn't been sleeping well. In a little den off the kitchen, she saw a figure in the dark: her daughter, sitting up and dressed. "I said 'Thank God,' you know? 'Enough of this crazy bouncing from pillar to post.' And we had a really good conversation." Sarah, it seemed, had undergone a spiritual conversion on her road trip; she was a Bible-quoting Fundamentalist. "It may have been drug-induced, I don't know," her mother sighs, "but it brought her to a sense of serenity."

For the shortest grace period, the Edmondsons were a family again. Then, at five P.M. on June 2, Jim and Suzanne opened the door of their big gray house to find F.B.I. agents with a warrant for Sarah's arrest. While waiting for her to return home, the agents drove to the Edmondsons' cabin and retrieved the gun. Tests would confirm that it was the gun used to shoot Patsy Byers. In deference to the judge, the agents remained in the shadows that night when Sarah returned home from an amusement park in a car full of friends, among them Ben Darras. Sarah's father took her aside and wrapped her in his arms. Then gently, his heart breaking, he told her the F.B.I. wanted to question her, and recited to his daughter her Miranda rights. Darras was arrested at the same time.

Do the Edmondsons blame themselves?

Suzanne looks to Jim.

"Someone said that you can't take credit for your children if they succeed," Jim says slowly, "so you shouldn't have to take the blame if they fail."

"We have regrets," Suzanne says. "Sarah wanted very much to go to mechanics' school to learn power mechanics, and we told her, 'Let's go through college first.' Why didn't we just let her?"

In letters and twice-weekly calls since their last visit, Sarah has said her faith has grown so profound that she's started speaking in tongues.

"Speaking in tongues," Jim Edmondson says. "I wonder what that's going to be like."

I wonder, too, a week later as Steve Farese introduces me to Sarah Edmondson and the three of us squeeze into a cinder-block waiting room hardly larger than a closet. But Sarah answers my questions directly and openly, as normal-seeming as a girl with good posture can seem in a Louisiana jail. She says her childhood was fine, her parents loving, her interests various.

But then *what?* I want to know. What besides the changes of puberty sets a girl with every opportunity on a course to this place?

"Where my parents saw drugs in college days, and my brother, who's six years older, saw them in high school, I saw them in junior high," Sarah says. "When all the mixed emotions and changes start happening with your body, the mixture of things with drugs is right there."

What about her parents?

"They tried," Sarah says. "But in A.A. they say you have to change people, places, and things. I know that now, but as soon as I got out of Shadow Mountain [the rehab center] I was with the same friends, and it wasn't but the next night that they said, 'Come on, we're going to get high,' and it was like, man, I gotta go."

LSD was Sarah's drug of choice, she explains. By 16, she was also doing speed, quaaludes, and other pills. "And marijuana was an everyday drug, like eating or breathing." Yet part of her always wanted to be healthy. The "rescue missions," she says, made her feel useful; they also gave her some sense of control in an increasingly chaotic life. That was what drew her to Ben.

"This sounds so twisted, but he reminded me a lot of my first really serious boyfriend. I'd just lost him to heroin, and it really at the time destroyed a big part of me. And then I met Ben, and Ben looked like him, talked like him, had many ideas like him, but wasn't that far gone. And I was just like, Here's the rescue mission of all rescue missions."

There was a house off-campus where the druggies hung out. They called it the Commune. That was where Sarah met Ben. In mid-February, *Natural Born Killers* was scheduled to come out on video. One friend from the house rented it as soon as it arrived. That day they played it three or four times. "It was, like, not just sitting down watching it," Sarah says. "It was just on in the place, and we w moving about, getting high and talk because of the sound track."

Everybody loved it, and not just for music. "The acid element we loved beca we were all acid freaks. And so when see the head going 'rruuh rruuhhh rruuh we're saying, 'Yes, that happens!' H goes all jellylike." More than one mem of the house related to the flashback sc where Mallory is sexually abused by her ther. For Ben a compelling moment, Sa remembers, was a quick flashback that pears to show Mickey's father out in a f with a shotgun, about to kill himself. movie implies that violence runs in M ey's family; that's why Mickey is a natu born killer. According to Sarah, Ben's ther had been abusive to his mother. T divorced when Ben was 12. A year later, father committed suicide. (Darras's mot could not be reached for comment.)

The evening of March 5, Sarah plains, she and Ben went on a drug bin First they took four tabs of acid. *Ea* Then they took four and a half tabs mo *Each.* Seventeen tabs in all. That's wh they decided to go to the cabin. They h a little pot left, but no more hallucinoge drugs. At the cabin they watched *Natu Born Killers* on the Edmondsons' VCR.

Did Sarah and Ben decide to emba on a road trip like the one in *Natu Born Killers*?

Sarah hesitates.

"At that point, if there were any co nections to the movie, I wasn't aware them," she says.

"So is it going too far to say that Ben like Mickey or that you felt like Mallory

"Oh yeah, that's pushing it," Sarah sa "As far as how much this case is leaning *Natural Born Killers,* it is one of many e ments. . . . It has its influence, but it is as great as I would like to make it be. . And I wish I could say that it did. I wis could point the finger at Hollywood co pletely. But that's not so, that's not hones

In her statement, Sarah says that t convenience-store clerk's face turned in a "demon." In *Natural Born Killers,* Mi ey and Mallory, while high on hallucin genic drugs during a visit with an Indi shaman, feel the presence of "demon The word "demon" is also superimpos on Mickey's chest. Sarah says that s has had acid flashbacks on occasion sin the age of 14, and that after March 1995, "things have never been the same Both Jim Boren and Steve Farese sugge that serious flashbacks may have affect Sarah on the first days of her road trip.

I'm not allowed to ask about the ever of March 7 and 8, 1995, so I put the ce

question broadly: Has Sarah seen peo-
s faces turn into demons?
She nods. "I have experienced that."
What did she see?
"It's like . . . if you take the Devil with
itchfork and that's what you've grown
with all your life, then when you pic-
e seeing the Devil, that's what you're
ng to see. . . . It depends a lot on who
person is. Like my ex-boyfriend [the
who turned Sarah in]—*oooieee!* Twist-
face and sprouted horns."
Since her incarceration, Sarah's flash-
ks have subsided. She is a model pris-
r. She tutors some of the older wom-
in math. And when schoolkids come
tours of the jail, Sarah tells them not
take drugs. "At first it was, like,
ere's Sarah, there's Sarah' . . . They
re idolizing me because I'd been on
, not what I'd been on TV for"—just
the characters in *Natural Born Killers.*
w her notoriety is fading, and it's easi-
to get her message out.
What would she say, I wonder, to Patsy
ers?
Behind her gold-rimmed glasses, Sarah's
s brim. "I don't think I can say on
e. If there would be any source of heal-
or closure to let her know, to explain
ny of the other things . . . "

Half an hour south on I-55 is the exit for Ponchatoula. Right off the ramp, Route 22 becomes Main Street, is the mer Time Saver No. 8, now an E-Z rve. The Byerses live outside town, on a d of neatly kept trailers, grassy fields, d Spanish moss. They have a double-de, set back on half an acre. You can't ss it: it's the one with the new wooden eelchair ramp.
Lonnie Byers, a lean, somber Creole o drives trucks at night, has just got-up at a little after noon, but is at-nding already to his wife, who lies on a sed medical bed. Patsy Byers has pret-blond hair and a handsome face set in es harder than they should be for her years. A hose extrudes from her chest d winds back to a respirator.
For nine months after the shooting, tsy was in hospitals, first in Baton ouge, then in Houston. The bullet had attered her C-5 vertebra, which means e has almost no movement below her ck. With physical therapy, she has man-ed to move her left arm just enough to rk an electric wheelchair.
"Had you ever been in a hospital be-re?" I ask. Stupidly.
"No," Patsy says in a whispery drawl. ust for childbirth." She has three chil-en; she was married at 16.
"I hate hospitals."
The respirator wheezes as Patsy draws breath. "Me too."
Patsy had been working at the Time Saver for only a month when the shooting occurred. It was the first job she'd ever held outside the home. She took it for pocket money—$5.25 an hour—and for something to do. The night shift was great for her, since that was Lonnie's shift, too. "And my daughter being 19, she was the baby-sitter. So that was all worked out pretty good."
The night of March 8, 1995, Patsy had been working about 50 minutes when the strange girl with the hooded sweater came in. The girl shot her and ran out. Patsy collapsed to the floor beside the register. She never did lose consciousness, though.
"So then what happened?"
"We have a buzzer on the door that lets you know someone's come in. About two minutes after she left I heard it again. I wasn't *thinking.* I started hollering, '*Someone help me.*' No one came over. So I hollered again. Then I saw her come around the counter. That's when she said, 'You're not dead. I'll finish you.' I said, 'No, don't shoot, get the money.' Then she asked me how to open the register. It was complicated because I had already rung her up. I didn't have the strength to tell her. I said, 'Help me up and I'll show you.' At that time I didn't know I was paralyzed. She just ignored me. So I ignored her. Somehow she got it open. She took the money and she went out. And that's the last time I saw her."
Sarah's lawyers, I tell her, are prone to say this story is a tragedy for all concerned. Patsy grimaces. "The tragedy is me and the Mississippi man. Not them," she says of Ben and Sarah.
The question I have as I re-emerge from the Byerses's trailer—appreciating for a moment the simple pleasure of walking—is this: Would Ben and Sarah have done what they're accused of doing *without* the influence of *Natural Born Killers*?

Oliver Stone, of course, has his own answers. In a response to Grisham published in *L.A. Weekly,* the director declares that his accuser "is on the age-old hunt for witches to explain society's ills . . . ignoring Shakespeare, who reminds us that artists do not invent nature but merely hold it up to a mirror." Follow Grisham's logic, he suggests, and look where it leads. "Has your father been brutalized? Sue Oedipus and call Hamlet as a witness. Do you hate your mother? Blame Medea and Joan Crawford. Has your lawyer-husband been unfaithful? Slap a summons on Grisham since, after all, he wrote *The Firm.*"
Grisham, observes Stone, says that both Sarah and Ben had had serious drug problems and received psychiatric treatment. If they watched *Natural Born Killers* "at the crucial moment when the carefully twisted springs of their psyches finally uncoiled," the film is hardly to blame for that. Parents and schools are more accountable; so is television, with images of violence far more pervasive than those of one two-hour film. Even so, Stone writes, "an elementary principle of our civilization is that people are responsible for their own actions."
Two of the country's best-known First Amendment lawyers agree with Stone, and find Grisham's legal reasoning dubious at best. "I'm kind of surprised by Grisham," muses Martin Garbus, who has represented Andrei Sakharov and Peter Matthiessen. "We all believe words have some meaning . . . but product liability? That's silly. The whole point of product liability is that you have to show a causal effect. With breast implants—or with cigarettes . . . we've seen over the years how hard it is to prove causal effect. When you get into the area of what triggers a person's *mind,* you get into the realm of fairy tales. . . . When I was a kid, I was terrified by *Fantasia* and by *Bambi,* when the mother deer was killed. Those moments are etched in my mind. But I didn't go out and murder anyone because of it."
Even if such an effect could be shown, says Floyd Abrams, who has represented *The New York Times* since the Pentagon Papers, "the notion that because one crazed person reacts to a book or movie by doing something illegal the moviemaker or writer should be liable is at war with the First Amendment." So, says Abrams, is Grisham's whole notion of a film as a product. "[Grisham's] books, modest from a literary perspective, are not like breast implants. They are fully protected First Amendment speech, and the notion of judging them from some almost undefinable negligence standards is very troubling."

From his horse farm in Virginia, Grisham issues a tart reply for *Vanity Fair:* "The issue is not whether Oliver Stone's movies are protected by the First Amendment. They are. He can make anything he wants, regardless of how nauseating. Pornographers share the same protection, because, hey, they're artists! But the issue is responsibility: should Stone and his ilk be held responsible if, *and only if,* a direct causal link can be proven between a movie (or a book or a song) and the violence inspired by it? I'll admit this is a very diffi-

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cult standard to meet, but when causation is *clearly* proven, then the 'artist' should be held liable. And the 'artist' should be required to share the responsibility along with the nut who actually pulled the trigger.

"No right is absolute; nor does the exercising of a right automatically shield one from liability. The Second Amendment gives me the right to keep a loaded gun in my house. But if I leave it on the coffee table, and the kid next door shoots himself with it, then I'll be held liable for my negligence. In the process, my Second Amendment rights will never be questioned."

Oliver Stone, presented with Grisham's indictment, responds in turn from Los Angeles. "If Grisham were the author of delightful bedtime stories, I could perhaps understand his perspective on my work. However, given the fact that his work is all built around the committing of heinous crimes (murder, the rape of a young child, suicide), his attacks on me seem more than disingenuous. The fact is, Mr. Grisham has become a very rich man off a body of work which utilizes violent crime as a foundation for mass entertainment.

"For example, his book (soon to be a major motion picture) *A Time to Kill* has as its protagonist a man who murders with clear premeditation two young racists who raped his 10-year-old daughter (a rape which Mr. Grisham writes about in horrifyingly graphic detail). The man's lawyer wins his freedom for these murders of vengeance. Mr. Grisham invites his readers to cheer the man's release, although he is unequivocally guilty of murder.

"Thus, one may presume that, according to Mr. Grisham's logic, the next time a 'righteous' revenge murder takes place (or, for that matter, the rape of a child) he will be happy to assume liability if it can be shown that the offender had read or seen *A Time to Kill*."

Point to Mr. Stone, though it seems, to this moderator, that Grisham presents his violence *within a moral order.* His protagonist in *A Time to Kill* is found not guilty by reason of insanity, but only after a lengthy trial that shows all the checks and balances of the law at work. *Natural Born Killers* has no moral frame.

Stone, of course, disagrees.

"*Natural Born Killers* is an in-your-face satire of a moral order turned upside down," he declares. "It's a wake-up call to a schizophrenic country and culture which decries violence but just can't get enough of it. Viewers are bombarded day in and day out by tabloid trash shows, entertainment and news programs which convert tragedy into soap opera, replete with weepy musical sound tracks and reportage that drips with fake emotion. . . . So much for the 'moral order' that *Nat* *Born Killers* is accused of upsetting."

Stone's response is persuasive, and against it, Grisham's argument pales. tablishing cause and effect between scr violence and real-life violence seems but impossible to do in any clear, de able way; even if it *were* possible, allow courts to draw lines between accepta and unacceptable art would not only s vert the First Amendment but be a f prescription for Fascism.

Yet Grisham's modest proposal obscu a broader point that he can make on firm ground. If Stone were the sort of emb tled artist he likes to imagine himself, art would be seen, or heard, or read by o a small, sophisticated audience. Even so, artists have for centuries, he would br some self-censorship to bear. As a ma market filmmaker, he communicates wit far larger, less educated audience—one t may, for example, take his screen violer literally, and not see a "moral order turn upside down." But Stone seems oblivio to any sense of responsibility his role co fers. Worse, shown the ways in which co fused youths interpret his sophistica message, he does not seem inclined to flection concerning his artistic methods.

Stone knows an artist has to sta against outside censorship of any kind. just doesn't yet see that artists have to accountable too. □

Cage

(Continued from page 81) walls and bowls of brightly colored Murano glass . . . the matching sofas . . . the large gargoyles . . . the fireplace with a child's portrait on the mantel . . . the trains . . . books . . . more glass . . . sunshine . . . a landscape painting . . . and, dangling from the ceiling, a large . . . fake . . . killer . . . bee.

He's genuine about his passions, even modest. "I don't pretend to be a connoisseur. I would call myself an enthusiast. I'm passionate about adventure—about the beauty of an old train." The day before, when the subject of his love of objects came up, he told me, "I don't have much freedom. I don't have much time. I've been working since I was 17, and I'm very thankful for that. But I've always had an obligation. And sometimes the only way I can feel free is in the mobility I get when I spend money. I'll say, 'I will have that bottle of wine,' or 'I will go to San Francisco—now.' It has to happen in small doses, because beyond that I'm spoken for."

But he's found it hard to live down the outlaw image he openly cultivated at the beginning of his career. His previous exploits, after all, are preserved on the Nexis database. He will never outlive, for example, the time he smashed up a trailer on the set of *The Cotton Club.* "I wanted to generate stories about myself," Cage explains. "I was trying to create a mythology around myself. All my heroes had stories around them, whether they were true or false. [But] I quickly learned that you can't have a life if you live the part." Jim Carrey remembers a period "when Nick was just a little bit dangerous to be around. He was just expressing himself. He'd stare at someone in a really weird way just to see what the reaction was. And I said, 'Well, what are you being a psycho for?' But he's matured. He's gotten sophisticated about it now."

Indeed, in this house, which looks and feels like a movie star's house, it's hard to imagine anything more dangerous than bandied repartee. I ask Cage about the blue-eyed child in the photograph on the mantel.

"That's Weston," he says. Weston is his five-year-old son from a previous relatio ship with actress Christina Fulton. Th share custody, and I seemed to hear pra for his paternal devotion from everyon Weston is the spitting image of his fath

"Oh, boy," says Cage, leaping off t couch and reaching for a photo on t coffee table, "look at this. This is me wh I was three with my father. I look like r dad and Weston looks like me." Then crosses the room and comes back w two pieces of one-inch-thick wood. "This the board Weston broke in Tae Kwon D class," he says proudly. Weston is about get his orange belt.

I notice his Oscar sitting on top of t television and I ask him what that nig was like. I knew from Cher that he h felt particularly lucky that day because had seen the actress riding her Harley F Boy and had taken it as an omen that t gods of Hollywood were with him.

His eyes brighten to a warm baby bl as he confesses that on the night itself L suddenly turned into a small town. Ever one was with him—almost. "It was an e perience, actually. There's a great gla

n named Chihuly. I love his work. After on, I went to the Governor's Ball be- se I really wanted to meet him. . . . I , 'Mr. Chihuly, I'm Nick Cage and I'm lasshead and I love your—'" Cage vns. "And then I was hurt. Because Chihuly kind of went off: 'Mr. Trump! Donald Trump!' I thought, Ah, man. l, that saves me about $20,000. You w, it hurt me. But then the night got zing. We went into this restaurant and e was Stevie Wonder. And I said to ., 'Mr. Wonder, this is my wife, Patri- She's my "golden lady."' Which is his at song. And he took her hand and g 'Golden Lady' to her, which was rtbreakingly beautiful. . . . So my night ame terrific then.

"Then we came back here and Jim came r. Phil was here. My cousin Roman wed up. And the Cassavetes sisters e by. And my cousin Sophia. My agent, hard Lovett, and my manager, Gerry rrington. I got some caviar out of the re- erator and we had a little soirée here."

Later, when I spoke to Roman Coppo- he said, "What struck me about the ning was that it reminded me of the pic- es you used to see of Howard Hughes l Gary Cooper hanging out at Chasen's. as thinking that someday we'll be look- at a picture of Nick and Patricia and and Phil from that night."

Patricia wrote me a note, a sweet note, about a week after the Oscars," ge is saying. "It said, 'Before, women nted you. But when you went up there had my lipstick on your face. It was vin for every married couple and a cel- ration of marriage.'"

The whole thing sounds like an update the Doris Day formula. Guy meets girl the corner deli. He falls madly in love. e gets beard burn on the first date. "We re kissing and kissing and kissing," Ar- ette, who has since become more guard- told the London *Observer*. They parted er three weeks—he had this crazy notion abducting her to Cuba to marry her be- e God and the Coppolas—and she re- ned to her boyfriend, with whom she d a son, Enzo, now 7. Cage settled wn with Christina Fulton and, later, a ung model from Detroit named Kristen ng (to whom he became engaged in 94). But every so often the former lovers uld call each other up and tease, "Do u still want to marry me?" The last time quette phoned, two weeks before the ac- al wedding, Cage said yes. "I was ready make that official commitment," he tells e. "I knew that it was time."

When I was out in Los Angeles, I heard that Arquette recently got pretty steamed when someone referred to her relationship as "a Hollywood marriage." She reportedly snapped, "Don't you *ever* say that!" She seems like a woman who gives as good as she gets. When asked at last year's Cannes Film Festival what she and her husband do when they're alone, Arquette sweetly growled, "We bark at each other."

Already they face the problem of when to get those growls in. It's easy to get separated given all that real estate. And then there are the logistics of two booming careers. During the year since their marriage, Arquette has made four movies and was working on *Nightwatch,* with Nick Nolte, during the time this article was being prepared. Cage will be occupied with *Con Air* and *Face Off* for the rest of this year. It won't be easy to reconcile their idiosyncratic vibes.

"She's the most anti-money person I know," Cage admits. "I mean, I have a certain lifestyle and she's still trying to get comfortable with it. Not that she doesn't like the idea of objects or stuff, really. She went to Harry Winston's [before the Oscars] to get the diamonds all the girls were wearing. And I said to her, 'Honey, if I win this award, the diamonds are yours.' And the last things she wants are diamonds. But I could tell she liked the idea, and when I did it, I said, 'Well, we're both taking something home.'"

His friends were taken aback when the rebel couple actually made it legal. "I mean, it was a wild thing," says Carrey. "But I like them together. They're pretty cool, and she's very cool. And, you know, I've been shocked by his devotion. He's really trying to make it work and be a good husband."

Today, on his left hand, next to his wedding band, he wears a gold ring with three colored stones. One for Enzo, one for Weston, and one for Patricia. She wears a ring, next to her wedding band, from ancient Babylonia, the ring of Diana.

About a week after I saw Cage in California he called me back East.

"Lately I've been really thinking a lot about the notion of taking my inspiration from more organic things. I'm getting into this mode now where I just want to be as pure as I can be as an actor. I'm not as interested in the acrobatics. I can still do them . . . but I really want to get to a place where things become distilled. I want to become a flower in a movie. I want the feeling that I got when I was a child and I walked down the street and discovered sparkles in the sidewalk reflecting in the sun for the first time.

"I want to find a way to give it just as much as it needs."

And a prickly pear to you, too, Nicko. □

VANITY FAIR AGENDA

Film al Fresco

Join Diego Della Valle, creator of the classically chic J.P. Tod's shoes, and XMI, leaders of innovative and luxurious mens furnishings, for **Film al Fresco 1996.**

This outdoor film festival will take place at Le Madri restaurant in New York City (168 West 18th St.) on Sunday nights, beginning July 14 through August 18.

Doors open at 6:00 P.M., and live music–western swing, mariachi–will play until the film starts at dusk (approximately 8:45). In keeping with the theme–The Cowboy in Film–the Cinema Cafe will serve an á la carte menu of Italian-influenced cowboy food.

Scheduled movies include Once Upon a Time in the West *July 14,* The Wild Bunch *July 21,* Unforgiven *July 28,* The Misfits *August 4,* Midnight Cowboy *August 11,* and Blazing Saddles *August 18.*

$8 per person per screening. Call (212) 727-8022 for ticket information.

Rain dates are scheduled for the Monday following the Sunday night event.

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A Season in Paradise

(Continued from page 114) drawing on the Tuscan tradition of embracing artists of every stripe and nationality while rather forcefully consigning soldiers, businessmen, and others of more mercantile temperaments to the outer boroughs. (Legend has it that the great conqueror Hannibal, stampeding through the area on his elephants, couldn't wangle so much as a cup of wine from outraged natives.) There is, perhaps, ample justification for such arrogance. Descended from the highly civilized and evolved Etruscans, most locals feel scant loyalty to anyone in power—especially to anyone in power in Rome. For decades, the Italian Communist Party found its most ardent support in this region. At the Festa di l'Unita, held each broiling summer outside Florence, new comrades used to be seduced with giant red posters offering TWO BOTTLES OF CHIANTI FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

No surprise then that Paolo Taviani claims that Tuscany is not merely the center of his universe. To him, this gentle country—plump, pampered, subdued by age and brushed with charm—*is* the universe. A complete canvas. The globe! "We were born 15 minutes from the birthplace of Leonardo da Vinci, 40 minutes from Florence—the nut of the world," the director declares without a trace of irony. (Nuts are the one staple that doesn't grow easily in the region's fertile soil.) But what would Goethe say about the transportation of his lumbering German saga?

"I don't care what he would say," retorts Taviani, distinctly ruffled. "I would be *content* if he liked it," the director continues, his mercurial Tuscan nature momentarily relaxed. "There is an *affinità* between us and Goethe. His idea of the forces that affect man and the forces of nature is similar to ours. Even though we have the blue sky and he has the *gray* sky."

Not too far from where they shot, in the desolate perfection of Pienza, a city rebuilt by a 15th-century parvenu Tuscan pope, the film *The English Patient,* due for release in November, is also taking shape. The title is a purposeful misnomer. In the movie, a wounded non-English pilot, played by Ralph Fiennes (of *Schindler's List* and *Strange Days*), is cared for by an equally unhappy French-Canadian nurse, brought to life by Juliette Binoche, best known to Americans for Louis Malle's film *Damage.* Like Tuscany itself, the story is very hard to explain, as the director, Anthony Minghella, is the first to admit: "The whole theme of our film is to debate the issue of nationality, internationality, and identity. People who think they are friends have that notion blurred in this movie: instead of being friends they become The Englishman, The Italian, The German."

Minghella understands the problem of national identity. Born of Italian parents on the Isle of Wight, he experienced some anxiety about shooting in Tuscany, precisely because of the tendency of all the beauty to overwhelm other, human forms. "People are appropriately nervous about it," says Minghella. "But I realized that so much of the story I was filming was about the retreat offered by the place to people who are damaged. I set about looking for monasteries—ruined monasteries," he says. The one he picked, near Pienza, five centuries old though it was, was not quite ruined enough for his taste. "We let the gardens go wild for a few months so that wher character Juliette Binoche plays com the monastery it has an unoccupied, g to-seed feeling.

"We tried to think about Italy it were made by a watercolorist whole look of it, very soft, the pal greens, blues, and grays. There are stressed surfaces."

The British director is amused by number of his fellow moviemakers were also shooting in Tuscany. It like something out of Fellini; the ci kept bumping into one another. "I th it was either serendipity or coinciden he says without pausing to clarify difference.

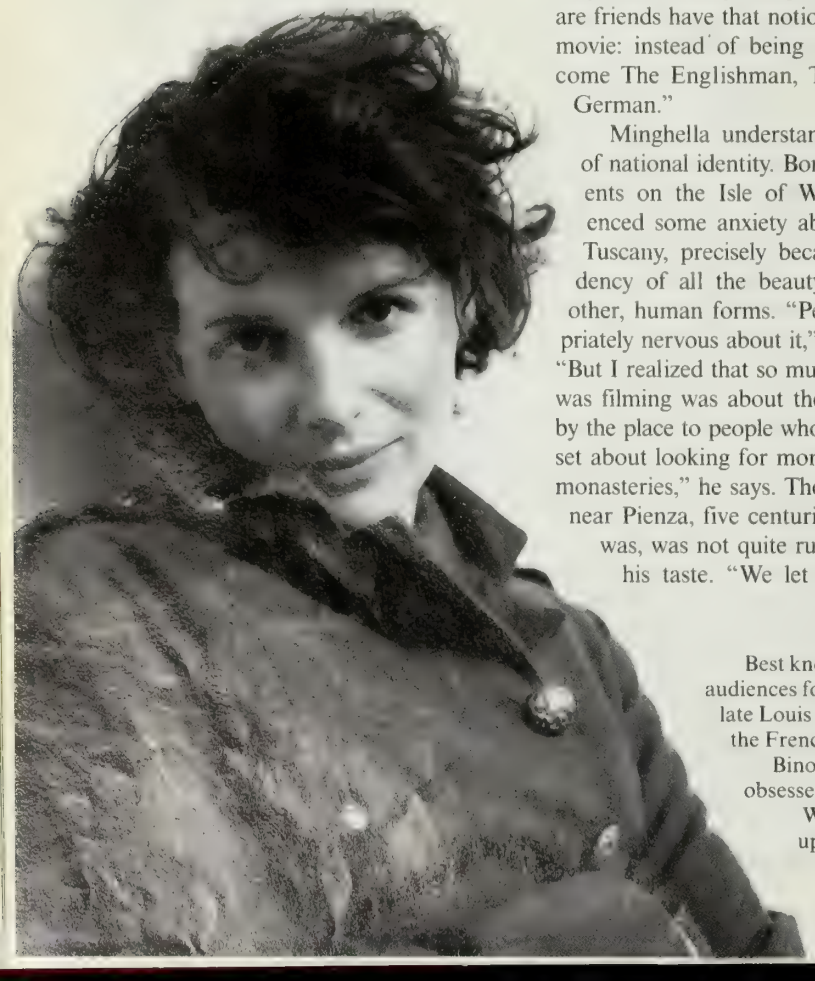
"I have always had my own private cret myth about American wor coming to Europe," notes Bernardo tolucci, explaining his ideas about Tuscany is essential to his film *Stea Beauty.* "Like the Henry James hero Isabel Archer, in that film Jane Carr on is doing—*Portrait of a Lady.* Th American girls: they come to Europe Italy, with such strength and force tha is amazing. And that beauty of the too, which is kind of like a genetic t with them.

"And the other particularly appeal thing I love about them at the sa time—which makes them absolutely fa nating—is the vulnerability that th American women abroad have. The n ture is absolutely fascinating."

On the set of *Stealing Beauty,* the rector drove his own car and ponde his future. The film is very small and r tively low-budget for Bertolucci, desp the elegant foreign cast that flocked Tuscany to be with him. The fine Fren actor Jean Marais, when asked why man of his stature and ability had acce ed such a tiny part in the film, gallan replied, "If Bertolucci asks me to be shadow on the wall every day in t movie, I will gladly accept."

"Bernardo was anxious about comi back to Italy," concedes Washington, D. psychoanalyst Bruce Sklarew, a longtim friend of the director's who often vis him on the set. "Because, you know, last film, *Little Buddha,* was not a co mercial success. So, having been aw for so long, he wanted to come back q etly and slowly."

But Tuscany had a role in the creati of the film; it was, in fact, in the Siene countryside two years back that Bertoluc heard a fragment of conversation at a vi belonging to a son of the poet Steph Spender. The words slipped from the li



LA BELLEZZA
Best known to American audiences for her work in the late Louis Malle's *Damage,* the French actress Juliette Binoche plays a nurse obsessed with an injured W.W. II pilot in the upcoming film *The English Patient.*

young girl, a friend of friends. An rican abroad.

She was visiting Tuscany, and she said, matter-of-factly, that she had only more weeks left to lose her virginity," rts photographer Brigitte Lacombe, took the photographs on these pages. d Bernardo was absolutely enchanted astonished. And that's how he got dea for the film *Stealing Beauty.*"

One summer night—just around the time that Liv Tyler, who plays that inexperienced young woman, celebrated her 18th birthday—Sklarew and some crew members were peering out at a Brolio vineyard under a very bright full moon. The effect of the evening was extraordinary. The field was black, but behind it was a white glow, as though it were bathed in snow.

"There was some difference of opinion among some of us about what caused that light," Sklarew recalls. "The place looked enchanted. Flooded with light and so strange. It was like Magritte."

No one knew what was happening.

"It turned out they'd left the floodlights on," says Sklarew.

In Tuscany nowadays, they are never extinguished. □

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bertson

ntinued from page 88) responsibility."

t the time, Robertson also was busy g back and forth to Zaire. The ntry was in a shambles, its people en from poverty to abject poverty by abusive and corrupt 30-year rule of right-wing dictator Mobutu Sese o. But Zaire was the world's third-est producer of industrial diamonds Mobutu had offered Robertson an rest in a mine.

I think Mobutu gave it to him," said ry Covert, a former director of the can Development Company. "He liked He wanted Pat to help market the di-nds around the world."

Courtesy of Mobutu, African Devel-ment also received concessions for -forest logging, farming, and other eavors. Robertson said he would use fits for humanitarian efforts and to Operation Blessing, CBN's relief or-ization. But the company was his, the books too.

Operation Blessing has delivered tons medical supplies and foodstuffs to ica and elsewhere since 1978, but it of-takes an original approach. During 1994 Rwandan refugee crisis, other ef workers watched Robertson's mis-naries proselytizing as people died. ey were laying on hands, speaking in gues, and holding services while peo-were dying all around," an American worker told *Time* magazine.

Herman Cohen, who worked for the te Department's Bureau of African airs until 1993, understands the hu-nitarian needs but puzzles over why one would go into Zaire to save souls. 's not a great place to push evangelical versions and that sort of thing," Co-n said. "The country is heavily Chris-nized. Evangelicals have done an excel-t job. Not much more value added. a good place to make money."

Meanwhile, Operation Blessing strug-d with another of its founder's gran-diose plans: growing corn on a failing 50,000-acre farm in Zaire.

"I was on the plane, Mobutu's plane, when we put the whole thing together," Covert said. "Pat had it all thought out. The idea was to use the farm as a starting point to feed Africa. That's what he wanted to do, feed Africa."

The diamond operation was near the frontier town of Tshikapa, on a tributary of the Congo River that drains out of the diamond fields of nearby Angola. By the time Robertson got involved, diamonds were the only hard-money commodity in Zaire that Mobutu, by then an incredibly rich man, had left unplundered.

Mobutu had been a Cold War friend at the time that the C.I.A. funded covert operations out of Zaire into Angola (then a Communist state supported by Cuban troops). When the Cubans pulled out and the Cold War faded, Mobutu's "kleptocracy," as critics called his governing style, became too much for the American government. The U.S. cut him off. Other countries joined in, making him an international pariah.

"For a time Mobutu was completely isolated," said Makau wa Mutua, former associate director of the human-rights program at Harvard University Law School. "It had been unacceptable for any important American to openly associate with Mobutu. Robertson was the first to go into Zaire and give Mobutu respectability again."

Back in Virginia Beach, according to allegations in court documents, Robertson astonished Mark Peterson one day by rolling uncut African diamonds out of their bags, saying that they had been "transported to the United States duty-free via his private aircraft."

By then, the company had launched a jewelry line, Yafé Creations, which offered, through its catalogue, "fine diamond jewelry available direct from the Holy Land." The jewelry supposedly came from the National Diamond Center of Jerusalem. In actuality, Peterson charges, the National Diamond Center was a small New York company. According to court documents, Robertson told Peterson he wanted to sell his uncut diamonds in New York "for his personal gain."

Relations between the men were already strained. By Peterson's account, he had "openly questioned the ethics of Robertson's behavior" and noted that "there may be legal and moral consequences." Peterson was fired the week before Christmas in 1992, when his wife, Andrea, was in the ninth month of pregnancy.

Robertson ran through one more president before his new venture collapsed in 1994 in a blaze of bad press. The Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* broke the story in 1993, raising questions about KaloVita's finances and methods as well as CBN's ties to the operation. *Newsweek* and ABC's *PrimeTime Live* followed up nationally.

Robertson's explanation to the dreaded press ultimately landed him in court. During the *Virginian-Pilot* investigation, Robertson issued a press release blaming the company's huge losses on his shipping clerk turned president and expressing "shock" that Peterson had spent all the money Robertson had invested, plunged the company deeper in debt, and caused a host of internal problems.

Peterson was horrified to read such an assessment in the local newspaper. For a born-again Christian in the Tidewater country, criticism from Robertson carries a brutal sting. For the next two years Robertson and Peterson seesawed between friendship and enmity as Peterson tried unsuccessfully to get Robertson to publicly retract his statements and Robertson tried unsuccessfully to keep Peterson from talking to the media. The hostilities grew, eventually reaching the point where Peterson felt that Robertson's bodyguard, and then Robertson himself, had made threats on his life.

In May 1995, Peterson filed his suit for defamation against Robertson and CBN and brought the untidy details of their relationship and KaloVita into public view. But the merits of the suit itself

may prove almost inconsequential when weighed against a public replay of Robertson's most embarrassing business deal. Robertson has won early battles to keep CBN's financial ledgers under court seal. But plenty is in the record already.

For Robertson, one of the more awkward court documents is a transcript of a telephone conversation between him and Peterson's wife, Andrea, who was taping the conversation.

The transcript reveals a highly emotional Robertson, a man with an angry fear of the media and an expectation that others will protect him at great cost to themselves.

ANDREA PETERSON: I had a personal feeling toward you that was betrayed and shot down and stuck in the mud. . . . I want to know why it is so imperative to ruin little people like us.
ROBERTSON: Andrea, don't you understand that I am a prominent religious figure that the left-wing media has been trying for years to hurt, and don't you realize that you and Mark have just become torpedoes in their hand, launched right straight at me?

Moments later Mrs. Peterson tried again to make the point that her husband had been damaged within their own community. Robertson quickly cut her off.

PETERSON: There was a story published in *The Virginian-Pilot,* Pat, that stated . . .
ROBERTSON: That's not America . . .

Mrs. Peterson said to Robertson, "I've told Mark we will not be held accountable for bringing an anointed man down. It's not in our, it's not in my soul." But the transcript also contains remarks that the Petersons took as a threat on Mark Peterson's life.

These remarks were part of a discussion of an earlier conversation Robertson had with Peterson's sister, Pam. Pam had described her brother as "a wild stallion without a bit" in his mouth. Andrea Peterson prodded Robertson to repeat what he had said in reply. Robertson obliged:

. . . and horses who break their legs get put down. 'Cause I've had to do that to a horse that got his leg broken, and that is an analogy about horses, and she's the one that said he was a wild . . . his own sister said he was a wild stallion.

When Andrea Peterson persisted, asking Robertson what he had meant, he continued:

That's what might happen, I said. I uh—if—uh, if a stallion bites and kicks he might break his leg. . . . When a horse breaks his leg, they put him to sleep. This is a horse analogy. I meant nothing about Mark but—but—wild stallions can hurt themselves. They run over cliffs.

Robertson denied making any threats. "I made no threat against the life or physical safety of Mark or Andrea Peterson, nor did I intend to make such a threat," he said in his affidavit.

But Peterson regarded Robertson's remark as especially ominous because of the religious leader's influence on others. Peterson's sister, Pam, explained in her affidavit:

Mark was afraid because Dr. Robertson could again at any time lose emotional control and make the same kinds of statements in the presence of some of his religious followers. . . . He believed that there were persons who were zealous enough in their allegiance to Dr. Robertson that they would interpret these kinds of remarks . . . as a sign of approval for them to harm Mark or his family.

Peterson also claims in the suit that he was threatened in a 1993 telephone call from the chief of security at CBN, Les Naghiu, a man also described as Robertson's personal bodyguard.

"The creek is deep and I swim better than you," Naghiu said, according to Peterson's allegation. "So watch who you accuse." (Naghiu calls the accusation "malarkey.")

If the case ever goes to trial, it promises to be explosive in other ways. Peterson makes allegations of several instances where CBN's resources were commingled with those of American Sales. CBN has repeatedly denied commingling funds or services, but, with the I.R.S. looking over CBN's tax-exempt shoulder, the issue is supersensitive.

Peterson also accused Robertson of making racist and ethnic slurs in their private conversations. In his affidavit, Peterson described one alleged incident in which he told Robertson about some potential Middle Eastern investors. Robertson allegedly "banged his fist on the table and said: 'You can never trust the Arabs. Those sand niggers are worse than the Jews, you just can't trust them with money.'"

In his own affidavit Robertson denied all of Peterson's charges and said that Peterson's "handling of corporate funds and records was questionable, if not outright dishonest."

Robertson had reason to be concerned about the financial condition of KaloVita. By 1993 he had invested $2.5 million of his own money to save the company a took it over from CBN. He subsequer repaid CBN its cash investment.

In his conversation with Andrea Pe son, Robertson sounded almost hyster about his losses. "This company has b the most awful nightmare of my life," told her. "I'm a busy guy and this is a tle sideline. I would—I didn't think amounted to a whole lot and the n thing you know it has cost me so m millions of dollars, I—I don't even w to talk about it. It is just—it has j drained every cent I've got."

Repeatedly, Robertson tried to m the point that he did not know what going on inside American Sales. Mrs. Peterson contradicted him: "I body spends your money. You have O.K. everything."

Ironically, *The Virginian-Pilot*'s inve gation was conducted by an evan ical Christian and graduate of Robe son's Regent University communicati school. The assault on the repor Mark O'Keefe, became vicious. A R ertson aide told him he had turn "from good to evil." Friends say he spurned and ostracized. O'Keefe told that his photo was kept at Founder's Inn with instructions tha he was spotted the security force was be called immediately.

O'Keefe has since left Norfolk works as the religion reporter at the P land *Oregonian.* He is reluctant to about his experience beyond acknowle ing that Robertson and his people p hardball. In his conversation with And Peterson, an angry Robertson repeate returned to "that awful O'Keefe pers and the "wicked reporter." Robertson came even more emotional when talked about Michael Isikoff, the *Ne week* reporter investigating KaloVita:

"The man named Mike Isikoff fr *Newsweek* who interviewed Mark . . . is one of the most vicious anti-Christ bigots in the entire world. He is solutely unbalanced and he is—uh—e tionally in my opinion uh—uh—stunt but nevertheless he's the guy who is w ing the piece."

Four days after *PrimeTime Live* w ahead with its broadcast, Robertson himself of KaloVita, selling it to a Dal based cosmetics firm for one dollar has since gone into bankruptcy.

The African Development Comp pulled out of the diamond mine, farm, and Zaire in the fall of 1995 aft spurt of publicity and rumors that R ertson's relations with his old friend dictator had soured. Others with inter

obertson

Zaire said the place had become hope-
. Mobutu had milked the country dry
the demands for bribes had become
lerable even by African standards.
ybody involved in the diamond busi-
s over there is in corruption up to
r ears," said Robert Oakley, former
. ambassador to Zaire.
Robertson refused to discuss his rela-
ship with Mobutu or the mine. Oth-
didn't.
"It's outrageous," said Janet Fleisch-
n, director of the Washington office of
man Rights Watch/Africa, the largest
.-based human-rights organization.
obutu has presided over the destruction
is people and made himself an extraor-
arily rich man in the process. One won-
s what kind of business dealings were
olved, what kind of profits were in-
ved, what kind of covers were involved,
ther it was a religious cover."
The African Development Company has
ved on to other frontiers. CBN's Gene
pp said the company is pursuing min-
, logging, agriculture, transportation,
l power generation in other countries,
luding Russia, Tanzania, Kenya, and
mond-rich Angola.
Having abandoned the farm, Operation
ssing turned its efforts to another
bertson brainchild: the $20 million con-
sion of an old L-1011 jetliner into a fly-
hospital.
"This has never been done before . . . a
ing hospital that will revolutionize med-
l relief—and save lives," Robertson
ote in a fund-raising letter. "Can I count
your help?"

On *The 700 Club,* Robertson looks like an aging munchkin, cheeks y, eyes squinting amid wrinkle lines en he smiles. Cuff links and highly lished cowboy boots set off his well-lored, conservative suits. He shares show with Terry Meeuwsen, a for-r Miss America, and his longtime ekick, Ben Kinchlow, a tall minister th snow-white hair. The way Robert-n hunches in his chair makes him look rter than he is. It is as if age were eezing him square. When he was unger, he was anchorman-handsome, hough his voice has always lacked nor-l cadences, its accent undefined, not ite a Virginia drawl. Sometimes, in ex-ement, he squeaks. It adds to his ap-al. But Robertson's bubbling cheerful-ss belies his message.

"I just grieve to see this happening and we need to pray for them," Robertson said after thousands lost their homes and land during the great Mississippi flood of 1993. "But the Bible makes it very clear: when you take God out of your life, and the Supreme Court clearly mandated God out . . . and now we have a president who comes and appoints lesbians in positions of high office. . . . The Bible says that the blood of the innocents will cry out against us and the land will have to be cleansed . . . "

Off the set the eccentric grandfather quickly becomes a tough but often thin-skinned businessman. Ed Rollins once tested the thin skin. On one of Rollins's visits to Virginia Beach, a hurricane was brewing off the coast. By this time, Robertson's relationship with hurricanes had become legendary. In 1985, as the *700 Club* camera zoomed in, Robertson had clenched his eyes in prayer and *commanded* in God's name that a hurricane turn away from CBN. It did.

The hype afterward was unrelenting—press releases, self-congratulatory accounts on *The 700 Club.* Robertson even said that his success was instrumental, along with God's request, of course, in persuading him to run for president. "I felt that if I couldn't move a hurricane," he said, "I could hardly move a nation."

Rollins had never required such a show of strength from a candidate. Now, as the skies darkened, he watched as workmen boxed up religious sculptures on the CBN grounds. Thought you could stop these things, Rollins said gingerly to Robertson. "A little pragmatism never hurt," Robertson replied.

Not every questioner gets off so easily. Another well-known Republican campaign specialist jokingly asked Robertson, at their first meeting, to heal one of his nagging ailments. It was their last meeting.

"Pat is humorless," says Mel White, a former ghostwriter for Robertson and Jerry Falwell. "He's not like Falwell. Falwell doesn't take himself too seriously. Falwell thinks it's all a lark. Pat is totally self-absorbed. He really sees himself as God's chosen person to purge the nation of its sin."

On the night of the New York primary Pat Robertson cut into the news segment of *The 700 Club* with a live report that his man, Bob Dole, led the race comfortably. Then the show cut back to one of its staples—three earthquakes that day. Low-grade rumbles ignored by the mainstream media become a CBN exclusive. Disasters are a mainstay. Earthquakes, hurricanes, floods, plagues, pestilences. Signs of the times. Signs of the End Times.

Robertson's preoccupation with the end of the world dates back to his early born-again days at a small New York Bible school. "I got an A-plus on my prophecy chart," he has said proudly, and he's been prophesying ever since.

Dating the apocalypse has been downright ruinous to reputations. A prophet named Hans Hut predicted it would occur on Pentecost in 1528. It didn't, but Hut had gathered together 144,000 saintly followers for the occasion. He died in jail for the letdown he caused. The result is not always so dire. A Baptist minister, William Miller, received wide attention and many followers when he decreed that the end of the world would come by March 21, 1844, a date which became known as the First Disappointment. The second was October 22, 1844, and cost Miller all but a handful of the faithful, those who hadn't sold all their worldly goods. Today he is known as the founder of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, which has 5.5 million members.

Still, few modern religious groups can match the Jehovah's Witnesses. Leaders of the Witnesses have predicted the end of the world in 1874, 1878, 1881, 1910, 1914, 1918, 1925, 1975, and 1984, and the flock is still knocking on doors.

Early in his career, Robertson was defensive about the whole business. "I don't want to appear like a mystical doomsday fortune-teller," he wrote in a newsletter 20 years ago. "I'm not. But look at the facts. Bible prophecies are no longer mere predictions."

A short time later he determined that he would be alive for the end. He further concluded that the Antichrist, who would lead the forces of evil, also was "alive today, approximately 27 years old," and was "being groomed to be the Satanic messiah." This would put the arch-enemy in his mid-40s now, the middle of the baby boom being a devilishly shrewd place to hide.

Robertson ventured into the minefield of doomsday dates on New Year's Day 1980 at a prayer meeting of CBN staff members. Gerard Straub, who later wrote the book *Salvation for Sale,* tape-recorded the session. "Playtime is over," Robertson told his troops, and he pegged the date at 1982. When that passed, he slid it to 1984. When that passed, he said what many a prophet has concluded before him: "We have to be careful with dates." But Robertson is now growing bolder again. In 1994 he said it would happen within six

Robertson

years. Last year he said five. This year he has said four. The year 2000 seems the date of choice.

As he grows older, Robertson also has taken on some of the Old Testament God's more wrathful attributes. Last year he published *The End of the Age,* which Gene Kapp had billed before publication as "examining the biblical prophecies. Where are we in the time line?" It did that, all right: the end, as expected, begins in 2000 and climaxes, after the biblical seven years of the Antichrist, in 2007.

Robertson decided—after he had completed the first chapter, he said—to write the tale as fiction, his first novel. Most saw this as another fig leaf for Reed and the Christian Coalition: the end of the world is not a strong plank in a political platform.

On his book tour Robertson enthused about what he considers his best public account of his vision. He calls the book a popularized version of the Book of Revelation, the last book of the New Testament, which lays out the final events. "I really wasn't setting out to write fiction," he told Charlie Rose. "It's a true story."

The end of the world would seem to settle all grudges sufficiently. Nevertheless, Robertson manages to kick a few people on their way down. The precipitating event—a huge meteor hurled by angels—occurs just off the coast of California, quickly getting rid of those occultist New Agers, demonic Hollywood people, and, of course, the gays in San Francisco. The media get their whack as they go under ("It was one of Washington's dirtiest little secrets . . . [*The Washington*] *Post* was so powerful that it routinely operated above the law"). Presidents are killed by cobras provided by Satanic Hindu Shivas who have been training the Antichrist. A Christian Resistance forms in New Mexico under a rather familiar former preacher who did a lot of work on television (and owns a magnificent house with a satellite-transmission dish); the unsaved citizenry spend months in horrible pain; two billion people are killed; more die in a neutron-bomb explosion in Israel; and, finally, with the Lord's victory assured, the saved rise into the air to meet Him while the others make a swift and final descent.

The Second Coming is an article of faith in all Christian denominations. Most mainstream churches, however, view the event and the Book of Revelation in a more allegorical vein. These churches, using common sense and heeding a holy warning, also back away from picking dates. You can't have Hans Huts and Pat Robertsons repeatedly revving up the masses for disappointments and expect to keep any institutional continuity going, surely not for 2,000 years, as the Catholics have done. As for the holy warning, Jesus cautioned future prognosticators about predictions: "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only." Robertson floats by that one. "The Bible tells us to be careful with dates," he says, and marches to the blackboard to begin the toting.

The Book of Revelation, written in the first century A.D., describes a sequence of signs and events that will transpire before Christ's return. Unfortunately for later generations, it was written in a kind of poetic code in order to hide its real meaning from the Romans.

First-century Christians suffered terrible persecution, including the sacking of Jerusalem by Roman armies in the year 70. Because of these ordeals and Christ's promise to return, they expected him back in their time. By the end of the first century, however, despite repeated predictions, Jesus had been gone 70 years. The faithful had become dispirited and began to relegate Revelation to the safer province of symbolism and, much later, the catechism.

In the sixth century, Saint Augustine, the church's first great scholar and the man who became known as the father of Christian theology, concluded that the Book of Revelation should be read only as allegory. Most modern theologians agree, seeing Revelation as a vividly imaginative mix of history, current events, and reflections of those early expectations of an imminent return. But it is the author's code and signs that the prophecy seekers, including Robertson, have been trying to crack ever since.

The most significant event to modern apocalyptic thinking was the 1948 return of the Jews to Israel, a requirement for Christ's return. This set off an avalanche of prophetic visions, including Robertson's.

To Robertson, the advent of television also fulfills a prophecy—and has made him, through CBN, an anointed one. Jesus, according to Revelation, will not return until His word "is spread to the ends of the earth." Nothing could do that better than satellite TV, and *The 700 Club* is now seen in 70 countries.

Some read the wording of another prophecy—"There would no flesh be saved"—as predicting the advent of nuclear weapons. This one has been tricky for Robertson. He widely predicted the end would come in a nuclear holocau until he ran for president. That wasn good plank for a political platform, eit So he changed his mind. But he retur to the use of neutron weapons—which stroy life but not property—in his nove

Robertson's apocalyptic visions trou many people deeply, primarily becaus his political influence. "Somebody Bob Dole, essentially he's a secular," s James Tabor, a University of North C olina biblical scholar. "He might beli the Bible, but he's not sitting there por over the Book of Revelation to figure the Gulf War. George Bush wasn't, ther. But I guarantee you Pat Robert would. He says, 'Well, this must be w is prophesied.' It's scary that anybody any position of power would be read that stuff, believing that maybe t would tip the hand a little bit, be an strument of God."

Tabor says that any kind of activity the Middle East starts the prophe wheels spinning. "These people begin just jump out of their skins," he sa "It's like bees buzzing."

To understand the meaning of the b lical text, the words must be read in c text, says Father Richard P. McBrien distinguished Catholic theologian and f mer head of the theology department Notre Dame. "You don't read the te as if they came out in *The New Y Times* yesterday," McBrien says. "Y have to read them in contemporary c text. You also have to read them reme bering that what is printed on the com page has a different context than wha printed on the editorial page. The Bibl poetry and comics and editorials—lots editorials and news and statistics—lots numbers. Only scholars can figure t out, and they can spend a lifetime on and not finish."

The prophecy seekers are stuck in Dark Ages, McBrien says, because t insist on reading the words literally. T rigidity rules out answers, he says, addi sardonically, "If you're a Fundamental you're not a scholar."

Robertson has an answer to sma alecky Catholic thinkers and Saint Aug tine too.

"The silly so-called intellectuals of a demia will find themselves first irrelev and then expendable when the real pow begins to operate," he has exclaim Meanwhile, Robertson devotes a week *700 Club* shows each spring to the co ing end: Signs of the Times week, whi he runs telethon-style. It's the clu biggest moneymaker.

"It does seem an inconsistency, does

says McBrien. "It's all coming to an , and there's that 800 number running oss the bottom of the screen."

or Marion G. "Pat" Robertson, it had been one bad weekend. His plane had its hydraulics shortly after takeoff m Norfolk, and at the Washington ton hotel, where the Christian Coalition s holding its fourth annual Road to tory Conference, *PrimeTime Live* had nbushed" him in the lobby. Still, as he ked out over the crowd at the gala din- , he felt good. The 1994 congressional ctions were only weeks away and Pat bertson was one of the few people in shington who believed the Republicans uld take Congress for the first time in years. The young faces king up at him from their nquet tables were the lres that would do the job. He told them what they nted to hear.

"Although we have no in- tion of advocating bizarre sitions which will lose ctions, let me make this ar," Robertson proclaimed. Ve have no intention of rendering our deeply held oral stands just to please handful of timid moder- s who don't stand for ything."

The 3,000 delegates rose, ndering their approval.

It is self-revealing remarks e this that trouble Robert- n's critics most. He *does* ke bizarre positions. Nor- an Lear, the Hollywood oducer and political ac- ist, said Robertson reminds n of an old comedy routine. "When he t a laugh," Lear said, "Milton Berle uld put up his hand to say, 'Stop!' But e other hand below it was motioning, ome on, come on.' Robertson, on the e hand, is saying, 'I never said that,' d on the other, 'Listen to me.'"

He often gets away with it. Washing- n's conventional wisdom has Robert- n moderating, thanks to Ralph Reed's ver-ending spin. But ask political op- ators if they have watched *The 700 ub* lately and the answer is a blank are. "Narrowcasting," Mel White calls e phenomenon. Given the information plosion of cable television, he says, ou can narrowcast and have no danger being seen by your enemies, because ly your friends are watching."

People for the American Way, which has taped *700 Club* broadcasts since 1980, was instrumental in catching Robertson in some embarrassing episodes. During his presidential campaign, the press printed that Robertson had once said that only Christians and Jews should be allowed to hold public office. He angrily denied it. Out came a 1985 videotape. A decade later Robertson rarely fires shots at the bad guys on the Potomac without saving a slug for the People for the American Way.

When the G.O.P. took control of Congress shortly after the gala, 44 of the 52 new Republicans in the House were supported by pro-life groups and the Christian Coalition. The group also had established functioning control of the Republican Party apparatus in at least 31 states.

> "The feminist agenda," wrote Robertson, "...encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, and become lesbians."

Ralph Reed immediately began his spin. The American people had taken a significant and lasting turn rightward—"a conservative tidal wave," he called the election.

"Let me say this to our critics and the pundits, to the prognosticators, to those in the media who have tried to demonize us, stereotype us, and silence us," Reed taunted. "You better get used to us for a long, long time."

Few poked holes in the logic. Taking Congress for the first time in four decades was one of the stunning events in modern American political history. But was the vaunted landslide of 1994 the overwhelming mandate that the Republicans and Reed quickly billed it? Many of the new Republicans had won by the slenderest margin—the kind that Reed's hard-nosed troops can produce in a low-turnout election but that often disappears in the heavier voting of a presidential election. "The people who get to the podium first define an election," says Peter Hart, a Democratic pollster. "They got to the podium first, and it has become a landslide, an historic sea change in American politics."

Almost everybody fell for it, even Democratic leaders, who moped around so long that their people began crawling into the body bags before they were dead. One after another longtime Democrat retired, making the G.O.P.'s tough 1996 battle easier. It was a spectacularly successful con job. But bluff and deception have been part of Reed's game since the stealth days. The size of his army—Reed claims 1.7 million—may be the biggest deception. The number is fuzzy, at best. The Coalition circulates only 310,000 copies of its magazine, *Christian American.* Spokesman Mike Russell says the larger number is based on a computerized mailing list of members and "activists." The founder of the Coalition's New York chapter, Jeff Baran, however, told the *National Catholic Reporter* last year that the chapter's claim of 90,000 members included everyone who had ever been contacted by the group.

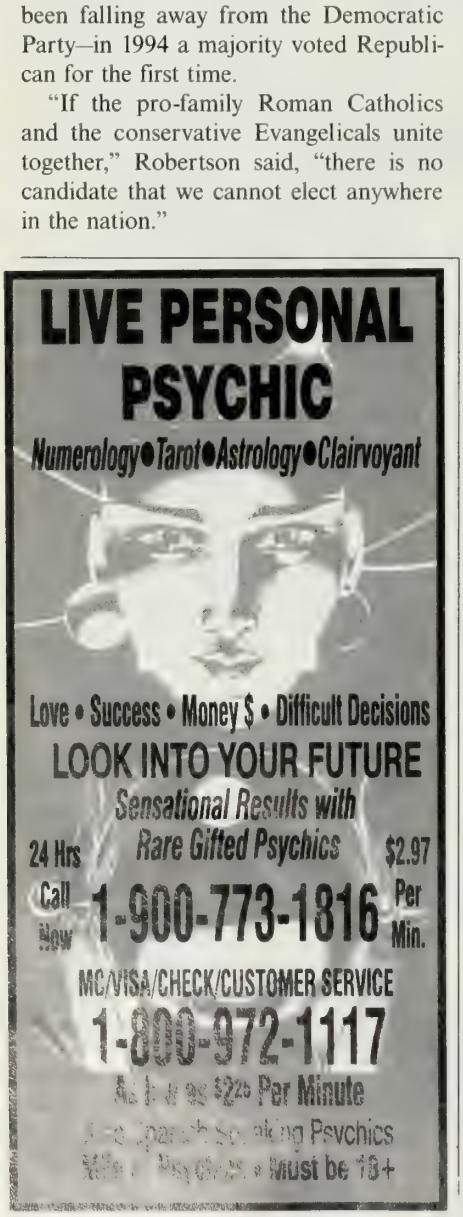
Suitably, one of the most penetrating 1994 post-election analyses came not from the *Times* or *Post* but *Adweek.* Reed had pulled off his triumph, the advertising journal wrote, by "repackaging his product in warm, fuzzy wrapping—fine-tuning an ideology that had previously terrified as many people as it attracted." Perhaps sensing their commonality, Reed was unusually frank with *Adweek.* The Coalition's predecessor, Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority, had made "a major marketing error" by pretending it represented a majority, Reed told reporter Alicia Mundy. He *knows* he represents a minority, Mundy wrote, and is "going for vertical saturation of the market."

Reed is trying to make his minority large enough to control the majority. To enlarge their constituency, Robertson and Reed have a natural target—Catholics. Theologically, the two groups have almost insurmountable differences and, with the fall of the atheistic Soviet Union and the rise of global television, frequently find themselves in worldwide hand-to-hand com-

bat for souls. Evangelicals are pouring into the religious void left behind by the fall of Communism in territories once considered strongholds of the Catholic and Orthodox Churches. The Pope has made two trips to Latin America, where the Evangelicals are making inroads into a region held by the Catholic Church for centuries. Robertson always speaks in flamboyant numbers, but he predicts CBN will make half a billion converts before the end of the century.

In domestic politics there is more common ground between the two groups. The Coalition's abortion litmus test is a starting point, and many Catholics are of a mind with the Evangelicals on other social issues as well. Catholics have always had a hard-right contingent—Reed claims that 16 percent of the Christian Coalition is Catholic. American Catholics also have been falling away from the Democratic Party—in 1994 a majority voted Republican for the first time.

"If the pro-family Roman Catholics and the conservative Evangelicals unite together," Robertson said, "there is no candidate that we cannot elect anywhere in the nation."



Still, American Catholics are pluralistic, and it is easier to find a vocal liberal than a vocal conservative among them on social issues. Robertson is not an easy sell. Nor is his shoot-from-the-lip reaction to ecumenism: "You say, 'You're supposed to be nice to the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians and the Methodists and this, that, and the other thing.' Nonsense! I don't have to be nice to the spirit of the Antichrist." Robertson made that statement on the *700 Club* broadcast on January 14, 1991, two years after his official "moderation" began.

The Coalition began laying the groundwork for a working relationship with Catholics in New York in 1993 by joining forces with conservative cardinal John O'Connor in local school-board elections. The issues were properly electric: support for candidates who favored school prayer, opposition to candidates who promoted condom distribution and discussion of homosexuality. The new partnership seemed an instant success. Christian Coalition voter guides were distributed throughout 213 parishes, and pro-prayer candidates made large gains.

When Pope John Paul II visited New York last October, Robertson reaped a surprising payoff: he, along with 30 other religious leaders, was invited to meet the pontiff in O'Connor's private residence. Afterward, Robertson described the meeting to *The 700 Club* in an almost childlike gush. "The Pope took both my hands in his," he said. "There was a real bond between us."

During the meeting Robertson gave the Pope an unusual three-page letter, outlining CBN's evangelizing and suggesting that they set aside their "minor differences" and join forces to accomplish the task. The letter set off fireworks. Some of the language was presumptuous: "I must tell you the power of the Holy Spirit is very much alive." Some was pushy: "I would be honored to meet with you again—perhaps at the Vatican—for further discussions and prayer."

The Pope did not reply.

Father McBrien, the Notre Dame theologian, has read the letter and calls it "gooey" and "ingratiating to a fault." He asks, "Maybe I'm being too cynical, but why would he write such a letter? It's all about Robertson's business. He wants something from the Pope. He wants a reply that he can use in his business." ("That's absurd," Robertson's spokesman, Gene Kapp, retorted.)

After that, other efforts to recruit Catholics hit some bumps. "Poor children and immigrants. That's not on th agenda," said Bishop Howard Hubb of Albany, New York. "It's a major p of ours." But the Christian Coalition still struggling to form Catholic Allia chapters as the election year began. T came Pat Buchanan, a hard-right Catho so close to the Robertson profile that percent of the Christian right voted him in New Hampshire. But Reed a Robertson didn't want Buchanan. T wanted a minority that controlled the r jority, not a minority that controlled minority. Buchanan couldn't win. He v one of them.

As the summer conventions nea and Bob Dole weakened in the po Reed tried again to give some help—"w gle room," *The New York Times* called In his new book, *Active Faith,* Re called upon his activists for "charity" ward their opponents. Then he hit t rawest nerve of all: he suggested n language for the Republicans' rigid, r exceptions anti-abortion plank. The *Tim* played the story as its page-one lead.

All hell broke loose. The anti-aborti activists, many of them from his o group, landed hard. Within hours he w issuing correctives and denials, heading the rabbit hole again. The gap from pol cal pragmatism to his backers' passio was too wide to straddle. The Republic Party began to worry that its ballyhoo alliance with Reed's right could turn t miracle of 1994 into the disaster of 199

Had the media been looking at rece comments about abortion by Reed's bo they would have found a gap that had come a gulf. "God Almighty is going exact from this nation one adult for eve baby we've killed," Robertson said June 20, 1995, on *The 700 Club.* "A right now the total is up somewhere the neighborhood of 32 to 35 millio That's how many adults are going to in America before God's wrath is f ished on this nation."

To the president of People for t American Way, Carole Shields, the co ment was curdling. "If you take those titudes and couch them in the langua of values and religion," Shields sa "you've got something pretty sinister."

Religion and politics have been inse arable since the founding of the r tion. Before George Bush, the count had three successive "born-again" pre dents. The last, Ronald Reagan, believ that Armageddon was coming, perha in his lifetime.

The Founding Fathers were religio men, but most of them were profoun

icious of dogma, organized theology, demagogues. It is unlikely that any of n could be elected in a world conicted by Pat Robertson.

ien Franklin believed in God but had bts about the divinity of Jesus. Pressed ut it at age 83, he answered that it was edless to busy myself with it now, n I expect soon an opportunity of wing the truth with less trouble."

ohn Adams was also deeply cynical he subject of born-again awakenings. called John Wesley, the famed evanst and founder of the Methodist urch, "one of the most remarkable racters that enthusiasm, superstition, aticism ever produced." Thomas Jefon had doubts about the entire New tament. He rejected the resurrection discarded the Book of Revelation as e ravings of a maniac." The Robertds of Jefferson's day denounced him as howling atheist."

t's enough to make old Tom hang un- in the Founder's Inn.

Across the thick green grass, inside the adcast center, the founder is standing blackboard doing the prophetic nums for his television audience.

"The end is drawing nigh," he says.

t is the fifth and final day of Signs of Times week. No news on *The 700 b* today. No hemorrhoids healed.

"I want you to go to your phones . . . "

There is a saying in the business: Noth- brings it in as fast as the end of the rld. Last chance to make things right h the Lord. Money time.

The 800 number appears on the bot- n of the screen.

"We need $5,000 every minute . . . "

A phone rings.

"And now to Ben and Terry."

The camera switches to Ben Kinchlow d Terry Meeuwsen, who stand before a nk of jangling phones. Ben is grinning.

"The calls are coming in from all oss America, Pat!"

Terry reads from a fistful of pledges.

"Battle Creek, Michigan, at $20 a nth! Forty dollars a month from densburg, Maryland! Hesperia, Calinia, it's the $1,000 Club, Ben!"

Ben grins. Pat beams.

Four more years . . . □

Credits

Fashion

Cover: Nicolas Cage's Gianfranco Ferrè suit from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, and the Gianfranco Ferrè Boutiques, Palm Beach and Beverly Hills; Makins Studio hat from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills; Polo by Ralph Lauren shoes from Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.

Page 14: Bottom left, see credits for cover. Bottom right, Gianni Versace shirt from Versace boutiques nationwide; Gianni Versace pants and shoes from the Versace boutique, Beverly Hills.

Page 65: Anne Heche's Giorgio Armani suit from Giorgio Armani, L.A.; Morgan shirt from American Rag Cie, L.A.; Charlie Altuna for Jed Root West.

Page 68: Right, styled by Kelly Biren.

Page 69: Styled by Jeffrey Hill. **Burt Bacharach's** suit, shirt, and shoes by Giorgio Armani, from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C.

Page 77: Nicolas Cage's Gianni Versace shirt and pants by special order from Versace boutiques nationwide.

Page 79: Dolce & Gabbana T-shirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. and L.A.; Chrome Hearts pants by special order from Chrome Hearts, L.A.; linens from Pratesi, N.Y.C. and L.A.

Pages 80–81: Gianni Versace shirt and boots from Versace boutiques nationwide; Issey Miyake suit and Dries van Noten coat from Barneys New York, L.A.

Page 89: Robin Wright's Hervé Leger dress from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Manolo Blahnik shoes from Manolo Blahnik, L.A.

Pages 90–97: Sean McGee for Butler-Reghanti.

Page 92: Sir Norman Foster's Façonnable necktie from Nordstrom stores nationwide.

Page 94: For **Michael Graves's** Boss Hugo Boss suit, call 800-HUGO-BOSS; Nautica shirt and socks from Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. **Charles Gwathmey's** Polo by Ralph Lauren shirt and pants from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.

Page 95: Peter Eisenman's Paul Stuart shirt, bow tie, and suspenders from Paul Stuart, N.Y.C.; J. P. Tod's shoes from Diego Della Valle, N.Y.C.

Page 96: For **Philippe Starck's** Hush Puppies shoes, call 800-433-HUSH; Joseph Oppedisano for Boss.

Page 97: Robert A. M. Stern's Paul Stuart necktie from Paul Stuart, N.Y.C.

Page 107: Charlie Watts's Paul Stuart jacket, shirt, and bow tie from Paul Stuart, N.Y.C.; William Gilchrist for Streeters.

Page 140: Bernardo Fort-Brescia's Paul Smith suit from Paul Smith, N.Y.C. **Laurinda Spear's** Robert Lee Morris earrings from the Robert Lee Morris Boutique, N.Y.C.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Nicolas Cage groomed with products from Aramis.

Page 65: Anne Heche's hair styled with Aveda Pure-Fume Brilliant Humectant Pomade. All makeup from Trish McEvoy. On her eyes, Definer No. 20 and Glazes No. 1 and 110; on her lips, Lipcolor No. 63. John Setaro for Célestine; Bethany Karlyn for Jed Root West.

Page 69: Burt Bacharach's grooming by Sylvia Viau for Cloutier.

Page 89: Robin Wright's makeup from Christian Dior. On her eyes and cheeks, Marine Escapade/Make-up Artist Palette; on her lips, Lipstick in Adventurous Wine. Oribe for the Oribe Salon; Francesca Tolot for Cloutier.

Pages 90–97: All grooming by Ilise Heitzner Harris for Butler-Reghanti.

Page 107: Charlie Watts's grooming by Trevor Bowden for Elizabeth Watson; grooming products from Polo Ralph Lauren

Page 140: Bernardo Fort-Brescia's grooming and **Laurinda Spear's** hair and makeup by Regine Thorre for Sarah Laird.

Page 156: Quincy Jones's grooming by Roxy for the Dawn to Dusk Agency.

Photographs and Miscellany

Page 32: From U.P.I./Corbis-Bettmann

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Page 38: From Pix/FPG.

Page 40: Courtesy of the John F. Kennedy Library.

Page 44: From the Archive of Contemporary Music, New York (album), by Roberta Bayley (McLaren), Godlis (Manitoba), courtesy of Legs McNeil (*Punk*); all others by Bob Gruen/Star File

Page 46: Both from Star File.

Page 48: Bottom, from Star File.

Page 57: Clockwise from left, from *Life* magazine, from Culver Pictures, from A.P./Wide World Photos.

Page 68: Left, top, by Len Prince; second from top, by Albert Ortega/Celebrity Photo.

Page 82: From the Kansas City *Star*.

Page 84: Clockwise from top, by Corinne Dufka/Corbis-Bettmann/Reuters, Wally McNamee/Sygma, Allan Tannenbaum/Sygma, Wally McNamee/Woodfin Camp.

Page 87: Top, from Contact Press Images; second from bottom, from Globe Photos; others from A.P./Wide World Photos.

Pages 90–97: Props styled by Faith Meade.

Page 92: Bottom, from the Kilham Collection/Drawings and Archives/Avery Architectural and Fine Arts Library/Columbia University and the City of New York.

Page 98: From Outline.

Page 101: Center right and bottom left and right, from the Hammond, Louisiana, *Daily Star*.

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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

With Venus retrograde in your 12th house and Mars there at the same time, this could be one of your crazier, more paranoid birthdays. *However,* you're not crazy and you're not paranoid. Even if your boss, shrink, or sweetheart tells you it's all in your head, things *are* going on behind your back. Normally if someone hangs up the phone quickly when you enter a room, you tend to think he or she has been talking to the doctor about your "case." This month you may be right. Remember, though, that your fears are secret fantasies that you yourself are harboring.

LEO *July 23–August 22*

A lot of people are being driven crazy by Leos lately. It seems that many members of your sign (especially the baby-boomers born with Pluto in Leo) have become even more obsessed than usual with getting attention. They are often downright obnoxious about making sure they're not ignored, which seems to have the opposite effect: people are so turned off by the Look-at-me! antics that they'll do anything to get away. If you're not one of those Leos, ignore this message. If you are, do something for humanity. Try being part of a group. It won't kill you.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

While members of your sign are supposed to be dedicated, humble servants, as silent as nuns in a convent and more neutral than eunuchs in a harem, the presence of planets in your solar midheaven has got to add zip and verve to your normally shy and reclusive nature. It's not that you necessarily lack ambition. It's just that you're usually waiting around like a Hollywood starlet, hoping someone will lift up that cabbage leaf and discover you. Mars in your 10th house proves that even Virgos can experience the drive for dominance, sexual and otherwise.

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

You have no conflicts or ambivalence over any of your major relationships. You're ecstatically happy. You don't feel lonely. You don't feel a shred of insecurity about being worthy. You have no fear of being stranded and alone, and above all you don't need counseling. O.K., fine. With a Saturn-Chiron node configuration operating all year, if the slightest feeling of anxiety should dare to creep into your sunshine-filled consciousness, break the tension with a little trip. If that doesn't work, phone a shrink or a wise relative. If all else fails, try truth in communication.

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

High consciousness is a wonderful thing to aim for. It's not only what New Agers have been yapping about since the 60s but also what even the ancients sought to achieve—and one out of 12 of them had to be a Scorpio. When planets transit your 8th house, however, as they are doing now, you are humbled by such lowly preoccupations as estate taxes, joint finances, and all types of messy paperwork involving money and other people's greed. Besides that, there is now a devilish sexual desire to cope with. The primitive animal lives within us all.

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

Sagittarians are supposed to be in search of truth, and for the most part you are, especially when it comes to the Big Issues, such as where Jesus was *actually* born, whether Supreme Court justices are corrupt, or what your sister-in-law was *really* doing in Chicago for seven months before she met your brother. Although you've been known to exhibit outbursts of defensive temper, in your effort to avoid confrontations you prefer to pretend you didn't hear something. With Mars in your 7th house, heated discussions will not only clear the air but also, conceivably, lead to sex.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

There were moments last year when you were immobilized. If you find a person or thing to blame, just say that Saturn made you rest nervous, and unable to concentrate. Now with that planet in the sig Aries, you're full of spit and fire, especially when it comes to protec your turf, which is definitely going to need protecting in the co months. The good news is that you're energized now. With Mars in 6th house, working more consistently and with greater focus should the wolf from the door—unless, of course, wolves turn you on.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

At long last you are climbing out of the gloomy shadows or stepping of the darkened room (possibly a closet, if the term seems apt). Altho when it comes to the future, not even astrologers can give guarantee the sun begins its glorious ascent along with Mercury, Venus, and M you must believe that all the goblins that have been dancing in your l over the last few years have finally dried up and blown away. You're the comeback trail. Call it a new lease on life, if you want, but it's ju lease. You don't own. You're just renting.

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

Whether you've been a hot box-office property or a building superintend your career is in a major transition. Of course, being a Pisces, if yo a movie star, you often end up playing a lowlife anyway, and if you blue-collar worker, you spend half your time fantasizing about what will be like when you become famous. With the inner planets oppo Pluto right now, it may be great to be recognized and have people ing at you, but it's also wonderful to have privacy, live daily life, do the kitchen, and watch kids grow up. Pisceans must have it all.

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

A lunation in your 4th house should be the perfect moment to eat a ster on a moonlit deck overlooking the sea or to settle down in a co hidden by tall pine trees and forget every earthly care and woe. All would be possible if there were no phones, faxes, E-mailings, or r planets of your 1st house transiting your 3rd. On this very real plan existence, however, you are itchy and restless, so fidgety that you are put to find a spot to light on for longer than five minutes. That mak rather tough for anyone sharing your bed right now.

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

Tauruses know just how ridiculous and fleeting all the phenomena o physical world really are. Social position, for example. You could be darling of the polo set, sharing squab with the swells, one moment an ting alone in a diner eating corned-beef hash the next. With Uranus i earth house and Saturn and Pluto in water houses, you need to be ing about such lofty philosophical issues as the nature of immortality. I let yourself get too far out, though. With inner planets in your 2nd h continue shopping, spending, and screaming about money.

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

For many months you've been thinking twice about the dubious joys freedom which you once relished above everything else. With Pluto in 7th house, it has begun to dawn on you that your precious independ doesn't mean all that much if you don't have someone to share it This month, however, as Mars transits Gemini, you're probably goi be up to some of your old tricks. It's not that you're flaky, noncon tal, and duplicitous. It's just that you're trying to integrate your nee financial stability with your love of being a nutcase.


It's fiery. Feels cool against your finger.
Captures light and turns it to brilliance.
Sneaking a look at it once in a while,
you vow to keep up the manicures.
Your diamond, extraordinary and rare
Why wait?
A diamond of a carat or more
For you, for now, forever.
quality diamond of a carat or more is so rare that fewer than one percent of women will ever
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Social Study

Quincy Jones



He played horn for Billie Holiday at age 14 and went on to produce *The Color Purple*, Michael Jackson's *Thriller*, and this year's Oscars. Now the "Q" provides all the "A's" for *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Inner peace.

What is your greatest fear?
That racism and war have become a prerequisite for small-minded people to become giants.

Which living person do you most admire?
Nelson Mandela.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Having too many things on my plate.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Constantly trying to put even more on my plate.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Celibacy.

What is your greatest regret?
Having been too busy in the 80s to sign Luther Vandross, Whitney Houston, Bobby McFerrin, and Brian McKnight to my label, Qwest Records, and not producing Marvin Gaye. I never thought that he would leave before I did.

When and where were you happiest?
Right here, right now.

Which talent would you most like to have?
To be a great father.

What is your current state of mind?
Right on time.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
My kids, and living to the age of 63.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Envy, sloth, selfishness, and boredom.

What is your most marked characteristic?
A *joie de vivre* and hugging.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
The ability to accept the female side in all of us.

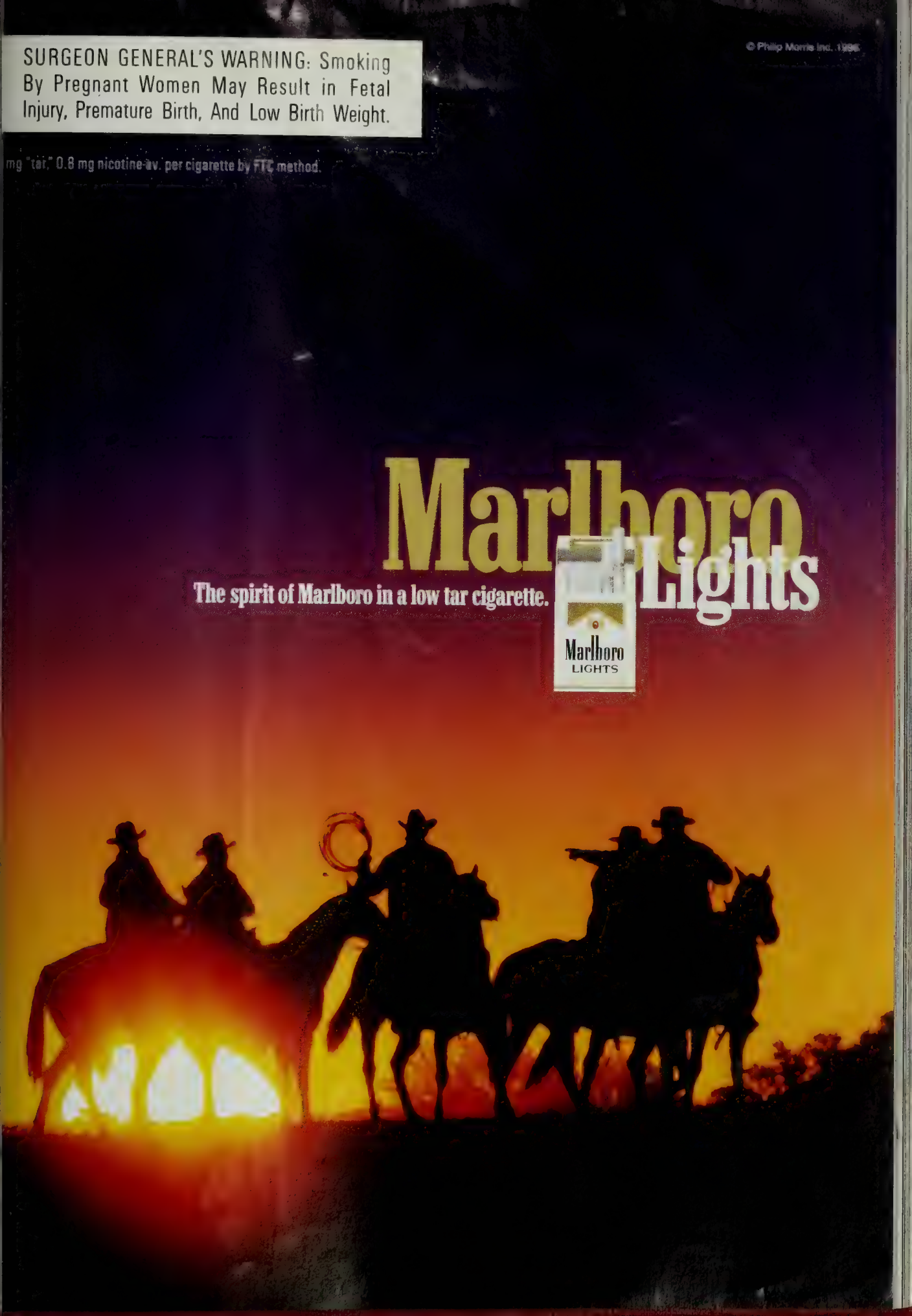
What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Same as above.

What do you most value in your friends?
Unconditional love.

Who are your favorite writers?
Maya Angelou, Alice Walker, Ralph Ellison, Aleksandr Pushkin, Pablo Neruda.

How would you like to die?
In 2033, in my sleep, after working all day, having wine and dinner with my closest friends, and making passionate love to my lady. Not a second before.

What is your motto?
"I'd rather say I'm sorry I did it, rather than I wish I had," and "Live each day like it's the last, and do each job like it's the first."


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LIGHTS



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Kevin Sessums

TIBET'S LOST LAMA

In Search of the Missing Boy Buddha
by Alex Shoumatoff

SCHNABEL'S *BASQUIAT*

An 80s Art-World Who's Who
by Bob Colacello and Eika Aoshima

THE SOCIALITE AND THE MOUNTAIN

Ego, Ambition and Disaster on Everest
by Jennet Conant

REE DECADES PARADISE

ecting on America's
en Postwar Age
Michael Elliott

SPLENDOR IN THE CRASS

Helmut Newton Shoots Cannes

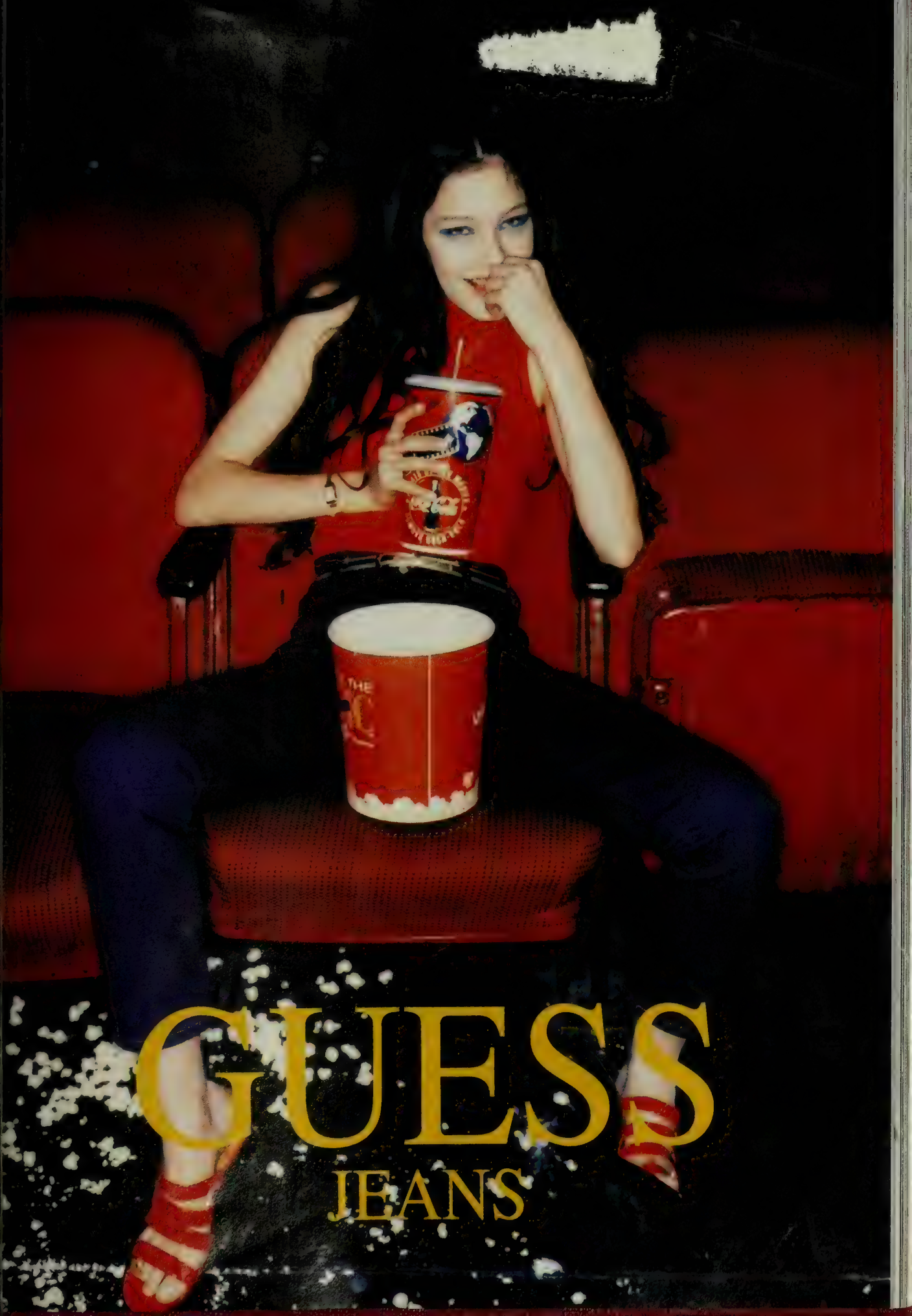
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The New Republic's Big Problem
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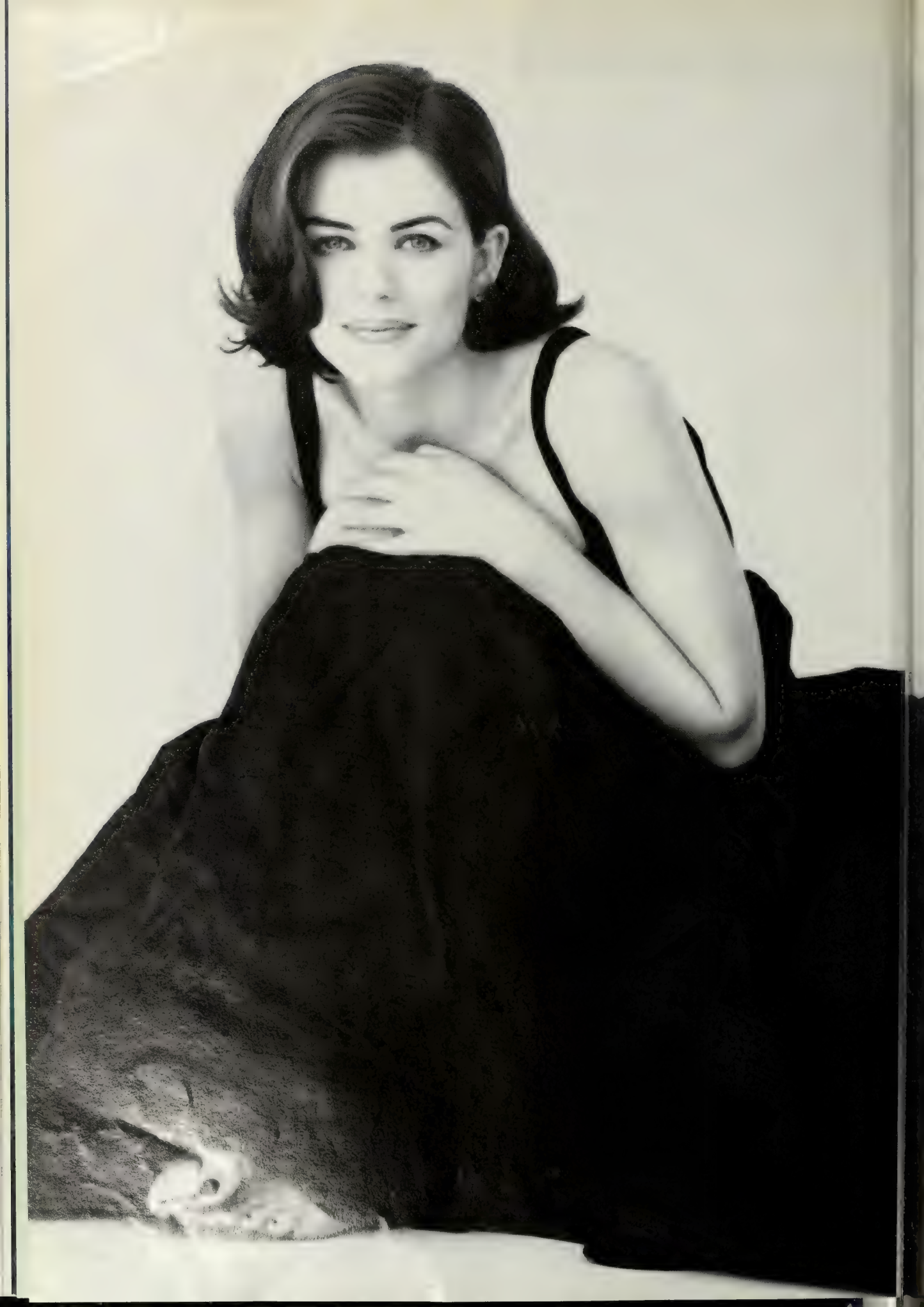




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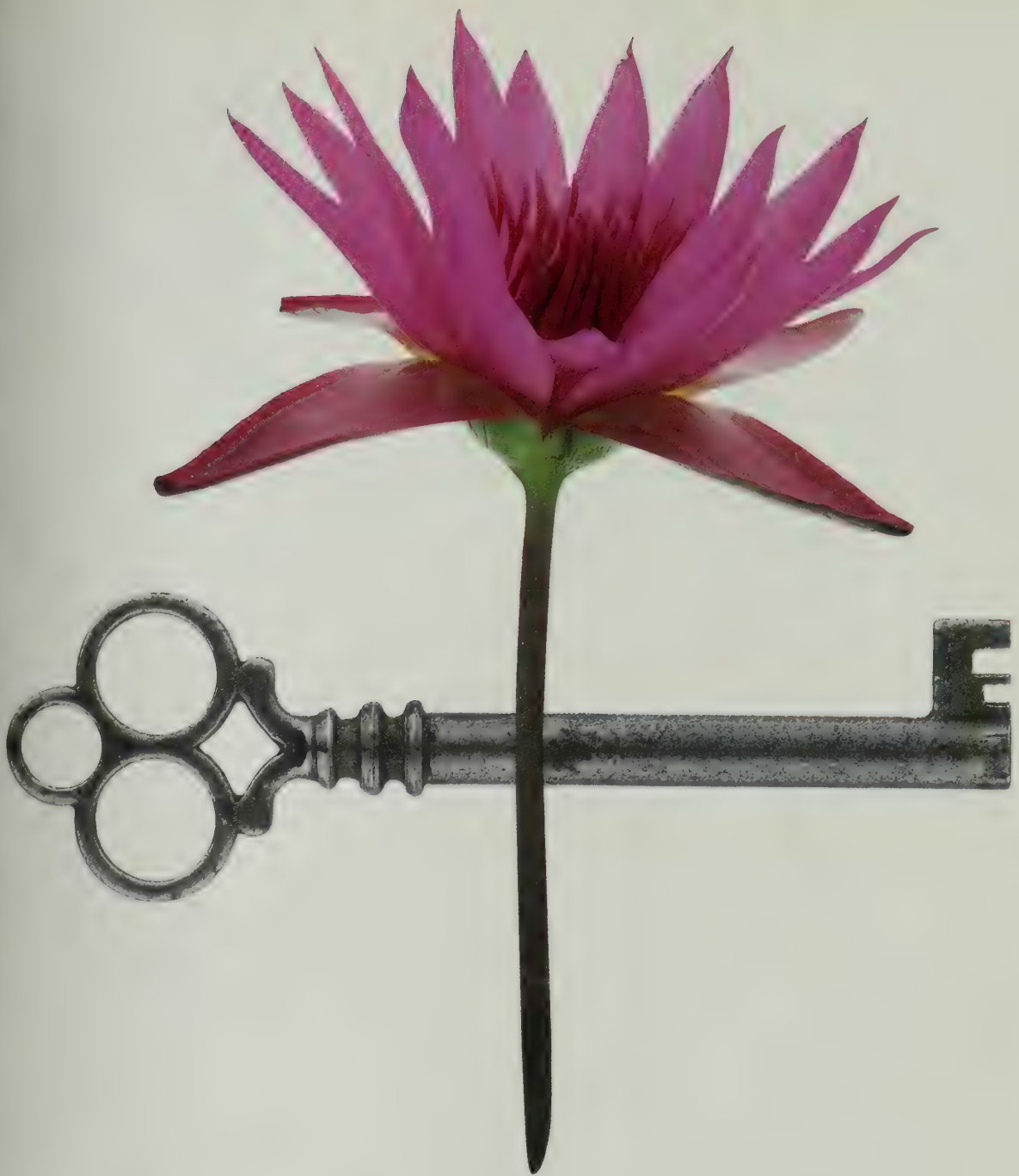


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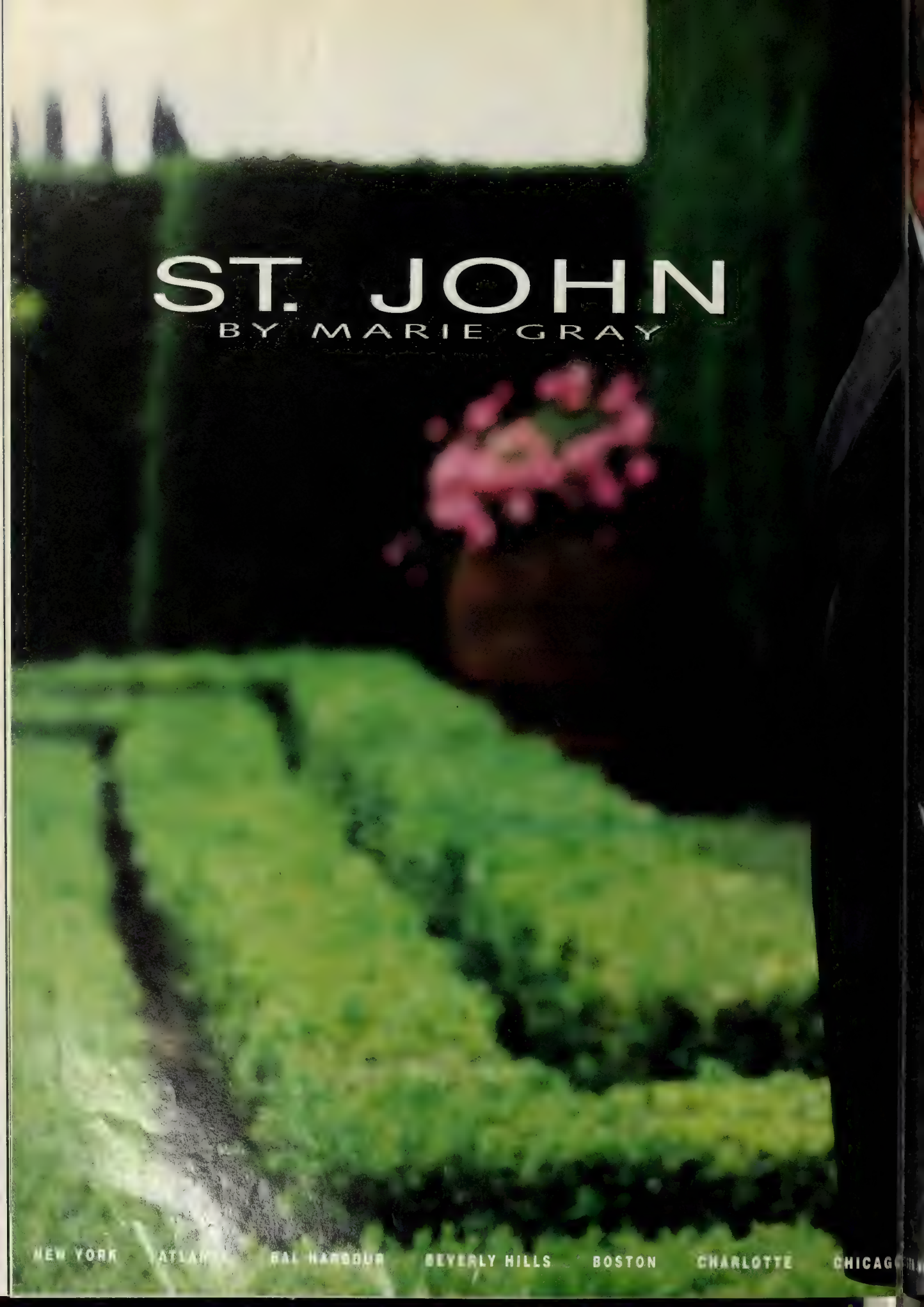
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VANITY FAIR

N° 432 August 199



Features

LONE STAR
Matthew McConaughey's performance in *A Time to Kill,* due out this summer, has Hollywood buzzing with comparisons to Newman and Brando. Kevin Sessums catches the young Texan in the last private moments before his screen explosion. Photographs by Herb Ritts 7

SNOW-BLIND AMBITION
Socialite Sandy Hill Pittman's passion for scaling mountains almost led her to her death on Everest in May—and may have destroyed her marriage. Amid charges that behind Pittman's drive for the summit was an even stronger drive for the media spotlight, Jennet Conant finds out just what happened during the blizzard that took eight lives. 8

THE FLAMENCO KID
Ruven Afanador and Christopher Hitchens spotlight the Gypsy rhythms of dance sensation Joaquín Cortés, who is touching off an international craze 8

SPLENDOR IN THE CRASS
Between the rave shed and the "floating brothel," Helmut Newton captures the glorious circus of excess that is the Cannes film festival as David Kamp covers the seedy, starlit waterfront 8

KYRA ROYALE
David Seidner spotlights Kyra Sedgwick, who gives David Kamp something to talk about with starring roles opposite John Travolta in *Phenomenon* and in husband Kevin Bacon's *Losing Chase* 9

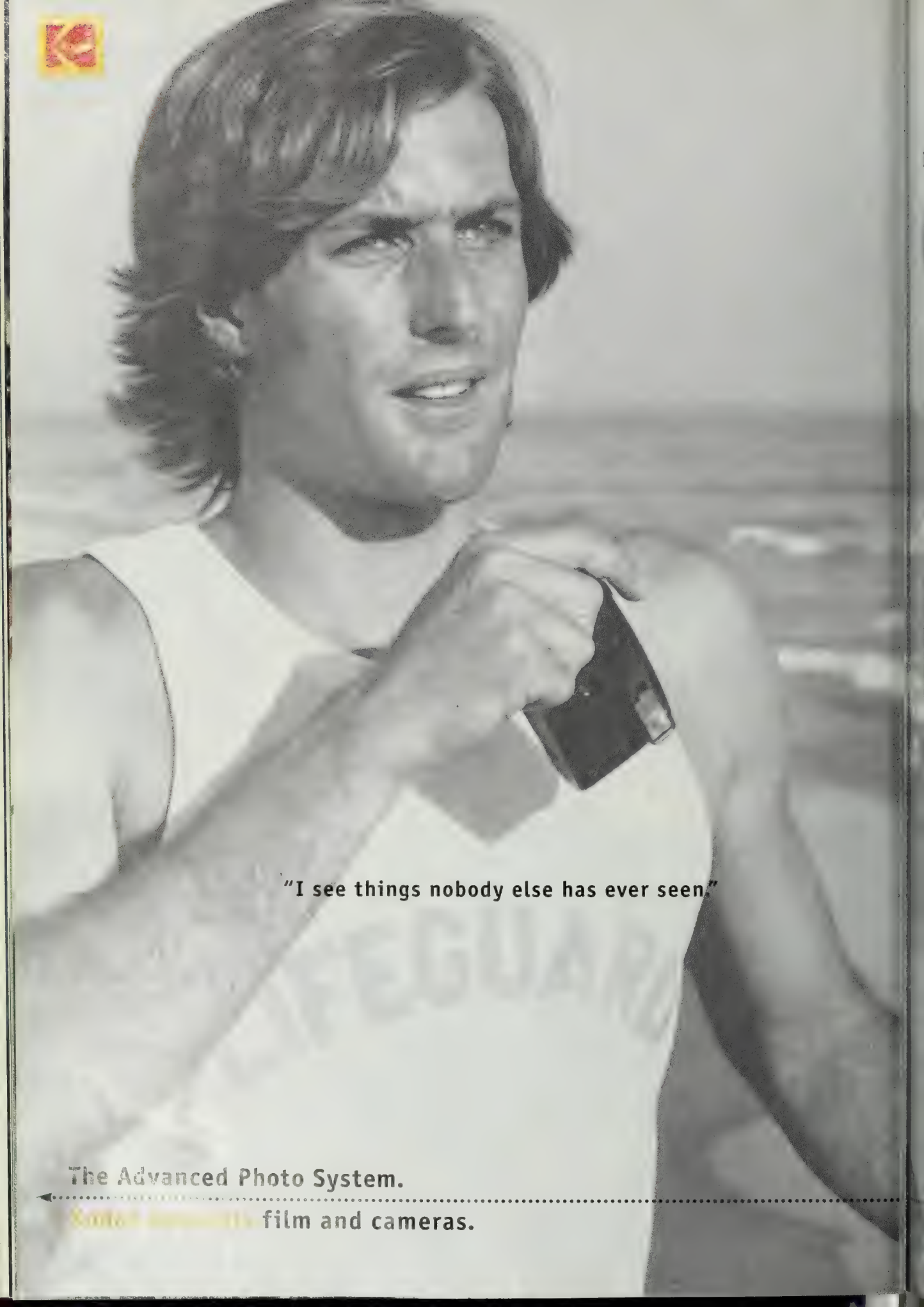
SUN WITHOUT A MOON
The young boy revealed to be the reincarnation of the 10th Panchen Lama—the moon to the Dalai Lama's sun—has disappeared, victim of an international political power play. In the remote high plains of Tibet, Alex Shoumatoff tracks the missing Buddha. 9

HORST LATITUDES
Celebrating the 90th birthday of photographer Horst P. Horst, Laura Jacobs illuminates his legend as Hamiltons Gallery in London mounts a show spanning his career 10

SCHNABEL'S *BASQUIAT*
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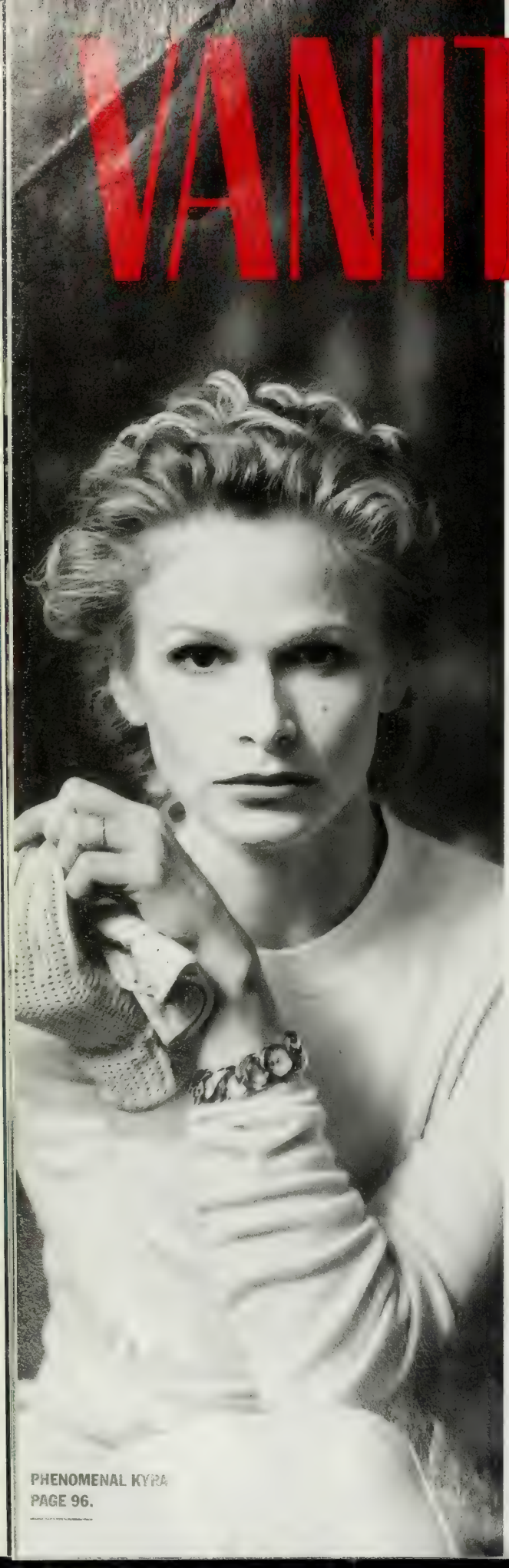
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August 1996

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PHENOMENAL KYRA
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IN COROT COUNTRY
Henry Porter hails the genius of landscape painter Camille Corot, whose 200th anniversary is inspiring a fall retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum of Art 120

DRESS ME, HARDY
For the last half-century, Hardy Amies has dressed essential English icons from Her Majesty the Queen to the flight attendants of British Airways. Visiting the flamboyant knight of Savile Row, Michael Shnayerson discovers the outrageous snob appeal of the last of London's Big 10 fashion designers. Photograph by Snowdon 124

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AMERICA AGONISTES
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THE BATTLE HYMN OF *THE NEW REPUBLIC*
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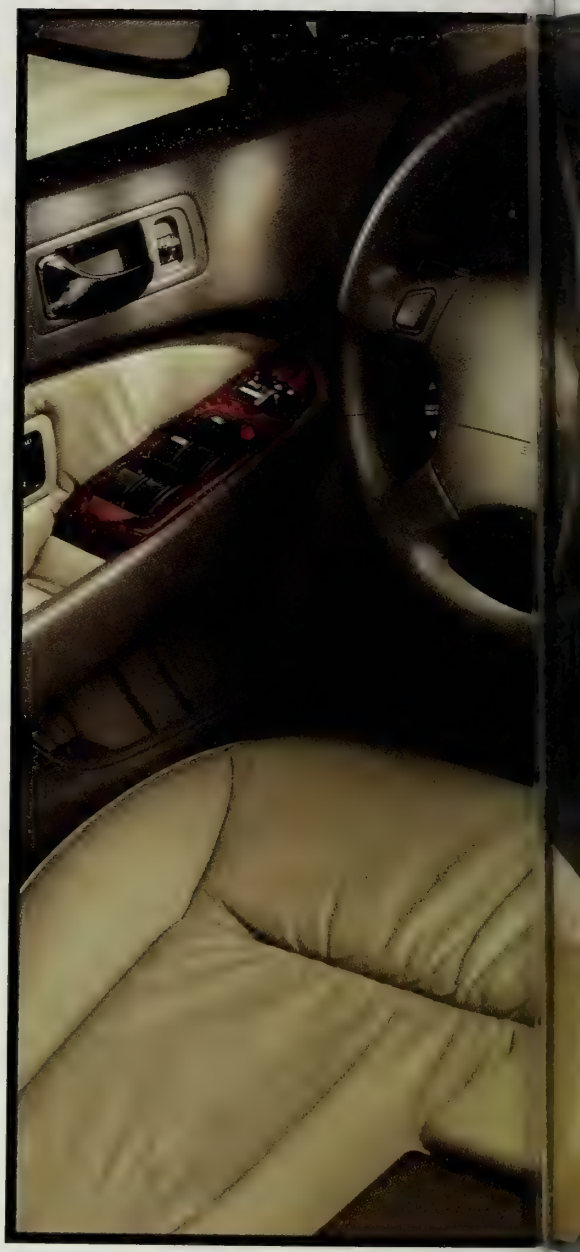
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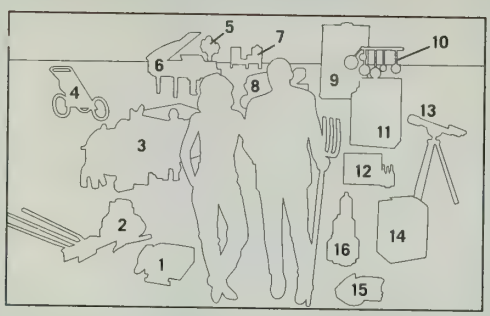


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{Political strategists, writers, lovebirds}

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Contributors



JESSE FROHMAN

"Matthew McConaughey is quite aware of what awaits him in the coming months," says contributing editor Kevin Sessums of the subject of his cover story on page 74, "a slew of accolades, curious women, a crash course in stardom."

Contributing photographer **Helmut Newton** captures the brittle, tinsel glamour of the 1996 Cannes International Festival of Film in this issue, and says he especially admires the paparazzi, who are an integral part of the Cannes atmosphere: "I am fascinated by their hard jobs, love watching them work, and took many pictures of them taking pictures. I am putting together a series of photographs of only paparazzi for a future exhibition."



ALLISON LEACH

Contributing editor Marjorie Williams returns to active duty, after a six-month maternity leave for her second child, with a report on page 54 about the rampant animosities behind the changing of the guard at The New Republic. *"Covering journalists is familiar, but more difficult than covering politicians," Williams says. "They know the ropes and are profoundly self protective."*

Michael Elliott is the editor of *Newsweek International* and the author of *The Day Before Yesterday: Reconsidering America's Past, Rediscovering the Present,* which is being published by Simon & Schuster this month and is excerpted on page 40. His book, Elliott says, "tries to explain why things aren't as bad as we think."

"For everyone who has any interest in mountain climbing, there are many controversial issues that have emerged from the disaster on Mount Everest," says contributing editor **Jennet Conant,** who writes this month about Sandy Hill Pittman, the socialite-climber caught in the May storm that killed eight people on the world's highest mountain. "But Sandy Pittman, because she is such a colorful character, personifies some of the best and worst aspects of high-altitude adventuring."

In this issue, contributing editor **Bruce Feirstein** targets Washington, D.C., with his sixth installment of "True Lies." "Of course, Washington already publishes its own 'True Lies' every year," says Feirstein. "The federal budget." Feirstein co-wrote the screenplay for *Goldeneye* and is at work on the next James Bond movie.

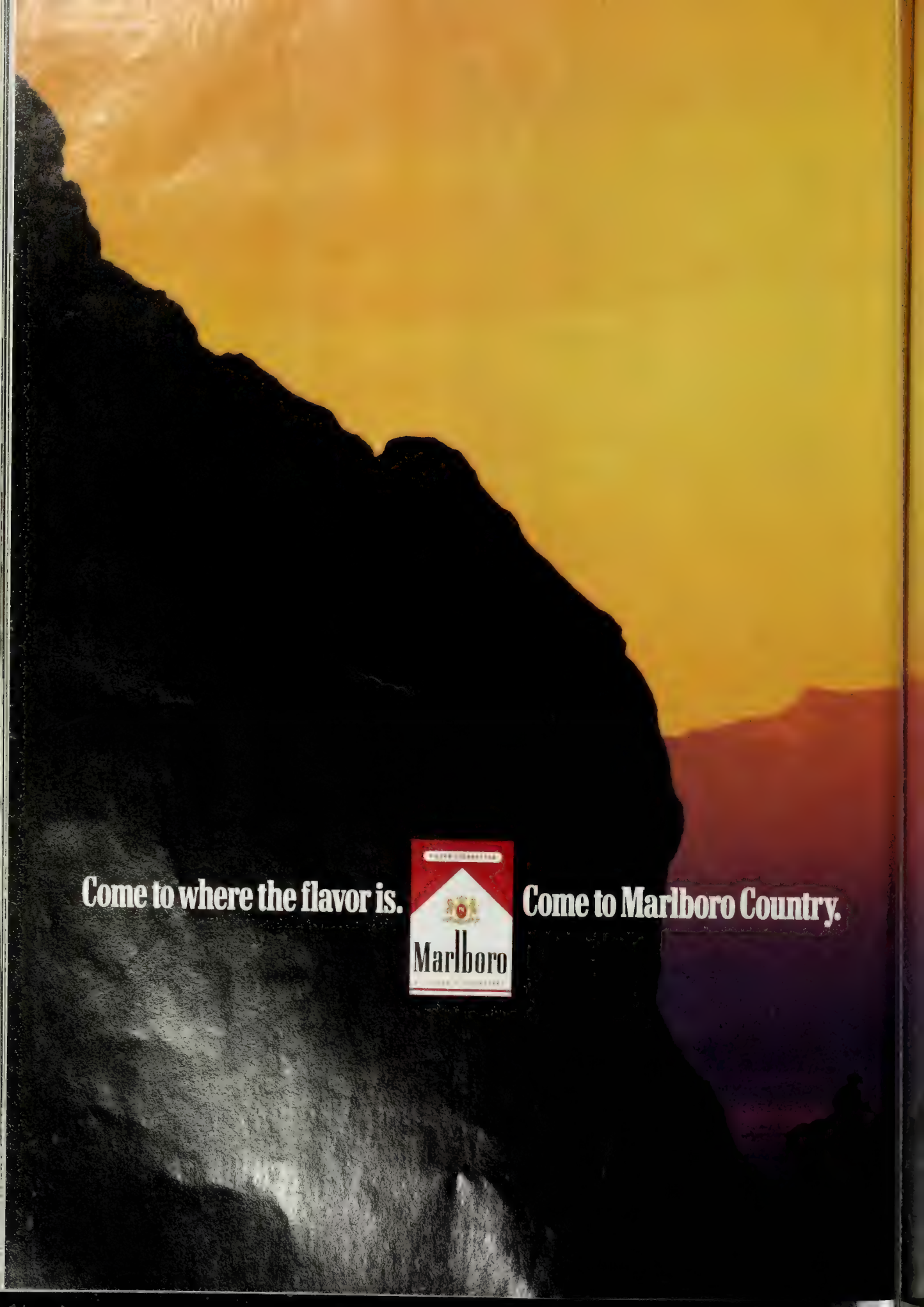
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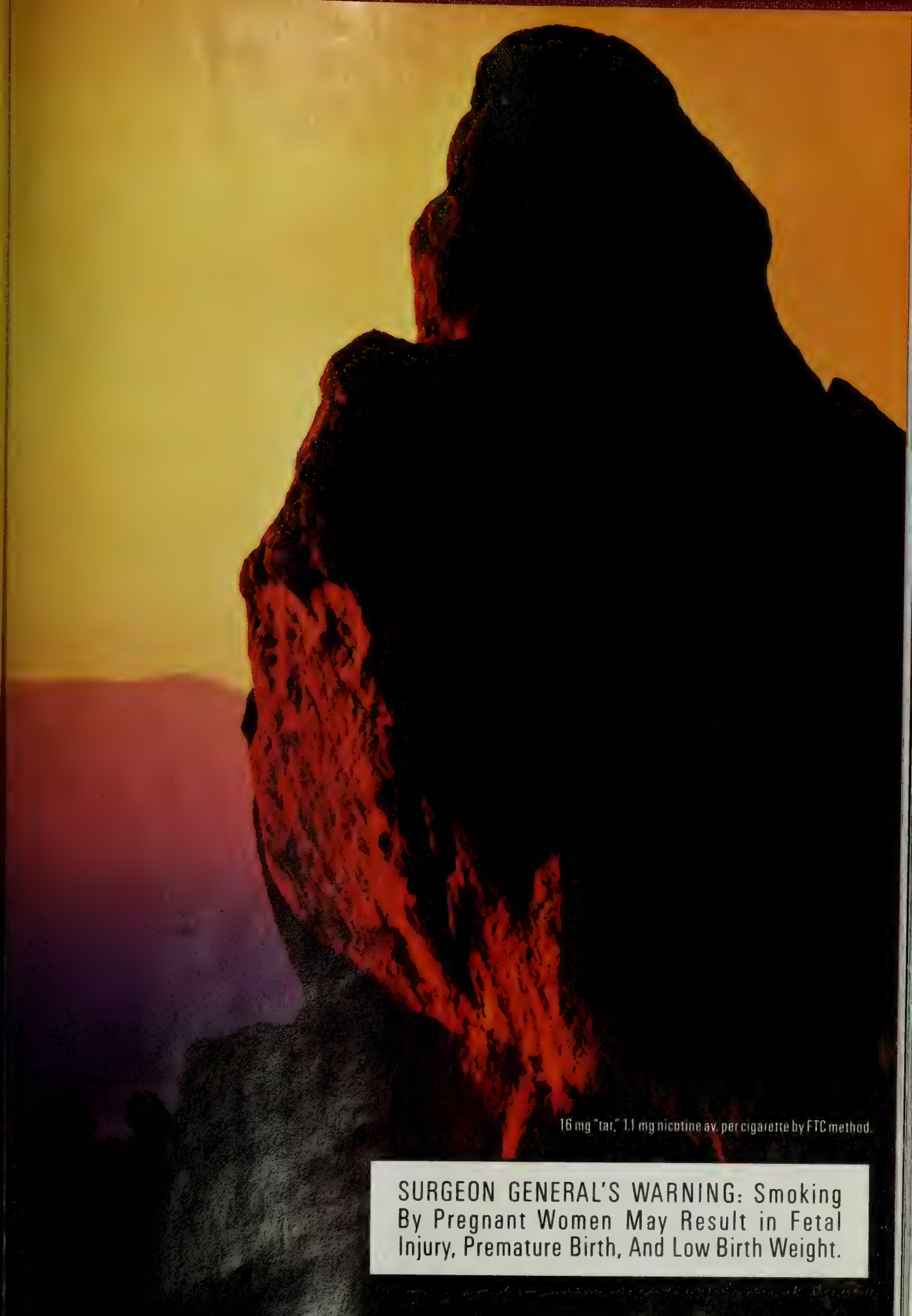


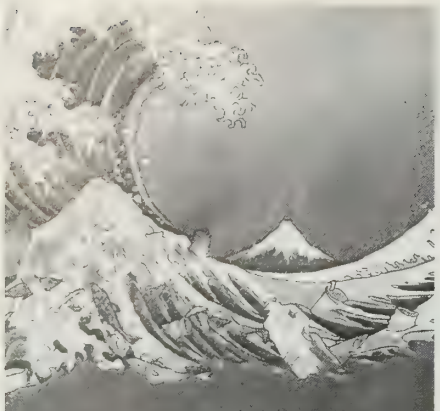
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Contributing editor Alex Shoumatoff—above, *with the Dalai Lama in India—investigates on page 98 the kidnapping of the seven-year-old boy whom the Dalai Lama has declared to be the reincarnation of the Panchen Lama, Tibet's second-most-powerful religious leader. Shoumatoff's 10th book,* Legends of the Desert, *will be published next year by Knopf.*

Contributing editor **George Wayne** is feverishly editing the next issue of his avant-garde style journal, *R.O.M.E.*, due out in September.

Photojournalist **Jeffrey Aaronson** has made nearly 50 trips to Asia over the past 16 years; two of the most interesting were for this month's *V.F.*, to Tibet and Nepal. Based in Aspen, Aaronson travels around the world for such publications as *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *Condé Nast Traveler*.



DAVID SEIDNER

Photographer David Seidner is making his debut as an editor and art director with Lisa Fonssagrives: Three Decades of Classic Fashion Photographs, *to be published this fall by the Vendome Press. His portraits of actress Kyra Sedgwick appear on pages 96 and 97.*



NIC BLOUIN

Eika Aoshima's signature style is that she has no signature style: "I want my photographs to look like spontaneous snapshots," she says. This month she photographs artist-director Julian Schnabel on page 112, and writer Allison Elliott on page 63.

Bob Colacello first met Julian Schnabel around 1979, when he and Andy Warhol put the young artist in *Interview*. Previewing Schnabel's movie-directing debut, which looks back at the tragically short career of artist Jean-Michel Basquiat and the frenzy of the 1980s art world, contributing editor Colacello says that "what Julian captures in the film was Basquiat's ability to bring out obvious affection in Andy. If he were alive, I bet Andy would be really jealous of this film."

Laura Jacobs is the author of *The Art of Haute Couture* (Abbeville) and a *V.F.* contributing editor.

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tice for Nicole and Ron, but don't see it, and that is a damned shame.

JULIETTE HANDLEY
Stowe, Vermont

There is something ghoulish about the fascination that murder trials hold for Dominick Dunne. He seems to feel that he is entitled to act as judge and jury when the outcome is not to his taste. Someone should explain to him that O. J. Simpson was acquitted by a jury, legally, and fair and square, whether Mr. Dunne agrees with the verdict or not.

CHRISTINE ROUSE
San Francisco, California

Dominick Dunne's insightful reporting about O. J. Simpson in *Vanity Fair* over the last year has been a revelation. Money, influence, and celebrity are prizes devoutly sought in this society, and we now hold their truths to be more self-evident than that of being created equal under the law. That so many African-Americans believe that the acquittal of O. J. Simpson assuaged the police brutality leveled against Rodney King and untold others frankly astounds me. For 20 years, O. J. Simpson has enjoyed a lifestyle and celebrity unknown to the majority of Americans. He represents a tiny fraction of the population. He is a rich, famous man who got away with murder.

SHARON WALLACE WHEAT
Oakland, California

Mouna-Struck

I've lived in Palm Beach and Beverly Hills, flown on private jets, hobnobbed with royalty, partied on mega-yachts, owned a Rolls-Royce Corniche, drunk Cristal, kept time with a Rolex, and traveled with Louis Vuitton carry-ons, yet until I read the article on Mouna Al-Rashid ["Full Mouna Rising," by Bob Colacello, June], I never realized that I could be so totally turned off by over-the-top excess and conspicuous consumption. Mouna Al-Rashid is obviously searching for something that she doesn't own and can't buy: a strong sense of self.

Excuse me while I dump my designer duds so that I can shimmy back into a nicely worn pair of Lee jeans and cowboy boots.

TAMARA JEANNÉ
Palm Beach, Florida

I thought that such gross displays of decadence existed only in fiction and film. Separate rooms for winter Chanel? Summer Chanel? Chanel accessories? Non-Chanels? Of course, I have nothing against wealth and good fashion, but such an extreme lack of discretion is truly repulsive.

BRIAN FRANKLIN
Rantoul, Illinois

Regarding Mouna Al-Rashid, three words come to mind: shallow, shallow, and, furthermore, shallow.

GEORGE A. BANOSLINDNER
Houston, Texas

Irving Unveiled

Intellectual dishonesty pervades Christopher Hitchens's comments on the well-known Holocaust denier and Nazi apologist David Irving ["Hitler's Ghost," June].

Evidence of Irving's anti-Semitism can be found not only in stray remarks



Mouna Al-Rashid bejeweled in her wedding hardware.


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Letters

but also in a pattern of bias and deceit which characterizes his career as a whole. Hitchens should consult the speeches Irving has made over the past 13 years for the Institute for Historical Review, the leading Holocaust-denial outfit in the world.

David Irving has every right to make outrageous statements, and Christopher Hitchens likewise has every right to defend him. But their readers also have a right to know the truth.

ABRAHAM H. FOXMAN
National director
Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith
New York, New York

Christopher Hitchens has touched on a curious fear in the Goebbels-biography uproar which is paralleled in the concealment of Third Reich art. Even Hitler displayed the work of his cultural enemies, albeit in vicious degradation, at the Degenerate Art exhibition of 1937. It was the most popular exhibition during the Reich, but not for the Nazis' intended reasons. How can serious critics, historians, and publishers be so willing not to know? It is a totalitarian tactic to hide, debase, or destroy documentation because of the researcher's perceived political bent. Re-examination and debate are what define scholarship, and enlightenment can come from any source.

ROBERT VON DASSANOWSKY
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Daniel Goldhagen's notion that German anti-Semitic prejudice was the sole enemy is demonstrably false, and both Raul Hilberg and Hitchens are reasonable in their judgment: "If these people want to speak, let them."

HANS ASKENASY
Laguna Beach, California

A Familiar Tune

Reading Peter Duchin's "O Lucky Man" [June] was like bumping into old friends at a cocktail party.

JILL M. ISHKANIAN
Santa Barbara, California

The Peters Principle

Your detailed article on the machinations behind the careers of Jon Peters and Peter Guber ["The Gold Diggers," by Kim Masters and Nancy Griffin, June] was compelling primarily in its ability to render its subjects thoroughly loathsome. Only in the "creative" nexus of Hollywood would marginally talented buffoons such as Peters and Guber be able to sustain the illusion for so long.

SHARON LANGWORTHY
Chicago, Illinois

Jon Peters is the epitome of the seven deadly sins, and an extreme example of our skewed American value system which places wealth and power above all else. Unfortunately, he hasn't learned that the only things of value in this life are intangible. They are things such as love, generosity, compassion, and spirituality. While I have none of his wealth or power, I am richer than Jon Peters will ever be.

CHRISTINE CARR
Denver, Colorado

Hot Rodman

I was offended by the vulgar content of George Wayne's "interview" with Dennis Rodman in the June issue ["Dennis 2 Society"]. Language like that may be appropriate in a locker room, but not on the pages of a general-circulation magazine.

ROBERT KIGGINS
Santa Fe, New Mexico

I usually enjoy the monthly "Vanities" interview, knowing full well its devil's advocate ploy. The interview George Wayne had with Dennis Rodman, however, was totally tasteless and insulting to its readers.

CYNTHIA RAYBURN
Lake City, Florida

Next time you consider wallowing in the mud, you might remember this valuable advice: Never wrestle with a pig. You both get dirty, and the pig likes it.

MARCY COGLIANESE
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

High *Fair*

I'm from the old school, not the kind of person who passes compliments around gratuitously. *Vanity Fair* deserves accolades and big applause. It is flying high with the eagles.

SAMUEL KOMOROFF
Brooklyn, New York

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In much of the century America capitalism was simply more big-minded, more damned thrilling than anywhere else. Above, *ironworkers during the construction of New York's Woolworth Building in 1912.*

AMERICA AGONISTES

A hundred years ago, the U.S. strode onto the global stage—and remained there like a colossus. If America can conquer its nostalgia for the glorious Golden Age that followed World War II, it could well own the next century too

BY MICHAEL ELLIOTT

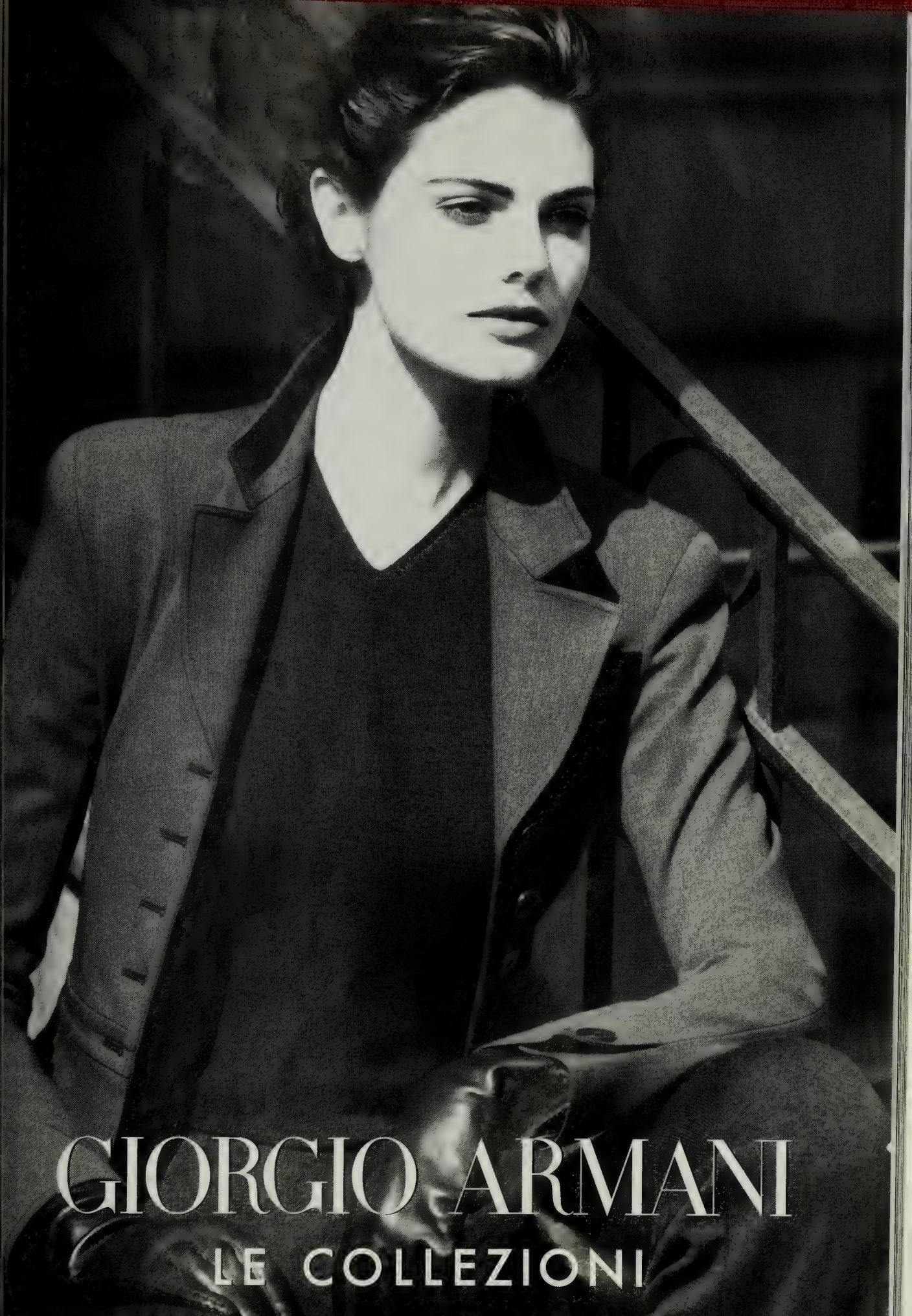
In August 1974, a few days after Richard Nixon had resigned as president, I left Britain to take up a post at Northwestern University School of Law, in Chicago. That summer, for some reason now long forgotten, the cheapest charter flights to America were from Paris, not London. So on an August [illegible] I lugged my suitc[illegible] train at Victoria Statio[illegible] from Dover, watch[illegible] grow ghostly in the moon[illegible] made my way to Orly airport.

There we were told that the flight was to leave 12 hours late. This was commonplace for charters, but for me it was little short of calamitous. Instead of arriving at Kennedy airport at two o'clock in the afternoon, to be met (I hoped) by an American friend, I would arrive at two in the morning, with nobody to welcome me.

At J.F.K. I was out of my depth: I had flown only a handful of times, so had little idea of how to handle big airports. Sensing my unease, a student who [illegible]n on the flight approached me. [illegible]had just spent his junior year of col[illegible]n Paris, and invited me home for [illegible]ght. It was now three A.M.; a friend had come to meet him, and so we piled into the car and headed off into the Long Island darkness.

I had no idea where we were going, but half an hour later we arrived at a big house—at least, it looked big to me. My new friend's mother welcomed her unexpected guest, and showed me to a spare room. I woke about five hours later and, following the sound of chatter, walked downstairs, through a kitchen, and out onto a patio where the

Excerpted from *The Day Before Yesterday*, by Michael Elliott, published by Simon & Schuster; © 1996 by the author.


GIORGIO ARMANI
LE COLLEZIONI

family were having breakfast. I gulped; and I mean, literally, I gulped.

Anyone who grew up in Europe would know why. Though Europe—Britain especially—has weather of seemingly infinite variety, there are limits. Europe doesn't have the hot, still day dripping with humidity; even on the Mediterranean coast, heat is moderated by dryness or sea breezes. But this was mid-August, and this was Long Island, and that was how it was. And so I stood on the patio and, looking over the heads of my hosts, saw a long, perfect lawn swoop down to a pool, and then to a dock, beyond which I could make out, shimmering in a heat haze, a blue-gray expanse of water: Long Island Sound.

We were in Great Neck. I knew about Great Neck. I knew *The Great Gatsby* almost by heart, and I knew that I was now—as Fitzgerald put it—on "a fresh, green breast of the new world," looking at "the most domesticated body of salt water in the Western hemisphere." The house was owned by a liberal, Jewish labor lawyer from New York. I sat down and was offered breakfast. I hate breakfasts, and mumble through them to the discomfort of anyone sharing a table with me. This was the only one in my life whose details I can remember, and I can, as if it had happened yesterday.

Coffee of a freshness and flavor unlike anything I had ever known was poured from huge pots. Orange juice came in massive jugs. This was new to me. In Britain in 1974, frozen orange juice was a rare luxury; it came in cans not much bigger than a roll of quarters. I was shown how to eat lox and bagels; I knew about cream cheese, just barely, but I didn't know you ate it with fish. Scrambled eggs, sausages—the food and the drink kept coming as if someone had tipped a giant horn of plenty into my lap.

Later, in the kitchen, I marveled not just at the gadgetry but also at the sheer, numbing size of everything. Refrigerators big enough to stand in, dishwashers, a television (in the kitchen!). There seemed to be telephones everywhere. At Oxford, I had friends whose families didn't even have *one*.

By 1945, every other leading nation was knee-deep in rubble. Below, in Newport, Rhode Island, circa 1961, the good life that most countries could only dream of.



For years, the house in Great Neck epitomized two things for me. The first was America's generosity of spirit. My hosts displayed a neighborliness toward me, despite the fact that I was not a neighbor at all. Second, the house symbolized what it meant to be "modern." Everything in it was new, or seemed so. Everything was light; there was no stained brown furniture, no heavy curtains. Everything was big. A day later, in Chicago, the sense of wonderment continued. Most Americans grow up blasé about skyscrapers. But the Sears Tower and the John Hancock building were newly finished: as I drove in from O'Hare they loomed on the hazy skyline like fat giraffes.

I didn't know it then, but the America I saw in 1974 was about to vanish, and with it a golden age in American history. The Golden Age that began in 1945 and ended in the early 1970s took its ineffable shape only because of a conjunction of circumstances which formed a society of a strength, inside and outside its borders, that had not been seen anywhere in modern times. And though that period was an aberration, it has become the great, defining standard against which Americans think everything should be measured. This has placed unbearable demands on Americans great and small, leaders and followers. It has also made it painfully difficult for them to get an adequate fix on the times in which they now live, or to understand a curious, salient fact about their lives: they are miserable.

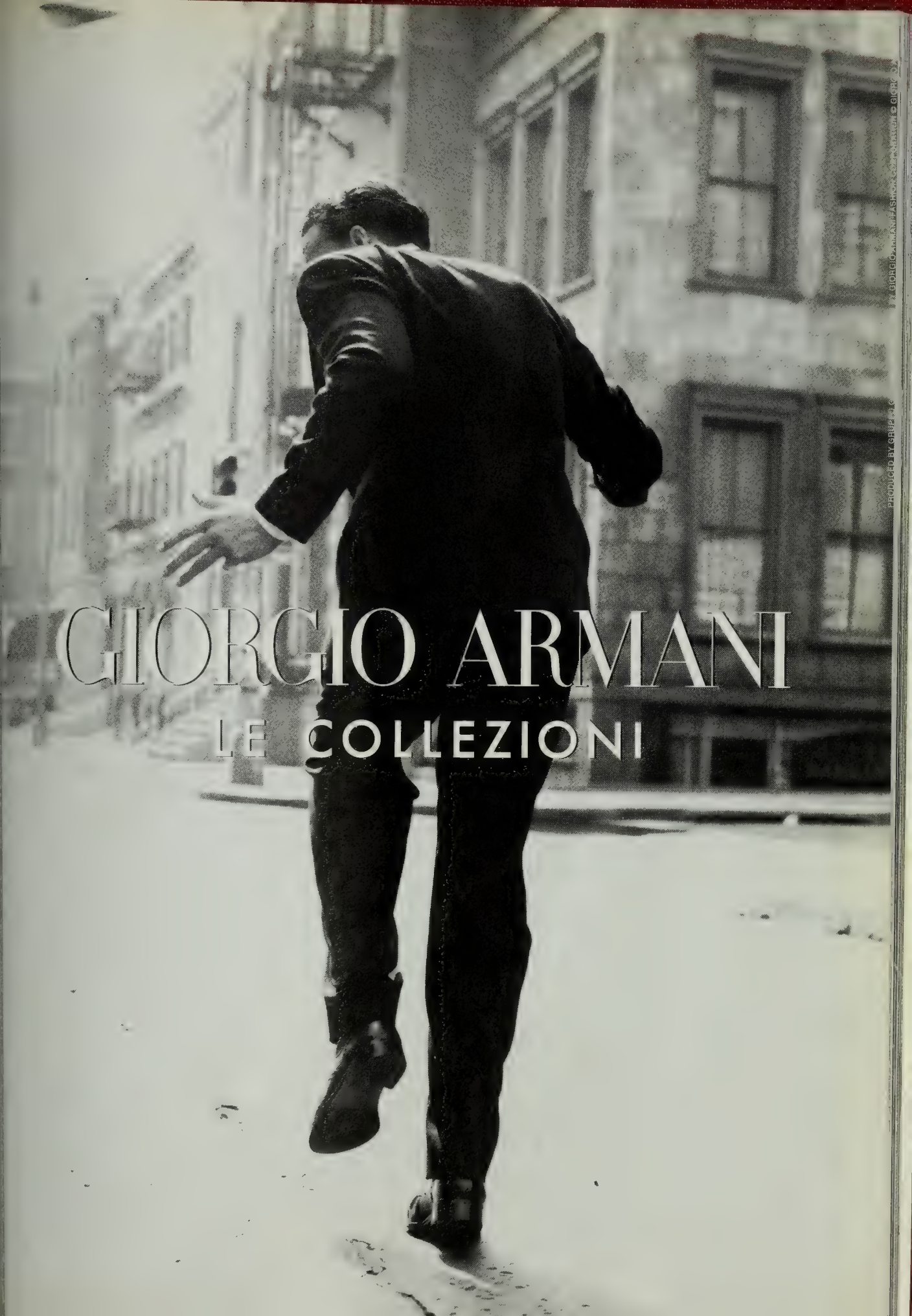
Americans whine. More than 60 percent of them routinely tell pollsters that they are "dissatisfied with the way things are going in the United States." A whole new academic subdiscipline—the anatomy of American decline—has come into being. One best-seller of the early 1990s had the simple and arresting title *America: What Went Wrong?*

At first blush, this mood of national angst is hard to fathom. America is far and away the largest and richest economy on the earth. It is the only one of the "supernations"—those which cover great landmasses—blessed with a uniformly benign climate; there isn't a single state in the lower 48 where it is anything but easy to grow that staple of civilization the humble potato. America is blissfully empty. Fly from Chicago to San Francisco and great spaces of unpeopled land stretch out below—emptinesses of a kind that are simply unknown elsewhere in the developed world. In the Rocky Mountain States, at the end of a tumultuous period of population growth, a little more than 14 million people live on a swath of land about the size of Western Europe; more than 300 million Europeans are packed into the same amount of space.

Uniquely among all the great nations, the United States is insulated by two oceans from the world's trouble spots. It has avoided any invasion of its mainland by a foreign power for nearly two centuries, and were some power foolish enough to try, the United States could swat it like an irritating fly. True, one other country—Russia—has the nuclear capability to threaten anyone it chooses. But America has a full arsenal of the really useful hardware: the spy satellites, the huge airplanes and ships that can project its strength across the world, the technological base which gives humble G.I.'s the kind of equipment that only recently was the stuff of science fiction.

In most of the key technologies of tomorrow—computers, telecommunications, advanced materials—American firms are world-beaters. In a growth industry such as entertainment, American products are

SLIM AARONS


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LE COLLEZIONI

so dominant that there is a genuine risk of backlash against Yankee neocolonialism. In all the ways that count, Americans are, as the historian David Potter wrote in 1954, a "people of plenty." So what makes them so miserable?

A billboard I once saw on the road from the airport into Tulsa, Oklahoma, captures the mood of the United States in the 1990s: AMERICA THE WAY YOU REMEMBER IT. That sad little phrase holds the key to understanding why America is an unhappy place.

Americans assume that the years after World War II were "normal," so that any deviation from them is rendered somehow peculiar. But there was nothing normal about the world that America inherited in 1945—unless "normality" means a state where every other nation is knee-deep in rubble. Alone among the belligerents of World War II, America avoided physical devastation: no Stalingrad, no Caen, no Coventry; no Monte Cassino, no Dresden, no Hiroshima. At the war's end, America accounted for 40 percent of the world's output, a higher proportion than a single nation had ever had before.

In the years that followed victory, American society was more cohesive than it had ever been. An external threat from Soviet Communism provided an important unifying force. In the South, blacks led a peaceful revolution which ameliorated the most bitter divisions between the races and ended legally protected discrimination. A husband could earn enough to support a family, a wife could afford to stay at home and raise a few kids, and divorce was still stigmatized and—at least by comparison with what came later—quite rare.

On the twin rocks of its economic and military might, America built a society that was the envy of the world—a society in which ordinary working people could enjoy an unmatched standard of living, with spacious homes and modern appliances. Other nations were kept at bay, like children with their noses pressed to the window, watching a party to which they have not been invited. Immigration was insignificant. America was essentially self-sufficient and scarcely bothered with the business of exporting.

One way to capture just how golden were the years after World War II is to play a little thought experiment. Think what one word—"Detroit"—meant in 1945, and what it represents 50 years later. In the 1940s, Detroit was at the center of the greatest concentration of applied science and technology that the world had ever seen. The crown jewel of that brilliance was a bomber plant built by the Ford Motor Company at Willow Run, 15 miles from Detroit along the new Industrial Expressway, which ran westward from the city across the bumpy, glaciated land that surrounds the Great Lakes. The plant was also near the town of Ann Arbor, home of the University of Michigan. Ground had been broken in April 1941, and the enormous factory, almost three-quarters of a mile long, was finished by January 1942.

In its first year of operations Willow Run was beset by difficulties. Though many of its workers were local, demand for wartime labor in Michigan was so great that thousands more had to be recruited in the South and Appalachia; locals still sometimes refer to Ypsilanti, the closest town, as "Ypsitucky." Some of the hillbillies couldn't adapt to assembly-line work; others, housed under spartan conditions in makeshift villages built on the edge of the plant, gambled, drank, and whored their time away. Mosquitoes swarmed through the plant until Ford imported a bug-eating fish which Mussolini had found useful in the Pontine marshes of Italy. But the kinks were ironed out: by 1943, at its peak, Willow Run was employing more than 40,000 people; by 1944 those workers were turning out a B-24 every hour. By the time production ceased in 1945, Willow Run had become an authentic American success. All told, it produced nearly 9,000 B-24s.

In all the ways that count, Americans are a people of plenty. So what makes them so miserable?

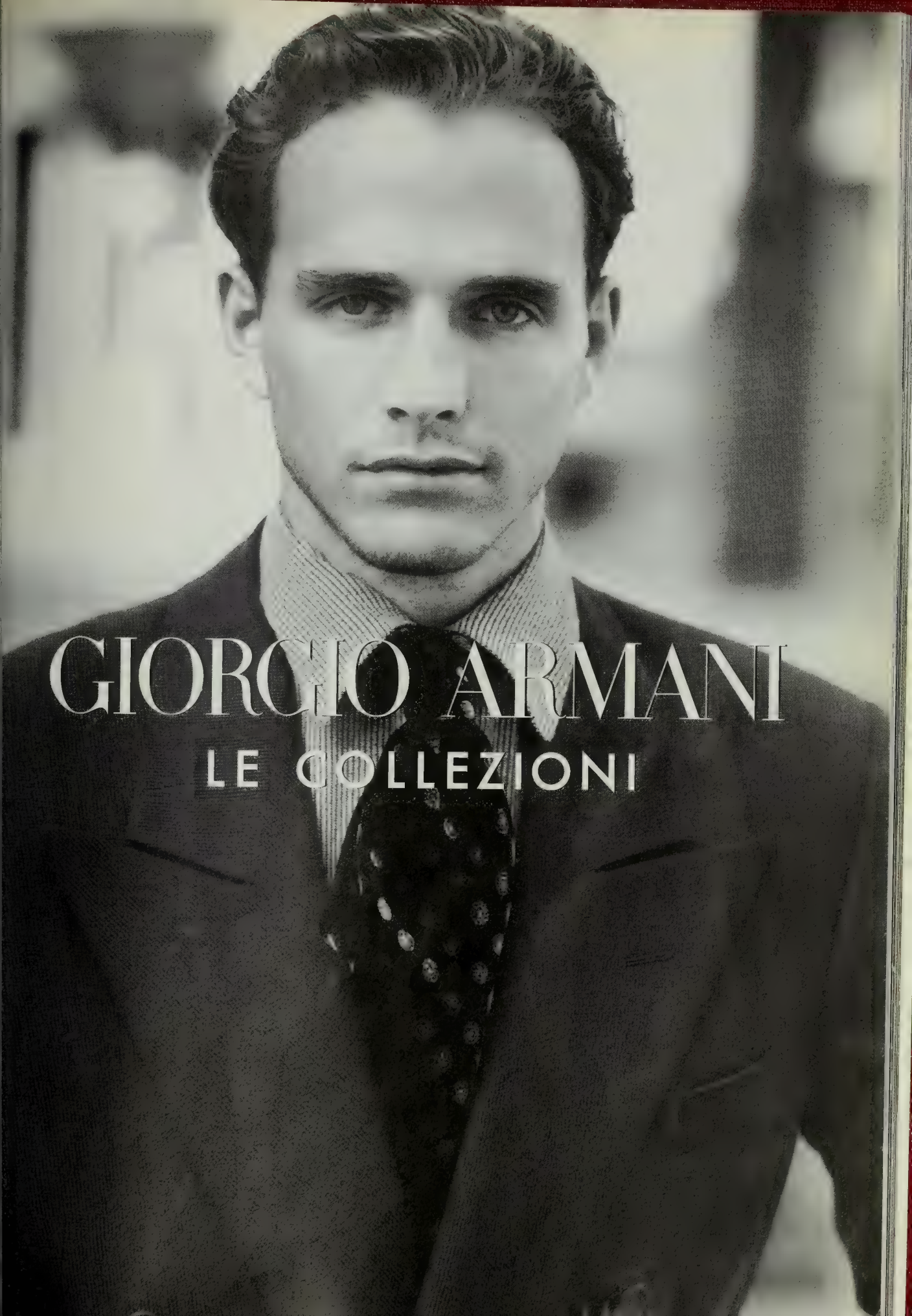
Willow Run was just the most visible manifestation of a wartime transformation of Michigan's automotive industry. As Detroit and its environs became the arsenal of democracy, the University of Michigan played its part. Ann Arbor's researchers worked on scores of government contracts; the labs hummed with work on advanced materials and on guided missiles designed to intercept enemy aircraft. In fact, when the war was done, G.I.'s from Michigan returned to tell their families that the Germans had never heard of Ypsilanti—but they knew all about Willow Run and its bombers. According to local folklore, when Stalin met Franklin Roosevelt at the Teheran Conference in 1943, the Soviet leader told the American president that Germany was being buried by Detroit's steel. He had good reason to think so; many of the engines in the Red Army's tanks had been made in Michigan.

Local people were intensely proud of the region's accomplishments. In 1946, Malcolm W. Bingay, a veteran editor of the *Detroit Free Press*, wrote that "for years Detroit has been the talk of the world. European writers on our civilization even coined the term 'Detroitism,' meaning the industrial age. From all parts of the globe, men have come to our doors to gain knowledge and inspiration. Detroit has been hailed as Detroit the Dynamic; Detroit the Wonder City."

The hyperbole was justified. A European visiting Michigan in those days would have stood amazed. In Europe, for example, university education had always been reserved for an elite. By 1948, while servicemen were cashing in their right to higher education under the G.I. Bill, the University of Michigan had no fewer than 21,000 students.

And a European visitor might have noticed the cars on the Industrial Expressway itself—and who was in them. When Willow Run was planned, it was assumed that new bus lines from Detroit to the plant would be needed; it was wartime, and both tires and gasoline were rationed. But the Detroit Street Railways company soon realized that the buses were uneconomical. A newspaper report in 1945 said they never carried "even a sizable fraction" of Willow Run's workers, because the workers were prosperous enough to use their own cars. In the mid-1940s there was nowhere in Europe where this would have been conceivable.

Fifty years later, the condition of Bingay's hometown would have broken his heart. Over the intervening decades, the car industry's workers and management alike got fat, happy, and lazy, thinking that they could keep their markets until doomsday, slow to invest in new models and production processes. Race relations, never great in Detroit, soured in the 1960s. After the awful riots of 1967, white flight to the suburbs left the city's core hollowed out, bereft of the middle-class incomes that would have


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sustained and increased white-collar employment. A range of pathologies—drugs, crime, out-of-wedlock births—gripped those who were left in the inner city, trapped in an ailing economy.

And so decline took root. In 1950, Detroit had nearly two million people; in 1995 it had barely one million. But though the population shrank by half in 45 years, the number of murders and manslaughters increased fourfold. In 1995 there were 461 homicides in Detroit. America's "crumbling infrastructure" has become one of the journalistic clichés of the age, but the concrete of Detroit deserves the adjective. A drive along one of the city's bumpy, wide boulevards—dodging the whores who stand in the streets at all hours, in all weathers—is like negotiating a minefield. Off the main roads, fine 19th-century homes are boarded up, half burned (on the night before Halloween each year, fires are set all over town). In the summer the inner-city housing reeks of decay and urine; in the winter damp the city almost visibly, drippingly, corrodes. The 73-story Renaissance Center, built at the behest of Ford Motors in 1977 at a cost of $350 million, was sold last spring for what was said to be a mere $75 million.



Workers at the nearly mile-long Willow Run bomber factory, near Detroit, gather for a speech by Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson on September 12, 1942.

American journalists like to say that the frontier between San Diego, California, and Tijuana, Mexico, is a unique meeting place of wealth and poverty, of the developed and the developing worlds. That is too hard on Tijuana. For mind-boggling contrasts in the quality of life, the Mexican-American border is rivaled by the line that separates a suburb such as Grosse Pointe, with its faux châteaux and its country clubs, from the horror of Detroit.

All of this is familiar, depressingly so. What is perhaps less familiar—at least, less often remarked upon—is the psychological damage that was wrought by the recent memory of Detroit as a "wonder city." In all truth, it is hardly surprising that those who live there—and can recall the way the city once was—should conclude that America is on the wrong track.

For the men and women who now run America—and were children or young adults when the nation was at its zenith—memories of the years after 1945 are extraordinarily powerful. An older America has been obscured by the sheer brilliance of the postwar era; understanding it is like trying to make out the shape of a distant shore through the glare of bright sunshine. But if we look at what preceded the Golden Age, we may discover what led to that unparalleled prosperity and—no less important—what the country has to do now.

The muscular bravura of America in 1945 had deep roots in a society which, since its founding, had been both aspirational and entrepreneurial. Take as but one example a small town in Kansas, almost dead on the 99th meridian. Settled in 1873 by a bunch of ne'er-do-well young Englishmen who wanted to hunt foxes among the cottonwoods (and who predictably named their town Victoria), it was saved from oblivion by a hardier bunch entirely. In 1876, Volga Germans arrived from Russia. A square-built, determined lot they must have been, if the statue in Victoria commemorating them is accurate. And they rolled up their sleeves and got to work.

Devoutly Catholic, the Volga Germans erected a cross in the center of the village, and then built a simple frame church. When they outgrew that first church, they built another one, this time of stone. When they outgrew that, they built yet another, which could seat 600 people. And in 1908, when only 1,500 people lived in and around Victoria, they started work on their communal masterpiece, the magnificent Romanesque church of St. Fidelis. Granite was brought from Vermont; Carrara marble was shipped from Italy. Each family had to cut a set amount of stone from local quarries. In just three years the church was finished. It was 220 feet long; its twin towers soared 141 feet above the plain. William Jennings Bryan, the great populist, stopped in the town in 1912 and called the church "the Cathedral of the Plains"; it still deserves the title.

There are thousands of Victorias in the United States—so many that we do not notice them. Nor do we notice the corollary: that there are so few Victorias in the developed world outside the United States—communities which, almost within living memory, have created themselves from nothing. Here lies a key source of the temptation of exceptionalism, of the sense that Americans are both uniquely blessed and uniquely capable, such that any fall from grace is greeted with cries of woe as if the world had ended. From John Winthrop to Ronald Reagan, they have always believed that they were something special. "The greatest single effort of national deliberation that the world has ever seen" was how John Adams, for example, described the Constitutional Convention of 1787; modesty when describing public achievements has never been a conspicuous American characteristic.

But then, Americans have had little to be modest about. Think, for a moment, of the marriage between brain and brawn that Detroit typified in the 1940s. Neither America's passionate commitment to education nor its entrepreneurial drive—not even the combination of the two—was a function purely of the exigencies of World War II.

Americans had been founding universities by the score long before 1945. Harvard was founded in 1636, William and Mary in 1693, Yale in 1701.

This passion for higher education wasn't limited to a cosmopolitan, developed Eastern Seaboard. In eastern Kansas, for example, the Methodist Church founded Baker University at Baldwin City in 1858; in 1865, 12 miles away, the American Baptists founded a university in Ottawa; the next year the University of Kansas was opened in Lawrence, 15 miles north of Baldwin City. Three universities opened in eight years, within a little more than a day's trip by horse and buggy, yet in 1860 the total population of Kansas was barely over 107,000.

Just as higher education has a long pedigree, so does the energy of the American economy. By 1850 the National Road, financed by the federal government, stretched from east of the Appalachians to Vandalia, Illinois, linking the seaboard to the agricultural heartland. The Erie Canal connected New York to the Great Lakes. There is a famous passage in de Tocqueville worth quoting: "A stranger is constantly amazed by the immense public works executed by a nation which contains, so to speak, no rich men. The Americans arrived but as yesterday on the territory which they inhabit, and they have already changed the whole order of nature for their own advantage. They have joined the Hudson to the Mississippi, and made the Atlantic Ocean communicate with the Gulf of Mexico." In short, as early as the 1830s, capitalism in the United States was simply more big-muscled, just more damned thrilling than anywhere else.

By 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition in London, America's industry, science, and technology had shaken the Old World out of any economic complacency. Mid-19th-century American business didn't rely just on mass production (an American invention) and the application of unskilled labor. The mechanical reapers with which Cyrus McCormick broke the prairies caused a sensation in London. In the 1850s, firms in Liverpool started ordering ships for the Australian trade not from British shipyards but from those of New England. Donald McKay's yard in Boston turned out clippers—the space shuttles of their time—which could sail more than 400 miles a day. McKay's ship *Champion of the Seas,* in whose honor



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Rodgers and Hammerstein's Oklahoma!, *celebrating America's open spaces and natural wealth, choreographed by Agnes de Mille, opened on Broadway in 1943. Above, Marc Platt and Katharine Sergava*

Liverpool's children still sang songs a century later, made 465 miles in the southern ocean on December 12, 1854. Europe had nothing to match it.

Sixty years later, America was the world's largest economy—accounting for a little less than a quarter of world industrial output. The United States led the world in the production of natural gas, petroleum (no less than 65 percent of world output), copper, coal, and silver. It lagged behind only South Africa in the production of gold. And it was far and away the world's largest producer of iron ore—the ore-rich hills of the Mesabi Range, deep in the frozen northeast of Minnesota, were the source, beyond any other, of America's industrial might.

This older America, the America on the cusp of World War I, is worth recalling. For today's America much resembles the country as it was at that time. Then, as now, America was a country of immigrants, and then, as now, the immigrants came from "new" countries of origin. In 1910, the number of immigrants from Germany was only a third what it had been in 1890, and the number from Ireland a little more than half. But in the same 20 years, the annual number of immigrants from Italy more than quadrupled, and from the Russian empire it grew fivefold. In those two decades, for example, the Massachusetts mill town of Lowell, which had seen earlier immigration from French Canada and Ireland, received waves of immigrants first from Poland and other parts of Eastern Europe, and then from much more exotic locations—Syria, Armenia, and elsewhere in the Ottoman Empire. In 1900, 43 percent of Lowell's population was foreign-born.

Through the rosy-hued spectacles of hindsight, the immigrants of the first years of this century look familiar: a bit like Grandma, and not at all like the Mexicans and Southeast Asians who now flock to American towns—Lowell among them. But that was not how it seemed at the time. Nativist sentiment ran rampant. Foreign agitators were blamed for labor unrest. Leon Czolgosz, a Polish anarchist, had shot President McKinley; in the recent past, political violence such as the Haymarket incident in Chicago had been laid at the feet of foreigners. During the Great Steel Strike of 1919 in the Monongahela Valley of western Pennsylvania, posters urging the workers to return to their jobs had to be printed in eight languages—English, Polish, Croatian, Italian, Lithuanian, Slovak, Hungarian, and Russian. In 1910, more than 65 percent of all laborers in mining and manufacturing were either foreign-born or the children of immigrants.

The face and sound of America were changed by the great immigration of 1890 to 1910, just as they are now being changed again. For those who are worried about today's immigration, there's a convenient myth that the earlier arrivals became painlessly assimilated into American life, as if they had learned to love baseball and apple pie within weeks of landing in New York. Yet the most cursory research on the immigrant experience shows that there was always a tension between assimilation and the maintenance of ethnic identities.

In the words of a recent study of the Monongahela Valley steel towns, "Within walking distance of Jones and Laughlin Steel Works, a Polish woman . . . could find the right ingredients for making kielbasa, golubki, or duck's blood soup; . . . a Hungarian family . . . could attend either the Hungarian Catholic or Hungarian Reformed Church, both with services in their native language; a Slovak worker in Homestead could practice gymnastic routines in the Sokol, or go to a wedding reception at the Russian Hall, with music by a local Gypsy band." The jars of curry paste and piles of tortillas on today's supermarket

GJON MILI

shelves—or the Buddhist temples which dot northern Virginia—have distinguished antecedents.

The parallels with an earlier America extend far beyond immigration and all its tensions. At the beginning of the century, as at its end, the cities were thought to be strongholds of poverty and degradation. Both the photographs in Jacob Riis's *How the Other Half Lives* and the novels of Upton Sinclair conveyed that horrors lurked in the great metropolises. Those horrors (shades of today's debate on the underclass) were not assumed to be merely economic in nature. The plight of the cities was considered to have a moral content, their unhappiness a natural outgrowth of dissipation, ungodliness, and corruption. When the Prohibition amendment was ratified in 1919, the evangelist Billy Sunday made the link between clean living and the state of the cities explicit. "The reign of tears is over," he cried. "The slums will soon be only a memory."

Class divisions were stark—indeed, for all America's current troubles, they were far more vicious then than they are now. From Paterson to Lawrence, from Gary to San Francisco, strikes erupted with an intensity almost impossible to imagine today. In July 1892, Pinkerton thugs hired by Henry Clay Frick landed at the Carnegie steelworks outside Homestead, Pennsylvania, to break a strike. In one day, 12 people were killed, all within view of a national press corps housed in a building that still stands between a library, built with Carnegie blood money, and the gray, empty slab of land where the steelworks once belched.

In 1914, on a day of shame and terror, company goons and National Guardsmen invaded a mining camp in Ludlow, Colorado. Thirteen people, including women and children (many of them immigrants, naturally), were killed in one morning. And the unrest continued after World War I. Wobblies were rounded up and lynched, while in the radical shipyards of the West Coast there was seething discontent.

In the years before World War I, technology was transforming the nature of home, work, and play. Typewriters, assembly lines, and time-and-motion studies were the computers of their day. Electric lighting and water closets (and rolls of perforated toilet paper, invented just before the turn of the century) introduced light and cleanliness into what must have been dark and smelly houses. The movies took the country by storm; by 1910, says historian Thomas Schlereth, there were "ten thousand movie theaters playing to a nationwide audience of over 10 million weekly."

Today, a slew of new inventions—voice mail, fax machines, copiers—have once again changed America's workplaces and homes. For the typewriter, substitute the personal computer. The Internet has become a form of communication as revolutionary in its potential as the telephone once was. New forms of entertainment, from videos to multimedia, have transformed the way people enjoy themselves, just as the movies once did.

There is one more striking similarity between America at the start of the 20th century and at its end. In the pre-1914 analogue of today's global economy, in which commercial men with letters of credit sauntered into banks anywhere in the world and great steamships carved the oceans, the United States played a full role. The value of American exports expanded almost threefold between 1890 and 1914, and the nature of those exports changed.

British writers, having long (though mistakenly) thought of themselves as denizens of the workshop of the world, wailed about the American goods, most of tip-top quality, which were entering their markets—everything from electric motors to clothing. Arthur Conan Doyle speckled his tales of Sherlock Holmes with muscular, confident American businessmen not only because he wanted sales in America (though he certainly did) but also because such men were a commonplace in Britain.

Just as today, much of America's trade was with the developed economies of Europe. But, just as today, American firms were increasingly looking to Latin America, where Elihu Root, Teddy Roosevelt's secretary of state, had negotiated a series of bilateral tariff cuts. Standard Oil, International Harvester, New York Life—all became as familiar overseas as McDonald's, Microsoft, and Disney are now. President William Howard Taft reorganized the State Department to make it a more efficient representative of American interests abroad. (Some 80 years later, Warren Christopher would do exactly the same thing.)

Trade flowed both ways. Merchandise imports more than doubled between 1900 and 1914, and direct foreign investment in the U.S.—always important—continued its growth. In 1914, according to Mira Wilkins, an economic historian, nearly 20 percent of America's G.N.P. was accounted for by foreign investment—the overwhelming portion of it British—a level which simply dwarfs that of the 1990s.

Standard Oil, International Harvester, New York Life—all became as familiar overseas as McDonald's, Microsoft, and Disney are today.

One man can serve as a symbol of how comfortable American business once was in the wider world. After graduating from Stanford, Herbert Hoover was sent to a mining camp in western Australia. At the time of the Boxer Rebellion he was in Tientsin. He met the Dalai Lama, prospected in the Gobi Desert and Burma—in fact, just about everywhere. For two decades, he ran a mining consultancy headquartered in London, with offices in New York, San Francisco, Shanghai, and St. Petersburg. On the outbreak of war, he was offered a position in the British Cabinet. At war's end, after his famine-relief efforts had saved countless thousands of Europeans, Polish schoolchildren marched through the streets of Warsaw in his honor.

"Mr. Hoover," wrote John Maynard Keynes of the 1919 peace conference, "was the only man who emerged from the ordeal of Paris with an enhanced reputation. . . . [He] imported into the councils . . . precisely that atmosphere of reality, knowledge, magnanimity, and disinterestedness which, if they had been found in other quarters also, would have given us the Good Peace." The 1990s the great decade of global capitalism? Oh, bunk. It hasn't produced a single man who could hold a candle to Hoover.

And this illuminates a larger point. Hoover's combination of efficiency and philanthropy during and after the war

illustrates the extent to which America was a great power. True, it was not militarily pre-eminent. Germany and Britain—not the United States—were the nations which had the ships and weapons that could project their military power to the far ends of the globe. (Indeed, the small and poorly equipped American army had spent most of its time since the Civil War involved in police actions against Indians.)

But by 1914, America had already proved that it could redraw the map of the world. From the time of the Spanish-American War and the annexation of the Philippines, through John Hay's Open Door policy toward China, and on to Teddy Roosevelt's brokering of a peace between Russia and Japan in 1905, America had shown itself to be the dominant non-Asiatic power in the Pacific, a country with which any other country pursuing sensible policies would want to be friends. The same is true at the century's end.

In key respects, then, the America of 1914 feels familiar. Then, as now, America was a society of immigrants, racked by cultural wars and troubled by an urban underclass. Then, as now, America was a great power, intimately involved in the international economy. Yet Americans today may still think that they have been stuck with an unfair bargain. For one thing, they may think that the sense of community that had seemed to be a part of America's endowment since the earliest days of the Republic has atrophied.

Of all the insights of de Tocqueville, none was more genuinely radical than the importance he ascribed to voluntary organizations. "America [has] all ages, all stations in life, and all types of disposition," he wrote, "are forever forming associations. There are not only commercial and industrial associations in which all take part, but others of a thousand different types religious, moral, serious, futile, very general and very limited, immensely large and very minute. . . . In every case, at the head of any new undertaking, where in France you would find the government or in England some territorial magnate, in the United States you are sure to find an association."

Yet by the 1990s it was common to read that such public-spiritedness was on the wane. The very word "community" had become loaded. Often it was used simply to dignify a pressure group engaged in a bit of special pleading—"the arts community" wants this, "the AIDS community" demands that.

In fact, there are reasons to think that America is entering a period when community spirit will be made fresh once more. Nothing so brings a community together as the state of its schools. The uptick of school enrollments in the 1980s was accompanied—*mirabile dictu*—by a rise in the membership of P.T.A.'s. Women may no longer have as much time to devote to community affairs, but the evidence of Big Brothers, mentoring, and, not least, fathers' involvement in schools suggests that men are partially filling the gap. And who has yet tracked the social significance of one of the most interesting of all contemporary voluntary groups: parent-organized soccer leagues? Take a look at America's suburbs on any Saturday and you'll see thousands of kids, from tots to teenagers, playing the global game. Fifteen years ago, the leagues didn't exist.



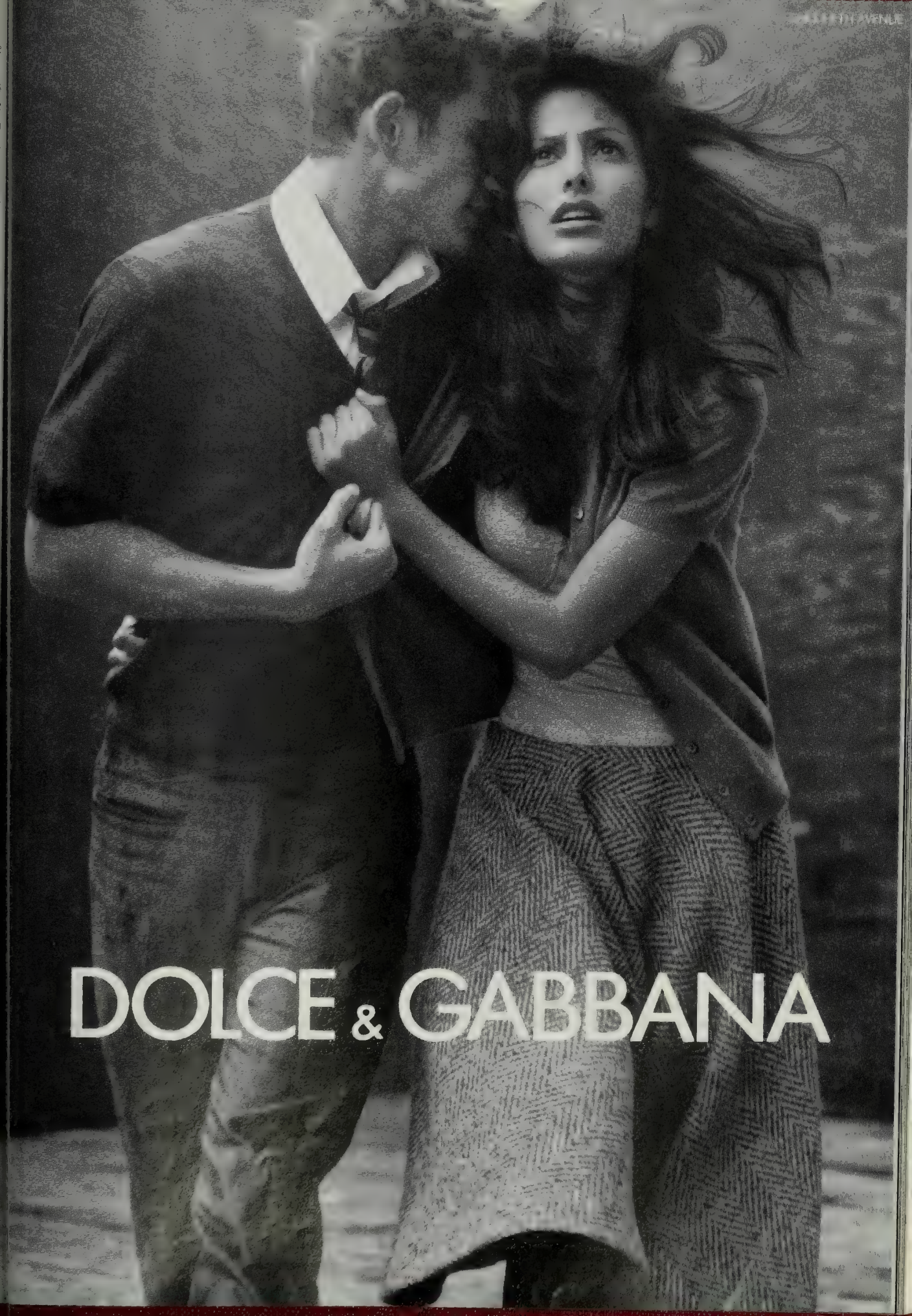
Commuters in Grand Central Terminal watch the Mercury-rocket launch on May 24, 1962, which sent Al Scott Carpenter around the earth three times.

In economic life, too, there are signs that a time of turmoil is behind us. The wrenching transition of the American economy in the last 30 years came at a price, a price in upheaval, lost dreams, and dying towns, but it also brought with it great benefits. The foreign competition to which America was exposed as the world came to its shores was the best kind of stimulus for new investment and better design.

The messy, mixed-up kids of TV, early sex, and broken homes turned out to have a natural feel for electronics. The universities which were supposed to be mired in nothing but abstruse debates about political correctness were actually turning out tens of thousands of scientists and technologists, a disproportionate number of them children of those same immigrants whom the nativists would have kept away from America's shores.

IBM was briefly humbled not by the Japanese—much less by the Germans, who hardly have a computer business worth the name—but by Microsoft, Apple, and Compaq, and when Apple and Compaq got a bit too comfortable, they themselves were challenged by nippy upstarts such as Dell and Gateway 2000. Sensible parents despaired when the cable industry managed to push 50 TV channels (with the threat of hundreds more to come) into their living rooms, then realized the race to put something on all those channels had bred an entertainment industry that dominated the world.

Even American family life shows signs of finding a new level of stability and predictability. The shock of change from one family structure to another is behind us. In the 1950s, men were expected to work, and married women, by and large, were not. Then came a violent period in which that assumption was stood on its head. Now most families need two wage earners. In the


DOLCE & GABBANA



To an epicurean, Palm Springs is still the center of American glory. Above, a desert house designed by Richard Neutra in 1946.

1960s, parents did not know if their teenage children would be sexually active or not, and this created a quite novel cultural tension. That tension has been removed; teenagers have sex, and parents know it. We may find that a society can cope with a certain level of both divorce and illegitimacy, as long as neither is growing fast.

If all this optimism about our current state is well founded, what will it do to the real and troubling divisions in modern America, those between social classes? The rediscovery of class marks a genuine decline in the state of America since the Golden Age. It's made no better by saying (though this is true) that pre-1914 America, to which we might be looking for lessons, was class-bound, too.

But if the predictions of a new stability in family life are accurate, it will, in time, affect class divisions. It is reasonable to suppose, in other words, that the contribution family breakdown made to the creation of the underclass will, at the very least, not get any worse. Of course, it is not the modern American way to wait for deep social transformations to produce a benign change in behavior. Americans want action.

In the Golden Age, they looked for such action to another unifying institution, the federal government. Insofar as they still do, they look in vain. It seems highly unlikely that Washington is going to be as great a force in the next chapter of the Republic's history as it was in the last. The crises that led to the acceptance of an enhanced role for the federal government—the Depression, world war, codified racism—have disappeared. Americans for 20 years have signaled pretty firmly that they are not prepared to grant Washington additional powers to advance racial equality. Moreover, the very growth of federal government during those periods of crisis has spawned almost as much ingratitude and suspicion as thankfulness.

Yet though America may no longer be in a state of crisis, it still needs glue. The distance between the underclass in Detroit and the plutocrats of Grosse Pointe is far greater than any European country would tolerate, and utterly beyond the frame of reference of Japan. And Americans still show an attachment to local preferences that can make a mockery of national cohesion.

Of the 12 states without a death penalty, almost all are in the North-east or Midwest. Levels of homicide in the northern tier are typically a third what they are in the South. A generation's worth of educational reform has not touched an immutable fact of American life: the states along the Canadian border graduate oodles more children from high school than the states in the South. A generation of foreign investment in the backcountry of the Carolinas has not altered the swagger, braggadocio, or old-fashioned patriotism of the mountain towns. Immigration from Southeast Asia has not changed Texas.

Of course, those differences are often a source of pride: they make America what it is. Yet the history books tell us that they can be stretched too far, in ways that once led to a great civil war, and that in more modern times stunted the lives of black Americans. Some Americans, at least, fear that they are being stretched too far again. After the House of Representatives passed a welfare bill in 1995 which converted federal programs to block grants to the states, John Lewis, a Democratic congressman who as a young civil-rights worker had been beaten nearly to death, said that "those who come from the South or from urban centers have real reservations about giving the money to states. . . . They can talk about Wisconsin, that's one thing. But in Alabama, where I grew up, or in Georgia, we lived through states' rights and

SLIM AARONS

we're concerned about it. . . . The glue that holds our country together—I think we're starting to pull apart."

The natural optimist takes John Lewis's words as a warning; the pessimist takes them as a prophecy. Think how a pessimist would consider a drive, in 1996, that started at Los Angeles airport. You hear a babel of languages—Spanish, Korean, Chinese—as you shove your way to the rental-car counter. You see Mexicans sweeping the floors, clipping the lawns. It's a near certainty that some of them are illegal immigrants, and you grumble inwardly that your tax dollars are paying for their health care and their children's education.

Then you set off north on I-405 in the direction of Santa Monica, through a jumbled landscape whose features are softened by smog. Your eyes sting. After a few miles you turn right toward downtown Los Angeles on I-10. To the north, you can make out the hills above Malibu from which the Santa Ana winds whip fires to the ocean. You think about the sheer arrogance of man, choosing to build a heaving metropolis in a place that God treats as a playground.

You drive on. To your left, you see the line of the Hollywood Hills, the houses perched on stilts, the unrepentant habitat of the showbiz moguls who shove mindless dreck into your living room. To your right, you can sense the devastation of South-Central Los Angeles, still scarred after the worst riots of the century. You reach the city center, with its towers owned by predatory Japanese banks. Then it's on through mile after mile of subdivision dropped onto pristine desert, until, after a couple of hours, you come to Palm Springs, a silly pleasure palace, expensive, thoughtless.

Now drive along exactly the same route as an optimist. Start by remembering that those Mexicans, Koreans, and Chinese in the airport are there for a reason: measured by its attraction for those who can choose where they live, Los Angeles is the world's and the century's most successful city. Ask one of those Mexican women what she intends to do when her hard shift is finished and she may say that, in the early hours of the morning, she's off to learn English at a language school. Her children, she will tell you with pride, are both at Long Beach State; they come home for a family supper each night.

Drive north on I-405, approaching the measured curves of the junction with I-10, and remember that in 1971 Reyner Banham, architect and critic, wrote that "the intersection is a work of art, both as a pattern on the map, as a monument against the sky, and as a kinetic experience as one sweeps through it." This is America's Louvre, its Colosseum.

Look left, to the houses in the hills of the men and women who created an entertainment industry that has conquered the world. From Penang to Paris, popular culture is fueled by a combination of breathtaking risk, technological genius, and a sense of what mankind finds amusing; the brew was patented somewhere north of Sunset. Look right, to one of the single greatest concentrations of manufacturing industry in the Western Hemisphere; spot the new, aggressive firms started by Indian software engineers, by Korean biologists.

Sweep past the downtown towers for which the foolish Japanese paid much more than their real value. Drive past the east side, where what is probably the most prosperous Spanish-surnamed population on the globe has made its home; drive past Monterey Park, majority Chinese and bursting with talent. Drive past Cal Tech, where Nobel laureates seem to grow as easily as palms, and remember that many countries would kill for a university half as good. Drive by the subdivisions in San Bernardino and Riverside Counties, where working-class families live in a level of comfort still rare in most other nations. Drive by the university campus where they send their children, so well financed by generous taxpayers that their tuition is almost free. Arrive in Palm Springs, where the San Jacinto Mountains rise to pierce a cobalt sky, and watch thousands of ordinary people enjoy themselves in the kind of luxury that their grandparents would have thought the stuff of dreams.

The mixed-up kids of TV, early sex, and broken homes turned out to have a natural feel for electronics.

Why is a glass that is half full (at least) so often described as half empty (at best)? The forces of cohesion that shaped the Golden Age are not what they were, and some of them, like the ability of the federal government to ameliorate social conditions, will be stunted for a long time, in a way that may prove dangerous. But America is not falling apart. Its new immigrants want to become Americans, while most of its black inhabitants have lives more like those of their white counterparts than all but the most optimistic would have imagined in 1945.

Drive from LAX to Palm Springs and you will see that natives and immigrants, blacks and whites display the same addiction to consumer goods and the same veneration of the TV, that they fire up the grill on the same weekend in May, junk their suits for sweatshirts at the same rate, value being a good neighbor in the same way, take the same Pledge of Allegiance, weep at the same Vietnam Veterans Memorial, admire the same Michael Jordan. That may sound a commonplace list; it is not a trivial one.

United in these ways, large and small, America is the most powerful country in the world, a cultural, technological, and military colossus. American officials are as likely to be found mediating between Greece and Turkey as they are to be organizing a change of government in Haiti. American fashion, design, sports, software, and movies dominate the earth. A period of traumatic change in American family life is ending. A vibrant corporate sector and an expanding world economy can provide the growth and shared prosperity which once brought the country together. This is not a bad prognosis for any nation.

At least, it wouldn't be if America could remember more of its history. An older America was once divided by race, class, gender, and region. It overcame those divisions and made itself into a nation that saved the world. "America," Woodrow Wilson wrote in 1889, "is now sauntering through her resources and through the mazes of her politics with easy nonchalance; but presently there will come a time when she will be surprised to find herself grown old—a country crowded, strained, perplexed—when she will be obliged . . . to pull herself together, adopt a new regimen of life, husband her resources, concentrate her strength, steady her methods, sober her views, restrict her vagaries, trust her best, not her average members." All of that, and more, Americans once did. Only those who are not Americans should think that they cannot do it again. □

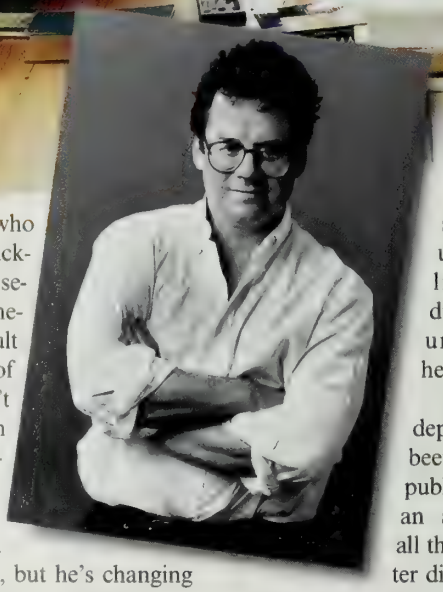
Andrew Sullivan, photographed by Pascal Chevallier, in his Washington apartment in November 1994, at the height of his controversial tenure; Michael Kelly, *inset*, heading into the Leon's den.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF *THE NEW REPUBLIC*

America's most august political journal has a new editor, Michael Kelly. But as the tumultuous departure of his predecessor, Andrew Sullivan, demonstrates, Kelly inherits a magazine damaged by ego, malice, and infighting

BY MARJORIE WILLIAMS





Everything might have gone fine had Andrew Sullivan just said his good-byes, enjoyed his farewell dinner, and taken a vacation.

Instead he made the decision, in stepping down after five years as editor of *The New Republic*, to tell the magazine's staff what [illegible] knew but many suspected: that for nearly three years he had been H.I.V.-positive. The April 12 announcement, which in any other office might have been regarded as a sad piece of personal business, was seen by some within the magazine as a bid for public sympathy, and it took by surprise those—including owner Martin Peretz—who had bent over backward to protect this secret. Sullivan's enemies, after his difficult term at the top of the masthead, couldn't bear to think of him controlling the coverage of his departure, even for a day.

"I wish Andrew a [illegible] and fruitful life, but he's changing the subject," said literary editor Leon Wieseltier, in a pointed comment to *The Washington Post*. "The problems around this office were not medical problems. He was responsible for an extraordinary amount of professional and personal unhappiness. In his little farewell address, he said he feels unburdened. Well, he's not alone."

Suddenly, Sullivan's departure—which had been billed, at least for public consumption, as an amicable split—had all the hallmarks of a bitter divorce, with the contestants competing to establish in the minds of their horrified friends just which party was at fault. "You don't get a deadly disease to improve your public relations," Sullivan told me, with some heat.

INSET BY GASPER TRINGALE; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE


"Mum always said, 'Mel, when going 'couture,'
accessorize with discretion.' I always recommend
a simple Tanqueray Sterling Vodka martini."
Tanqueray
IMPORTED
Tanqueray
Sterling
VODKA
Drink responsibly. Love.

Yet he was at least guilty of launching his own naked campaign of damage control, writing in *The Sunday Times* of London a self-serving account of his tenure and departure titled "Closed Minds in the Land of the Free," which essentially painted his former staff as intolerant and benighted Yanks, the magazine as a mire of political correctness.

Which, in turn, enraged Peretz. "The *Sunday Times* piece sent Marty over the moon. . . . Marty went nuts," says a colleague. Peretz made a point of saying that he was in no hurry to hire a replacement for Sullivan. "I have a strong staff in place," he told *Time* magazine's Margaret Carlson in May. "They don't need direction from above, which is good, since they haven't had any for quite a while."

Even as Peretz cast about for a successor, working down a list that included presidential adviser George Stephanopoulos and a fistful of prominent male writers and editors, the wrangling over Sullivan's departure advertised some of the job's least attractive features. "It doesn't seem worth the trouble, to take a huge pay cut just to get your butt kicked," one candidate observed. Before the flap was over—and *New Yorker* writer Michael Kelly named as Sullivan's replacement—Peretz would privately tell almost anyone who asked that he had indeed fired Sullivan, while insisting publicly (in an interview with *Vanity Fair,* among others) that he hadn't. Sullivan, in turn, would be lining up friends, like alibi witnesses, to attest that he had told them prior to his meeting with Peretz that he was going to quit.

Now, Sullivan has always had his detractors at the magazine. Appointed in 1991 at the age of 28, he reaped widespread publicity as the first British, Tory, Catholic, openly gay editor *The New Republic* had ever had. He was certainly the first editor of the venerable magazine ever to brag that he watched *Melrose Place* and *Studs,* or to gaze doe-eyed from an advertisement for the Gap. "People had the feeling," growled one typical detractor, "that he was treating *The New Republic* as a part-time job, and his full-time job was to be a celebrity."

And *The New Republic* has always been a contentious place, at least since its purchase in 1974 by Peretz. Its denizens have long had a genius for conflict, even with confrères whose political positions were infinitesimally different from their own. The mid-80s, one staffer says jokingly, created antagonisms not just over whether the U.S. should support the Nicaraguan contras but also over which pro-contra writer had the better rationale for doing so, and which one supported the better set of contras.

But the venom that surrounded Sullivan's departure had a heightened quality. "This has all made *The New Republic* look like a place that's a big clash of egos. That was always there, but it used to be embedded in the clash of ideas, as well," says Jacob Weisberg, who worked under both Sullivan and his predecessors. "It was considered bad form to dislike someone just because you were his rival."

"To me, it is emblematic of how fucked up that office is," says Evan Smith, deputy editor at *Texas Monthly,* who served a traumatic seven-month term as deputy editor of *The New Republic* under Sullivan. "It would be funny, if it didn't say something so dire about the state of political journalism. This is, after all, *The New Republic.* . . . And here you've got these guys with their flies open, pissing on each other."

This is the situation that lies in wait, like a good-news/bad-news joke, for Michael Kelly, who will finish out the election season writing his "Letter from Washington" in *The New Yorker* before taking the helm of *T.N.R.* in November. The good news is that he will be assuming control of a magazine that has had a more important long-running role than any other in political journalism. The bad news is that, as the Sullivan fracas made painfully clear, *The New Republic*'s strengths have lately mutated into weaknesses. What has been, at its best, the familial atmosphere of a small shop run by a volatile Jewish Fezziwig is now the compulsive ingrown angst of the dysfunctional family; what used to be an institutional attitude of hardheaded skepticism has curdled into a reflexive love of controversy for controversy's sake; and what was once the clash of personalities passionately engaged in their ideas now seems a tawdry brand of office politics no different than might be found at a midsize insurance firm.

"The difference between *The New Republic* 10 years ago and now is that 10 years ago you went into your office and fought over who could read it first," says a staffer at another magazine, who talked to Peretz about becoming *T.N.R.*'s next chief. "It's still coming into the office, but people aren't fighting over it anymore."

In other words, it's still a fairly stable magazine, with circulation of around 100,000, the moderate financial losses common to political and literary journals, and a list of well-to-do, influential subscribers. But it has unquestionably lost the edge that made it mandatory reading in the 1980s.

Founded in 1914 by Herbert Croly, the grandfather of contemporary liberalism, economist Walter Weyl, and the young Walter Lippmann, *The New Republic* has always had its ups and downs—its downs prominently including its embrace of Stalinism in the 30s and its early counsel of passivity in response to the rise of Fascism in Europe. But it has a remarkably lustrous history, with contributors, editors, and friends who form an almost unbroken chain of 20th-century American intellectual life; it can fairly claim to have been, over the past eight decades, the country's leading vessel of progressive thought.

When Peretz bought the magazine, after marrying into the Singer sewing-machine fortune, *The New Republic* was in one of its sleepier chapters. To revive it, he cultivated a farm team of young staffers—mostly Harvard-educated, mostly Jewish, and, above all, mostly male. (The late contributor Henry Fairlie once told an interviewer, "It's like an ancient Greek gymnasium there.") Under the alternating editorships of Michael Kinsley and Hendrik Hertzberg, it became the magazine from which young writers were happy to accept a pittance, and on which policymakers relied to referee their debates. When it turned 70, in 1984, Peretz memorialized its high-water mark with a party at the National Portrait Gallery that featured Henry Kissinger and Katharine Graham, Pat Buchanan and Betty Friedan. Yo-Yo Ma sawed out "Happy Birthday" on his cello.

It had its critics, of course, who lambasted Peretz's heavy stamp on the contents (especially his uncritical support of Israel) and the magazine's very evident move to the right. A Harvard instructor and onetime 60s activist who felt mugged by the New Left, Peretz pushed the magazine toward a conservative foreign policy and an insistent argument against affirmative action. Many liberals, some of them on the staff, felt that under Peretz *T.N.R.* was giving comfort to the enemy; Kinsley once joked that the magazine should change its name to *Even the Liberal New Republic* (as in "Even the liberal *New Republic* is in favor of funding the contras"). But the internal contradictions—including the legendary battles between Peretz and the editors he hired—somehow strengthened the magazine. In its pages, the staff conducted their battles with high style and passion.

It is a passion notably missing from the



THE PENINSULA
BEVERLY HILLS

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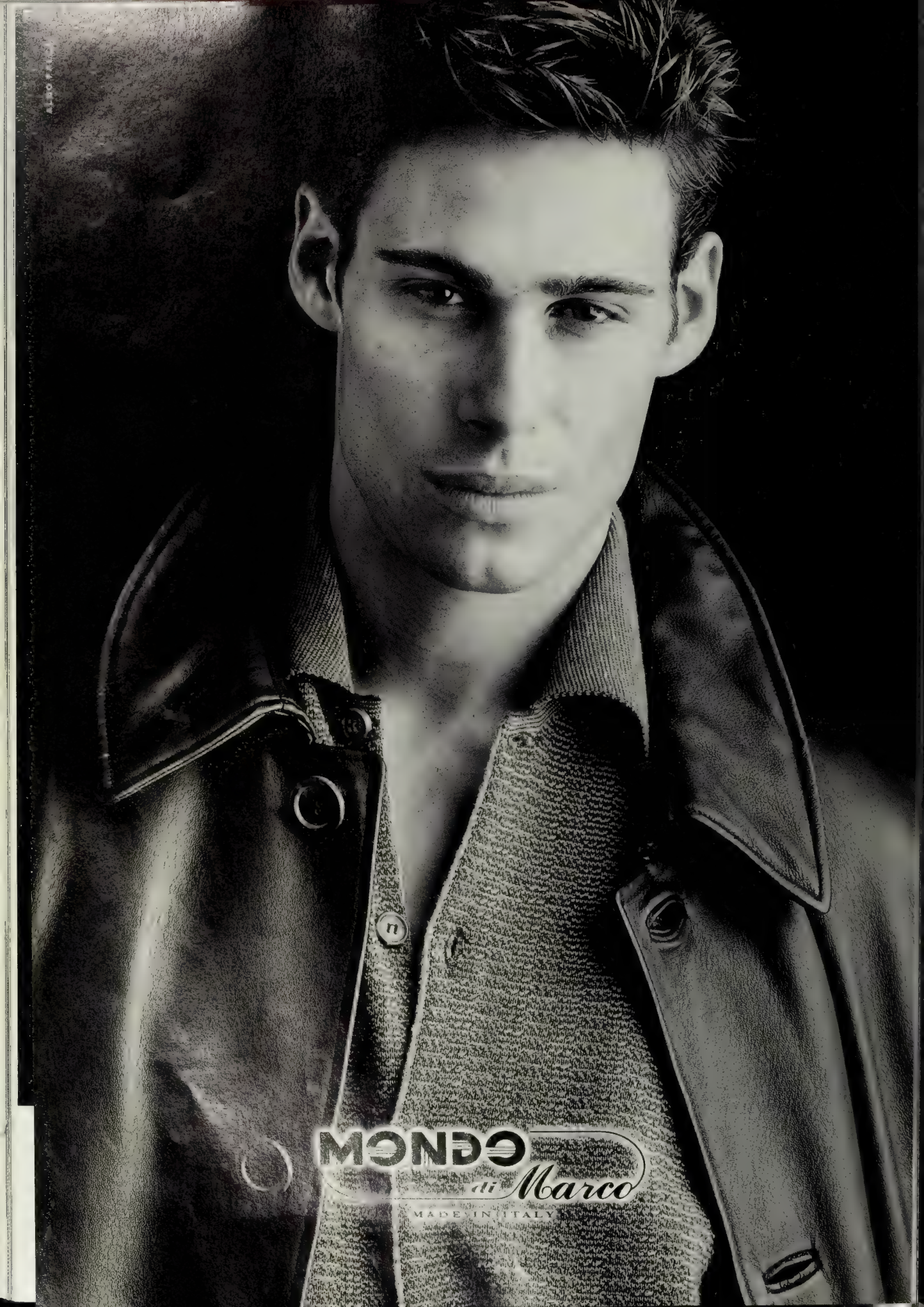
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AGENDA

EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES

Film
AL FRESCO

Join Diego Della Valle, creator of the classically chic J.P. Tod's shoes, and XMI, leaders of innovative and luxurious men's furnishings, for **Film al Fresco 1996.**

This outdoor film festival will take place at Le Madri restaurant in New York City (168 West 18th St.) on Sunday nights, beginning July 14 through August 18.

Doors open at 6:00 p.m., and live music–western swing and mariachi–will play until the film starts at dusk (approximately 8:45). In keeping with the theme–*The Cowboy in Film*–the Cinema Cafe will serve an á la carte menu of Italian-influenced cowboy food.

Scheduled movies include:
Once Upon a Time in the West *July 14*
The Wild Bunch *July 21*
Unforgiven *July 28*
The Misfits *August 4*
Midnight Cowboy *August 11*
and Blazing Saddles *August 18*

$8 per person per screening.
Call (212) 727-8022
for ticket information.

Rain dates are scheduled for the Monday following the Sunday night event.

AVON Salutes
The Olympic Woman

AVON, the official cosmetics, skin care, and fragrance sponsor of the 1996 Summer Olympics, is proud to present a special multimedia exhibition at the Games in Atlanta. The Olympic Woman will tell the inspiring story of a century of progress made by women in Olympic competition.

Beginning June 23, 1996, The Olympic Woman will use rare photographs, film, videotape, newspapers, and other displays to illustrate the development of women's participation in the Olympic Games. Visitors will be taken on a historic journey, beginning with the year 1900, when women were first allowed to participate in the Games, through to 1996, when the diversity and vitality of women's competition is stronger than ever before.

The exhibition will highlight personal memorabilia on loan from famous women Olympians, including Aileen Riggin Soule who, at age 88, is the oldest living female Olympic champion, and Alice Coachman, 73, the first black woman to win an Olympic gold medal. The Olympic Woman will be on display at Georgia State University Alumni Hall in downtown Atlanta from June 23 through August 4, 1996.

Through the GRAPEVINE

Join Clarins, Mitsubishi, and TAG Heuer at the 10th annual Wine Country Film Festival, taking place July 18 - August 11.

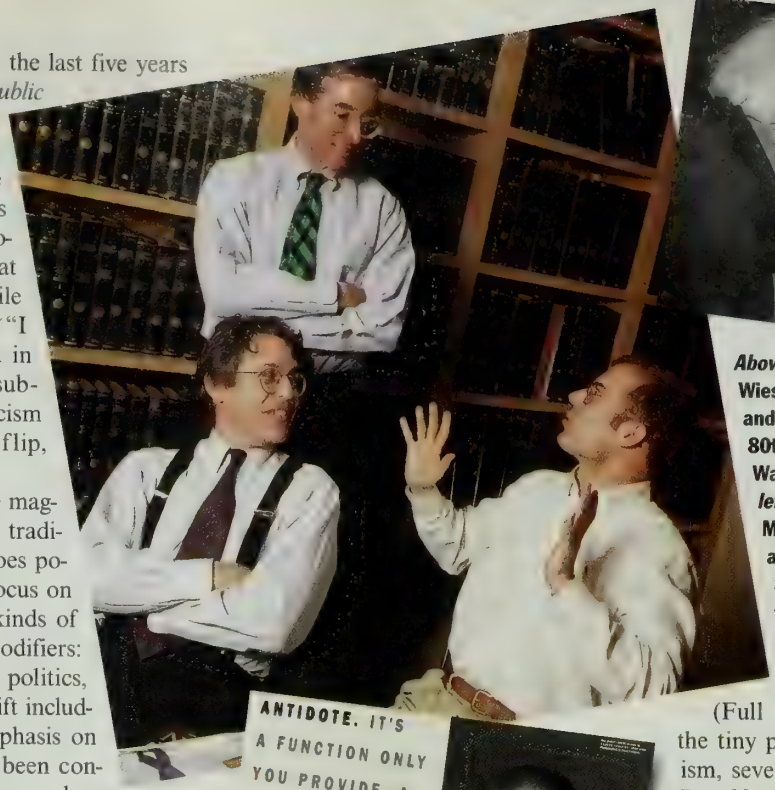
During the first weekend of the festival, receive a complimentary hand massage and product samples from Clarins, catch a preview of the new Mitsubishi Eclipse Spyder Convertible, and pick up your official TAG Heuer screening schedule card.

More than 50 films will be presented at the festival, many alfresco in the glorious California wine country. The festival begins at the Rutherford Hill Winery in Napa Valley and concludes at the Viansa Winery in Sonoma Valley.

For program, ticket, and travel information, call 707-935-3456.

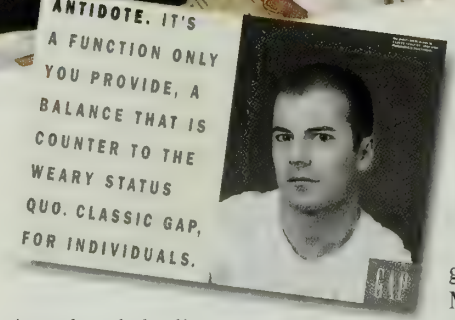
magazine now. "Over the last five years or so, *The New Republic* has strayed from its tradition as the leading political magazine in the country," says Michael J. Sandel, professor of government at Harvard and erstwhile mentor to Sullivan. "I think what happened in recent years was a subtle shift from skepticism into cynicism. Into a flip, trendy, snide tone."

Under Sullivan, the magazine subordinated its traditional meat-and-potatoes political coverage to a focus on pop culture and the kinds of politics that have modifiers: sexual politics, gender politics, racial politics. This shift included a considerable emphasis on gay issues, which has been controversial but is an area where Sullivan's enthusiasm usually resulted in high standards of reporting, writing, and argument. As often, though, Sullivan's interests produced major stories such as Generation X novelist Douglas Coupland's musings on Brentwood ("In Brentwood, infrastructure is present precisely through its *lack* of presence") and Camille Paglia on Barbra Streisand.





***Above,* literary editor Leon Wieseltier, his ex-wife, Mahnaz Ispahani, and Andrew Sullivan at *T.N.R.*'s 80th-anniversary party at Washington's Decatur House; *left,* Sullivan with predecessors Michael Kinsley (standing) and Hendrik Hertzberg; *bottom,* Sullivan's 1993 Gap ad.**



Among the most widely derided missteps was Paglia's March cover story, a "psychological portrait" of First Lady Hillary Clinton titled "Ice Queen, Drag Queen." Written with Paglia's usual pop grandiosity, it verged on parody, plumbing the sexuality of "Hillary the man-woman and bitch-goddess." "Hillary was first attracted to Bill when she heard him boasting about the size of Arkansas' watermelons in the Yale Law School lounge," Paglia wrote. "Bill's exotic, rural, sensually sweet and ripe watermelons were a symbol of freedom, fruitfulness and abundance. He was Female Man . . . "

"The Paglia thing was really a kind of watershed," says one staffer. "It was the first time I ever thought, Jesus, I work for this thing."

Even in its more serious pieces, the magazine often seemed wedded more to the controversy it created than to the actual ideas it was propounding. It damned the Clinton health-care plan in an article by Elizabeth McCaughey ominously titled "No Exit"—an article that had an enormous impact and won its author both a National Magazine Award and the lieutenant-governorship of New York, but that seriously misrepresented the Clinton plan in its particulars. *T.N.R.* regulars were horrified that, at the first and possibly the last moment when some sort of national health care seemed an achievable goal, this bastion of traditional liberalism weighed in with a piece they saw as sloppy and dishonest.

"You don't get a deadly disease to improve your public relations," Sullivan says.

Many were also appalled when Sullivan—with Peretz's encouragement—chose to run an excerpt from *The Bell Curve,* by Charles Murray and Richard Herrnstein, which argued that there are genetic reasons for race differentials on I.Q. tests. Sullivan ended up publishing, under pressure from his own staffers, 18 dissenting opinions.

A slew of the magazine's most prominent writers and contributors—Jacob Weisberg, Mickey Kaus, Fred Barnes, Robert Wright—have left the premises or are now doing their best work for others. Former editor Kinsley moved to another medium entirely, joining Microsoft to start the on-line magazine *Slate.* (Full disclosure: Inevitably, given the tiny pond of Washington journalism, several current and former *New Republic* staffers are friends or acquaintances of mine, including Kinsley. My husband worked at the magazine some 15 years ago, first as an intern and then as a staff writer.)

And while Sullivan made some very good hires—among them John Judis, Matthew Cooper, Michael Lewis, and Jeffrey Rosen—his tenure was also remarkable for the development and coddling of staff writer Ruth Shalit, who was implicated in five instances of plagiarism (some of them in other magazines) and a self-inflicted libel suit. To old fans, it was puzzling and disturbing that those running the magazine seemed to prize the 25-year-old Shalit's nascent stardom above *T.N.R.*'s reputation. "In a way, [Andrew] didn't understand the difference between good publicity and bad publicity," says a *T.N.R.* insider. "I think he just thrived on the attention."

One symptom of the magazine's declining prestige was that when Kinsley stepped down as author of the decades-old "TRB from Washington" column, Sullivan never settled on a permanent successor. He was even turned down by several candidates, including *New Republic* columnus Weisberg, who had recently decamped to *New York* magazine. "If someone had told me a year ago that they'd offer me 'TRB' and I'd turn it down," he reportedly told a friend,

TOP LEFT, BY KEITH JENKINS; TOP RIGHT, BY DAFYDD JONES; BOTTOM, PHOTOGRAPH OF ANDREW SULLIVAN BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

"I would have said they were crazy."

New Republic staffers were accustomed to hearing the magazine criticized on political grounds. But this was a different order of pain, summed up when conservative writer Andrew Ferguson published an essay in *The Washingtonian* asking, "When did *The New Republic* get so . . . so silly?" Of the magazine's efforts toward hipness, Ferguson wrote, "There was pathos in it—like watching a middle-aged accountant try on a pair of nipple rings."

In fact, Sullivan may have made more errors of omission than of commission. "It's O.K. to run an occasionally controversial piece that everyone hates—you can take those risks," argues one former colleague. "As long as you have the solid *New Republic* content in there. Andrew isn't interested in politics. He's interested in sexual politics, and in meta-politics. But not in what actually happens in Washington. And that's what it lost over time."

Characteristically, Sullivan's self-defense manages to make a slight dig at his predecessors. "I could have decided, when I took over, that I was going to prove that a gay man was going to be as boring as anyone else," he says. He adds, "I think, if you look back, you'll find the shift—while it's there—is not that drastic. People saw more of it than was there, because they associated it with a gay man. 'Oh, that's what *they* do.'" But it wasn't a matter of whether the magazine had enough sobriety: in the past, *T.N.R.* has been both lively *and* serious. Sullivan, one distressed staffer mourned, "pulled off the feat of becoming at once less serious and more boring."

The telling thing is that most of the recent criticism of *T.N.R.* isn't about ideology. Almost no one interviewed for this story reported turning against the magazine because of its politics, and though Sullivan was the first editor of *T.N.R.* ever to call himself a conservative, the magazine hasn't really moved farther right, except perhaps in its reflexive criticism of President Clinton. The magazine's politics—the mission on which it has lived for more than eight decades—have come to seem, in its ninth, curiously beside the point.

Sullivan's article in *The Sunday Times* "sent Marty over the moon," says a colleague. "Marty went nuts."

Housed on the sixth floor of a nondescript modern office building, *The New Republic* has moved a long and democratic way from its founding era, when the first editors gave themselves a wine cellar, dining room, and French chef. The hallways and carpets are a slightly dirtied beige, and the primary decoration is framed covers of old issues.

Leon Wieseltier's frowning pug dog, Stuffy, stands like a bad omen in the doorway that leads from the reception area back to the magazine's offices—a fitting herald for the antagonisms that seethe within the corridors beyond.

Be warned: coming in on the middle of these feuds at *The New Republic* is a little like visiting the ancient hatreds of a large family locked in bitter embrace over petty grievances that happened too long ago for anyone to remember the truth of them. Their passions will never entirely make sense to anyone not of the clan.

So it is with Wieseltier versus Sullivan, the major grudge that lay beneath the drama:

See, Leon thinks Andrew was a source for Lloyd Grove's devastating 1995 profile of him in Vanity Fair . . .

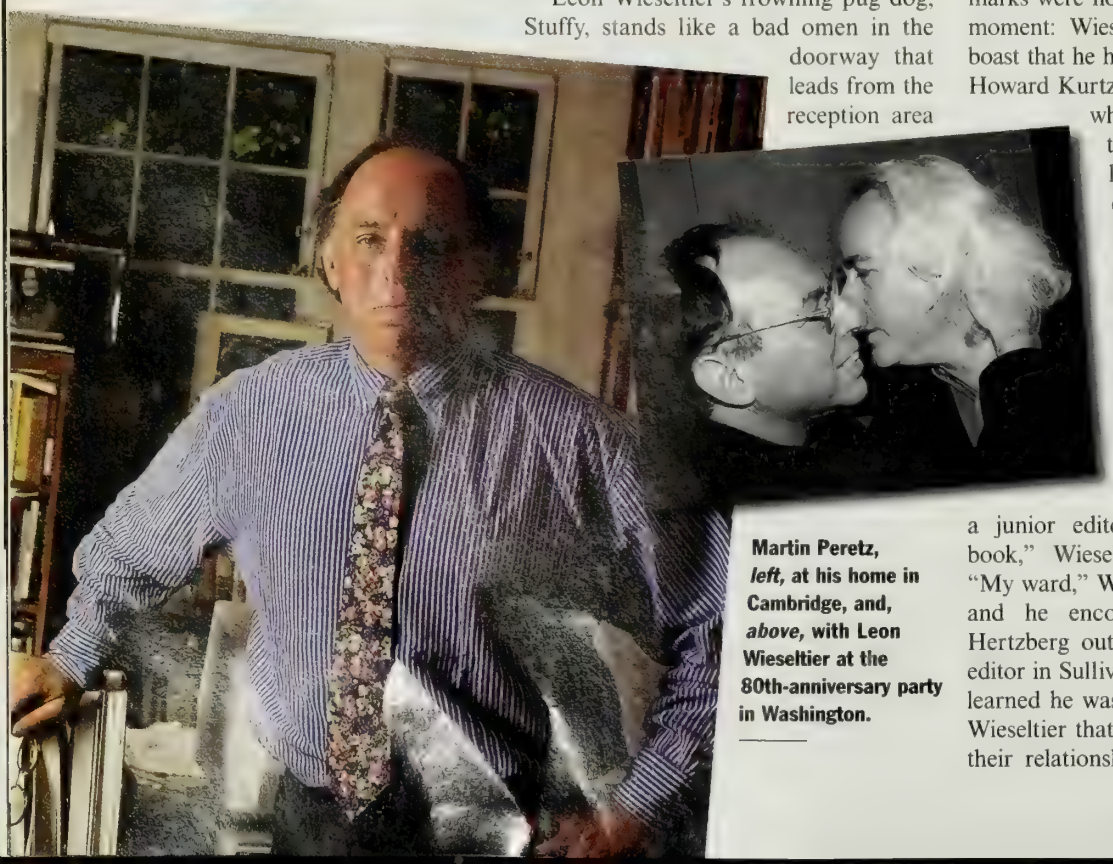
No, it's that Andrew wanted to run a story by British journalist Dominic Lawson, after Lawson wrote a letter to Vanity Fair *applauding the Wieseltier profile. And Marty backed up Leon and made Andrew kill the piece when it was already in page proofs . . .*

No, it's that Leon was outraged by Andrew's decision to publish the Bell Curve *excerpt, and outraged Andrew in turn by taking his case to Peretz's wife, Anne . . .*

No, it's that Leon was wounded to the core when his father died in March and Andrew was the only staff member not to express sympathy . . .

All these bits of history and more were offered to explain the animus that clearly underlay Wieseltier's angry remarks to *The Washington Post* on the day of Sullivan's resignation announcement. Those remarks were not the fruit of an indiscreet moment: Wieseltier was later heard to boast that he had asked the *Post* reporter, Howard Kurtz, for some time to ponder what he wanted to say, and then called him back to deliver the insults he had composed. "I don't think he was going to be happy until Andrew was humiliated," says a wondering colleague. (Wieseltier himself would not be interviewed for this article.)

When Sullivan started at the magazine, first as an intern and then as a junior editor in the "back of the book," Wieseltier was his champion. "My ward," Wieseltier liked to call him, and he encouraged Peretz to edge Hertzberg out of his second tenure as editor in Sullivan's favor. When Sullivan learned he was H.I.V.-positive, it was to Wieseltier that he turned. But over time their relationship soured. Wieseltier let



Martin Peretz, *left*, at his home in Cambridge, and, *above*, with Leon Wieseltier at the 80th-anniversary party in Washington.

LEFT, BY RICK FRIEDMAN; RIGHT, BY DAFYDD JONES

friends know that he was constantly whispering against Sullivan into Peretz's ear. "I think Marty gets it now," he told one friend after Ferguson's essay about *The New Republic.* In March, as the 44-year-old Wieseltier sat shivah in his father's Sheepshead Bay, New York, home, some companions consoled him by talking shop. "The end is near" for Sullivan, Wieseltier told them.

More than anything, this feud reflected a chronic sickness in the magazine's structure: Wieseltier, who reigns over the literary part of the magazine, always seems to end up conniving against the person who edits the rest of it. "Leon undermines whoever the editor is, more or less automatically," says one old *T.N.R.* hand. Says another former staffer, "This is not Leon's relationship with Andrew, this is Leon's relationship with anybody. He's done it to everybody, for a decade and a half. He will do it to Michael Kelly."

Only in a universe ruled by Marty Peretz could such a problem be allowed to continue. Everyone who knows Peretz, 56, agrees that loyalty is his crowning virtue: "You can have a huge fight with Marty, slamming doors, 'Fuck you,' and still call him up the next day and say, 'By the way, I need $10,000 for my kid's operation,'" says his friend Michael Sean Winters.

But the downside of the Peretz style is that he runs his magazine as a fiefdom, whose tenants are subject to his towering rages and personal attacks. (I was once a bystander to one of these rages, at a party in the magazine's offices. It was like watching someone have a seizure, or a heart attack—some truly involuntary but overwhelming medical condition.) Peretz is also capable of petty vengeance: for example, when writer Michael Lind decamped to *The New Yorker,* after Sullivan's departure, he got a letter by Federal Express informing him that the magazine had ordered its bank to stop payment on his final paycheck, covering the last two weeks in April—because he hadn't filed any copy since April 12.

Of all those to whom Peretz has pledged loyalty, Wieseltier is first among equals. The two met when the younger man was a scholar of medieval Jewish history at Harvard's Society of Fellows, and Peretz appointed him literary editor in 1983. Apparently no amount of bad behavior on Wieseltier's part—drinking bourbon in staff meetings, for example, or hitting on the magazine's limited female population—can threaten a relationship that is described by others as "unshakable" and "indestructible," "an impenetrably strong thing." Peretz puts Wieseltier in a class with *T.N.R.*'s earlier literary editors Edmund Wilson, Malcolm Cowley, and Alfred Kazin. "They were intellectually formidable figures, as Leon is an intellectually formidable figure," he says.



Leon Wieseltier at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Because of Wieseltier, the editor's job is "a suicide mission," one former staffer argued.

JONATHAN BECKER

Because Wieseltier and Peretz are so close, whoever serves as editor usually finds himself the odd man out. "At any time, you can be squashed from above by Marty, or knifed from the side by Leon," says one insider. "Imagine a magazine owned and edited by Nixon, with Kissinger as the literary editor. Imagine the atmosphere of working there!"

Those who know Peretz well believe that he encourages the tension, consciously or not, as a mechanism for keeping the magazine firmly under his own control. And some staffers believe this triangular structure is the entire explanation for the fireworks closing Sullivan's tenure. "You end up in this psychodrama," argues one former staffer, "no matter how sane and professional you are otherwise. Because one of these two guys is your boss, and the other runs half the magazine. . . . It's kind of like a twisted family, where Leon and Marty are the mother and father, and all the children are assigned a role, like scapegoat, or martyr. You can't just say, 'I'm only an exchange student here.'"

But there is another facet of the story on which almost everyone agrees: that Andrew Sullivan was a terrible manager. Current and former staffers depict him in scorching terms, as a talented man, but a petty, inconsistent, lazy, and sometimes cruel boss. Even Michael Lewis, a defender of Sullivan's, acknowledges, "There are a lot of people who hate Andrew. . . . If Andrew had a flaw as editor—and he did—it was his ability to manage people."

Former colleagues portray Sullivan as baldly taking credit for other people's ideas, their work, even their jokes. "He couldn't share anything with anyone when it comes to power and glory and credit," says a current staff member. "But when it came to sharing the blame, well, he was good at that." Once, several staffers told me, when Ruth Shalit was a few minutes late to the morning staff meeting, Sullivan stalked into her office. As it happened, she was on the phone with someone in Russia, a source she had been trying to reach for a month. "Get the fuck off the phone!" he screamed, and disconnected the call. "When I say the meeting is starting, I mean it's starting."

And Sullivan was absent a good deal. "The joke was he would Rollerblade in at 11 and would Rollerblade out at 3," says Evan Smith. On the weekend Yitzhak Rabin was assassinated, Sullivan couldn't be found. Wieseltier was heard around the office muttering sarcastically, "Well, nothing *important* happened; it's not like *Larry Kramer* died."

Some of Sullivan's absences may have had to do with his illness, former colleagues now realize. But many were tied to book writing and promoting, and to giving speeches. "And he'd come back," says one observer, "and look at the magazine that was put out in his absence, and say, 'My, this magazine has really suffered in my absence.' And he'd work for a day and then say, 'I'm exhausted—I have to go home early.'" Among those who had loyally served the magazine for a long time, there was the angry sense that Sullivan was using it to promote himself. "I don't think he understood there was such a thing as the institution of *The New Republic* before he got there," says one of his critics.

"Andrew," this former colleague con-

tinues, "is strangely oblivious, often, to people's reactions to things he does. . . . I sometimes think there's a parallel universe. There's the one most people agree is going on, and there's the one Andrew sees."

A visit to Sullivan's apartment, a loftlike space in a renovated schoolhouse, does much to explain the magazine's descent into solipsism. Painted white, furnished in spare Mission style, it has a monkish quality; the bathroom seems the most personalized part of this home. There are hung his Harvard graduate diploma, a framed cover from the notorious *Bell Curve* issue of *T.N.R.*, and, over the toilet, a large framed black-and-white portrait of . . . Andrew Sullivan, shot by Annie Leibovitz for the Gap.

In conversation Sullivan is affable, endlessly patient with his explanations, and—as I already knew from a passing acquaintance with him—quite charming. He reads me parts of "a really classy letter" he recently got from Pat Buchanan, wishing him all the best. "He's tribal," Sullivan observes. "More than he thinks of me as a homosexual, he thinks of me as an Irish Catholic boy."

Yet Sullivan shows, at many turns, the unconscious self-regard his former employees have described. It's understandable that he wanted to shed the secrecy that he had kept around his H.I.V. status for almost three years, for example. But the way he recounts his decision to reveal it is striking: "To say good-bye to everyone at *The New Republic* without telling them what I'd gone through wasn't fair to me," he says. "I deserved it, I felt."

It is possible to understand most of the magazine's recent problems as the fruit of a narcissism that now seems rampant there, and that also seems a reflection of the man who ran it for five years. The combination of Sullivan's self-absorption and the underlying culture bred by Peretz and Wieseltier appears, in the reports of *T.N.R.*'s saddened loyalists, to have been a toxic brew.

"An opinion magazine, by definition, violates lots of rules of journalism," notes *T.N.R.* White House correspondent Matthew Cooper. "I think the danger is that when you dispense with one set of conventions you can become more lax about others." Unless a magazine like *T.N.R.* practices rigorous self-restraint, it is prone to arrogance and self-indulgence.

Michael Lewis, for example, shows the most benign possible face of the ailment. Even when it is self-referential, his campaign reporting this year has had an energy and sinewy humor that are rare and precious things in the tired genre of primary coverage. But sometimes he is allowed to press his navel-gazing too far—as when he wrote his famously humid 1994 "Diarist" about "the weird degradation" of being married to a gorgeous part-time model, whose body he described in panting detail. (He and wife Kate Bohner are now separated, and his recent relationship with MTV's Tabitha Soren, reportedly begun while he was writing about MTV's political activity, led to another minor flap.)

The darker face of the magazine's narcissism is offered by the strange career of Ruth Shalit, which reflects the flaws of the place like a fun-house mirror. Between July of 1994 and July of 1995 Shalit published four stories that included pilfered material. Sullivan's response was to keep throwing her at ever bigger targets, including *The Washington Post*. In that article, she drew a $20 million libel suit by reporting, wrongly, that a local businessman had been imprisoned for corruption. Finally, in February, a fact checker noticed before publication that a Shalit piece on Lamar Alexander had lifted some material from David Broder, dean of the political-journalism establishment—an act as close to self-immolation as it is possible for a Washington scribe to commit. At last the magazine put her on leave and advised psychiatric help.

One reason Shalit's employers were so slow to act, colleagues say, was that she and Sullivan had established a kind of reciprocal-admiration society. "There was a mutual hustle going on there," observes one. "Andrew got her to believe she was his Nellie Bly. And she was playing this role of 'I'm just a kid, and you're sponsoring me.'"

It is also clear that Shalit's transgressions were dealt with from the start as an entirely *personal* problem—she was a member of the family, to be encouraged or disciplined, but never expelled. Peretz and Sullivan now say all the right things about the seriousness of her offenses, and the importance of getting to the root of what Peretz calls "a neurotic compulsion." But their remarks still show an almost otherworldly disconnection from the normal rules of act and consequence. (They also show a certain silly gallantry, perhaps the result of spending too little time in the company of smart women who don't ask for special allowances.) "When you're trying to make a splash, things like this do occasionally happen," says Sullivan. "I'd rather be accused of being too loyal to someone than of cutting a 25-year-old off at the knees."

It's not as if she did it on purpose, Peretz argues; she's too . . . *special* to have stolen intentionally from the inferior hacks she plagiarized. "If you use David Broder's words," he says dismissively, "what are you stealing? This isn't someone stealing a wonderful idea or a beautiful phrase. . . . It's like you walk in the country and you pick up a flower. There's a field of daisies and you rip off one flower."

When Shalit was finally put on leave, the top editors still made no statement explaining what she had done or why it was wrong—either to the staff or to the world at large. She remained on the masthead. "It was like Uncle Henry got committed, but no one talks about it around the dinner table," says a staffer.

Stranger still, Uncle Henry may be coming home soon. Peretz told me that "she has been dealing with this matter herself, with professional help." When she has conquered the problem, he said, "I would think, in not a very long time, she will be back in our pages."

Less than a week later, when I called Shalit to request an interview, she phoned back to say cheerfully that she was too busy—on deadline with an assignment from *The New Republic*.

Was Andrew Sullivan fired? Both he and Peretz say not, and neither will discuss the details of their April 11 meeting. But I spoke to five sources who say they heard directly from Peretz that he did fire Sullivan. He has also dumped on Sullivan to many people, saying he was brusque, a morale bruiser, indifferent to politics, unschooled in American life, "mean."

By this spring even Peretz was concerned about the office's morale problems. He was exasperated with Sullivan's air of annoyance at being answerable to the owner. And, sources say, he was increasingly disturbed by the feedback he was hearing on *T.N.R.*'s contents. Says Michael Sean Winters, "After the Camille Paglia thing, the comments in the letters Marty was getting from old friends—friends from as far back as the 60s—were not 'This is a bad piece.' They were 'This is the last straw.' Norman Lear wrote one. . . . Mar-

ty wrote back along the lines of 'I don't disagree with you.'"

But it is likely that what really happened was some version of the old scenario in which A says, "I quit," and B says, "You can't quit; you're fired." Apparently Sullivan, who was as restive as everyone else at *T.N.R.*, had finally resolved to step down. After publication of his highly praised first book, *Virtually Normal: An Argument About Homosexuality,* he had signed a second contract with Knopf to write a book on friendship; early this year, he had also signed a lucrative deal to write a weekly column for *The Sunday Times* of London. His friends, he says, "were all bored silly by the question of when I should leave *The New Republic.* I had been thinking seriously about it since last August."

Over dinner on Wednesday, April 10, he told his good friend Joe Raguso that he had a meeting with Peretz scheduled the next day, and that he intended to tell him, "It's time to move on." His plan, he said, was to suggest a transition period that would extend well into the summer, giving Peretz a chance to find a successor; Sullivan was confident that he would be able to stay on at the magazine as the "TRB" columnist.

But Peretz apparently responded abruptly, telling Sullivan to step down immediately. It would have been galling for Peretz to be rejected by an editor about whom he was fielding so many complaints—and whom he may, in fact, have been considering firing. It also would not have been the first time Peretz had taken someone's resignation personally, nor the first time he had told others that he had fired an editor who went away believing that he had quit. (Peretz and former editor Hertzberg had conflicting accounts of Hertzberg's first departure, in 1985.) In turn, one can see how Sullivan might have felt goaded by Peretz's behavior into what Michael Lewis delicately calls his "diplomatic errors" since stepping down.

In any case, Sullivan and Peretz have by now made a workable truce. When a family is really crazy, its sons and daughters have a way of sticking around. Sullivan will stay on the masthead as a senior editor, writing occasionally, and will have an office and, crucially, his health-insurance benefits.

But the "TRB" slot goes to his successor, who will become the only editor besides Kinsley to try writing the weekly column while running the magazine. Peretz settled on Michael Kelly, 39, after running through an impressive list of candidates, including *The New Yorker*'s David Remnick, *The Atlantic*'s Nicholas Lemann, *Newsweek International*'s Michael Elliott, *Fortune*'s Joseph Nocera, *T.N.R.*'s own executive editor,

Issues of *The New Republic* from 1915, 1960, 1985, and 1990. Sullivan, mourned a staffer, managed to make it "at once less serious and more boring."



"Imagine a magazine owned and edited by Nixon, with Kissinger as the literary editor. Imagine working there!"

Margaret Talbot, *The Washington Post*'s Howard Kurtz, and Princeton history professor Sean Wilentz. Some applied for the job; others turned aside overtures from Peretz, who quite visibly reveled in running this talent show.

Almost inevitably, Peretz ended up hiring someone who had a long relationship with the magazine—someone who was family. Though Kelly has never been an editor before, the choice made several kinds of sense (if not quite as much sense as it did to Peretz, whose press release announcing the appointment compared Kelly to Thucydides). As a freelancer, Kelly had filed distinguished coverage of the Persian Gulf War for *T.N.R.*, and went on to write a widely praised book about the conflict, *Martyrs' Day.* In his features for *GQ,* among others, and as a political writer for *The New York Times* and then *The New Yorker,* he has shown solid instincts for the franchise—the nuts-and-bolts coverage of politics—that Sullivan disdained. And Kelly's politics are similar to Peretz's, according to one who knows both men well. "They're essentially both conservative Democrats, just barely kind of hanging on to being Democrats of any sort."

Kelly has a weighty enough reputation that his appointment may stanch the magazine's bleeding until such time as the patient can actually be revived—which seems to be the trade-off for appointing an editor who can't come to work until the next election cycle. Staff members showed a relief bordering on exultation. "All I can say is, reports of the death of *The New Republic* were greatly exaggerated," says Matthew Cooper. "People who said this magazine is losing its stuff, it's irrelevant, it's not important anymore, are going to have to think twice now that one of the most acclaimed young reporters in the country is taking the tiller."

It is true that *T.N.R.*'s journalistic problems are eminently fixable. But it remains to be seen whether Kelly can escape the punishing dynamics at the top of the masthead. Kelly points out that he has known both Peretz and Wieseltier for more than half a decade. "These are people I have considered friends for years," he says.

Then again, Wieseltier was initially enthusiastic about all three of Kelly's predecessors. Because that support always turns to bile, insists a former staffer, the job is "a poisoned chalice. . . . I just think it's kind of a suicide mission."

In any case, the magazine's loyalists will be watching. Watching, and gossiping, and sometimes even remembering why anybody gives a damn about what goes on in the offices of a political journal whose circulation barely touches six figures. Jefferson Morley, a former *T.N.R.* staffer, sums it up: "Why do we care about *The New Republic*? Because it was once a hot magazine and now it's not? No. Because it's a vehicle for imagining the possibilities of American politics. In all the buckraking and celebrityhood, it got lost that that's what the magazine is. That's *all* it is." □


VERSACE
COUTURE

Vanities

Alison Wonderland

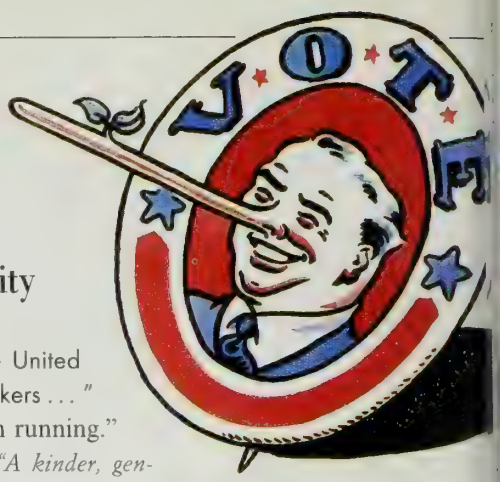


Name: Alison Elliott. **Background:** Born in San Francisco, lived in Tokyo as a child. **Credits:** *The Underneath;* BBC's *The Buccaneers; Indictment* for HBO; *Wyatt Earp;* this month, *The Spitfire Grill;* and, now in production, *Wings of the Dove,* based on the Henry James novel. **Education:** "I went to life college—I'm still in it." **Favorite possession:** "I have a rock that I like a lot." **Mission:** "Surprising myself and saying, 'I didn't know I could do that.'" **Best invitation:** "The French loved *The Underneath,* so I got invited to their Bitches in Film festival—that's roughly how it translates. I was thrilled to be invited, but I couldn't go." —MICHAEL MUSTO

Photograph by EIKA AOSHIMA

True Lies VI

A campaign season of political insincerity



THE STUMP SPEECH . . . "Ladies and gentlemen, the next president of the United States." "Distinguished guests . . . " **"Friends . . . "** "Loyal campaign workers . . . " *"As I travel all across this great nation . . . "* "People continually ask why I'm running." "And I always tell them the same thing." **"I have a vision for America."** *"A kinder, gentler America."* "A shining city on the hill." "A place called Hope." **"It's morning in America."** "I believe in change." *"I'm going to throw away my prepared speech here."* "I'm going to let you see the real me." "I'm a simple public servant." "A champion of the middle-class voter." *"I'm not a Washington insider."* **"I have not forgotten my roots."** "It's time we end this beltway mentality." "It's time to end welfare as we know it." *"It's time we end the imperial presidency."* **"I don't want less government, I want better government."** "If America can send a man to the moon, we can fix our cities." "Save our forests." *"Help our farmers."* "Teach our children." **"Stop this violence."** "But health care comes first." *"Reducing the deficit is my top priority."* "I will not pander to special-interest groups." "I will not cave in to big-money contributors." **"I am not surrounded by spinmeisters."** "This is a grassroots campaign." *"I respect my opponent's abilities."* "I welcome a third-party candidate." "I'm going to be like Truman." "I'm going to be the education president." **"The environment president."** *"The foreign-policy president."* "I will not be the first to go negative with my advertising." "The choice is clear." "It won't be politics as usual." "I'm running on my record." **"Elect me, get her free."** "I feel your pain." "It's the White House or home." *"Let Nixon be Nixon."*

THE PRESS CONFERENCE . . . "Good morning." "It's nice to see you all here." *"I'll answer all your questions."* "But first, let me make one thing perfectly clear." **"Read my lips."** "The buck stops here." "It's the American people I care about." *"I'm only interested in doing what's right."* "I am not running to win a popularity contest." **"It's a question of character."** "I stand on my record." **"The facts are clear."** "I already explained that." "I'm looking into the maid issue." "My position on abortion is clear." "I did not come to Washington to get rich." "It was a blind trust." *"I wasn't paying attention to the investments."* "I don't see it as a conflict of interest." *"I was never in that hotel room."* "I was not in the meeting." "I was not in the loop." *"I'll have to check my records."* "I welcome the opportunity to clear the air." *"I'll debate my opponent anywhere."* "We're working out the details." **"No comment."** "I already answered that question." "I'll have to get back to you on that." *"To the best of my knowledge."* "As far as I can remember." "I can't recall." *"I'm not hiding behind the flag."* **"It was a bipartisan commission."** "A fact-finding tour." **"Politics played no role in the decision."** "I have not flip-flopped." "I have not changed my position." "I am not dissembling." "It was an honest mistake." "I believe in consensus." *"I'm not asking for any favors."* "My ego is not involved." "You can follow me." "I stand behind him 1,000 percent." "There's no need for a special prosecutor." *"This is not Watergate."* "I welcome the inquiry." **"I'm confident I will be cleared."** *"I will not give credence to my opponent's allegations with an answer."* "To the best of my recollection . . . " "The fingerprints prove nothing." **"You can quote me on that."** *"It's off the record."* "I'm not going to criticize the administration on that issue." *"I take full responsibility."* "My conscience is clear." *"I don't follow the polls."* "I think our message is getting through." *"I put my faith in the American people."* "I did not inhale." **"I did not dodge the draft."** *"I wish my opponent good luck."* "Dole/Gingrich." *"Democrat-war."* "I expect to win." "I've got time for only one more question." **"Anonymous."** "The hard way." *"Triangulation."* "I am not a crook."



THE DAY AFTER . . . "And so, my fellow Americans . . . " "The people have spoken." *"The best man won."* **"I look forward to working with him in the future."** "It's the dawn of a new era." *"Time to heal the wounds."* "This is not the end, but a new beginning." "We gave it our best shot." "I wouldn't do anything different." "I don't blame the press." *"I'm not going to play Monday-morning quarterback."* "It's time to put aside our differences and work for the common good." **"I'm not thinking about a recount."** "I am not considering another run." "We're going to take a good long rest." *"I'm keeping my options open."* "I'm sure Ovitz will come through on his promise of a job at Disney." "The system worked." **"I believe in America."** "In God we trust." "One nation indivisible." *"I'd like to be remembered as a patriot."* "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore." —BRUCE FEIRSTEIN

The artist is a legend.

(of the silver screen)



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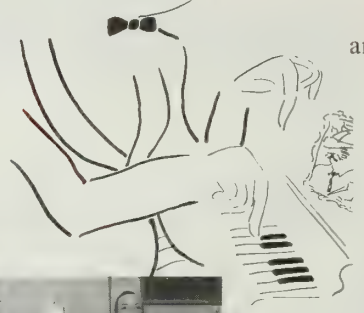
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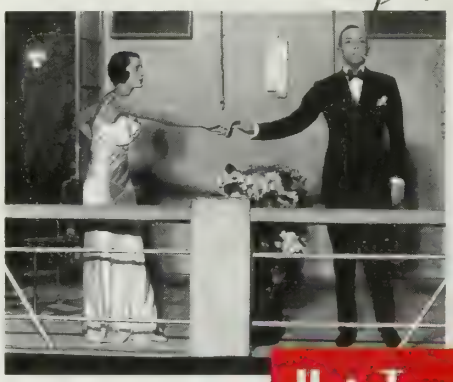
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Coward illustrated: Marc Boxer rendition of Coward at the keys; below, *Noël and Gertrude Lawrence, mano a mano, in* Private Lives *at the Phoenix Theatre in September 1930.*





Hot Type

Weary of beer blasts and beach books that are the literary equivalent of a corn dog? Evince effortless end-of-summer sophistication by using **PHILIP HOARE'S** *Noël Coward: A Biography* (Simon & Schuster) as a cocktail tray. Better still, commit it to memory and drop it into dry and scathingly witty cocktail-party banter whilst stabbing olives and the occasional deserving back.

Fire Island beach reading: You *go,* girl! **JULIAN FLEISHER** points out the watering holes, mating calls, identifiable markings, and plumage of *The Drag Queens of New York: An Illustrated Field Guide* (Riverhead). **DAVID MIXNER,** the prominent gay fund-raiser and friend of President Clinton's, candidly shares his 25 years behind the lines toiling for civil and gay rights in *Stranger Among Friends* (Bantam). Hollywood, from its "H.I.V.I.P.'s" to its devious dermatologists, is laid waste in **BRUCE WAGNER'S** wild and mercilessly funny *I'm Losing You* (Villard). **CORIN REDGRAVE,** brother of Vanessa and Lynn, recalls the life and bisexual loves of the thespian dynasty's revered patriarch in *Michael Redgrave: My Father* (Richard Cohen Books).

The good, the bad, and the ugly: **NELSON D. LANKFORD** tips his hat to diplomat, spymaster, and country gentleman David K. E. Bruce in *The Last American Aristocrat* (Little, Brown). *Finding a Form* (Knopf) is literary big man **WILLIAM H. GASS'S** third collection of inventive and inspiring essays on art, culture, nature, and writing. **CHRISTOPHER S. WREN'S** *Hacks* (Simon & Schuster) is a satirical skewering of foreign correspondents chasing stories and tail in a war zone. In *The Road to Hell* (Grove/Atlantic) **PAUL LIBERATORE** probes the bloody link between white radical lawyer Stephen Bingham and his Black Panther client George Jackson, who led the infamous San Quentin massacre. Spooky goth novelist **JOYCE CAROL OATES** flirts with unnatural attraction in her maiden illustrated novella, *First Love* (Ecco). The work of the self-taught visionaries of the outsider art movement is the subject of *Raw Creation* (Phaidon), by **JOHN MAIZEL.** And the late brutish actor **KLAUS KINSKI** was an unrepentant defiler of under-age girls and force of (bad) nature, according to the appallingly fascinating *Kinski Uncut: The Autobiography of Klaus Kinski* (Viking). Quick, martini me! —ELISSA SCHAPPELL

Night-Table Reading



Sandra Bullock, *actress:*
The Greatest Secret in the World,
by Og Mandino (Bantam).
"It was given to me by Matthew McConaughey on the set of A Time to Kill. *It's really special."*

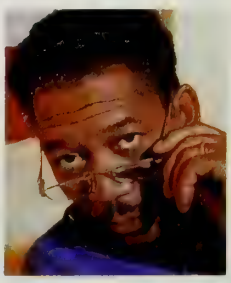
John Carpenter,
director of Escape from L.A.:
Führer-Ex: Memoirs of a Former Neo-Nazi,
by Ingo Hasselbach with Tom Reiss (Random House).
"It's a chronicle of a young man's journey into and out of neo-Nazi terrorism. It's gripping material—another reminder of how very fragile our hold upon a common humanity truly is."





Helmut Kohl,
chancellor of Germany:
Remembering My Good Friends,
by George Weidenfeld (HarperCollins).
"The fascinating autobiography of a great personality and publisher of our time, a truly European cosmopolitan."

Morgan Freeman,
actor:
Last Go Round,
by Ken Kesey (Viking).
"Typical Kesey—very well thought-out, well-rounded story about the first Pendleton, Oregon, competitive roundup—bronc-busting in the early 1900s. Great stuff."





They say the new Saturns are a lot quieter.

I guess I'll just have to take their word for it.

Is it just us, or is it getting louder out there? Because, boy, it sure seems like, wherever we go, all we hear is noise, noise, noise. It almost makes you wish someone would go take the guy who invented the car horn out, and—well, honk at him. Actually, we've gone ahead and done the next best thing: we've made the interior of the new Saturns significantly quieter. Take our new wagon, for example. Tucked away inside the door panels are several layers of sound-deadening materials including Thinsulate. The engine compartment is sheathed with a superefficient, space-age material which absorbs noise and vibration like a sponge. Even the exterior was painstakingly redesigned to reduce wind noise. All in an effort to make this one of the quietest small wagons on the road today. And you should have seen Saturn owner and mother of twin girls Chris Vachon's reaction when we told her all this. She smiled and said, very politely, "I'm sorry, I didn't hear a word you said; would you repeat that please?" So we did.

SATURN



Chris Vachon, Saturn owner, says, "All I ever hear is 'WAAAAAA, WOOF, WOOF.'"

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Neiman Markup

LeRoy Neiman—still middlebrow after all these years

Schlockmeister or Norman Rockwell of the millennium? LeRoy Neiman has made millions off his enduring pop sensibilities, and this month he marks his fifth turn as unofficial "artist of the Olympic Games." GEORGE WAYNE reviews the decades with the painter who has proved to be an old master at self-promotion.

George Wayne: *You just gifted Columbia University with $6 million to their School of the Arts. Why?*

LeRoy Neiman: Columbia's art department should be the strongest, and it's going to be. Columbia is in New York, where the biggest art business is. Why shouldn't it have the greatest art department?

G.W. *And part of it will be the LeRoy Neiman Center for Print Studies. That has a nice ring to it.*

L.N. Right there, in the center of the campus.

G.W. *How did you get this long-running gig as the unofficial artist of the Olympics?*

L.N. Roone Arledge lived across the street from me, and asked me to. The first [time] was in 1972.

G.W. *That had to have been something. The 1972 Olympics, the Munich massacre . . .*

L.N. Yeah . . . I was there, with Jim McKay and all those people. We were all staying at the Sheraton near the Olympic Village. At that time, there was no security. Anybody could walk into the Olympic Village and hang out. One morning at around five, we got a call that there was a disturbance in the Village. We took my car and went over there. We saw the whole thing—we stayed hours and hours. Some of the victims were on the Israeli wrestling team, too, whom I had just drawn a couple of days before at the opening-day march.

G.W. *You've known Hugh Hefner for many, many years . . .*

L.N. From before the magazine. At this stage in my life, he's one of my oldest friends, actually. We met because I was doing women's fashion drawings for this milliner in Chicago. Hef was a copywriter in the men's store, and he was doing a cartoon book. He did all the drawings, all the captions, and he got it published. I knew there was something special there. There was a mood going in Chicago, of skin magazines. But they were all trashy, with third-rate advertising. And we met on the street one day, and he had started this magazine, with quality advertising, and Marilyn Monroe was on the cover. I illustrated a story about jazz and won the Chicago Art Directors Club award.

G.W. *Did you ever go to any of the orgies at the Playboy Mansion?*

L.N. My God! Those were firsts for everybody, new experiences for everyone involved. I used to carry a tape measure. And every girl I'd see I would measure, to see if she was the perfect 34-26-34. But we could never do that today.

G.W. *Weren't you also there when Marilyn Monroe sang "Happy Birthday" to J.F.K. at Madison Square Garden?*

L.N. I did a painting, and it is in Madison Square Garden. I got Marilyn singing in there, carrying that birthday cake in. I got Adlai Stevenson, L.B.J., Bobby—the whole gang. It was a sensational affair. At that time, to accept a commission to paint some of these events was considered bad taste.

G.W. *Why is it that art snobs so disdain LeRoy Neiman?*

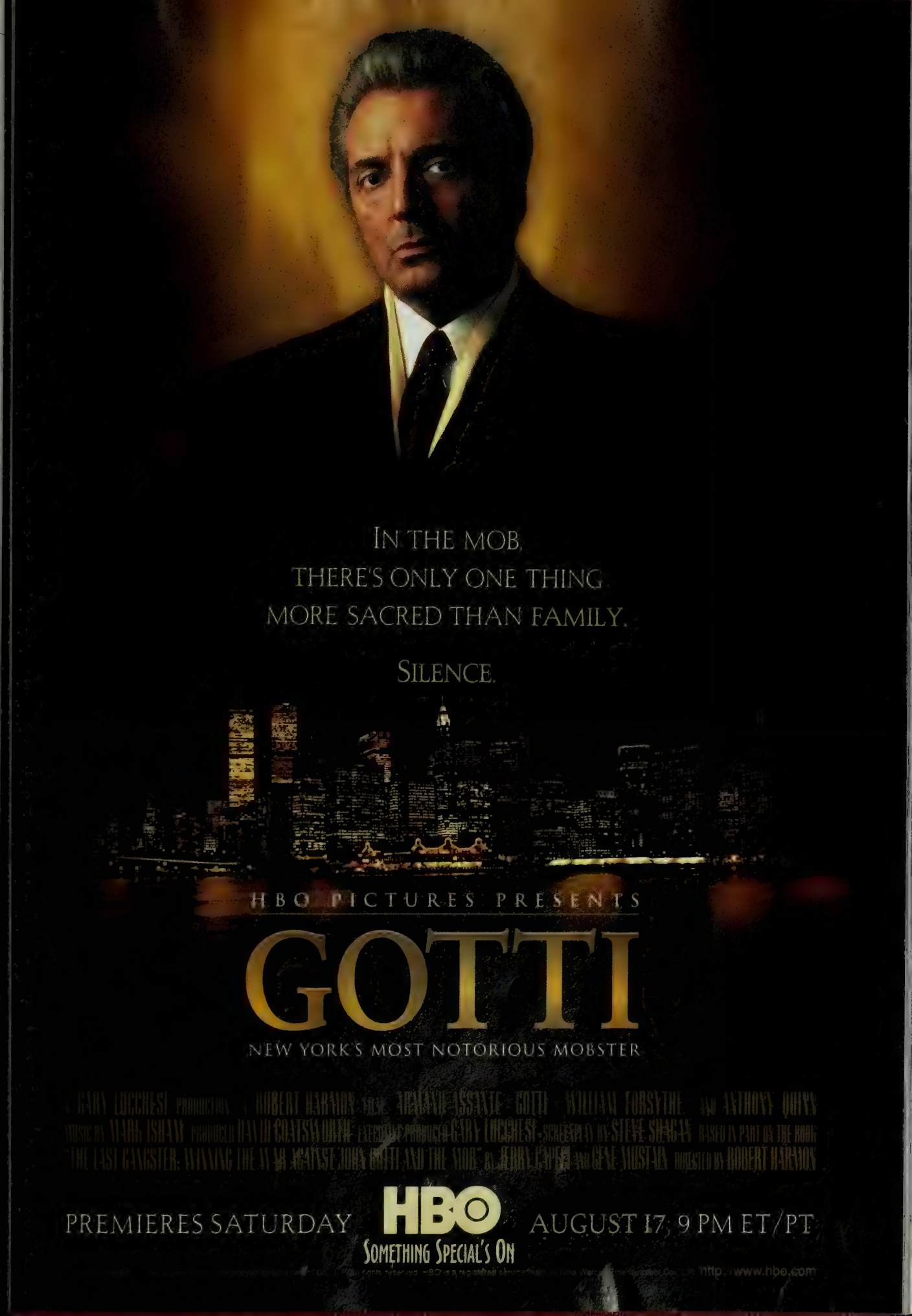
L.N. I've never tried to analyze it, but I'd like to say they're coming around. They are coming around. All the things that I've been taken to task for over the years: *Playboy* and my identification with them; television art, which is another form of making money; silkscreens, where I made tons of money—everything that I have touched has clicked. Things that they took me to task for are now what they *want* the artist to do.

G.W. *You've been around the world many times over. You've met everyone of any consequence. What else is there left for LeRoy Neiman to do?*

L.N. It's always new. Thirty years ago people walked differently, they moved differently, they looked different. They're human beings. You never have to worry about seeing too much of the world, because it just keeps renewing itself.



Paint or sinner: Olympic artist LeRoy Neiman.


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Vanities



V.F. Camera



Above, angelic Beverly Johnson with saintly Bob Evans at Cartier's launch of the Tank Française watch; *top,* model Frederique is uplifted by the Cartier pages.

MODEL BEHAVIOR

"Fellini-esque" is not an adjective that could have been applied to the launch party for Dolce Vita, a new Christian Dior perfume, at the Plaza's Grand Ballroom. The opening of the Chanel Boutique in New York, on the other hand, was swelligant, to say the least, while the European theme continued at the party Cartier threw to launch its new Tank Française watch at New York's former B. Altman building.



Above, model Georgina Robertson at Christian Dior's perfume launch; *below,* Maria Trezise, Lisa Salamon, and Marion von Burchard at the opening of the Chanel Boutique.



Chanel surfing: *Above,* superdeb Stella Tennant throws off heat while Karl Lagerfeld cools himself down at the Chanel Boutique; *right,* Iman gives Sandra Bernhard and Isaac Mizrahi an anatomy lesson.





THE ASPHALT JUNGLE

As they say, whores, politicians, and buildings all become respectable with age. The architect Philip Johnson, whose buildings have made many a skyline respectable, was in fine fettle at his 90th-birthday party at MoMA, while at the New York Public Library's Centennial Literary Lions benefit even Norman Mailer, who has been known to take a swing at fellow party guests, behaved impeccably. Other fat cats in attendance were Edward Albee, Maya Angelou, Joseph Heller, William Kennedy, and Toni Morrison.



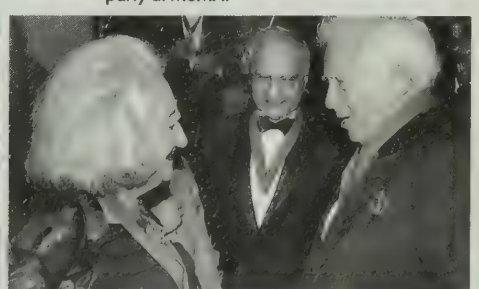
Patricia Duff Perelman and Vernon Jordan at the Africa: The Art of a Continent awards program, at the Guggenheim.



Johnsonians: Philip Johnson and Douglas S. Cramer at Johnson's 90th-birthday party at MoMA.







Various nonwriters attended the Centennial Literary Lions benefit at the New York Public Library, including, *left,* Michael Fuchs, Bianca Jagger, and Barry Diller. *Above, left,* sometime novelist Brooke Astor, Randall Bourscheidt, Paul LeClerc, and Mrs. Felix Rohatyn; *right,* literary stars Betty Friedan, Ved Mehta, and Norman Mailer.

Photographs by DAFYDD JONES

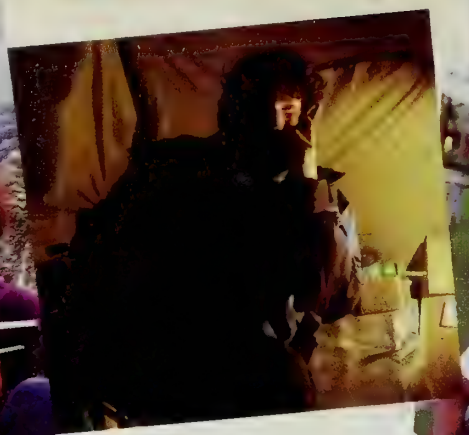

DKNY

BLIND AMBITION



Bored by her socialite existence as the wife of MTV creator Bob Pittman, Sandy Hill Pittman took her energy, glamour, and instinct for the media spotlight in another direction: scaling each continent's highest peak. In May, on Mount Everest, she almost died in a blizzard that killed eight fellow climbers. JENNET CONANT reports on one woman's never-ending quest for the heights







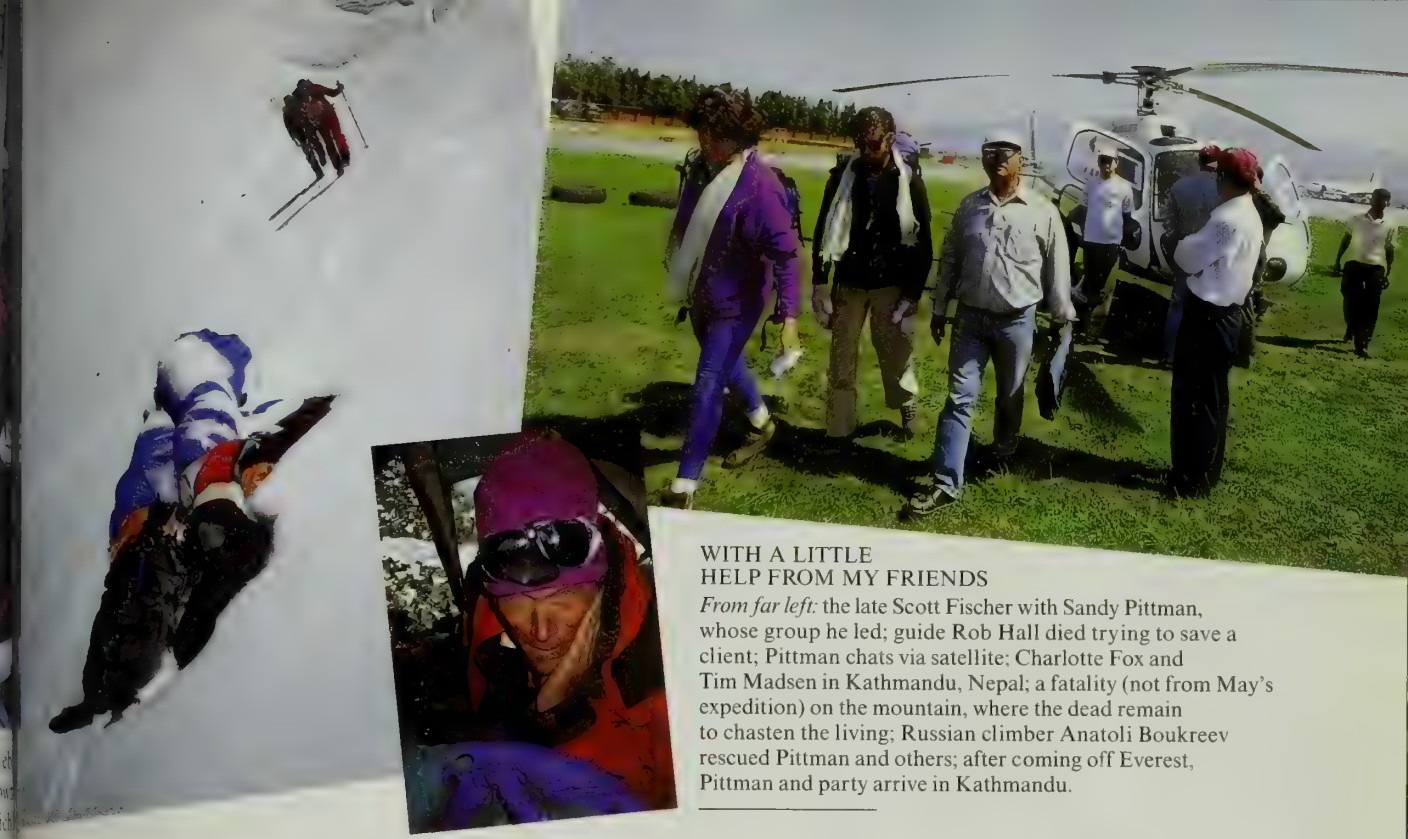


Human beings were not designed to survive in thin air. Those who stay up too high, too long, will eventually be overcome by the altitude. This is the reason climbers refer to all peaks above 26,000 feet as "the Death Zone." Mount Everest, at 29,028 feet, is particularly lethal. So when Sandy Hill Pittman reached its fabled summit at roughly 2:30 P.M. on May 10, she wasted no time celebrating, even though it was an achievement she had been working toward for a lifetime.

Pittman, 41, had more at stake than the other climbers who had plunked down around $65,000 for the chance to stand at the world's apex. Years earlier, bored with life as the socialite wife of MTV creator Bob Pittman (estimated worth, more than $40 million), she had transformed a girlhood enthusiasm for mountaineering and adventuring into a high-profile outlet for her energy and ambition. What had begun as a hobby—trekking in the Himalayas, horseback riding across Kenya, and kayaking in the Arctic Circle—evolved into a passion, a purpose, an identity. Long before she left New York for Nepal on March 21, Pittman had succeeded in fashioning a romantic role for herself as a daring adventuress, a sort of modern-day Amelia Earhart. Sporting La Perla lingerie under her Gore-Tex, she had, in her own words, traded "the escalator at Bergdorf's" for more exotic terrain. "She's very inspiring in that she finds a way to live life to its limits," says her pal Nina Griscom. Not everyone agrees. "She's a show-off," says one friend with a shrug. "When she went kayaking in the East River, she would call up everyone she knew and tell them she was passing. Then she'd get written up in the columns, which is exactly what she wanted. She is a beautiful California girl, but she has a lot of chutzpah."

Everest was the last peak in Pittman's grand plan to become the third woman in history to scale the Top Seven, the highest mountains on each continent. The experience would provide an operatic finale to her book-in-progress, already titled *Summits of My Soul,* and bring her one step closer to realizing her dream of becoming a sportswoman with media tie-ins, the Martha Stewart of mountaineering. A tireless promoter, Pittman tackled the publicity with the same zeal she applied to her demanding training regimen, which included running up the 26 flights to her Central Park West apartment eight times daily. (That's 208 flights.) Before the trip, she modeled climbing gear for *Vogue* and made arrangements with NBC for her electronic diary to be transmitted from Everest (via satellite phone) and posted on the World Wide Web. Her farewell party at Nell's, thrown by society columnist Billy Norwich, was attended by admirers including André Balazs, owner of the Château Marmont hotel, Bianca Jagger, and Calvin Klein. Pittman arrived in full climbing regalia, including crampons and ice ax. Others were treated to a glimpse of Sandy in a snowsuit when the determined mountaineer was featured on postcards with her Web address and a picture of herself hanging jauntily off a cliff. ("All of the excitement; none of the risks," they promised. "Tie on-line with Sandy Hill Pittman.")

She could not have put more pressure on herself to succeed on this her third Everest attempt. Her obsession had cost her hundreds of thousands of dollars and ultimately her 16-year marriage. In October her husband moved out and is now involved with Veronique Choa, estranged wife of David Breashears, climber with whom Sandy Pittman had attempted to scale the Kangshung Face of Everest in 1994. For several months, Pittman agonized over her marriage and whether to leave her 12-year-old son, Bo, for the two-and-a-half-month Everest trip in the midst of a divorce. At the last minute, however, she leapt at the opportunity to join an expedition with an empty slot. Leaving her son in the care of her mother, she set out once more to conquer the mountain.



WITH A LITTLE
HELP FROM MY FRIENDS

From far left: the late Scott Fischer with Sandy Pittman, whose group he led; guide Rob Hall died trying to save a client; Pittman chats via satellite; Charlotte Fox and Tim Madsen in Kathmandu, Nepal; a fatality (not from May's expedition) on the mountain, where the dead remain to chasten the living; Russian climber Anatoli Boukreev rescued Pittman and others; after coming off Everest, Pittman and party arrive in Kathmandu.

Pittman's team was organized by Scott Fischer, a 40-year-old professional guide who co-founded the Seattle-based trekking company Mountain Madness. With three guides and seven Sherpas, Fischer would lead eight clients (two turned back) up the Southeast Route, which he jokingly dubbed "the yellow brick road" because of its popularity among wealthy amateurs who do not shrink at the fact that for the 600 who have summited there have been 142 deaths.

Before attempting the summit, Fischer's team spent a month at Base Camp, a small tent city at 17,600 feet, from which they hiked to higher elevations, conditioning their lungs and collecting more than two tons of garbage left by the trekkers who now swarm to the mountain. Pittman, described by Mountain Madness as a "competent climber," performed well and pulled her weight on the team, according to Fischer's reports. She was, in fact, a good deal more experienced than some of those in other expeditions.

May 10, the anniversary of the previous record, when 37 climbers reached the summit, was chosen as the day for the ascent. The night before the climb, about two dozen mountaineers in three groups—Fischer's team, a New Zealand group, and a Taiwanese group—gathered. It was a clear night; the moon was huge. The next afternoon, when Sandy Pittman hauled herself to the world's highest vantage, she jubilantly exchanged high fives with the climbers already crowding the peak. Neal Beidleman, the Fischer team's assistant guide, raised his arms in victory when he saw her. Because of bulky oxygen masks, no one could really talk. Later, Pittman said that, looking down from six miles high in the sky, she could "actually see the curve of the earth."

But reaching the summit is only half the journey—and most accidents happen on the way down. Pittman was already very tired; observers from another team say she had to be short-roped by a Sherpa on the way up, and she was the last client in her group to reach the summit, with Fischer following as rear guide. She didn't have time to do more than snap a few pictures. No one remembers if she had a chance to bury a cross necklace which she had custom-made by jeweler Barry Kieselstein-Cord for that purpose.

It was fortunate that she got down fast, for the next four people (not including Sherpas), no more than 15 minutes behind her, ran into trouble. Makalu Gau, a Taiwanese climber, was discovered half frozen the following day and was delivered from death's door in one of the highest helicopter rescues ever. Fischer and Rob Hall, the New Zealand expedition leader, who stopped to help his client Doug Hansen, would not be so lucky.

"Sandy and I thought this was the end and just curled up in a ball and waited to die," says Charlotte Fox.

Pittman continued to fatigue badly on the way down. Charlotte Fox, an experienced climber who had brought along her boyfriend and fellow Snowmass Ski Patrol member, Tim Madsen, kept an eye out for her. "I focused on trying to help her," recalls Fox, who had become friends with Pittman on a previous expedition. Neal Beidleman, an elite climber from Aspen, helped Pittman down the Hillary Step, a 40-foot

crack in the ice named for Sir Edmund Hillary, who—with his Sherpa—became the first person to reach the top of Everest, in 1953. "Sandy got her crampons tangled in the ropes," he recalls. "I was worried. She was stumbling and had her ice ax in the wrong hand."

He walked with her as far as the South Summit, where he stopped to check on the others. When he started down 20 minutes later, he saw Fox standing over her friend waving a hypodermic needle. Pittman was on her stomach, and Fox had just given her a shot of dexamethasone, unzipping a back corner of Pittman's suit and jabbing the needle into her buttocks right through her other clothes. An anti-inflammatory with amphetamine-like side effects, the drug is usually administered only as a last resort. But Pittman had asked for it. She was completely exhausted.

Beidleman scrambled over to Danish climber Lene Gammelgaard and asked her to trade oxygen with Pittman, whose bottle was running low. He turned her oxygen flow rate to high, which feels like a jolt of adrenaline. "It was a judgment call, not preferential treatment," he says, explaining that he had to get her moving. "Sandy was the one in the biggest trouble at that point."

Pittman wanted to rest, but Beidleman told her, "You've got to get the fuck down or you're going to *die!*" Snow had begun to slow their progress, a storm was whipping up wind, and the group was still a three-hour walk away from Camp 4, located on a little saddle called the South Col. Beidleman grabbed Pittman by her harness, clipped himself to the rope, and started sliding down the fixed lines, pulling her after him. "We were on the edge," he recalls. "If she had been there alone she wouldn't have made it. She was way out of it. Sandy had used her full physical and mental resources to attain the summit."

By the time the storm hit full force, a large group of climbers had descended the fixed ropes. Beidleman, Pittman, Fox, Madsen, Charlotte Fox and Klev Schoening, a climber from Seattle, were all part of Fischer's team. (Another member, Martin Adams, had left the summit earlier.) Yasuko Namba, a 95-pound Japanese climber, had collapsed by the ropes, and Beidleman pulled her to the bottom. There was also a guide from Hall's team, Mike Groom, who was tethered to Seaborn "Beck" Weathers, a Texas pathologist who had given himself Everest as a 50th-birthday present but had run into trouble before reaching the summit. Two Sherpas were with them. They had to scream just to be heard over the roaring 50-mile-per-hour gusts. It was dark now, with whiteout conditions. There was no way to tell which direction led back up or down. Half blind and battered by the wind, the group scattered in different directions on the saddle between Lhotse and Everest. There were sheer drops on each side.

Beidleman rounded up the group and got them to huddle together, backs to the wind. They fell into a huge dog pile, sitting or lying in one another's laps, beating their friends and acquaintances, yelling profanities—anything to stay awake. All were now out of oxygen. With the windchill lowering temperatures to 100 degrees below freezing, the climbers were shaking uncontrollably from hypothermia. If anyone passed out, death would be imminent.

Sometime around midnight, the storm subsided, the stars came out, and the climbers decided to make a mad dash for safety. But Namba was barely conscious, and Pittman and Fox were too weak to walk. "Our knees were buckling," recalls Fox. Beidleman remembers shouting at Pittman that she had to keep going. She tried to crawl, but couldn't. If someone didn't go for help, "we would all be Popsicles by morning," Beidleman said.

Madsen, still strong, elected to stay with Charlotte Fox, who, like Pittman, had sat down in the snow. They were fading fast. "We sat down to conserve energy, and so we wouldn't walk off the mountain," says Fox. "The wind was blowing and I couldn't open my eyes. I concentrated on staying alive."

Schoening, Gammelgaard, and Beidleman took off, and, as it turned out, they were only a quarter-mile from camp. But by the time they collapsed at the tents, they were gasping for breath. It was 1:30 A.M. Beidleman told Anatoli Boukreev, a burly Russian guide, that the others were in grave danger. Boukreev, 38, a world-class climber who grew up in the Ural Mountains, had returned from the top hours before. He set out immediately. But the storm had picked up again. There was zero visibility. After an hour, he returned. Beidleman and Schoening, dehydrated and trembling violently, tried desperately to supply directions.

Meanwhile, as Fox later recalled, she and Sandy Pittman had completely given up. By three A.M. they had been out 30 hours. They had no water. Their food was frozen solid. "Sandy and I thought this was the end and just curled up in a ball and waited to die," says Fox. "Tim had a better attitude. He said, 'Beat Sandy on the back! Rub her arms! Move your legs!' I said, 'No, leave me to die. Nobody's going to save us.'"

But, after searching for 30 minutes, Boukreev saw a light. He heard Madsen yelling. *(Continued on page 143)*



SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

Sandy and now estranged husband Bob Pittman at the Rita Hayworth/Alzheimer's Association gala in 1992. *Insets, left to right:* Sandy sports a cast at the ballet with Bob in May 1995; Sandy with role model Martha Stewart at a 1991 hoedown for the Literacy Volunteers; courting headlines in a dress of newspaper print; dancing with Château Marmont owner André Balazs at Lincoln Center in 1995; pretty in pink with walker-decorator Jeffrey Bilhuber at the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute gala last December.

andy's too much of a good thing—she climbs mountains, drives
notorcycles, and pilots her own helicopter. Who can relate to that?"



The Flamenco Kid

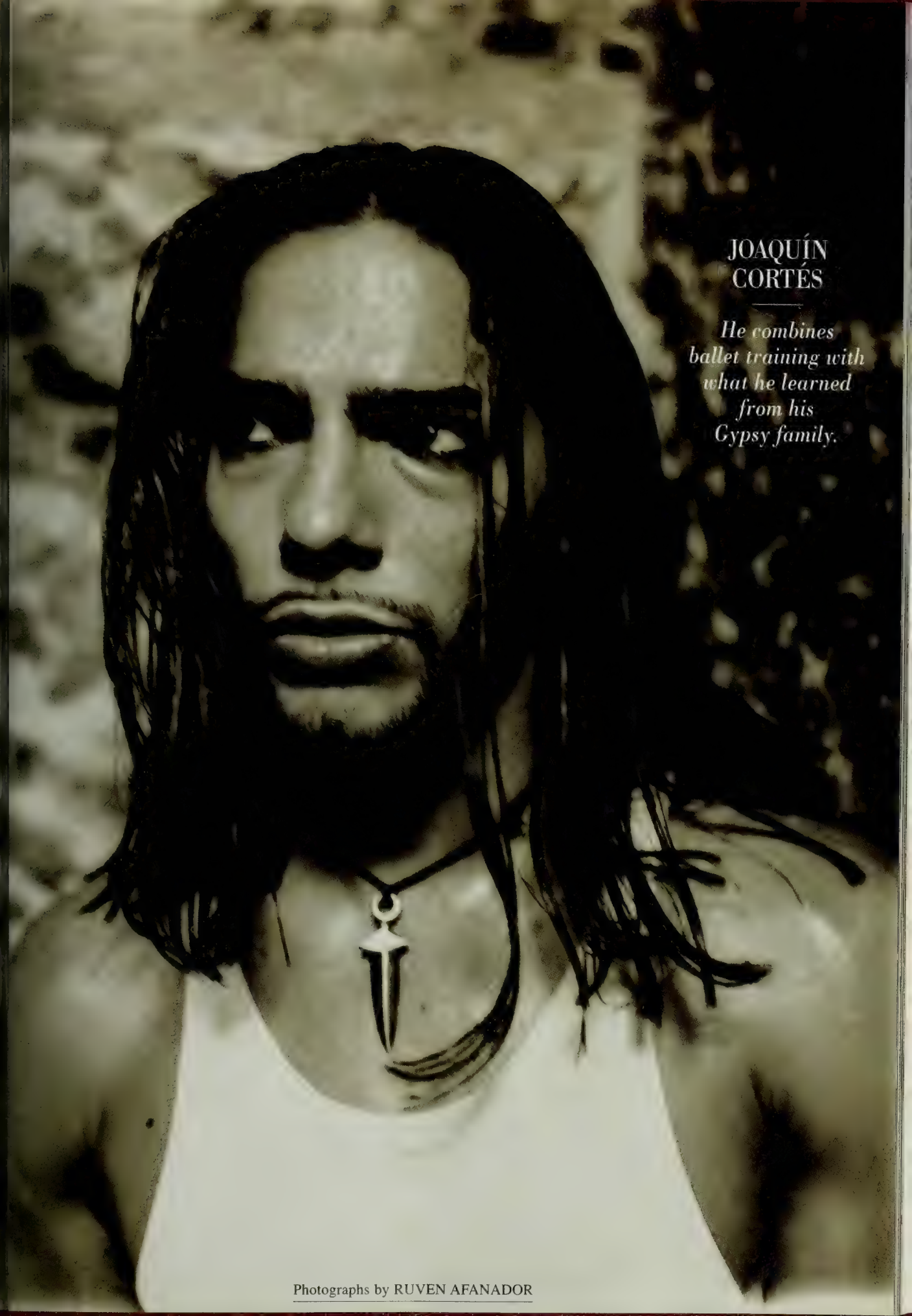


It seems to happen every few generations—the explosion of interest in flamenco culture outside the confines of Spain. Before she began *Middlemarch*, George Eliot wrote her only verse drama, *The Spanish Gypsy*, about the torrid connection between freedom and romance. Decades later, the poetry of Federico García Lorca took the rhythms of Andalusia around the world, before the poet himself was silenced by tyranny. The latest detonation of the *gitane* style comes by grace of Joaquín Cortés, a knife-thin, baby-faced diminutive who makes the music play in time with him rather than the reverse.

So electrifying is his interpretation of the flamenco culture—which combines what he learned at Spain's Ballet Nacional with what he took in from his Gypsy family—that his stage presence is being "translated" into a slew of cultural idioms. You can see him wooing Marisa Paredes in Pedro Almodóvar's *The Flower of My Secret*. You've seen him in a television endorsement of a new cologne, named the "Ibiza Passion." And he's touring the world with his dance spectacular *Gypsy Passion* (that's me, left). The result: more than four pounds during every performance, which is one way of living for your art.

"Just because I'm a Gypsy, I don't have to say, 'It doesn't mean that we all go around with a goat and a hurdy-gurdy.' We never call it 'the New Flamenco' as often as you like, it's the old flamenco—that toxic blend of Moorish, Jewish, and Gypsy—that keeps coming, and keeps reviving, and never dies.

—Jonathan Margolis



JOAQUÍN CORTÉS

He combines ballet training with what he learned from his Gypsy family.

Photographs by RUVEN AFANADOR

Splendor in the



Crass

As the ultimate film festival nears its half-century mark, HELMUT NEWTON turns his camera on the glamour and decadence of Cannes, while DAVID KAMP eyes the tacky, gaudy brew of starlets, art-house talent, and floating brothels



CANNY

In the tradition of generations of blondes who have come to air their ambitions beneath the May skies of the Riviera, model Eva Herzigova poses on the balcony of the Hotel Martinez in Cannes.

Right from the get-go, an air of folly has permeated the International Festival of Film at Cannes. At the event's inaugural, 50 years ago, France's minister of commerce and industry stood before the assembled crowd, his mind clouded with postwar euphoria (or something), and announced with great fanfare the opening of "the first Festival . . . of Agriculture!" Ever since, Cannes has had a deserved reputation for ridiculousness, what with the catty stories of jury infighting, the failure of A-list stars to materialize, the indelicate questions posed to filmmakers by the European press (Mr. Lee, why is it that so many American Negroes are criminals?), and the requisite rush of photographers toward some buxom young lovely who has begun a striptease on the Croisette, the honky-tonk spit of Cannes coast that runs along the Mediterranean.

Depravity suits Cannesgoers, even if the wares they've come to flog are mostly arthouse films that, in America at least, will be seen as enriching, intellectual counterpoints to the latest works of Jim Carrey and Adam Sandler. A case in point at this year's festival was *Trainspotting,* a low-budget Scottish film about heroin addicts by the same pimply yob wraiths who brought you last year's *Shallow Grave.* Suffused with the open-sore aesthetic so irresistible to British tastemakers, *Trainspotting* wasn't even shown in competition, but its hipster cachet, not to mention Miramax's acquisition of its U.S. distribution rights, made its Day-Glo orange [illegible] its the ones everyone [illegible] have, and its party the one everyone desperately clamored to get in to. The Palm Beach, a casino on the Croisette, was retrofitted as a rave shed for the occasion, which attracted Bono, Mick Jagger, Oasis's Noel Gallagher, and sundry other fabulosi, many of whom could still be found carousing at breakfast-time—full of booze, drugs, and themselves. Even the visiting Hollywood executive V.P.'s, accurately stereotyped as a bunch of joyless, workaholic orderers of five-lettuce salads and mineral water, got caught up in the bacchanalian spirit, ordering wine with lunch, saying "yes" to foie gras, staying out till four A.M., and, in some cases, finding their way to the "floating brothel" which was moored a sufficient distance from the coast to evade prying eyes.

Cannes's It Boy of '96 was Ewan McGregor, *Trainspotting*'s buzz-cropped young star, who was further represented by *Emma,* the latest film to be adapted from Jane Austen, and *The Pillow Book,* the most recent bit of artful smut from the British artful-smut purveyor Peter Greenaway. Not to be outdone, the Canadian artful-smut purveyor David Cronenberg presented *Crash,* starring James Spader, Deborah Unger, Holly Hunter, Elias Koteas, and Rosanna Arquette (the last playing a physically challenged harness-lover) as sexual obsessives who derive erotic pleasure from participating in high-speed automobile collisions.

Yet, for all the provocateur's gambits, this year's jury, presided over by Francis Coppola, chose to reward some of the festival's more subdued offerings. The Palme d'Or went to *Secrets and Lies,* another



HOT SCOT

Ewan McGregor ruled—starring in three films screened at Cannes: *Emma,* with Gwyneth Paltrow, Peter Greenaway's *The Pillow Book,* and *Trainspotting,* the film Miramax hopes will become this year's *Pulp Fiction.*



Anyone who got in to a Cannes party could easily buttonhole Robert Altman.



CITY DWELLERS

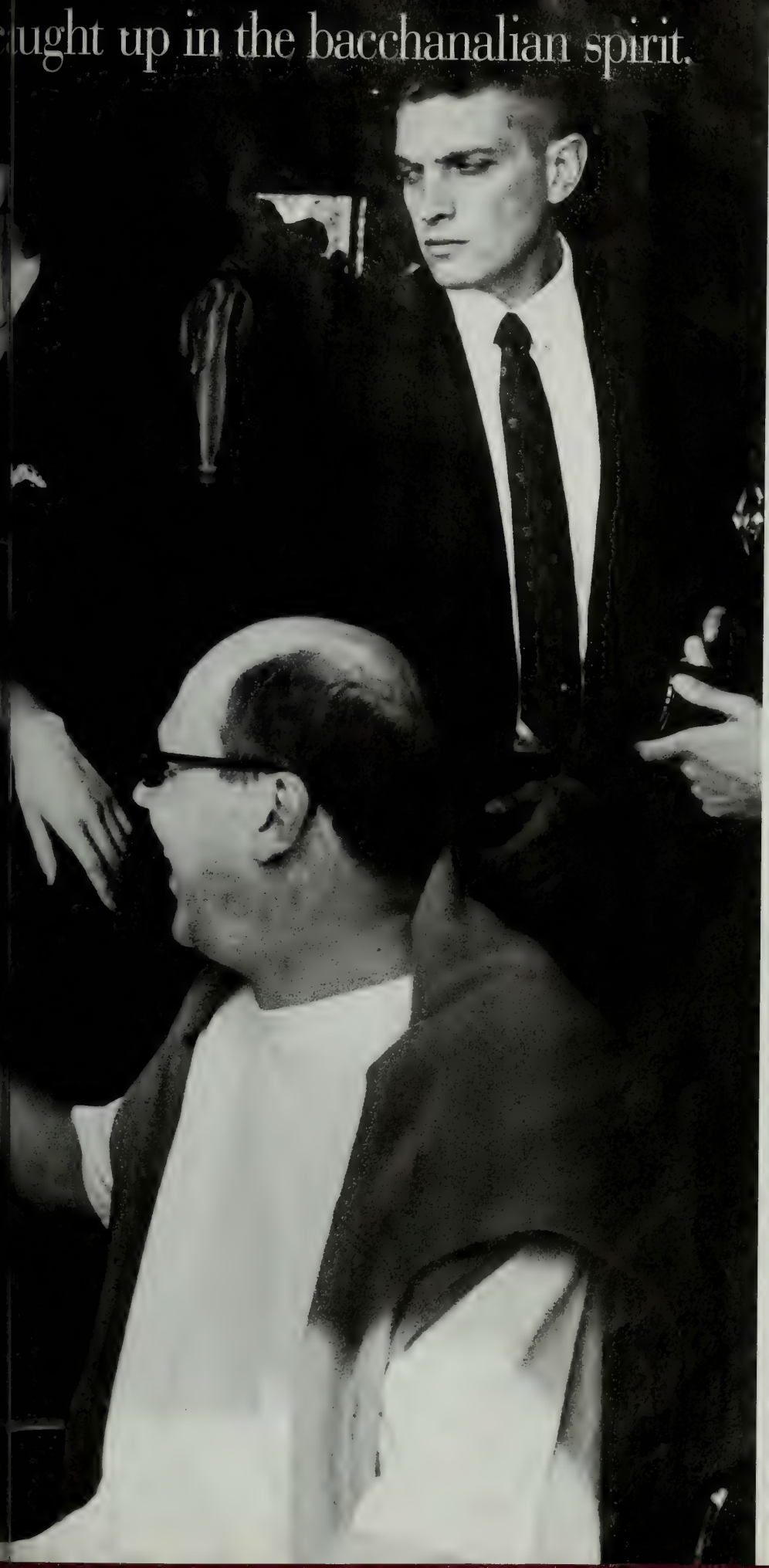
Robert Altman with Jennifer Jason Leigh and Miranda Richardson, co-stars of *Kansas City*, the director's homage to his native birthplace. Opinions on the film were mixed, but Richardson's performance was widely acclaimed. (The actress's prize was, however, ultimately won by Brenda Blethyn, star of Mike Leigh's *Secrets and Lies*.)

TERS-IN-ARMS

icia Arquette (left)
s a wife who
ws her husband on a
rre cross-country
ch for his parents in
ting with Disaster,
closing-night film at
festival. She is
ured with her sister,
anna Arquette,
of the stars of
id Cronenberg's
roversial *Crash,* a film
t sex and cars,
h debuted at Cannes.




Hollywood's workaholic orderers of five-lettuce salads go



fine slice of British working-class life from Mike Leigh, while the best-actor award was shared by the French co-stars of the sentimental favorite, *The Eighth Day,* Daniel Auteuil (*Jean de Florette, Manon of the Spring*) and Pascal Duquenne, who has Down's syndrome. And outside the screening rooms, the most striking aspect of the festival was not its decadence but its pronounced lack of V.I.P./nobody stratification. Whereas Hollywood takes care to secrete its talent away in corner booths and private rooms, anyone who got in to a Cannes party could easily buttonhole Robert Altman (in town to promote his new film, *Kansas City*) or *Pulp Fiction* producer Lawrence Bender and start a pitch, and anyone who walked into the American Pavilion during a Bulls-Knicks playoff game could cheer along with Spike Lee, who persuaded Twentieth Century Fox's Searchlight Pictures and Miramax's Harvey Weinstein to split the cost of a satellite feed.

This year marked the 50th anniversary of the first Cannes festival, but it was only the 49th actual festival. Forty-nine, needless to say, is an unsexy number; the thought is that next year's version, the true 50th, will be the most vulgar, besotted, overhyped, overcrowded, silicone-inflated, press-saturated Cannes film festival yet. Hint: Buy stock in flashbulb companies now. □

CANNES DO

From the Palm Beach, a casino retrofitted as a rave shed, to the bar at the Hôtel Majestic, where this shot was taken, the Cannes social scene was as entertaining as the movies. Shown here with Eva Herzigova are Robert Shaye, C.E.O. of New Line Cinema; independent producer Michael Green; Rolf Mittweg, president of New Line International; and Staffan Ahrenberg of Saga Pictures.



KYRA SEDGWICK

"I have a lot of people within, shoes I want to walk in, a lot of personalities in my head."

Kyra Royale



With her crackly voice, elastic smile, and Carole King mane, Kyra Sedgwick exudes Kindly Babysitter, the type who appears at your door bearing a guitar case, a clutch of Jackson Browne records, and a bag of carob chips, declaring, "Tonight we're gonna bake health squares!" Directors like to use her as an earthy, free-spirited counterpart to more uptight characters. In Oliver Stone's *Born on the Fourth of July*, she's Tom Cruise's left-wing girlfriend. In Lasse Hallström's *Something to Talk About*, she's Julia Roberts's mouthy, protective sister. And in *Mr. & Mrs. Bridge*, she's the Merchant-Ivory team's idea of a wayward woman.

"I have a lot of people whose shoes I want to walk in," she says, "a lot of personalities in my head." The latest: Lace, John Travolta's romantic interest in the just-out *Phenomenon*, and Elizabeth, a mother's helper who becomes engulfed in torturous goings-on, in *Losing Chase*, directed by Sedgwick's husband, Kevin Bacon. (It airs on Showtime in August.) They are wildly different, but they further confirm that Kyra Sedgwick is a woman with whom you could happily leave your kids. —DAVID KAMP

Hair and makeup by DAVID SEIDNER

Gedhun [illegible]
(below), anointed by the Dalai Lama, and his rival, Gyaltsen Norbu *(opposite)*, chosen by the Chinese government, are both claimed to be the newest reincarnation of the Panchen Lama, second only to the Dalai Lama in the hierarchy of Tibetan holy men.

SUN WITHOUT A MOON



Two seven-year-old boys, one enthroned and the other imprisoned, have become pawns in the struggle between Tibet's spiritual ruler and the occupying Chinese government. Where is the true reincarnation of the 10th Panchen Lama—the moon to the Dalai Lama's sun? In the snowcapped mountains on the roof of the world, ALEX SHOUMATOFF searches for answers

"Not only is his life in danger, he could be put in a psychiatr



caught the overnight train from Delhi to Pathankot, a grubby trading center on the Punjab border, and from there a taxi drove me at breakneck speed up the Kangra Valley, swerving for an occasional rhesus monkey grooming itself in the road. In the distance loomed the dazzling, snow-caked wall of the Dhauladhar range, into whose pine-clad foothills we rose steeply. At noon we pulled into Dharamsala, the old British hill station where viceroys summered in the heyday of the Raj, where Lord Elgin of the marbles is buried. Since 1960 Dharamsala has been the seat of the Tibetan government in exile. Hurrying through its aromatic, seminarian hush, past bowing monks, I presented myself at the gate of the former high commissioner's residence, now the home and executive offices of the 14th Dalai Lama. The head of the exile government, he fled Tibet in 1959 and is still revered by its six million citizens as their ruling archangel, despite the Chinese government's incessant efforts to vilify and undermine him. My side bag was searched and my person frisked (a few months earlier, three operatives for Beijing were caught snooping around the high-fenced compound), then I was escorted up to the residence—a group of yellow buildings, discreetly screened by conifers, out on a spur with a sweeping view of the plain far below. Standing on a vine-canopied veranda, His Holiness, in maroon robes and tinted glasses, greeted me with a radiant smile and warm handclasp. The touch of this holy man, who is in many ways the heir to Gandhi, was electric.

It was the dead of winter, and the Dalai Lama was in the middle of a monthlong retreat devoted purely to such meditations as chanting a particular mantra 60,000 times. Perhaps this was his way of recharging himself and generating the strength to deliver his people from one of the most brutal occupations in modern history. Not even his private secretary or the Cabinet had access to him, only the attendant who brought him food. But today he was breaking the retreat to grant several long-scheduled or urgent audiences. This morning he received a green-pantalooned Steven Seagal. (Nineteen ninety-six is the Year of Tibet in Hollywood. Brad Pitt is playing Heinrich Harrer, the German mountain climber who escaped from internment in British India during World War II and made his way north, over the Himalayas, to become the Dalai Lama's boyhood tutor; Martin Scorsese is working with Melissa Mathison on a movie about the young Dalai Lama; and Seagal is doing an action-adventure film on the C.I.A.'s aid to the Tibetan guerrillas in the 60s.)

Our meeting concerned the then six-year-old boy Gedhun Choekyi Nyima, whom His Holiness declared in May 1995 to be the reincarnation of the 10th Panchen Lama. Since the 10th's death in 1989, all Tibet had been eagerly waiting for him to come back. But a year ago the little boy and his parents were abducted by the Chinese authorities, and they haven't been seen since. No one knows for sure where they are, or even if they are still alive. As of this spring, at least 60 monks and laypeople involved in the boy's discovery or in protests over his abduction had been arrested. I was on my way to Tibet and Beijing to see what I could find out about the fate of this "soul boy," as the Chinese call such infant holy men.

Late last November the Chinese came up with their own six-year-old soul boy, Gyaltsen Norbu, and on December 8 he was enthroned under tight security at Tashilhunpo Monastery, the Panchen Lama's traditional seat in Shigatse, Tibet's second-largest city. The Chinese leadership has been in a frighteningly belligerent mood of late. There has been a spike of repression not just in Tibet, where political arrests last year went up to 210 from 124 the year before, but throughout the People's Republic. This latest salvo aimed at the Dalai Lama is particularly brazen because it was the Fifth Dalai Lama who created the Panchen Lama lineage in the 17th century, and now the Communists, having done their best to destroy Buddhism in Tibet over the last 45 years, are claiming that it was their job to find the latest reincarnation. In the Tibetan panoply of "living Buddhas," the Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama are the sun and moon, the queen and the rook; whichever of them outlives the other leads the search for the deceased's reincarnation, which can take years, and involves consulting a vision-giving lake, casting dice, rotating doughballs and performing other divinations, combing the countryside for auspicious signs and unusual children, and seeing how the candidates react to the previous incarnation's possessions. But the Chinese had dredged up an arcane precedent, a long-forgotten agreement the Eighth Dalai Lama had made with the Ching emperor in 1792 that the selection of all Tibetan living Buddhas, including the Dalai and Panchen Lamas, would be done by drawing lots from a golden urn before the statue of the Shakyamuni Buddha in Tibet's capital, Lhasa, and they were using it to declare the Dalai Lama's choice "illegal and invalid," so they could put in their own kid.

Why is great China, 1.2 billion strong, with nuclear weapons and a booming economy, so threatened by this six-year-old boy? I asked the Dalai Lama.

"My opinion is that this Panchen Lama business is nothing exceptional," His Holiness said in his expressive Pidgin English. Occasionally his private secretary, Tenzin Geyche Tethong, hovering over us anxiously and obsequiously like the White Rabbit, would whisper a word he was fishing for. "The whole Chinese attitude toward Tibet is complete control and bullying, whether education, economy, or spirituality. The key policy regarding spirituality is that genuine believers are not loyal to the Communist Party. They want the kind of believer who considers the party number one and Buddhism secondary."

Why didn't the Dalai Lama wait until he had smuggled the boy out of Tibet before announcing that he was the incarnation? I wanted to know. Didn't he know he'd be creating an instant martyr?

"Honestly speaking, it [smuggling the boy out] would have been a wrong act. The Chinese would have had one more reason to accuse me.

ylum," says the Dalai Lama of his "soul boy," Choekyi Nyima

While I was searching for the boy, some lamas suggested that I choose one who was out of the country, but I saw that as more politically minded. My main concern is that the reincarnation be genuine."

His Holiness wanted to make it clear, however, that he is deeply worried about the boy's safety. "Not only is his life in danger, he could be put in a psychiatric asylum, drugged, and made useless, so I am appealing to the international community to continue its concern not because he is the Panchen Lama but simply an innocent boy who without any fault of his own has now become the world's youngest political prisoner, which is very sad. I feel if the Chinese government's attitude toward Tibet in general and particularly toward me improved we could find some appropriate solution. I want to make it clear that, despite this incident, as soon as there is some positive indication, I am ready to negotiate anywhere, anytime."

We posed for the secretary to take a snapshot, and the Dalai Lama held up between us a poster of the missing soul boy and kept squeezing my forearm and kneading it lovingly. As I was about to leave he reminded me that the 10th Panchen Lama, who died at the age of 50, suffered years of prison and torture, but never broke, and went to his grave denouncing the Chinese and affirming his allegiance to the Dalai Lama. "Maybe they won't be able to control this one, either," His Holiness mused.



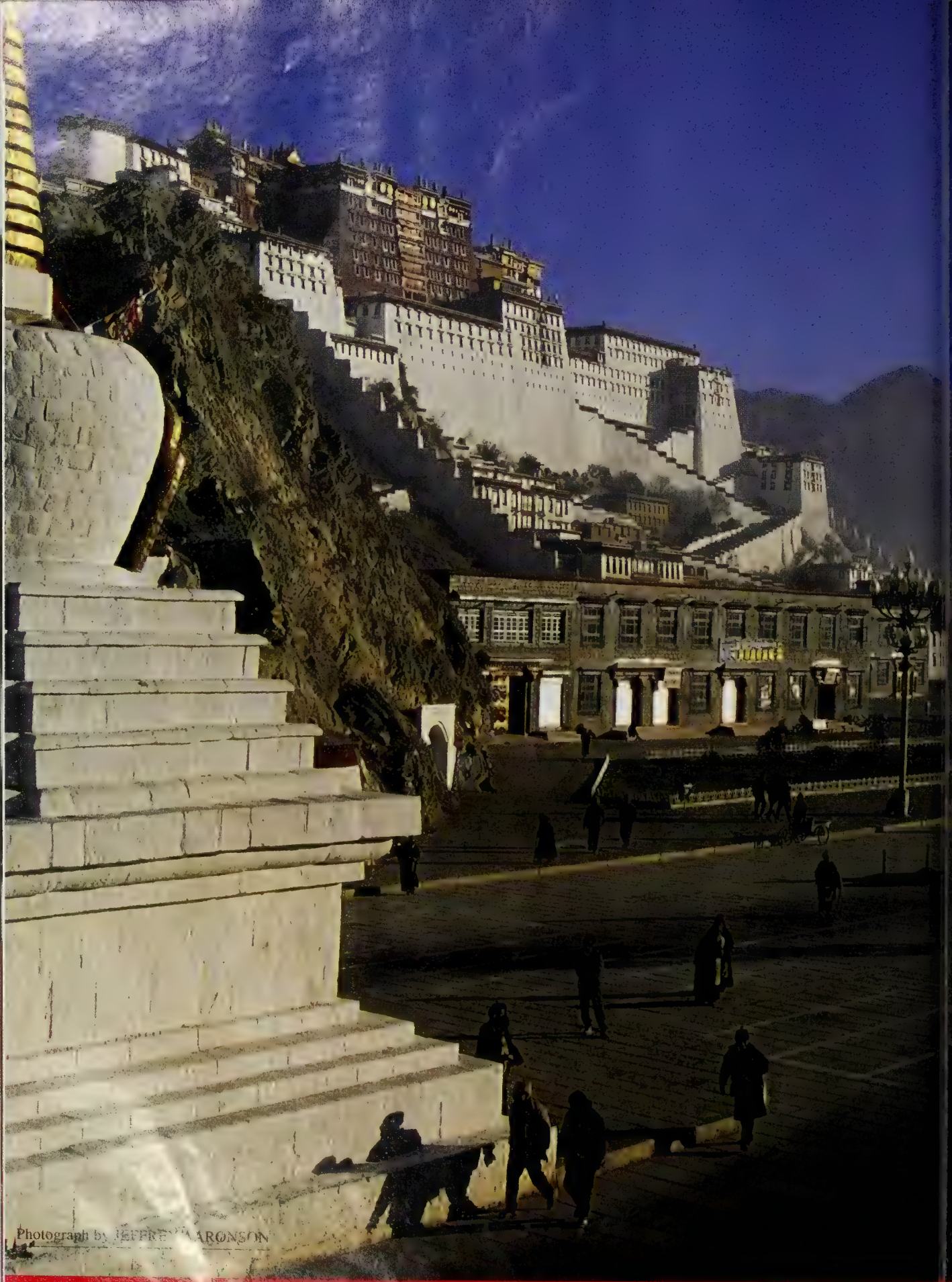




Left, the 10th Panchen Lama (left) and his regent in Tibet, 1947. After he died in 1989 his embalmed body was seated on an altar at Tashilhunpo Monastery to await his reincarnation. *Below,* the 10th Panchen Lama (left) and the Dalai Lama in Lhasa, Tibet, 1952. They became close friends despite efforts by the Chinese to drive a wedge between them. *Bottom,* the 10th's 50-day trial in Lhasa, 1964. He was relentlessly persecuted by the Communists—spat upon, punched, kicked, imprisoned, and, many suspect, finally poisoned because he refused to denounce the Dalai Lama.

According to the Buddhist view, most of us are caught on the Wheel of Life, on which we keep being reborn as one of six types of sentient being (gods, demigods, humans, "hungry ghosts," animals, hell beings) until, usually after innumerable reincarnations, we finally get it right, at which point we have attained Buddhahood and are enlightened. In Tibetan Buddhism, becoming a Buddha involves helping our fellow sentient beings work their way up through the cycles of suffering. There is a special category of altruistic incarnates called *tulkus* in Tibetan, which means "emanation bodies." Thousands of *tulku* lineages—no one knows exactly how many—have been recognized, and new ones continue to be created. The Dalai Lama is revered as a manifestation of Avalokitesvara, who embodies the compassion of all Buddhas, and the Panchen Lama is revered as a manifestation of Amitabha, the Buddha of Infinite Light.

There are traditions in India of certain great masters being the spiritual descendants of other great masters of the past, but no country except Tibet has institutionalized lineages of *tulkus*—reincarnating holy men at the apex of its social pyramid. The Dalai Lama has said that the fate of the young Panchen Lama is ultimately not so worrisome, because if things became unbearable, the boy could always take a rebirth. "To outside eyes this may seem harsh," a Tibetan explained to me, "but the Chinese are a small obstruction. What can humans do to a Buddha?" There are stories of highly realized *tulkus* dematerializing under torture by the Red Guard and assuming *jalüs,* or "rainbow bodies," so that one could see a candle flame through their bodies. The 12th Tengye Rinpoche (*rinpoche* means "precious jewel" and is a title of adoration bestowed



Photograph by JEFFREY AARONSON

Disco and drugs have arrived in Lhasa. For a lost generatio

on *tulkus* and other holy men), the abbot of a monastery and a noted scholar, inexplicably vanished from his cell after being interrogated by the Chinese in 1959. No trace of him has ever been found. He is believed to have either flown away, taken an early rebirth, or assumed a *jalü*.

When a *tulku* dies, sometimes his new incarnation is not found for years. On the other hand, sometimes a new incarnation is born before his predecessor has died! The 10th Panchen Lama, for instance, who was not discovered until 12 years after the death of the 9th, had been born, it turned out, a few months before the 9th's passing. How does this work? I asked the Dalai Lama. Can a returning soul take over the body of someone who already exists? "No," he replied. "But two separate emanations from the same source can coexist. There are several kinds of reincarnation: One, the previous self takes a new body. Two, the ultimate source of the reincarnation can multiply simultaneously, so in that case rebirth may not necessarily come after a previous death. Two reincarnations can happen. For instance, there are two of [the *tulku*] Taklun Tsetul, one in central Tibet, the other in eastern."

Often *tulkus* have memories from their previous incarnations. Khamtrul Rinpoche, a 68-year-old lama of the Nyingma order who has a monastery in Dharamsala, remembers that as a child "I had a strange feeling that my parents' house was not mine, that my possessions were not my possessions, that this was not real-

The western entrance to Lhasa, the Tibetan capital, with Potala Square and, in the background, the Potala Palace, built in the mid-17th century. *Inset,* the Chinese Panchen Lama ascends the throne in Tibet in 1995.

panese karaoke bars have become the new temples.

The reign of the Dalai Lamas was "like having success

ly my sister—a melancholy feeling that came usually at sunrise and sunset. I would tell my mother and my sister that I was going to take them to my house, which was bigger than this one and had lots of horses, and I would describe the previous *rinpoche*'s house right down to the dogs and trees and stream; he had died three years before I was born. I was always playing in the plain, looking for someone to come and pick me up, and one day I saw a group of people on horses. They were looking for a boy who had been born in the Dragon Year—the year of my birth. I recognized their faces and the horse the late Khamtrul used to ride. 'You are Tsesum and Ugyen,' I said to two of the monks. 'Have you come to take me?' Tsesum and Ugyen were completely shocked."

One morning shortly afterward, little Khamtrul was taken to a huge room with a table on which religious objects—two drums, two rosaries, two cymbals—had been laid out. Unfailingly he chose the ones that had belonged to his predecessor. This was an absolutely classic discovery, free of Chinese interference, as was the Dalai Lama's, whose search party was guided to his house by a vision on the surface of a lake.

In 1965, Robert A. F. Thurman, now a professor of Indo-Tibetan studies at Columbia University, was ordained as a monk by Ling Rinpoche, the Dalai Lama's tutor. (A few years later he renounced his robes and got married.) Ling died in the mid-80s, and a few years later his reincarnation, who is now nine, was recognized. One morning, when the new Ling Rinpoche was four years old, Thurman dropped in on him unannounced. "There was no opportunity for the boy's aides to brief him on who I was," Thurman told me, "because the two of us immediately went off for a walk alone in the garden. Suddenly he began to scold me for giving up being a monk. I don't know how he could have known about that—unless he was recalling his previous life. This is not conclusive evidence for reincarnation, but it's pretty striking."

The *tulku* system is nothing if not egalitarian. New incarnations can be found anywhere, even in the poorest nomad families—12 of the Dalai Lamas were born to commoners—so the whole population is invested in the process. The system prevented the building up of dynasties and reduced family-related corruption. The *tulku* had lifetime tenure, so he didn't have to worry about holding on to power, and thus could concentrate on being a shining embodiment of wisdom and compassion. When the system worked, as in the case of the present Dalai Lama, it worked beautifully. Tibet between the mid–18th century and 1959 was the only society on earth ruled by consecutively reincarnated saints. The reign of the Dalai Lamas was, as Robert Thurman put it, "like having successive reincarnations of Jesus Christ in the White House."

But, like any system, this one was subject to abuse. As a Tibetan friend explained, a *tulku* was a "business class" rebirth. It came with significant perks—a monastery, estates, tenant farmers, devoted disciples. All too often the little *tulku* was manipulated for material ends, by his parents, by the abbot of his monastery, by the entourage of his previous incarnation, by his regents (who controlled his assets until he reached his majority). The last three Panchen Lamas were manipulated for political ends by, successively, the Manchus, the Kuomintang, and the Red Chinese, who tried to make them their puppets and to create a schism with the Dalai Lamas in typical imperialistic divide-and-rule fashion.

In fact, the lineages of both the Dalai and Panchen Lamas are rife with the sort of intrigue, treachery, and political machination you would expect from the Plantagenets, say, or the Popes. The Sixth Dalai, for instance, was deposed and probably murdered in 1706 by the Manchus, who installed their candidate for his reincarnation in the Potala, the Dalai Lama's 1,200-room palace in Lhasa. But the Tibetans refused to accept him. The 9th through 12th Dalai Lamas all died before reaching their 25th birthdays. Sir Charles Bell, the British representative in Tibet early in th century, speculated that they too ma have been murdered.

The cloud over the recognition c the reincarnation of the Panchen Lam is hardly unique; there are currentl two rivals claiming to be a reincarna tion of the Karmapa, another celebrate Tibetan hierarch. As Tai Situ Rinpoche the regent who sponsored one of th new Karmapas, said, "We are used t this." Reincarnation, Kelsang Yeshi, th chairman of the exiled government' Cabinet, reminded me, is "nebulous te ritory." And when you delve into thes reincarnation controversies, John Ack erly, the director of the Washington based International Campaign for Tibet explained, "you're getting into th murky side of Tibet."

"The real question [about the curren Panchen Lama controversy] is whethe the Chinese have written the Dalai Lama off," Frank Wisner, the American am bassador in New Delhi, told me, "o is there still a deal to be made lik the concordat between the Pope and Mussolini. . . . The Chinese feel they can't be wobbly about fractious bits and pieces of the empire at this point, and they're cutting His Holiness no slack They want him on his knees."

The morning flight to Lhasa from Chengdu, in Sichuan (the only flights into Tibet in winter are from China) is filled half with Tibetans and half with Han Chinese smartly dressed in leather and fur—the new Communist consumer generation. My two companions are Jeffrey Aaronson, 41, a photographer and my Tibetan exile friend Sephen who is to chat discreetly with his com patriots and find out what is going on

As we wait for our luggage in Lhasa's large, new, modern arrivals building a young Han woman breaks out a cell phone and is soon yakking away Half a dozen other passengers are doing the same. This is not the Tibet I toured five years ago, but in the days that follow I discover that the modernity is still confined largely to Lhasa and its environs. Outside the capital it is soon dwarfed by the epic starkness of the Tibetan plateau—barren

incarnations of Jesus Christ in the White House."

brown hills with sharp shadows, tattered prayer flags fluttering on their summits. It is easy to see how the core Buddhist doctrine of *shunyata*—emptiness—took hold in this vast, deserted land, which is a fifth the size of China yet contains only 4.6 million Tibetans.

We have a Toyota Land Cruiser with a state-approved driver and tourist guide, both Tibetans, at our disposal. We are being careful with them, lest they report our interest in the Panchen Lama to the Public Security Bureau (P.S.B.)—the secret police. Rabgyal, our guide, is certainly sending out the right signals. "That is the good political prison, where the international human-rights inspectors are taken," he says in pretty decent English, pointing to a distant installation up a side valley. He himself, he tells us, spent 20 years in prison and labor camps, and is deaf in one ear from beatings he received. "He is declaring himself," Sephen whispers, "but maybe this is to lure us into declaring ourselves."

Lhasa is ethnically and architecturally divided into a Han and Hui Muslim district and the old Tibetan district, the center of which is the Jokhang, the oldest (seventh century) and most sacred temple in Tibet. The total population is 170,000. Below the Potala, which sits majestically on a mesa west of the city, there has been an extensive modernization: the narrow alleys, traditional Tibetan two-story whitewashed houses with inner courtyards, and teahouses and brothels in which the bohemian Sixth Dalai Lama caroused 300 years ago have been razed; in their place is a big new square called Potala Square, with the same campy streetlights that grace Tiananmen Square in Beijing.

As we walk through the Han quarter, we pass a bikers' bar, two shopkeepers squabbling, a corner with prostitutes. Disco and drugs have arrived in Lhasa. For a lost generation of young Lhasans, stumbling between cosmologies, Japanese karaoke bars have become the new temples, Chinese rap from Taiwan the new mantras.

The scene in front of the Jokhang is unchanged, however. Fragrant stacks of juniper crackle and smoke in two large incense shrines as dozens of pilgrims prostrate before the huge doors of the temple, the final destination of what has been weeks, months, even years on the road. This is where four bloody riots for Tibetan independence were started by monks and nuns in the late 80s. Now, up on a rooftop, where five years ago two Chinese soldiers manned a mounted high-caliber machine gun, only a discreet video camera is trained on the steady flow of red-cheeked, wide-eyed Tibetans—some twirling prayer wheels and muttering mantras—who trudge clockwise around the temple. This circuit is known as the Barkhor, and it is Mecca and Times Square rolled into one. Here people from all over the country rub shoulders and stop to haggle for religious articles, clothing, and unfamiliar goods of modern manufacture in booths on either side. Two nomads in sheepskins with daggers at their waists and wide, stylish fox-fur hats pause to stare at me. Three teenage girls in long black robes and felt boots, their hair encrusted with coral and turquoise, dance around me in a ring and shrink back, giggling and shrieking, when I point my camera at them. In the middle of the path a group of clean-cut young monks are sitting and chanting, swaying back and forth as one of them beats a drum. The crowd eddies around them. An old monk and I bow and bring our foreheads together—a polite Lhasan greeting. But no one sticks out his tongue at me, another traditional salutation; tongue-thrusting seems to have vanished from the scene. Its original intent was supposedly to show that you were a Buddhist and not a Bön practitioner. Bön was Tibet's original religion, and its followers were said to have had blue tongues.

Joining the pageant of devotion in the Barkhor for a circuit or two, drifting along in this river of clear, warm, friendly humanity, is all that is necessary to be converted to the Tibetan cause, to wonder why the Chinese can't be just a little bit nice to these people. As Maura Moynihan, New York senator Pat Moynihan's daughter and a longtime Tibetan activist, observed after her first visit to the Barkhor, in 1994, "The fight for Tibet is not about political rights of a single occupied country; it is a fight for truth, freedom, the definition of human values, the soul of man."

Several street songs about the Panchen Lama are circulating in the Tibetan quarter. "This is not a search for an incarnate lama," one goes, "It's a search for the incarnation of Mao / And Jiang Zemin [the Chinese president] has found it / Look at the mole on the kid's cheek." Another goes: "What times are we going through that Communists are experts in finding reincarnations?"

Sephen discreetly polls circumambulators, hoping to avoid the undercover agents of the P.S.B., known as "sniffing dogs," who are dressed as monks and pilgrims. "We don't accept this one [the Chinese Panchen boy, Gyaltsen Norbu], but we have to politically," one man says. "Nobody is believing or wanting to see the new one," says another. "The other [Choekyi Nyima, the Dalai Lama's boy] the Chinese may kill. They do not care about killing."

In the stalls devoted to selling photographs of *tulkus* and other holy men, there are none of the Dalai Lama, of course, or of little Choekyi Nyima. (Dalai Lama pictures, which we are asked for at every turn, are hot contraband; a foreigner caught giving one to a Tibetan can be fined a thousand yuan—$120—and instantly expelled.) There is a picture of little Gyaltsen Norbu, sitting on some pillows, but no one is buying it.

"You're not making the mistake of thinking that this is the real Panchen Lama?" a man beside me says as I study the snapshot. There are also several pictures of the late 10th Panchen: his massive bulk upon a horse; enthroned and dripping with jewels; casting water in blessing with a jagged snow peak in the background. The Chinese, doing typical violence to the historical record, claim him as their loyal friend, but he was in fact a complex, tragic figure and one of the great heroes of the Tibetan cause.

In 1949, when the Communists took power in China, the reincarnation of

the Ninth Panchen Lama had not yet been chosen, so the Nationalists, in an attempt to keep their foot in the door, did a quick "official ceremony" confirming a boy named Choekyi Gyaltsen as the 10th just before they left for Taiwan. They wanted to take the boy with them, but he remained and was soon embraced by Mao Zedong. After the Red Army conquered Tibet in 1950, the precocious youth was supposed to have written Mao a letter thanking him for "liberating" the country. ("The success of your army has brought joy to the whole country," etc. Even more interesting is the following sentence: "During the past 20 years and more I have ceaselessly struggled for the territorial and sovereign integrity of Tibet." Recall the boy was only 12. He appears to have been using a royal, inclusive, multi-life "I" that embraces his previous incarnation.)

Tibetans began to wonder whether this little Panchen was the real thing. They started calling him Mao's Boy. Many wrote him off as a collaborator. But the Dalai Lama assured me he was the true incarnation.

Being three years the Panchen's senior, the young Dalai Lama took a special interest in his development, and they became close friends. But in 1959 there was a rebellion in Lhasa and the Dalai Lama fled into exile. The Communists tried to set up the Panchen as the ruler of Tibet, but he told them the Dalai Lama was the true ruler and could never be replaced. By 1961, while the Panchen Lama was in Lhasa, preparing his critique of the Chinese occupation of Tibet, the Chinese had instituted "democratic reforms" that would result in the death of 1.2 million Tibetans and the gutting of all but 13 of its more than 6,000 monasteries and temples. As John Avedon vividly recounts in his book *In Exile from the Land of Snows*, celibate monks and nuns were forced to copulate in public and to use sacred texts as toilet paper. The 10th Panchen Lama realized the utter contempt the Communists had for his faith, and when

continued on page 139



"The fight for Tibet . . . is a fight for truth, freedom



Monks debate religion in Lhasa. The population remains deeply committed to the exiled Dalai Lama. As a result, says Frank Wisner, the American ambassador in New Delhi, the Chinese "want him on his knees."

e definition of human values, and the soul of man."





To mark
his 90th birthday,
an exhibition spanni
the six decades of
Horst P. Horst's
supernaturally stylish
photographs
is being mounted
at Hamiltons Gallery
in London.
LAURA JACOBS conju
up the spell of his
classic images

HO



Veruschka von Lehndorf, New York, 1964. *Opposite, top,* Gertrude Stein and Horst posing for Carl Erickson, Paris, 1946; *bottom, After the Party,* Rome, 1951.

RST LATITUDES

In 1930, at the age of 24, Horst P. Bohrmann arrived in Paris. He was set to study architecture with Le Corbusier. He ended up studying photography with George Hoyningen-Huene. Bohrmann learned discipline from the difficult Russian aristocrat, but his eye was already his own. Within five years, "at a ridiculously early age" (fashion writer Bettina Ballard's words), he inherited his mentor's job at *Vogue*. When he became a U.S. citizen in 1943, it was simply and symmetrically as Horst P. Horst.

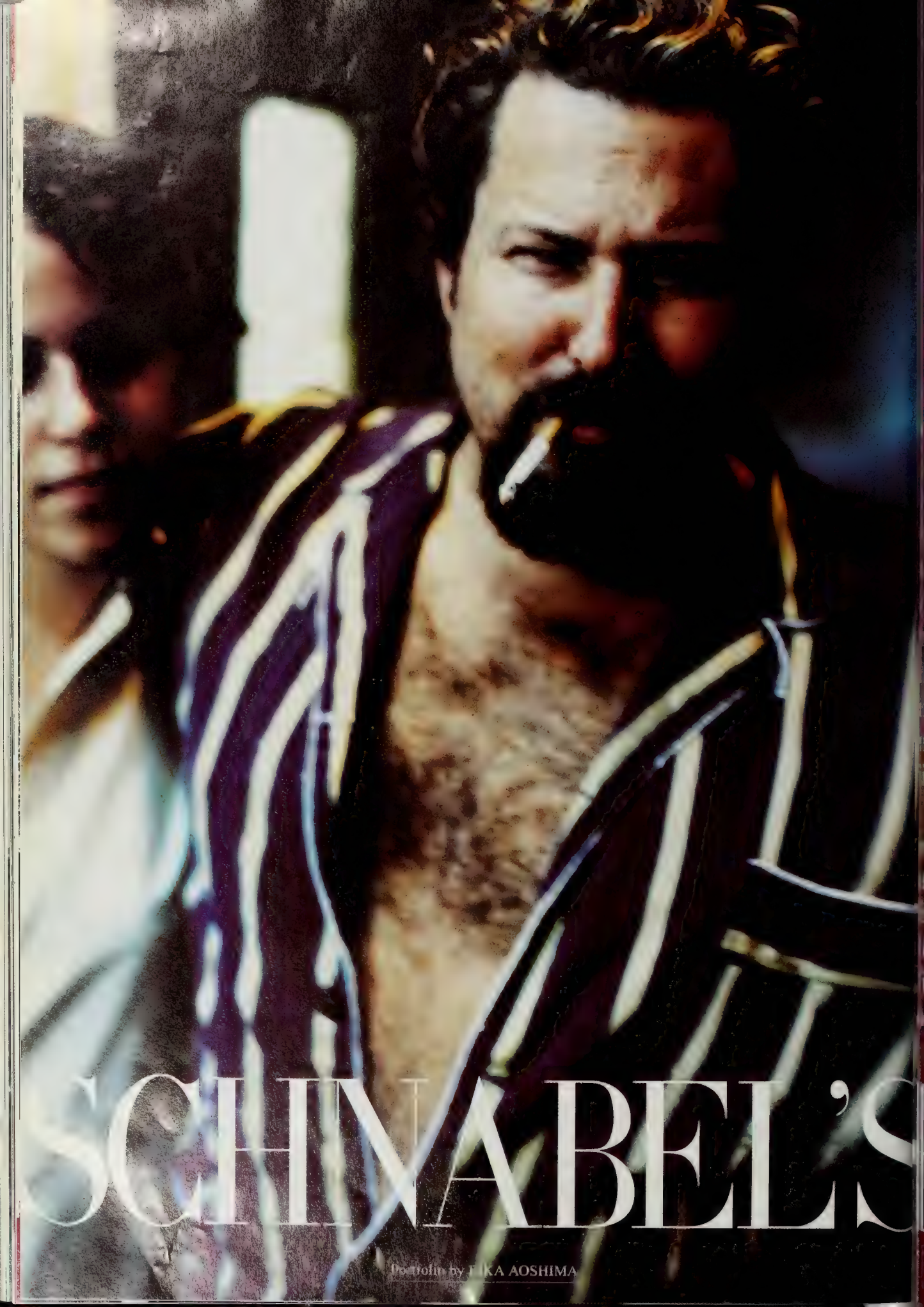
If Cecil Beaton's photographs are like "being inside an opal," as Diana Vreeland said, Horst's photographs conjure up a world of white gloves and magic wands. From the start he was a Harry Houdini with light sources, a master of shadow. His dustless, mistless, time-in-a-bottle atmospheres are almost surgical in their clarity, achieving a kind of sci-fi sublimity (like being inside an incandescent lightbulb). Indeed, Horst frequently verges on Romanticism in the key of Shelley—both Percy *and* Mary. He makes cool Veruschka a Mont Blanc breakthrough; immovable Gertrude Stein, Vesuvius. His *Waxed Beauty* (1938), a woman enshrined in a white wax bath, nods to *The Bride of Frankenstein* (1935).

Unlike Avedon, his main competition in the 40s, Horst wasn't interested in the irrepressible action shot. He preferred to tell a story slant, touching the macabre inside manners (he photographed Wallis Simpson and Truman Capote), the surrealism of high society (he photographed Andy Warhol). In a recent exhibition at the International Center of Photography in New York, Horst classics hung across the hall from a sprawling collection by Ansel Adams, naked Nature parading its purity. It was hard to decide whether Horst's stylized, plaster-of-Paris whites were *super*natural or sinister, harder still to look away. No offense to Adams, but Horst gives us Eve—the phenomenal feel of temptation, the glamour of the hand that holds the apple. □



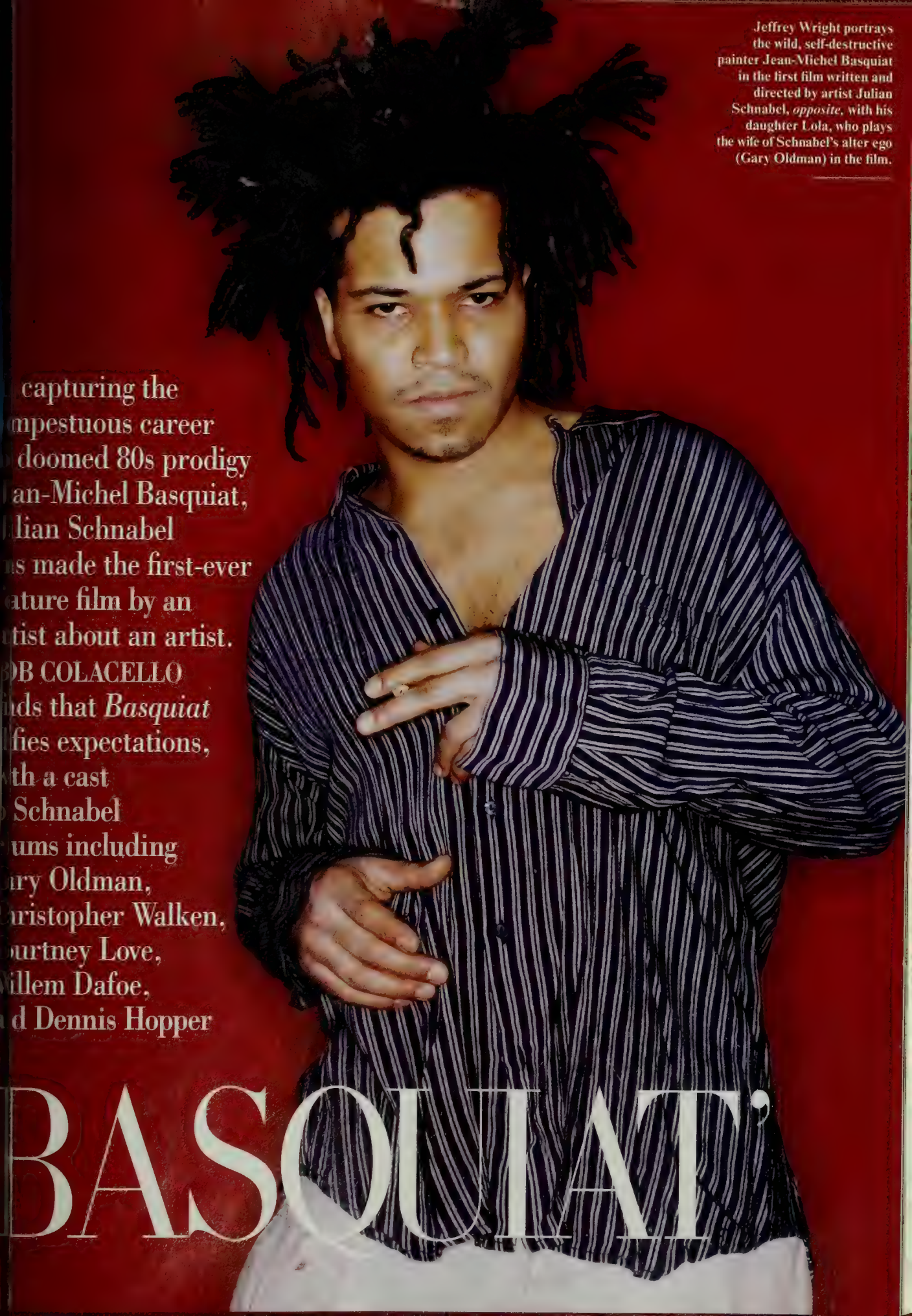
Clockwise from above: **the Duchess of Windsor, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, 1943;** ***Agave Attenuata,*** **1945; Christian Bérard working on a screen for Edward Molyneux (left), Paris, 1933;** ***Classical Bust and Flowers,*** **1988; Estrella Boissevain, fashion shot, New York, 1938;** ***Glaves,*** **New York, 1947.**





SCHNABEL'S

Portfolio by ERIKA AOSHIMA

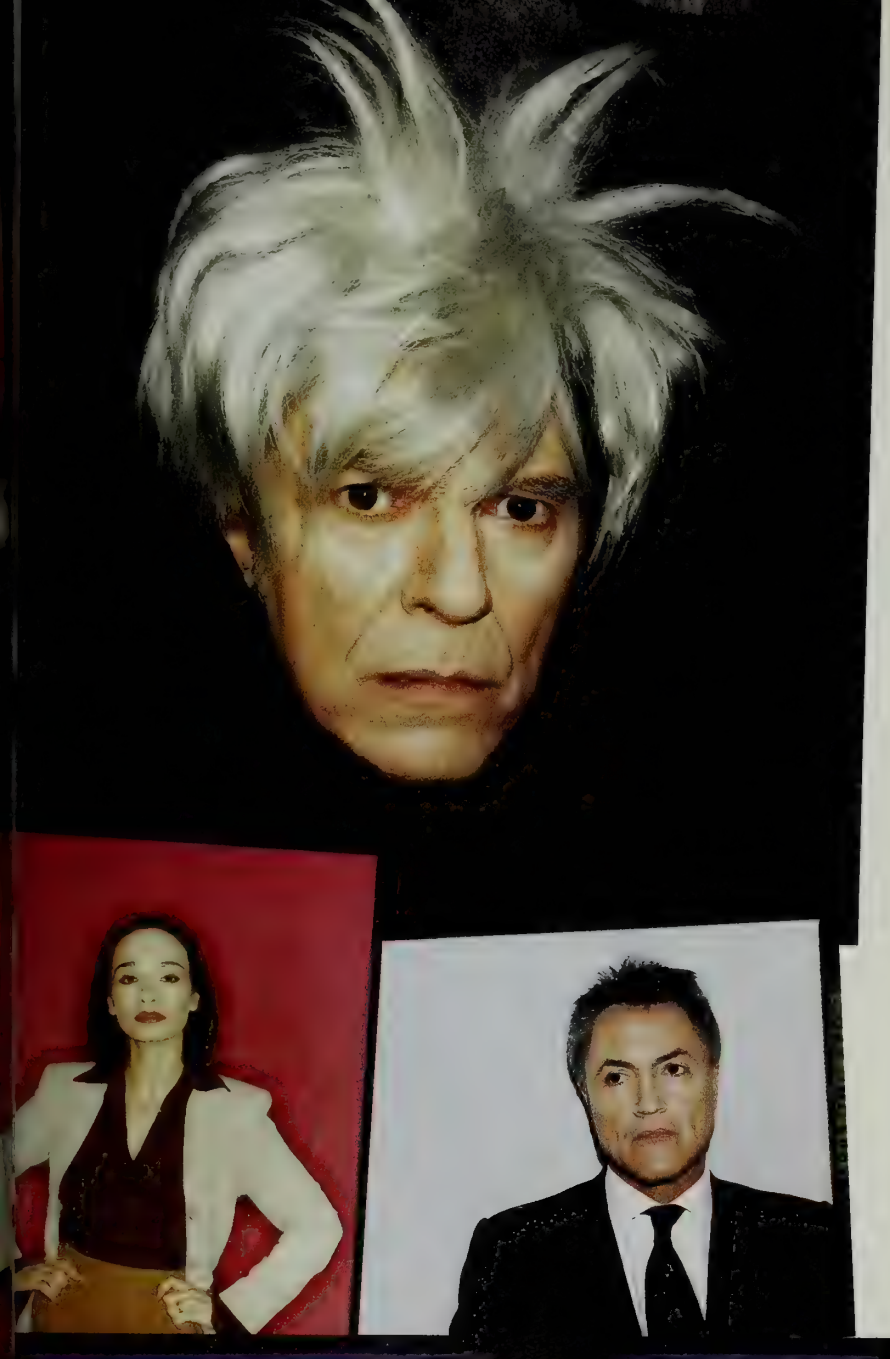


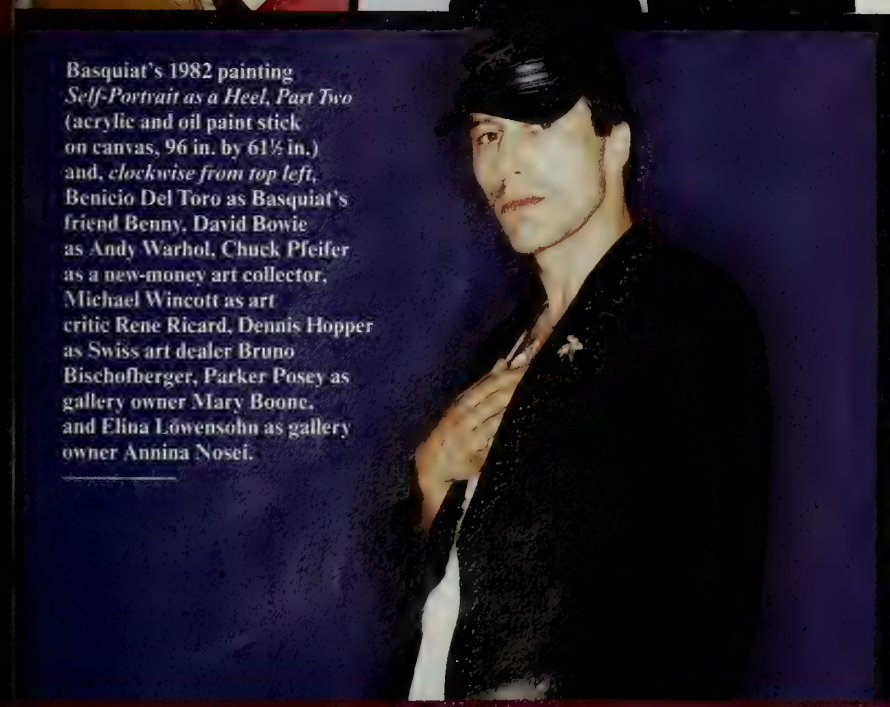
Jeffrey Wright portrays the wild, self-destructive painter Jean-Michel Basquiat in the first film written and directed by artist Julian Schnabel, *opposite*, with his daughter Lola, who plays the wife of Schnabel's alter ego (Gary Oldman) in the film.

capturing the
mpestuous career
doomed 80s prodigy
an-Michel Basquiat,
lian Schnabel
s made the first-ever
ature film by an
tist about an artist.
OB COLACELLO
ds that *Basquiat*
fies expectations,
th a cast
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BASQUIAT'


BACK VIEW
COMPOSITE



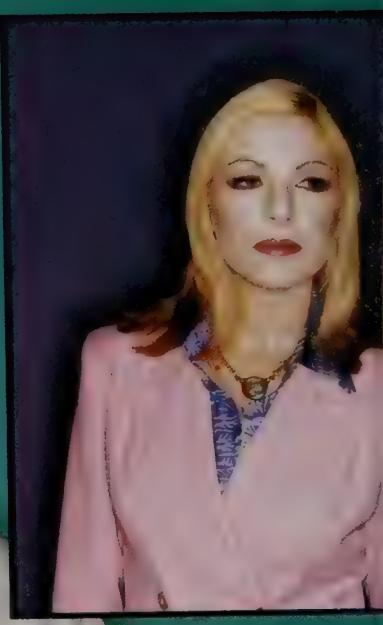


Basquiat's 1982 painting *Self-Portrait as a Heel, Part Two* (acrylic and oil paint stick on canvas, 96 in. by 61½ in.) and, *clockwise from top left,* Benicio Del Toro as Basquiat's friend Benny, David Bowie as Andy Warhol, Chuck Pfeifer as a new-money art collector, Michael Wincott as art critic Rene Ricard, Dennis Hopper as Swiss art dealer Bruno Bischofberger, Parker Posey as gallery owner Mary Boone, and Elina Löwensohn as gallery owner Annina Nosei.

"Truffaut's first movie was *The 400 Blows.* Pasolini's was *Accattone!* Maybe the fun of making something for the first time and having the need to make that thing . . . " Julian Schnabel, he of the broken-plate paintings and self-proclaimed comparisons to Pablo Picasso and Jackson Pollock, is talking about *his* first movie, *Basquiat,* which is based on the life of the doomed black prodigy of the 80s New York art world, and which Miramax will release this month. "I've always been interested in movies," Schnabel says. "*The Ten Commandments* blew my mind. I've seen *The Godfather* 200 times." The art star is sitting in a palazzo-size salon above his Greenwich Village studio, surrounded by a bear skeleton standing on an antique Spanish chest, a Picabia portrait of a woman, a bedspread that once belonged to Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, and several of his own gargantuan works, including a 1994 abstraction titled *Last Attempt at Attracting Butterflies.*

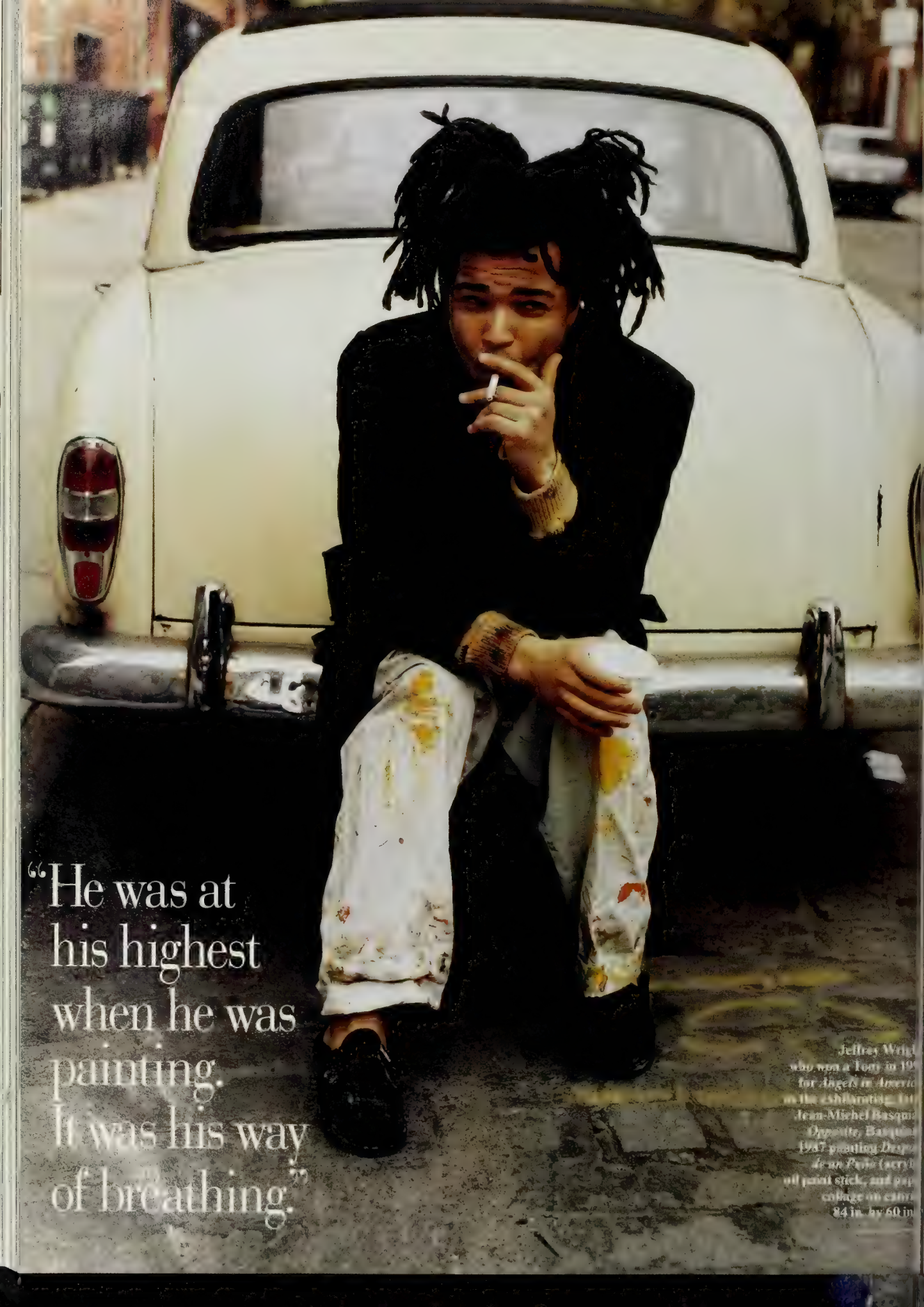
Defying most expectations, Julian Schnabel has made a small miracle of a movie, surprisingly full of those qualities for which he is least known: humility, maturity, and subtlety. Following in the footsteps of Jean Cocteau and Andy Warhol, he has pulled off the feat that eluded his artist-turned-filmmaker contemporaries David Salle (*Search and Destroy*) and Robert Longo (*Johnny Mnemonic*) by making an artistic film that is neither precious nor stilted. He has also avoided going Hollywood (think: *Lust for Life* and *The Agony and the Ecstasy*). Nonetheless, *Basquiat,* which was made for $3.3 million put up by art collectors and newsprint moguls Peter Brant and Joseph Allen and by Schnabel himself, definitely has commercial possibilities. As the director of the first widely distributed feature film ever made about an artist by another artist, Schnabel has opened up the art world to outsiders without simplifying its sophistication or sensationalizing its excesses. "The whole point," says Schnabel, who also wrote the script, "was not to have a tourist make this movie, and not

"The whole point," says Schnabel, "was not to have a tourist make this movie."



Christopher Walken plays a TV interviewer, and Claire Forlani, opposite, plays Basquiat's girlfriend. Inset, from top, Tamara O'Neal as the wife of an art collector, Gary Oldman as Julian Schnabel, and restaurateur Mickey Cleo as himself.





"He was at his highest when he was painting. It was his way of breathing."

Jeffrey Wrig
who won a Tony in 19
for *Angels in Americ*
in the exhilarating, fu
Jean-Michel Basqui
Opposite, Basqui
1987 painting *Drap*
de un Poète (acryl
oil paint stick, and pa
collage on canv
84 in. by 60 in.

to turn everybody into stereotypes."

"What's so lovely is that this film helps belie Julian's reputation as a monster," says David Bowie, who plays Basquiat's idol and mentor, Andy Warhol. "The guy just has this marvelous swirling romantic sense of the mysteries and journeys of life, which perhaps doesn't come through in his paintings, because the statements he's making are much more oblique. Julian understands how to tell a story. He knows how to empathize with the feelings all of us have."

Bowie worked for scale, as did a slew of Schnabel's famous friends, including Gary Oldman, Christopher Walken, Willem Dafoe, Dennis Hopper, Parker Posey, Tatum O'Neal, and Courtney Love. Well-known musicians such as Tom Waits and John Cale also reduced their normal fees to help Schnabel create a driving sound track, which will be released by Island Records. At the heart of the movie are four striking performances by newer talents: Claire Forlani, as the girlfriend Basquiat dumps when fame comes calling; Benicio Del Toro, as Basquiat's best buddy; Michael Wincott, as the tortured art critic Rene Ricard; and, above all, Jeffrey Wright, who won a Tony for *Angels in America,* as the dazzling but self-destructive Jean-Michel Basquiat, who had his first one-man show in New York at the Annina Nosei Gallery in 1982 at age 21 and died of an overdose of cocaine and heroin six years later.

Schnabel and Wright manage to show the hitherto unshowable: the pleasures and horrors of being on drugs, as well as what it is that artists actually do. The scene of Basquiat going at a long canvas on the floor with paintbrush, spray can, Magic Marker, and roller is riveting in its matter-of-factness. Schnabel says, "I think Jean-Michel was at his highest when he was painting. It was his way of breathing. Every time people showed up, it became like a car accident. But I'm not saying that artists are cool and everybody else in the art world is a square. Annina Nosei may be a little nutty, Mary Boone's got her insanity or whatever, but they really *love* art. It's almost like the art was another character in the movie. And it drove everybody crazy." □



IN COROT



Camille Corot, the 19th century's master of landscape art, will be the subject of a stellar 150-work show at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art this fall. HENRY PORTER identifies the strength of Corot's genius

COUNTRY



t: Ville-d'Avray: Edge of the Woods
h a Woman Cowherd (Ville-d'Avray:
rée du Bois avec une Vachère), circa 1825
on canvas, 46 cm. by 34.9 cm.). *Above:*
pester Holding Her Sickle, Head Resting
Her Hand (Moissonneuse Tenant
Faucille, la Tête Appuyée sur la Main),
8 (oil on canvas, 35.3 cm. by 27 cm.).



Two hundred years after Jean-Baptiste Camille Corot (1796–1875) was born in the Paris of the French Revolution, his reputation stands higher than ever. In this modest man of few original opinions and still less innovatory zeal, we find a giant of landscape art and a master of figurative candor.

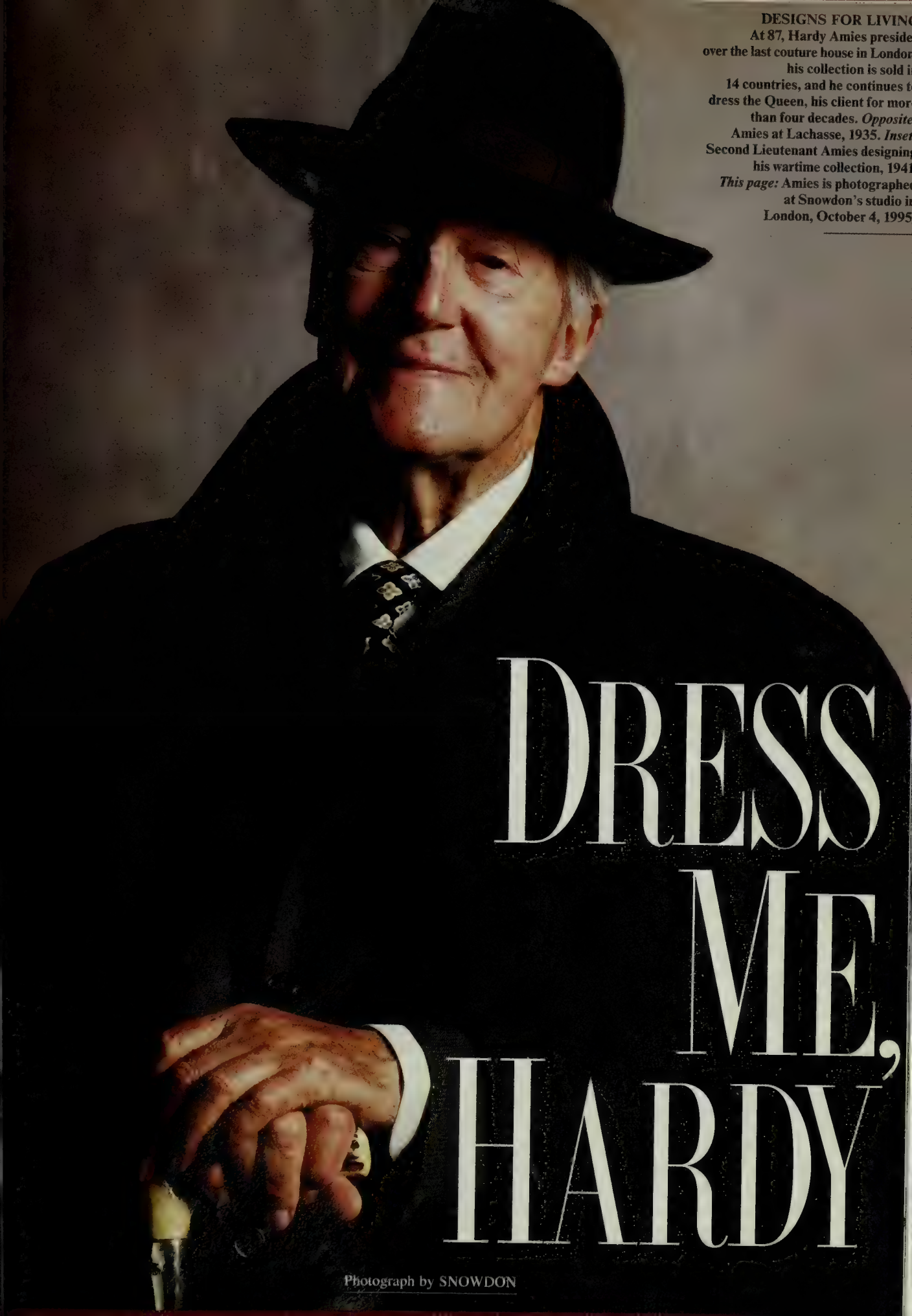
The quality of truth radiates from the 150 works to be displayed [illegible] Galleries of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art [illegible] January 19. Corot's first objective was always to [illegible] subject before him, not to comply with the competing [illegible] of Romanticism and Realism, which obsessed this age. In 50 years of professional life, much of it supported by independent means, he produced an enormous body of work. During a three-year stay in Italy, for instance, he completed on average a painting a week, many of them quiet masterpieces that would be recognized only near the end of his life. As Renoir said, "There you have the great genius of the century, the greatest landscape artist that ever lived."

Corot's pictures are the work of a reserved man, but as one comes to know him, it is difficult to overlook his gifts of discretion and detail—the way light falls on a stand of birch trees, clips a ruin at sunset, or plays on the face of his model. Sometimes the moisture that hangs in the air in these landscapes is cool and inviting enough to cause the viewer to reach for a handkerchief. These are paintings that you'd die to live with.



Savile Row legend Hardy Amies, knighted by the Queen for his service as her couturier, has been making well-bred clothes for half a century. His brilliantly tailored tweeds are fresh again, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON finds, and his wickedly eccentric wit is sharper than ever





DRESS ME, HARDY

Photograph by SNOWDON

DESIGNS FOR LIVING
At 87, Hardy Amies presides over the last couture house in London; his collection is sold in 14 countries, and he continues to dress the Queen, his client for more than four decades. *Opposite:* Amies at Lachasse, 1935. *Inset:* Second Lieutenant Amies designing his wartime collection, 1941. *This page:* Amies is photographed at Snowdon's studio in London, October 4, 1995.

Sir Hardy Amies fixes his American visitor with an impish look. "What are you *wearing? Armani,* I suppose?"

A not-quite Armani, as it happens. A knockoff.

"Look at where the bottom coat button is," Amies commands.

His visitor looks down.

"Genitalia fastening," crows the elder statesman of British clothes-makers. "You can't have fastening buttons below the waist."

Just over 50 years ago, Hardy Amies moved into this war-ruined town house at 14 Savile Row and began making clothes by the rules and traditions of the tailors on the street. There, with a knighthood to honor his service as couturier to the Queen, he remains, his mind and wit undimmed at 87. He still subjects every new design to coruscating judgment. His sensibility still informs every item of clothing that bears the Amies label. And he still throws brickbats at other designers with mischievous glee.

At times, Amies's adherence to tradition has put him so at odds with other designers as to make him seem a curio from a case in the British Museum. Yet proper English ladies of the upper classes have come year after year for his soigné country tweeds. And if his women's wear has remained an increasingly rarefied luxury, his men's wear has been taken up by 50 licensees in 14 countries, generating $150 million a year in sales.

Now he's lived long enough to see fashion come full circle. The tightly shaped suits and bright formal *flous* of his latest collections seem taken directly from his first show, in 1946; these are clothes Ingrid Bergman might have worn in *Casablanca*. Yet with their classic lines and quietly rich fabrics, they're brilliantly contemporary.

"His clothes bespeak a specifically English approach to dressing, which is also aristocratic—to be wary and distrustful of anything that smacks of vulgar fashion," observes Hamish Bowles, *Vogue*'s European editor-at-large. "If an evening dress has a jewel neckline, it's because it's intended to be worn with significant jewels. If a tweed skirt is fitted a certain way, it's done so the wearer can walk across the moors or the turf at Ascot, not because it's the season for that style. But fashion right now is interested in that sensibility."

"In the last year, it's true you've seen those adorable little dresses and suits," says *The New York Times*'s Holly Brubach. "And you see them being done by people who've never done them and don't know how to do them well. Yet here's Hardy Amies, who knows how fabric should be cut and how clothes should fit, who knows how to produce a dress that flatters a woman. . . . I think of his clothes as being incredibly well bred. They're almost the fashion equivalent of that clipped, upper-class English accent. Fashion has come around to exactly that—anti-fashion—so it's a great moment for him."

Handsome still, with aquiline features and a full head of hair, Amies was, earlier in life, tall and dark as well, with Cary Grant–like looks in which, to judge from early portraits, he took obvious pride. At a distance—in a photograph, say, by his friend and neighbor Lord Snowdon—Amies, in a hat and gray tweed overcoat, seems a pillar, a caricature almost, of English propriety. This he is, and this he's not. Perfectly mannered hobnobber with the upper orders though he is, he's the first to acknowledge his indifferent birth. "Not bad," he likes to say of his success, "for a suburban frock-maker."

And while he revels in the snobbery that only arrivistes can muster, he knows he's a bit of an act, a one-man drawing-room comedy produced with a spiritual assist from Oscar Wilde. "I'm *funny,*" he says. And he is.

"I was going to take you to Buck's, my club across the street," Amies explains. "But it's frightfully stuffy."

Amies uses a cane, but also keeps a powerful grip on his visitor's arm. Bent over as he is now by a bad back, he retains the large frame that kept him competitive at tennis until last year. His young men's-wear designer, Ian Garlant, appears in an open shirt and casual pants. "How scruffy you are today, dear boy!" Amies says. "I can't imagine what your underwear looks like."

Garlant, after nine years, is still the new recruit. Ken Fleetwood, Amies's design director, arrived 44 years ago, the licensee chief 24, the finance man 51. The House of Amies is the family of Amies, now made more so by its founder's decision to will its members the business as a trust. Even Amies's public-relations man, Peter Hope Lumley, started 49 years ago. A nervous, wheezing fellow in a crumpled linen jacket, he's less a flack than a foil for his boss's gibes. "He's never known how to dress," Amies confides as Lumley pops outside to alert the chauffeur.

Once, Amies had a Rolls-Royce, a 1933 Sedanca de Ville. After two years of constant maintenance, he gave it up. Now he has a Ford Granada Scorpio Estate. He rides in the front passenger seat, as he has in every car he's owned. "That's Buck's," Amies points out. "It was started by Captain Buckmaster after the '14–'18 war [as he refers to World War I] for members of the household cavalry only, and then went wider. Still, I knew damn well when I came here 50 years ago to my shop that the captain—he was alive then—would never have had a dressmaker into his club. Well, the years passed, and they didn't do too well, and someone came and *begged* me to join." Amies laughs heartily. "I said, 'We'll have to make him a pair of kneepads.' It was Anthony Burney."

"Anthony Burney was a shopkeeper, after all," Lumley says.

"No he wasn't."

From Savile Row, the humble Ford rolls past Wellington Place and through Knightsbridge to 1A Launceston Place, a stylish local restaurant. Amies often goes home to his apartment after lunch to take a nap. In this, his age may be of less account than the inevitable Amies cocktail, a straight-up vodka martini with a twist of orange. "You'll have one, of course," he declares.

"Two and you're flat on your face," warns Lumley.

"You should have the foie gras terrine, and then the lemon sole," Amies instructs.

His visitor requests permission to choose an alternative appetizer.

"Oh, all right, I'll take the same fucking thing."

A waiter approaches with bottled water. Amies waves him off. "I don't want

any of that, thank you," he says. "I had a bath this morning." To his visitor he says, with a naughty look, "I saw Bill Blass not long ago. He's gotten very fat, hasn't he?" Blass is an old friend and now Amies's American counterpart, in that his clothes are handled by the same master licensee. He's also, of course, a rival. "Recently, I read he gave *$10 million* to the New York Public Library," Amies says. "Why? Because he wants to suck up to Mrs. Astor!" (Blass responds to the barb later by phone: "If I'd wanted to curry favor, there would have been cheaper ways to do it than that. The fact is that I've been on the board of the library for 10 years. That's just Hardy Amies being snide; that's his style.")

To any British designer, $10 million is a mind-boggling sum. The House of Amies's profits are relatively modest, since most of its income is generated by its licensees, who pass along a mere fraction. Amies himself lives not in some mansion but in a two-bedroom apartment on the ground floor of a row house in Cornwall Gardens. "I have no money!" he declares, though this is not quite true. What he has is the lifestyle he wants: the apartment, the car, his clothes, money to go to lunch, and six servants.

"Seven, including me," Lumley mutters. "And, of course, the house in the Cotswolds is very nice."

"Have you heard of David Hicks?" Amies asks his visitor. His visitor, alas, has not.

"There you go, so it doesn't matter."

"No, it does," Lumley protests. "David Hicks is Lord Mountbatten's son-in-law." He's also a garden designer and writer whose coffee-table book on Cotswold gardens was recently published in England. Amies's garden is among those pictured. The Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Beaufort, and Lord and Lady Vestey are just a few of the other distinguished Cotswold cottage tenders whose modest horticultural efforts are featured.

"He's such a snob," Amies whispers to his visitor as Lumley ticks off the names.

"I don't *need* to be one," Lumley huffs. Lumley is a nephew of Captain Edward Molyneux.

"You're a media snob—you like names."

"Come on," Lumley says heatedly, "who drops seven dukes in a single sitting?" To his visitor he says of Amies, "He's a social snob, a garden snob, and a wine snob. It's part of his charm."

"It depends what you mean by snob," Amies says. "The best way to put it is that I'm an elitist. I admire enormously the English upper classes. They are nice people who look after their estates; they certainly look after the servants on their estates. And they have a very civilized way of living, which they would willingly share with other people."

Like many outsiders who have risen as far as they can in England, Amies adores the cold calculus of class even as it finds him lacking. Successful and talented as he is, worldly and well read as he has become, he cannot help who his parents were (father was a government land surveyor; mother worked for a court seamstress), or where he went to school (Brentwood). Even his knighthood, conferred upon him on his 80th birthday, has not made him an aristocrat to a wellborn duke or duchess. Amies knows that; he expects it. He also expects not to be stigmatized in any way for his station. "If anybody makes me feel uncomfortable because I wasn't born in the upper class," he says, "or that I wasn't mad about women—let's not go into *that*—they would lose out, and not me."

Knighthood is, however, as close as one can get to erasing the stigma of class, and Sir Hardy's is rather a high one: Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order. Queen Victoria established the order in 1896 to honor citizens of venerable service to her. Though below the Orders of Bath, St. Michael, and St. George, it's above the political knighthoods granted by the prime minister, as well as those bestowed among the arts.

"Now, I have friends who have genuine titles in the sense that they genuinely inherited them," Amies says modestly. "One girlfriend is the descendant of an earl. She said you speak it—your title—as little as you can.



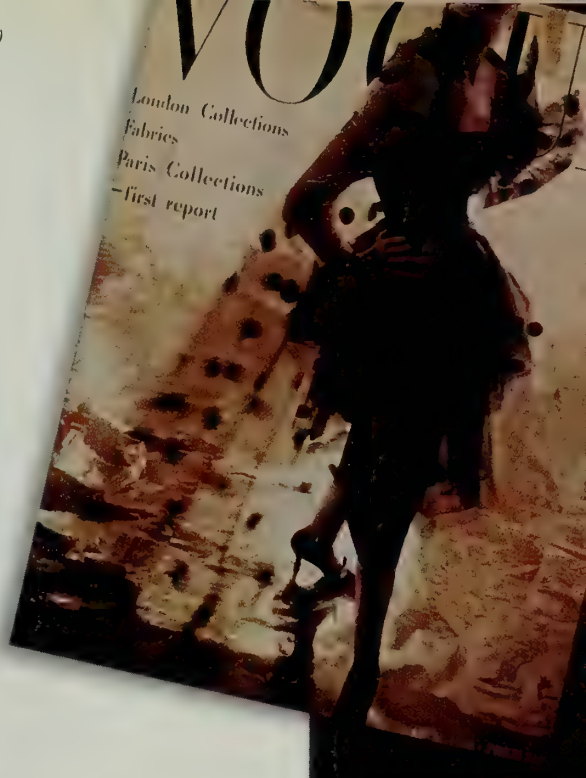
BLITHE SPIRITS

Above: "the New Mayfair Edwardians"—Peter Coats, William Aykroyd, and Mark Gilbey outside 14 Savile Row, 1950. *Top:* 14 Savile Row, headquarters of Hardy Amies Ltd., as it looks today.

"Fashion has come around to anti-fashion—so it's a great moment for him."


He'll say outrageous things and then whisper, Darling

do you think I got them going?'"



A LION AMONG LADIES
Opposite: **Amies's first British *Vogue* cover, March 1949.** ***This page:*** **the New Look, 1949. Models wearing an Amies coat (left) and a Molyneux coat inside the portico of the National Gallery.** ***Inset:*** **an Amies design on a *Vogue* cover, March 1950.**

I said, 'I've always thought so.' She said you never ring up and say, 'I am Sir Hardy Amies.' Except perhaps at a restaurant, where it's terrible fun."

The service for which Hardy became Sir Hardy began, he cheerfully recalls as cocktails are followed by a bottle of New Zealand sauvignon blanc, on July 2, 1951. Well established by then on Savile Row, Amies counted among his customers a lady-in-waiting to Princess Elizabeth. So taken was Elizabeth with her friend's smart clothes that she arranged to pay a visit to 14 Savile Row, where Amies, in his private office, showed her his latest collection.

The princess who came to the shop that day, and whom Amies attended soon after at Clarence House with sketches adapting his designs to her, was a young woman of generous bosom and slim waist who knew what she wanted: bright clothes to cheer a postwar nation still garbed in austerity black. Clothes with a "princess line" that ran from shoulder to hem without a waist seam to draw attention to her female shape. Clothes, above all, that wouldn't crease during a long day of public appearances. "She dresses for her audience," Amies declares reverently. "That is the secret of good dressing."

Amies has long since steeled himself to public snickers about the Queen's attire, though he still feels the press is unfair. Designer Arnold Scaasi, who has dressed three First Ladies, agrees. "It's very difficult dressing the head of state," he says. "There are certain limitations on what they can and can't wear. I think he's done a wonderful job."

"We know the Queen

"Oh, I came back an ardent Nazi! It was very silly."



FIT FOR A QUEEN Amies and key staff members leave 14 Savile Row for a fitting at Buckingham Palace with the Queen, 1954. *Inset:* Amies's friend Neil "Bunny" Roger, 1954.


14 14

doesn't always photograph well, and we're distressed about that," Amies says. "[But] everyone who *has* been present [when she appeared] thought she looked lovely." One critic, though, has gotten under his skin. "There's a man in New York named John Fairchild," he says of the powerful publisher of *W* and *Women's Wear Daily*. Amies's quarrel with him goes back to the late 1960s, when the House of Amies designed a uniform for British Airways flight attendants that met with disapproval. Not surprising, Fairchild reported, given that Amies designed dresses for that "dowdy Queen." Amies rebuked him for his rudeness to his sovereign in a frosty note, and there until recently the matter lay, since Fairchild, notorious for banishing designers from his pages, could do no harm to a British designer whose customers never saw the American fashion press, much less heeded it.

Over time, Amies's licensing chief, Roger Whiteman, befriended Fairchild's wife, Jill. Mightn't the hatchet be buried? he asked Amies. Fine, Amies agreed. He invited the Fairchilds for drinks at his apartment, then took them, along with Whiteman, out to dinner. All went well until Fairchild started in again about the Queen. "I said what I'd said before," Amies recalls, "that she's not a fashion plate; all she asks is to be dressed for the occasion. He said, 'What does she look for in clothes?' 'Friendly, chic clothes,' I said. So he went back and wrote a whole page in *W* against me about 'friendly, chic' clothes." Most wounding, Fairchild wrote that in Amies's apartment before dinner he had been given a whiskey *without ice*. Amies was outraged. "The first thing I do to fix a drink is put some ice in a glass," he says. "But anyway, what a rude thing to say about someone who's invited you to his house!"

Fairchild's piece is actually rather lighthearted and fun. About Amies, its author is bemused. "Sir Hardy's a very fine gentleman but he's been living off the reputation of dressing the Queen for years, and talking about it—never off the record," Fairchild says. "Yet when others write what he's said, he objects." Still, it annoys the publisher that Amies failed to voice his displeasure directly. "He could have called me," Fairchild observes. "Instead he did it the snide way, through you."

About Amies's place in English fashion, Fairchild is blunt. "He knew how to make a great suit, and that sporty, quite English look which has sometimes bordered on the dowdy. But to put him up there in the league with any of the great designers—Armani, Saint Laurent—is ridiculous." Even among English designers, Fairchild suggests, Sir Hardy ranks low. "He certainly wasn't a creative designer like John Cavanagh, or Vivienne Westwood, or Jean Muir."

The late Muir, as it happens, comes up in conversation over coffee. "I loved her," Lumley declares. "I loved having her in the house."

"My God, what a beast," Amies says.

"Oh please, no, don't," Lumley remonstrates.

"Well, apart from that irritating verbal tic she had . . . "

"She loved you," Lumley says.

"We met up once in Germany and it was a disaster. We shared a car with her. She had one of the most dreadful verbal tics: she'd finish every sentence with a sort of *hmm?*"

"I admired her," Lumley says fiercely.

"Roy Strong said, 'Isn't it awful about Jean Muir?' I said, 'What's awful? She died. That was the best thing that could happen. The only thing worse than a male bore is a female bore, and she was a female bore.' "

Women designers generally earn Amies's sharpest gibes. They've never designed clothes as well as men, he feels; they never will. This is because women make clothes for themselves, whereas men can be objective. The great exception, of course, was Chanel. "She had a man's mind," Amies explains. "She was a toughie—she knew exactly what was going on. She was absolutely of the period. And everything she did was based on a man's coat."

Amies bridles when the word "misogyny" is mentioned, and quite rightly: his own feelings toward women, after a lifetime of clothing them, are far more complex, a mix of adoration and scorn based to some extent on how they fit into his clothes and how many of them they buy, as well as on whether they're working women (bad; clothes designers, worse; Margaret Thatcher, worst) or pampered aristocrats (good; titled ones, better; Queen, best). One of his closest friends is Ann Boyd, who started just out of art school in Amies's workshop as an assistant to the Queen's *vendeuse* and now runs the design firm Reed Boyd. "He really understands women's bodies," Boyd observes. "He would never embarrass a woman; he would never want her to go out looking less than her best." His put-downs, she says fondly, are part of his act of being "a terrible old man. We'll go to parties, and he'll say outrageous things, and as we're leaving he'll whisper to me, 'Darling, do you think I got them going?' "

His homosexuality he doesn't deny; indeed, Amies's early openness showed moral courage, even if, as one British journalist observed, a gay dressmaker in mid-century England serving royals was shielded from prejudice. But being gay was never something one discussed in proper society. Amies lived quietly with one man for 22 years, but when he went out socially, the lover stayed home. "If someone rings you up and says, 'Can you come to dinner?' " Amies told *The Guardian* in 1994, "the worst thing you can do is say, 'Can I bring my friend?' It is just too common for two men to go around together."

Outside, a handsome young man in blue jeans and a work shirt walks by. Amies puts his coffee cup down and gazes at him, mesmerized. Every elitist, he likes to say, has his day off. Certainly the designer, his visitor observes, has not lost his eye for youth and beauty. He issues a lascivious grin. "That never goes away, does it?"

After lunch, Amies retires as scheduled while his visitor returns to 14 Savile Row, where the second-floor showroom is fast filling with ladies eager to view his latest collection. Ken Fleetwood, a languid, gray-haired man in his 60s whom Amies calls "the boy," hovers by the door, greeting late arrivals. "Welcome," he whispers, "to the parrot house." For all of London's younger designers—John Anderson (who started with Amies), Catherine Walker, Bruce Oldfield, Amanda Wakeley—this is the last couture showroom, and, since the closing of Hartnell's four years

ressed about that."

ago, the last real English couture house.

Most of the 100 women at the show are English; most are "of a certain age," as Fairchild puts it. But here, too, are a few pairs of demure young wives. None of Amies's regular customers like being singled out, but the grapevine suggests that Raine de Chambrun, Princess Di's former stepmother, is one, Lady Faringdon another, and that, of the younger royals, Princess Alexandra and the Duchess of Gloucester have been known to buy a suit or two. As the music begins and the buzzing subsides, it's easy to see why. The brilliantly tailored suits, in rich earth-tone tweeds, seem to have been poured onto the models who wear them. Amidst them, the occasional silk and satin evening gowns punctuate the show with bold solid colors: pistachio green, lemon yellow, tomato red. They strike a timely blow against black, and make vibrantly clear that their guiding spirit, napping as he may be at the moment, is still happily alert.

It is true, however, that more and more Sir Hardy's life is lived not here, nor at his apartment, but in his quite marvelous Cotswolds compound, to which, being a sociable fellow, he tends to invite guests.

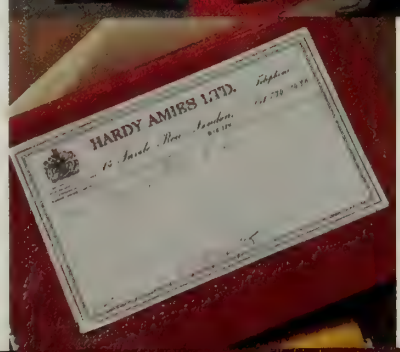
Promptly at 10 o'clock Friday morning the chauffeur draws up to the Cornwall Gardens apartment, and Sir Hardy appears at his door. Behind him is a living room dark in morning light, with an ancient oak sideboard, a comfortable sofa, and a wall of books. Cozy, but modest. Sir Hardy whispers to a visitor, out of the chauffeur's earshot, "I wanted it to look like a queer don's."

Sir Hardy was born on Elgin Avenue in Maida Vale. Yet he has little to say about the neighborhood as we pass through on our way out of London. His fondest first memories, Amies says as London recedes, are of the vicarage on the Rhine where he lived with a high-bourgeois family in the late 1920s and learned German. Not yet 21, he also spent formative time in Berlin nightclubs and came to share his host family's excitement about Hitler. "Oh, I came back an ardent









THE AGE OF ELIZABETH

Top: Amies, Victor Stiebel, Norman Hartnell, Yves Saint Laurent, Diane de Warzée d'Hermalle, Lady Pamela Berry, Jean Chauvel (standing), and Cecil Beaton, 1958. *Second row:* the Queen wears Hardy Amies creations. *Third row:* Amies flanked by the Queen and Princess Margaret, 1953; the Queen wears an Amies design. *Fourth row:* two more Amies outfits; an Amies royal ensemble in pink. *Left:* a book with samples of material used by Amies for the Queen.

Nazi!" Sir Hardy exclaims. "It was very silly—I quickly changed. But it didn't appear to do with anti-Semitism, and I was so busy learning about life that I wasn't very interested in politics."

His mother's work had always interested him, and though he never did learn how to sew, instinctively Amies understood fabric and color. By late 1933 he was proficient enough to be asked to manage Lachasse, one of London's most successful new dressmakers. On the racks of the shop's back closets he found ladies' suits ("called suits by the common people; the gentry called them coats and skirts") designed by the talented manager who had just stormed off, Digby Morton. So fresh and strong were Morton's ideas that Amies was profoundly influenced, and has, in a sense, applied them ever since, with grateful acknowledgment.

"His secret," Sir Hardy says of Morton, "was that he took all the necessary features of the man's coat—narrow sleeve, high arms—then softened it by using soft tweeds and avoiding all mannish regressive detail. I don't think he knew enough about the suit to be so fussed about the waist buttons as I am, but . . . he was a very important person in propounding what I called the English look."

Sir Hardy's women's wear has been defined by the look for 50 years, so much so that he stirred far more attention by bringing it to men's wear in the early 1960s. While the rest of Savile Row adhered to three-button coats, Sir Hardy blithely pushed the look to four buttons; having won that campaign, he's come out for five buttons, which appalls his Row neighbors but has designer Paul Smith following suit. Not many grown-ups can be observed yet wearing Sir Hardy's four-button coats with gillie collars, but his alma mater, Brentwood, has just provided him with a school full of young, somewhat reluctant customers, whose uniform Sir Hardy has redesigned, in charcoal gray, to sport four buttons. "My mum says that the four buttons are a bit weird," observes one fourth-former.

The first uniform Amies designed was actually his own, in the Second World War. His German, along with good French, had landed him in the nascent intelligence corps, for which no uniform had yet been designed. Amies's was based on the guards' uniform, "which I think is the smartest of the uniforms," he recalls. "It's still khaki, but it's rather more lovat green than yellow. So I had my suit made in guards' green." Amies wore it as his formal uniform throughout the war, not only in England but in Brussels, where he helped send Resistance parachutists behind enemy lines.

Amies admits to having had a "soft war" while the parachutists whose jumps he coordinated fell so often into enemy hands. As the suburbs give way to undulating fields and stone cottages, he talks admiringly of his friend Bunny Roger, who displayed great courage at Anzio. A British dandy, Roger designed extravagant clothes lined in fur and ran a showroom of his own within Amies's shop in the early 70s. He is still a brave fellow, Amies adds. "A couple of years ago I was at a party in Chelsea on Guy Fawkes Day, when we have fireworks. Up went a rocket, and down—into a tin of other fireworks. Everyone else—a bunch of queens—all went screaming indoors and hid behind the sofa. Bunny walked straight over and picked up the rocket and threw it off so it would explode in the air."

Yet the war made Amies a lieutenant colonel, and its wreckage enabled him to take over the damaged and abandoned Savile Row town house where, with £10,000 scraped up from family and friends, he began his business. Almost immediately, he became one of the Big 10, a postwar consortium of London's best clothes-makers, which included Edward Molyneux, Norman Hartnell, Victor Stiebel, Ronald Paterson, and Digby Morton. Today, he's the only one left.

Amies's village of Langford lies just within Oxfordshire, where the countryside begins to look like country and the farms like farms, despite the omnipresent crisscrossing utility lines. Since its founding in Anglo-Saxon times, the village has kept a population of about 300; its center is a narrow, winding lane bordered by houses of Cotswold stone. Some 25 years ago, Amies bought an 1840 schoolhouse here. Now he has also converted a stone barn into a guesthouse in another part of the village; behind it is the tennis court, which he can no longer use.

"Would you not like a short drink?" Sir Hardy inquires as he shows a visitor around the barn. At not quite noon he makes a Bloody Mary for himself—"lots of ice, you see"—and leads a tour. The double-height living room has a portrait over the fireplace that looks like a proper English ancestor—"I have no idea whose"—and a wall lined with bound volumes of *Punch* going back to 1841, and *Country Life*. Lining the tennis court outside are fine Victorian roses, leading to more roses in a small formal garden. At the garden's far end, Sir Hardy points out a house in the distance, on the far bank of the Thames. There, he explains, lives Lord Faringdon, the merchant banker whose wife is a customer, and who has agreed to become chairman of the trust. "And I'm going to become president, which means fuck-all," Sir Hardy says, though for a moment his bonhomie slips a bit. It is a step toward retirement, he admits. "But not completely."

Across the lane in the main house, Sir Hardy talks of his passion for needlepoint—the quite beautiful chair seats and a long upholstered footstool attest to his skills—and for the larger garden of roses, clematis, dianthus, and lavender that bloom where a schoolyard once lay. His sister, Rosemary, herself an active gardener at 80, appears for lunch. Afterward, over a plate of Stilton—"You don't know the proper way to cut it, do you? Here, let me"—Sir Hardy is asked one of those questions that people ask of octogenarians: whether the world is better or worse since he began.

"Oh, I couldn't possibly say," he says. "I suppose it's rather awful. But I have to say to myself that I'm very lucky to be where I am even if it is awful now. To have not been lucky in the days when it was very grand, I would have been nobody. I wouldn't have been unhappy because I wouldn't have known I was nobody. Nobody's ever known that they're nobody.

"I've thought of my epitaph," he adds in the garden. "Would you like to hear it? 'He was a court dressmaker, and an elitist with a sense of humor.'"

A large stone, it's observed, will be needed for that.

"Yes," he says. "Quite." □



HARDY PERENNIAL
Hardy Amies in the garden outside his house in the Cotswolds, 1993.

McConaughey

(Continued from page 79) period right now. It's important, though, never to grow too long for your cot. Look on everything with a little bit of ignorance and innocence. I just try to do the work on a daily basis and try to hit it pure," he says, alluding to his great love of golf as the perfect metaphor for what he is now facing. (A 4 handicap when he bravely chose the sport over Texas high-school football, he now carries an 11.) "Wherever the ball lies, you've got to hit it," he insists. "You've got to create your shot. . . . There's a feeling you can get when you hit the ball on the screws and you don't even feel it on the club. *It's so pure.* It's about precision. It's about the gut. It's about the head. It's very internal—but at the same time you can get *aggressive.*"

"So y'doin' a story on the little man?" asks Michael, McConaughey's brother, who's known as Rooster, when he calls me from his truck in Texas. "If he don't do somethin' stupid, he might be a big movie star. Hell, he went t'Peru a while back, and I'uz afraid he wuz gonna git stung by a bee and his head'd swell up."

"His head might swell up for other reasons now," I tell him.

"I'll straighten that sonuvabitch out—it won't stay swole f'long. Naw . . . he's a pretty focused little ol' guy. If my dad'uz still alive, he'd be the sonuvabitch you'd need t'talk to—he'uz a ham hisself."

Jim McConaughey, who died while his son was filming *Dazed and Confused,* played defensive end for the Green Bay Packers before returning to Texas, where he sold pipe and couplings in the oil business, a job inherited by Rooster and another brother, Pat, who is seven years older than Matthew. When Kay McConaughey, a kindergarten teacher, gave birth to Matthew, she was 39 years old. "She thought I was a tumor for the first five months," says McConaughey.

"There was nothing about this child that would have made me think he'd get into acting," says K-Mac (the nickname his mother goes by). "He's so honest about who he is that to go out of himself and be somebody else amazes me. He does it so well, but that's because it's a *job.* He's goal-oriented like Jim. . . . But when he gets those eyes! He can get a look in his eyes that's just horrible. When he goes into himself, you can't reach him. I pity the poor woman who ever gets him. Those eyes are piercing."

"Mom always cooked a big breakfast," McConaughey remembers. "If you woke up in the morning and you were in a grumpy mood, she'd come up right next to you and go, POW, hit you right upside the head, and go, 'Walk back down that hallway and start over!' You'd have to physically get up and go back to your room and start over. She'd say, 'You're sittin' there and you're seein' the dust on the table and not the rose in the vase!' "

And Big Jim?

"It was pretty simple: *Don't lie.* That's the only time you'd get in trouble with Pop. You'd get the belt then. . . . Another rule growing up was that you couldn't say 'I can't' in front of him. You'd see him start to fume."

"Once m'dad kinda went busted," Rooster recalls. "M'mama started sellin' those damn cosmetics. She'd go in there and git everybody pumped up and she'd go, 'Now, look at him!' Matthew'uz 'bout 17 then, and she'd put that stuff on him and use him as a model. Well, hell, he got t'breakin' out like y'wouldn't believe. Zits everywhere! Mother would go, 'Oh, it's just bringin' the poisons out.' His ol' face'uz horrible. M'dad got all upset and went and got a lawyer t'sue. They called up later and wanted him t'do a $50,000 settlement. Dad said, 'Screw 'em! By God! They ruined my son!' Later his lawyer called and asked him if he'd read the newspaper that mornin'—told him he wuz gonna have a hard time collectin', 'cause his son just won Best Lookin' at Longview High School. Dad had t'settle for the 50 thou. Said, 'Goddamn! I ain't never gonna make any easy money.' "

"I had him around me more than Jim did," admits K-Mac. "I'd tell him he could be a junior director at a bank. Told him he needed to do some modeling. . . . You see, my attitude is to say *yes* to life. He got that from me. Yes yes yes yes yes."

Everybody in Hollywood was hearing no. Woody Harrelson. Brad Pitt. Val Kilmer. They were the three most talked-about candidates for the role of Jake Brigance in *A Time to Kill,* but it seemed as if every young male star in town were fighting for it. The problem was that author John Grisham and director Joel Schumacher had a contract stating that they had to agree on the casting of Jake or the movie couldn't go forward. A year went by; the two were at loggerheads.

The story of the rape of a 10-year-old black girl by two white boys and its racially charged aftermath in a small Mississippi town, *A Time to Kill* was Grisham's first manuscript. Jake Brigance, a preppy kind of rascal indigenous to Mississippi, had to be cast carefully or the story—Brigance defends the black father in front of an all-white jury after he murders the rapists—would seem too melodramatic. The young man cast as Brigance needed more than a hero's charisma. He needed that most mysterious and redemptive of all human characteristics: grace.

Ironically, Schumacher had originally cast McConaughey as the villain of the piece, a redneck brother of one of the rapists. As they were fleshing out the role during one of their script sessions, McConaughey asked Schumacher if it was true that Brad Pitt had the role of Jake. Schumacher told him he did not. "Then I should play it," said McConaughey, leveling a cocksure, lawyer-cold stare at Schumacher. He went down to Texas to shoot his scenes in *Lone Star* while Schumacher contemplated the offer. On Mother's Day the director called him back to Los Angeles, and they shot a secret screen test in a tiny studio downtown. "I didn't want anyone in Hollywood to know," says Schumacher, "because if Matthew didn't get the role, I didn't want it to hurt his career."

"He just had this wonderful connection with the lens," says Brian J. Reynolds, director of photography for *NYPD Blue,* whom Schumacher had hired for the day. "There are a lot of people—famous ones—that just don't have that. But he got in front of the lens and just telegraphed himself right *into* the piece of film."

Many in Hollywood are hailing McConaughey as the next Paul Newman, but he possesses the brute elegance of another 50s rebel to which so many young actors aspire yet sadly only parody. Long-waisted, wistfully masculine, he's got the down-in-the-lumbar ease of an early Marlon Brando. "I think he's much more like Brando," agrees Schumacher. "But I do think he's a total original. I don't know anyone like him. There's an innate integrity and, yes, elegance about Matthew, yet there's a kind of shitkicking, dangerous side to him, too. . . . Unfortunately, one of the things that developed through the grunge era was that there was this concept that attitude is acting. As long as you look dirty and smoke a lot, then you're a good actor. It's so exciting finally to see someone who is not relying on attitude."

"Think he can handle all this?"

"I've worked with some actors and actresses who are on the brink of stardom and I've worried about them because I didn't think they had the emotiona

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strength yet to deal with the consequences of success as well as its perks. I don't really worry about Matthew."

"His name is Malcolm—for Malcolm X," says the grand old dame sitting in a thronelike wicker chair in the garden of the Château Marmont. On my way to visit McConaughey out at his house on the beach in Malibu, I've stopped to pet her black pug. "Isn't he sweet?" she asks, and I suddenly realize that Malcolm's owner is Sylvia Sidney, who arguably has had the longest career of any actress in Hollywood. Eighty-six now, and in her 70th year as an actress, she's in L.A. filming Tim Burton's new movie, *Mars Attacks!* I explain why I'm in town and ask her if she has any advice for McConaughey, since he is just starting out. "What *is* the secret to such a long-running career?" I ask her.

Sidney laughs at the absurdity of my question. "That's simple, honey: *Don't die.*"

"This is Miss Hud. Isn't she sweet?" McConaughey asks when his own beloved pet, a mix of Labrador and Chow, comes bounding up to me in Malibu as I'm repeating to him Sidney's blunt reply.

"J. k. livin', man," he reiterates.

Upstairs, by McConaughey's bed, are two of his favorite books, Will Durant's *The Story of Philosophy,* and *The Greatest Salesman in the World,* by Og Mandino. "I was 20 when I found that—the first book I ever read cover to cover. It woke me up," he tells me, pointing to the Mandino, a slim, quasi-religious self-help volume. McConaughey slides open a glass door above his turquoise bathtub and we climb out onto a balcony overlooking the Pacific Ocean. "This is a long way from Texas," I remark.

"Texas'll always be in my hip pocket."

"Do you ever get homesick—not only for chicken-fried steak but also for a less complicated life? Do you worry about becoming cynical?"

The piercing look K-Mac has mentioned settles into McConaughey's eyes. "That was one of the things I was being thankful about this morning, being able to find the goodness in people," he finally says. "One of the things I'm going to have to watch, though, is the one thing that makes me tick: trust. . . . Man, I'm definitely changing. It's really cool to be able to go to the pro shop and buy Titleist Balata 100s, the best golf balls there are. Or to buy the truck I've always wanted, a black G.M.C. Yukon, and be able to give Ol' Blue, my '90 Dodge Ram, to my brother to help him haul pipe. . . . But I'm very quickly having to become less impressed and more involved with my life. . . . There are certain times you've just got to hand it over to God and say, '*Thank you.*' Don't ever think you've got it figured out."

Miss Hud jumps over the tub and joins us outside. She licks at his stubble until she's cleaned that piercing look right off his face. "Is Miss Hud the only woman in your life right now?" I ask, knowing he's recently dated Ashley Judd, who plays his wife in *A Time to Kill.*

"Yep."

"You looking?"

"No, I'm not looking. Nope."

"Is Miss Hud named for the movie?"

"Yep. I love that character. You've got a guy who, on paper, is not a good guy at all, but then you've got somebody like Newman playing it and you love him. He stuck it out through his own demons."

"That's the second time you've mentioned demons. What are yours?"

"Questions without answers."

"Is *Hud* an example of the kind of movie you want to make?" I ask.

"I want to do things where a father can take his son and point up at the screen and go, 'Watch him! He's good in this. He's a good man.'"

McConaughey stares down at his dead father's initial ring. A size too big for him, it is fashioned from his parents' class rings melted down with gold from K-Mac's teeth. He wears it on the middle finger of his right hand. "How did your father die, Matthew?" I ask.

Bemusement crowds the light from his face. Tears threaten, but they have long ago been shed. "A heart fibrillation," he says. "It was sudden. He had just finished making love to my mother on Monday morning at seven. Had a heart fibrillation on top of her. Oh, man, that's the best way to go. He used to say, 'That's how I'm gonna go, boys!'"

McConaughey is determined not to cry.

"You're still just a baby, aren't you?"

"Yeah, I know," he says with more seriousness than he's said anything else this afternoon. "I know."

"I'm wicked. I'm sexy. I'm *heaven,*" McConaughey says as he saunters about on the parched portion of Antelope Valley we've staked out for our last photo shoot. On a Bose boom box, the Eagles are insisting that "everybody's talkin' 'bout the new kid in town." Relaxed, buckling up after a beer-induced bathroom visit, this newest one heads face-first and fame-ready straight toward the camera's lens.

"That's it, Matthew, keep walking. More," Herb Ritts calls out, "*more.*"

Laughing at himself, McConaughey fakes a female model's haughty attitude, and showing off for the amused L'Wren he rhythmically prances to the Eagles' next song. He spins round and round the sagebrush and Joshua trees as if he were on a Paris runway. He pauses. Pouts. Sticks out his butt. A battered armchair with a flowered cover is brought out into the flowerless landscape. McConaughey plops down—*enough of this bullshit*—in the overstuffed chair with his legs splayed as if he were ready now for three more quarters of Cowboy football. He slips a hand down the front of his jeans and, unembarrassed, rearranges himself. The Eagles won't shut up. "Don't you have any Dylan?" he asks.

A few more photos and the shoot is over. Ritts, McConaughey, and I climb into a helicopter for the flight back to L.A. McConaughey sits up front next to the pilot. The floorboard is transparent, and he marvels at the lengthening landscape as we lift off.

"We might run into some turbulence in the mountain passes," the pilot warns.

Sure enough, we are soon buffeted by pockets of wind, and the helicopter bounces about. "Want to hear a joke?" McConaughey asks, to take our minds off the bumpy ride. "There's this kindergarten teacher. She has a question for her class: If there are three birds sitting on a fence and one flies away, how many birds are left? A little boy in the back raises his hand and says there are none left because when one took off the other ones followed. The teacher says, 'No, there are two left. But I like the way you think.' Later, the same little boy raises his hand and tells the teacher he's got a question for her. 'There are three women eating ice-cream cones,' he says. 'One of them is licking it, one is biting it, and one is sucking it. Which woman is married?' The teacher ponders for a minute, then says it's the one sucking it. The little boy tells her, 'No, it's the one with the wedding ring on. But I like the way you think.'" McConaughey giggles just like that kindergartner might have, and it's hard to tell if he's still acting out the joke or if that giggle—cocky, precocious—is all his own.

The ride calms down, and we float in silence the rest of the way. Coming over the last bit of mountain range, we see the lights of Los Angeles in the distance. McConaughey sighs and sizes up his gaudy new home. "This is *surreal,*" he mutters, and stares down through the floorboard at all that awaits him there at his feet. □

Panchen Lama

(Continued from page 106) all 4,000 of his monks were seized and several executed for alleged complicity in the revolt, he had a change of heart about scientific socialism. The Panchen parted a throng in Lhasa pleading for food and medical care and went to Beijing, and in May 1962 he delivered to Mao a blistering 70,000-character report on conditions in Tibet in which he demanded genuine religious freedom and the end of mass arrests. This did not endear him to the generals, who two years later gave him a last chance to toe the line. He was supposed to denounce the Dalai Lama before a huge crowd celebrating the Mönlam prayer festival, but instead he said, "His Holiness the Dalai Lama was abducted from his country to a foreign land. . . . Today, while we are gathered here, I must pronounce my firm belief that Tibet will soon regain her independence and that His Holiness the Dalai Lama will return to the Golden Throne. Long live His Holiness the Dalai Lama!"

Livid, the Communists immediately put the Panchen under house arrest, branded him "the biggest parasite and vampire in Tibet," and launched a campaign "to thoroughly smash the Panchen Reactionary Clique." From September through November 1964 in Lhasa, he endured a 50-day *thamzing,* or "struggle session," in which he was pulled from his chair by cadres, slapped, punched, kicked, and spat upon by his former "serfs." He was accused of murder, cohabiting with his brother's wife, participating in orgies, stealing sacred objects from monasteries, and supplying horses to the guerrillas. He was taken to Beijing and in 1967 was sentenced to 10 years in prison, much of which he spent in solitary confinement. Regularly tortured, he contemplated suicide. Finally, in 1977 he returned to life as an ordinary citizen in Beijing. A British journalist who attended his last press conference, in 1989, recalls him as "this huge, fearsome guy with a deep, gravelly voice." With typically reckless honesty he declared that the Chinese had on balance done more harm than good in Tibet. Five days later he was dead of an apparent heart attack at the age of 50. He was seriously overweight and a prime candidate for a heart attack, but many Tibetans, including the Dalai Lama, suspect that he was poisoned.

In the fall of 1990 I saw the 10th's embalmed body sitting in full regalia in a glass case on an altar at Tashilhunpo Monastery, keeping an eye on things until his reincarnation was found. This was the usual practice with the top incarnates. The late 13th Dalai Lama was similarly dressed and set out facing south, and when the time was deemed auspicious to begin the search for his reincarnation, his head is said to have suddenly swiveled east, indicating which part of the country to look in.

It is six hours by car from Lhasa to Nagchu, the capital of Nagchu Prefecture, where both little boys now proclaimed as the 11th Panchen Lama were born. In addition, they both came from the same district, Lhari—apparently the clues provided to the then acting Tashilhunpo abbot, Chatrel Rinpoche, by the goddess of Lhamo Nam, the sacred lake, pointed in that direction. The overnight trip to Nagchu is a deviation that can easily arouse the P.S.B.'s suspicions. We sprang it on our Tibetan guide, Rabgyal, yesterday, and he has done his best to dissuade us. It isn't a tourist destination, he tells us. There is nothing in Nagchu except snow and ice and emptiness and military installations.

Nagchu is on the edge of the Chang Tang—the largest high plain on the planet, which takes up the northern half of Tibet and is about the size of Utah and Nevada combined. The Chang Tang is the last great home of the kiang, or wild ass; the wild yak; the Tibetan antelope, wolf, gazelle, and brown bear; the argali sheep, with its big, curling horns like those of bighorns; Evermann's polecat; even a few hundred snow leopards. Millions of black-lipped pikas, resembling guinea pigs, live in labyrinthine burrows in which they store a sweet, starchy root called *troma,* which the Tibetans dig up and eat at New Year's.

Practically devoid of river systems and studded with brackish lakes, this windswept grassland is virtually uninhabited, roamed only by occasional hunters, collectors of salt and borax, nomads (or *drokpa,* the people of the high plateau) with herds of yaks and flocks of sheep, and bandits. Its average elevation is 16,000 feet, and winter temperatures can hit 40 below. This was where the Panchen Lama decided to reincarnate, so we have to go there.

We stop at a little village with a monastery in a mauve-and-gray badlands Georgia O'Keeffe might have painted. A crowd soon gathers around the car.

Until a few years ago everyone from the village would go off on a three-month trek out on the Chang Tang with their yaks to get salt to trade in Lhasa. Now they do it in trucks. The arrival of the internal-combustion engine is doing in the traditional nomadic way of life. Trading caravans are becoming a thing of the past because trucks now come to the villages with goods to trade; they pull right up to your tent. The country between Lhasa and Nagchu used to be crawling with wildlife, but it was shot out by soldiers of the People's Liberation Army with automatic weapons, who threw the carcasses onto trucks.

A range of pure-white conical peaks, considered sacred, rises to our left. At the head of a pass, with a bitter wind that makes the temperature feel like 10 below, two young men are prostrating like inchworms along the road; a third is pulling a cart loaded with their tent and food. The prostrators first touch their hands, clasped in prayer, to the tops of their heads, then to their throats, to their hearts, and then, instead of falling to their knees and flopping full-length to the ground (as the prostrators before the great doors of the Jokhang do), they fling themselves like sledders onto wooden blocks attached to their hands and glide for six or eight feet, and finally hit the ground full-length. Then they get up and do it again. They are happy to talk with us and be photographed. The three of them, we learn, left their home in Derge, just over the Sichuan border, 11 months and 24 days ago, and are prostrating their way to the great monasteries—Drepung, Sera, and Tashilhunpo—covering about five miles a day. They haven't heard that there are two Panchen Lamas, and were hoping to find the first at Tashilhunpo to get his blessing. Why are you doing this? I ask one. "To purify our bodies so we can have a better rebirth. What other reason can there be?" he replies cheerily.

Nagchu, which we reach at dusk, is the principal trading center of the northern Chang Tang. The streets are full of men in fox-fur hats reminiscent of the coonskin caps of the early American frontier. Some are shooting pool on outdoor tables, although sudden sandstorms momentarily stop the games.

We are the only guests at the Nagchu Hotel. The brochure has a facsimile of the 10th Panchen's signature; he slept here on September 15, 1985. The water has been shut off for the winter, but the TV works. After dinner we turn it on. Suddenly little Gyaltsen Norbu, the Chinese soul boy, appears on the screen in a saffron silk jacket and peaked hat, looking like an adorable but slightly bewildered Panchen doll. President Jiang Zemin and other party leaders are hosting a reception for him in the Great Hall of the People in Beijing. Jiang exhorts him in Chinese to study

well, grow up healthy, maintain national unity, and carry on the patriotism of his previous incarnation, and the boy promises in Tibetan to become a patriotic and religious living Buddha. He is surrounded by an entourage of monks and lamas, one of whom is Sengchen Lobsang Gyaltsen, the head of Tashilhunpo Monastery and of the search committee that chose Gyaltsen Norbu. By all accounts Sengchen is a power-hungry, Vichy *tulku,* who collaborates with the Chinese and was one of the 10th Panchen's principal accusers at his *thamzing.*

The next morning we drop in on the political chairman of the Nagchu Religious Affairs Bureau, Drugpon Rinpoche, who lives behind the monastery in town. We find Drugpon in his living room. Instead of the usual Dalai and Panchen Lama pictures which most Tibetans have on their walls, he has photos of Chinese officers, and in one corner stands a small washing machine; there can't be many of these in Nagchu. Drugpon says he can't talk to us, because someone has just died. He doesn't remember his own discovery, he wasn't involved in the discovery of the Chinese soul boy, and he has no opinion on the Panchen controversy; it isn't his business. Clearly, he isn't going to jeopardize his washing machine.

We find another *tulku* at the bureau office, sitting in a room with an apparatchik who is entering figures in a ledger. The *tulku*'s name is Gyaltsen Rinpoche, and he has the gentle otherworldliness one expects in an incarnate lama. Isn't the new Panchen Lama the most important *tulku* that Nagchu has ever produced? I ask innocently.

Yes, the *rinpoche* replies.

Were you involved in his discovery?

No. The search for the Panchen was conducted by a committee from the Chinese government that included many high Tibetan religious officials.

That is true, as far as it goes. In reality, things were a bit more complicated. After the 10th Panchen Lama died, on January 28, 1989, Chatrel Rinpoche, the acting abbot of Tashilhunpo, a 51-year-old monk with a reputation for piety and asceticism, was named head of the search committee, as tradition dictated. The party eventually gave its support and accepted that the Dalai Lama would have to be consulted. But when His Holiness proposed sending a religious delegation to Tibet to offer prayers, Li Peng, the party's prime minister, responded the following month that "outsiders" would not be allowed to "meddle in the selection procedure."

Still, the Dalai Lama wanted to be involved, "because the present incarnation has a very crucial role to play," as he put it in a statement after he announced his choice. "There are several political reasons which make him crucial." (The main one is that he will help select and educate the next Dalai Lama.) Two years later, the Dalai Lama again requested that Beijing let him send a delegation to conduct divination rituals at a sacred lake, and again he was told there was no need for interference. Meanwhile, Chatrel Rinpoche interpreted clues left by the late Panchen and looked for other signs and wonders. He journeyed to Lhamo Nam, the sacred lake at the eastern end of Tibet, and as he gazed and meditated, its resident goddess provided him with vital clues: the year in which the boy was born and the part of the country in which he should search. He also visited Lhamo Lhatso, the sacred lake whose surface had given a vision of the Dalai Lama's house in 1935, and on July 17, 1993, it was communicated to the Dalai Lama that visits to the two lakes had confirmed that the Panchen Lama had reincarnated and was ready to be found.

The names of 28 candidates were delivered to the Dalai Lama, who did a *mo* (threw the dice) to find out if the reincarnation was among them; the divination was affirmative. Then, by throwing the dice three times for each boy, he shortlisted the most likely candidates, whose names he wrapped in doughballs, which he rotated in a shallow chalice. Choekyi Nyima's name jumped out.

A monk in Dharamsala demonstrated the doughball divination, which is also used for secular decisions such as those concerning one's job or marriage. Chunks of barley dough are shaped into spheres the size of golf balls and placed on a scale to make sure they all weigh the same, then rolled clockwise in a chalice while the monk chants, until one ball, propelled by the energy of being the rightful one (or so it is believed) pops out. It is really quite dramatic, like one of the hyperactive Ping-Pong balls in the televised nightly Megabucks lottery.

When the Dalai Lama made his announcement, in May 1995, the Chinese were furious, especially because monks at Tashilhunpo had collaborated. Abbot Chatrel Rinpoche was arrested and has not been seen since. A ban was imposed on gatherings of more than three people and on publicly discussing the Panchen's incarnation, and the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference held an emergency two-day session in which the Dalai Lama's declaration was unanimously condemned as "illegal and invalid." Monks and lay Tibetans all over the country were forced to attend re-education sessions in which they had to denounce the Dalai Lama and his soul boy. Xinhua, the party's official news agency, launched a smear campaign, accusing little Choekyi Nyima of having once drowned a dog and describing his parents as notorious for "speculation, deceit, and scrambling for fame and profit."

Choekyi Nyima, his parents, and his elder brother were picked up by the P.S.B. in Lhari, driven to Nagchu, and put on a plane for parts unknown. "To know the whereabouts of every average Chinese and introduce them to you is not the job of the Foreign Ministry," a spokesman snapped in answer to a query at a September 1995 press conference about Choekyi Nyima. "He is just one of the 1.2 billion people in China." In November, 75 high lamas and others were forced to go to Beijing (some feigned illness to no avail) and come up with three finalists, which they did after being sequestered for five days. The drawing ceremony in Lhasa took place before dawn on November 29, to foil any planned disruption of the politically charged event. An ivory slip with Gyaltsen Norbu's name was drawn from the golden urn. The boy, flanked by his parents, reacted to the news that he was the new incarnation with indifference. The whole ceremony took 15 minutes, then the boy was presented to a hastily conscripted crowd outside who cheered him, and was whisked off to the Panchen's palace in Shigatse.

Outside Nagchu we take the turnoff to Lhari and stop at a cluster of adobe houses, where a woman tells us there is snow in the pass and no chance of getting through to the Panchen boys' homes. But the naturalist George Schaller, who spends several months of the year on the Chang Tang, told me he had passed through Lhari in the late 80s, looking for wildlife. It was a beautiful, mountainous area, he recalled, with forests on the lower slopes, unlike Nagchu, which is on the high plain. The people lived in stone houses with shingle roofs, and in the summer they took their yaks and sheep up to high alpine meadows and lived in tents; in the winter they grazed them in the forest. Lhari itself was a small country town with a bunch of cement government buildings. Both Choekyi Nyima and Gyaltsen Nor-

The Dalai Lama complained to me that there is "too much reincarnation."





A Spanish child, Lama Osel, with his mother and his tutor on the Ganges, 1991. *Left,* the four-year-old lama believed to be the reincarnation of Deshung Rinpoche III, and his mother in Seattle, 1996.

bu are apparently from relatively well-to-do families. The Chinese soul boy's father is said to be a minor party official; the Dalai Lama's boy's father is a doctor who evidently belongs to a lineage of holy men.

Back in Lhasa the next morning, our guide, Rabgyal, has big news. At 10 the night before his wife heard a huge explosion. Someone has bombed the house of the Chinese Panchen's mentor, Sengchen Lobsang Gyaltsen, the ex-monk whom we had seen with the little boy on Beijing television. This is not surprising, because he is probably the most hated man in Tibet. Someone who knows him well tells me that Sengchen is "very bad. He got promoted because he was so critical of the last Panchen. He married the widow of the richest man in Tibet. They have three daughters, but he still chases women, drinks, and plays mah-jong. He was very glad to see the downfall of [his predecessor as head of Tashilhunpo] Chatrel Rinpoche and to step into his shoes. He belongs to the Changze lineage but is a disgrace to all *tulkus.*"

P.S.B. agents have fanned out into the bars and teahouses to sniff for leads but so far have turned up nothing. The big question is: Was this an isolated act, or is there an underground resistance movement that is beginning to exercise the terrorist option—one of the few Tibetans have left?

There is, my Tibetan companion Sephen tells me, a clandestine and dedicated resistance group that calls itself the Tiger Cubs and is said to steal its arms from the Chinese. From his local contacts Sephen finds out that the Cubs are responsible for bombing Sengchen's house, not for publicity but to send Sengchen a message. The message was delivered in verse: "Releasing a fish in a pond doesn't mean it is totally free." In other words, don't swim too freely with the Chinese or we'll get you.

"A few days before the urn ceremony," Rabgyal tells me, "Sengchen went to Drepung Monastery, followed by a battery of video cameras, with money for the monks, but the monks thought that if they took the money they would be portrayed as accepting the Chinese Panchen, so the majority of them walked out. Only 6 of the 300 remained. Sengchen is in Beijing with the boy, so he wasn't hurt by the explosion. Now he is saying that he doesn't want to be the head of Tashilhunpo anymore."

When I returned to the States, I asked Lodi Gyari, the Dalai Lama's Washington-based special envoy and the president of the International Campaign for Tibet, what he knew about the Tiger Cubs. He said they are an indigenous group that had not been set up by the exile government in Dharamsala and had dropped out of sight 10 years ago; some of its members had gone into exile. Now, it seemed, they were back in business. "In the absence of any solution, as repression continues and the culture and religion become more and more diluted, and hopelessness grows, acts of violence, by a handful who feel it's either cave in or start shopping for arms, will happen whether we like it or not. We [the exile government] cannot condone them, but I'm afraid they are unavoidable."

Clearly there are some Tibetans who are growing impatient with the Dalai Lama's policy of nonviolence toward the Chinese, to which he remains steadfastly committed.

The middle road to Shigatse, the traditional seat of the Panchen Lama, follows the Yarlung Brahmaputra, a tributary of the Ganges, through a Shangri-la-like mountainscape, a spectacular gorge, and a dune desert. We spot a flock of very rare black-necked cranes. This one-horse town is the epicenter of the controversy, and security is very tight. In July 1995 six monks staged a protest over the arrest of the Dalai Lama's soul boy and were themselves arrested. Their whereabouts are unknown. At midnight on the 12th of that month, 28 other monks were also arrested after boycotting the Zamling Chisang festival, when a huge *tangka,* or religious scroll painting, is unfurled above the monastery. Other casualties included the keeper of the 10th Panchen's stupa, or shrine, who committed suicide.

The once imposing castle of the King of Tsang, built in the 17th century on a hill overlooking Shigatse, lies in ruins, dynamited during the Cultural Revolution. The three Tibetans in our party, Sephen, Rabgyal, and the driver, are as much strangers here as are Jeffrey Aaronson and I. There is a different psychology in Shigatse from

the one in Lhasa, Rabgyal explains. If the police start hassling a Tibetan on a bus in Lhasa, everyone "mobs up" so he can escape. Here no one gets involved.

We decide to start by circumambulating the monastery; if anyone is going to be straight with us, it will be devotees. A stinging sandstorm whips through the streets, so we put on white gauze dust masks that make us feel, at least, somewhat incognito, and join the pilgrims who are performing the *kora*—the circuit around the monastery. As they shuffle along, they mutter mantras and give the brass prayer cylinders set in the monastery walls merit-generating spins. A large population of mangy pariah dogs is curled up in balls of two or three along the path, snoozing in crevices between ledges, waiting for the fall of night, which they own with their incessant howling and yelping.

The path leads up the mountain of crumbly brown conglomerate against which the monastery has been built, until we stand above the high-walled town, watching the sand roll over its golden pagoda roofs and temporarily blot out the sun. Sephen strikes up a conversation with an old man who is catching his breath along the path with his pretty daughter. They have just come from Lhasa, too, and the first thing they do upon reaching Shigatse is to circumambulate the monastery—a pretty good indication of their devotion. The old man is clutching some replacement wicks for any yak-butter prayer lamps he might see that need them (each pilgrim is an itinerant shrine maintenance man). He seems to know a lot about the Panchen controversy.

After the urn ceremony, he tells us, the Chinese candidate, Gyaltsen Norbu, was spirited away to the 10th Panchen's palace behind the monastery, and isolated from public view for fear of an outburst of popular anger. A curfew was imposed in the three main cities—Lhasa, Shigatse, and Chamdo. Visas for Tibetan exiles wishing to visit their relatives were denied.

The enthronement took place on the eighth of December. Vultures, the old man had heard, circled over the monastery—an ominous sign—and the boy seemed hesitant to climb onto the throne. Soon afterward, he became very sick and had to be flown to Beijing for emergency treatment. A monk from an outlying [illegible] will later tell us that the ceremony ended with a big procession to which one person from each family in Shigatse was ordered to bring incense.

The next morning we visit the monastery. The embalmed body of the 10th Panchen has been placed inside a gilded, jewel-encrusted stupa and is no longer on display. "There are many precious stones here," Sephen remarks to a tall pilgrim circumambulating the stupa behind us.

"Yes, but where is the diamond?" the pilgrim replies—a witty, oblique reference to the kidnapped Choekyi Nyima.

Jeffrey is denied permission to take photographs from the roof by a monk standing in the central plaza when suddenly half a dozen monks emerge from a little side alley. They form a protective wedge around another monk who is carrying a little boy, holding him high as if he were a bundle of clothes that shouldn't get wet. The boy is wearing nice street clothes, a beige woolen jacket and a round fur cap, and he has a radiant, arresting face. He looks at Jeffrey and smiles. Rabgyal whispers, I think that's one of the kids. Jeffrey asks if he can take his picture. The monks' backs straighten, and they almost run with the boy to a Land Cruiser in which a woman—probably the boy's mother—is waiting. All this takes no more than 15 seconds.

It turns out that the boy was one of the Chinese runner-up Panchens, the one from Lhasa, who was being given a tour of the monastery. He had been rewarded with a *tulku*ship of his own, Rabgyal discovers—he was now Chungbo Rinpoche and was going to be set up in his own monastery in three days. His father had not wanted his son to be a *tulku*, but, Rabgyal learned, 140,000 yuan (about $16,700) had eventually secured his blessing.

If Shigatse was tight, Beijing is a hundred times tighter.

Our diplomatic corps is no help in approaching the Chinese to see either of the Panchen Lama boys. "It would ruin our contacts," an embassy official explains. "And even if you made a substantial contact, all you would get was a sterile history lesson. The Chinese have said all they are going to say on this issue. They maintain that they have had sovereignty over Tibet since the 13th century, and that includes control over reincarnations. It's an administrative rather than a religious question. There are national-security problems over these kids."

His take on the Tibet question turns out to be based largely on a 1995 paper by Professor Melvyn C. Goldstein, director of the Center for Research on Tibet at Case Western Reserve, whom Robert Thurman describes as "the prophet of the State Department and a [expletive deleted], who has done serious harm to the Tibetan cause." Goldstein counters that "history will show that the destructive role is being played by the naïve people who think that one more cocktail party, one more Hollywood movie, is going to make any difference to Tibet's plight, and who keep advising Tibetans to hold out, when things are getting worse and worse." In his paper Goldstein argues that Tibet's best option for the moment is to propose recognizing Chinese sovereignty in exchange for a cultural homeland with religious, linguistic, and ethnic integrity.

Not everyone is so eager to appease China at the expense of Tibet. The European Parliament has asked to meet the Dalai Lama's kidnapped soul boy, and Amnesty International has complained that his detention and that of his family and 60 others since July are violations of their human rights, to which the Chinese Foreign Ministry replied that Choekyi Nyima was safe in Tibet, but declined to give further details. A spokesman for the Religious Affairs Bureau claimed it was not involved and didn't know if the boy was in the country or abroad.

According to sources in Beijing, however, Choekyi Nyima is right here in the city, under house arrest but well treated, and this is going to be his status for a long time to come. "We have information that the Public Security Bureau has budgeted the boy and his parents as a more or less permanent fixture," Lodi Gyari, the Dalai Lama's Washington-based envoy, tells me. Jeffrey canvases his contacts, but no one has a clue where Choekyi Nyima is or can confirm that he really is in Beijing, or, for that matter, still alive.

The Chinese Panchen, Gyaltsen Norbu, it seems, is also in Beijing, at a villa until recently inhabited by Chen Xitong, the disgraced ex-mayor of Beijing, in Huaron County, an hour out of town. Chen Xitong was the highest public official to have been caught with his hand in the till since the current anti-corruption campaign was launched last fall to correct the overexuberant response to Deng Xiaoping's 1990 declaration that "to get rich is glorious."

It is not widely known that the 10th Panchen was married to a Chinese woman, who is now living with her daughter in the Tung Zong Bu, the Panchen Lama's Palace in Beihai Park, one of Beijing's most exclusive residential areas. The sister of the Panchen's military guard, she was apparently devoted to him and he to her. It was the policy under Mao to force celibate high incarnates to marry, in order to erode the religion. Now the widow reportedly refuses to vacate the palace for little Gyaltsen Norbu, which explains why he is

living in the ex-mayor's villa. Whether this is because she doesn't recognize the boy as her husband's true incarnation is unclear. A Tibetan scholar in Beijing tells me that she would love to talk with me, but it would not be good for her to see foreigners at this time.

But no matter what happens with the Panchen Lama or with Tibet, there seems to be no stopping the *tulku* system. As more Westerners embrace the dharma, reincarnations are beginning to be found among them. There's a Spanish boy called Lama Osel who is the reincarnation of Lama Thubten Yeshe; a young man in Montreal called Tenzin Ary; a woman from Brooklyn named Jetsunma Ahkon Norbu Lhamo; and half a dozen others. A four-year-old half-Tibetan boy from Seattle, Sonam Wangdu Lama, whose American mother gave him over to be raised by his previous incarnation's monastery in Kathmandu, was much in the news earlier this year.

Many monks in India are clamoring for similar recognition for their teachers, so much so that the Dalai Lama complained to me that there is "too much reincarnation. If every *geshe* [learned holy man] in India is made a *tulku* and given his own monastery, there won't be enough room for them all. It becomes like social status."

In the new Great Game, which is about cornering the world's largest emergent market—China—the little 11th Panchen Lama is, sadly, an insignificant pawn. He can expect no help, wherever he is, from France, which has stopped criticizing China's human-rights performance since signing a $1.5 billion Airbus contract, or from the Clinton administration, which unlinked most-favored-nation status from human rights last year. Recently, Germany gave in to Chinese pressure by stating that Tibet is part of Chinese territory and by withdrawing a $190,000 grant to a June conference in Bonn for Tibet support groups.

Meanwhile, the count of Tibetans arrested or detained for protesting the abduction of their number-two archangel keeps rising. On or about the 22nd of January, while Jeffrey and I were in Beijing, 10 prisoners who were being transferred to a penitentiary 400 miles east of Lhasa threw chili powder into the eyes of their two guards, then fought with the driver. The truck crashed into a river, the driver was killed, and the prisoners fled into the immensity of the Tibetan landscape. Two of them were monks who had been arrested for putting up posters repudiating the Chinese soul boy. When last heard from, they were making their way to the Sikkim border.

More bombings have been reported in recent months: one at party headquarters in Lhasa, one at the home of a Vichy lama in Nagchu, and several others. Cranking up their anti-sabotage operation, the Chinese have announced that all pictures of the Dalai Lama, or likenesses on badges, pens, or watches, are now forbidden, even in the monasteries—which led to a disturbance on May 6 at Ganden Monastery, 30 of whose monks have taken off for parts unknown. A June 30 deadline for all "splittists" (pro-independence Tibetans) in hiding to turn themselves in was imposed.

There have been no sightings of the Panchen Lama, but on June 1, Beijing finally admitted that it was holding him in "protective custody" from would-be Tibetan kidnappers; it didn't reveal where. On May 28 the Chinese pretender appeared in a televised ceremony at Tashilhunpo, suggesting that he may have taken up residence there.

As for the Dalai Lama's own future, "First I will investigate if I should reincarnate or not," he explained. "If the indications are positive, I will then investigate the time and place. I have made it very clear that my continuation depends on the wishes of the Tibetan people." He has also made it clear that if Tibet were ever to become a democracy he would abdicate and become a constitutional lama in whatever incarnation this occurred.

What about the Panchen Lama? I asked. If the Chinese succeed in manipulating the lineage, might not it be best to phase it out?

"That would be up to the lama himself," His Holiness replied. □

Pittman

(Continued from page 84) Quickly, he gave Pittman oxygen, left Madsen with her, and took Fox to camp, covering the quarter-mile in 40 minutes. Exhausted, he tried to find other climbers to help. Nobody would or could. So Boukreev headed back out into the storm alone. When he reached Madsen, he gave him oxygen and told him he had to stand up and walk. Pittman tried to do the same. But she could not. "I talked to her; I told her she needed to take her power from inside her head and go, go, go," recalls Boukreev.

Pittman couldn't say much. "I am tired," she told him. "I cannot."

So Anatoli Boukreev half carried, half dragged Sandy Pittman back to camp.

After Boukreev pitched Pittman and Madsen into the tents, the barrel-chested Russian, who had climbed like a machine and never used oxygen, finally gave out. He couldn't go back to search for the others. Namba, her down suit ripped by the wind, died not five yards from where Fox and Pittman had stopped. Weathers had been found covered with drifting snow and left for dead. By some miracle, however, he awoke from his near coma and staggered into camp barely alive. When Beidleman heard the news about Namba the next morning, he cried for a full 45 minutes, overcome by guilt. He and Boukreev had used every ounce of their strength to save their clients. But there had been no one to save Namba.

That morning, encouraged by Makalu Gau's rescue, Boukreev started to search for Fischer, a close friend. He found him frozen in the snow, his oxygen mask still on. No one will ever know exactly what happened, whether he was overcome by the altitude or simply wrung out from weeks of shepherding clients up and down the mountain.

The survivors had spent an exhausted few hours in the tents on the South Col, at 26,100 feet. All were relatively unscathed. Fox had frostbite on her big toes, and the rest battled mild snow blindness and minor frostbite on their faces and hands. All were overwrought and extremely lethargic from the high altitude. They had to get down lower as soon as possible. On the way, Beidleman had to give Pittman another injection of dexamethasone. "She got really, really tired, fished it out, and said, 'Give it to me,'" he recalls.

They spent the next day and night at Camp 3 and all were edgy. It had been here, three days earlier, that a Taiwanese climber en route to the summit had slipped over the side of the mountain. It had been the start of the hell. In her journal, Pittman had described hearing the echo of his screams as he fell into a deep crevasse. Haunted by memories, the survivors continued their harrowing climb down. Between Camp 3 and Camp 2 a Sherpa was knocked unconscious by a falling rock. But they finally reached Base Camp on Monday, May 13. There they heard the tragic tale of Rob Hall's

farewell satellite call to his pregnant wife in New Zealand before he signed off and waited to die in a crevasse near the summit. Three Indian climbers on the north side of the mountain had also perished. The death toll stood at eight.

Rumors swept the mountain. Rumors and questions. "Everyone kept trying to put together the details," recalls Fox. "There was more sorrow than success." Several climbers noticed that Pittman, although grief-stricken and upset, seemed "worried about her image, her book." That night she held her first post-summit interview with NBC, speaking via satellite phone with Tom Brokaw, a close friend, in New York. Some of Fischer's friends were sickened to see his team referred to as the "NBC Everest Assault" expedition. That was never the official name. The only partner NBC had was Pittman. It was a minor detail, perhaps, but it stung like salt in a wound. "It was all centric to her," recalls one disgusted team member. "It's as if we were all there for her profit and publicity."

The following day, there was a memorial service for Fischer, and the group talked about their grief and guilt. People were torn up about the deaths. Earlier they had made a pact that no one would talk to the press until they were all down from the mountain. Pittman ended her Web postings, noting, "I need to feel the impact of all this." They also agreed that although they had lost their leader they had gone in as a team and would hike out as a team. Beidleman said, "Nobody wants to feel like they're running from any of this."

But the next morning, when the team hiked down to Pheriche, the town below Base Camp, it was obvious that Pittman was in a hurry to split. She pled media obligations. A team member recalls, "She was worried about damage control." First thing Friday, she chartered a helicopter to Kathmandu for $2,500, offering a ride to Madsen and the team doctor, Ingrid Hunt. For the same sum she could have chartered a large Russian helicopter to take everyone down.

In Kathmandu, Pittman headed straight for the Yak and Yeti Hotel, where she fielded calls from the world press, including Oprah Winfrey. "Can you believe Oprah called?" she was heard to say. As she sunbathed by the pool, Pittman was easily identifiable to reporters by her bandaged fingertips and the Hermès catalogue on the table beside her. At the time of our telephone conversation, she was still hoarse from laryngitis, and broke into a hacking *khumbu* cough caused by the altitude. When I inquired how she was, she answered with an impatient "How do I *sound?*" Then, more calmly, she said she was fine, adding that her injuries had been greatly exaggerated. She would be back in New York in a few days, and asked me to call her at her office.

On Monday, May 20, Fischer's team gathered in the Yak and Yeti garden for a group picture. Pittman, who had originally refused to pose for *Vanity Fair* (saying she didn't "want to do anything to stand out from the group"), arrived fully made up, wearing a tight black miniskirt, a black blouse with mandarin collar, and an elaborate Tibetan headdress. The other climbers, most of them casually dressed, appeared taken aback.

After the photo shoot, Pittman hosted a blowout cocktail party in honor of Fischer, who had looked forward to the time when they would "line up the margaritas and toast a successful expedition." Pittman used her own margarita recipe and hired a Sherpa band, but the celebration had a hollow feeling. "Personally, I would trade Everest and every other summit for Scott's life," says Neal Beidleman, his voice catching. "But you have to be proud of climbing Everest and getting back. I am proud of everyone on our team, notwithstanding their strengths or weaknesses. Everybody summited, survived a difficult night, and it was an incredible accomplishment."

Throughout the evening, there was an almost palpable tension between Pittman and some of her fellow climbers. There were those who felt that she tried to keep her distance from Beidleman and Boukreev, the men who had risked their own necks to save hers. During the NBC interview and a lengthy background session with *Newsweek* the day before, Pittman never mentioned that she had been in serious jeopardy or that she would probably have died had she not been helped by Beidleman and Boukreev. In a subsequent telephone conversation, when asked about her apparent lack of appreciation toward the two gentlemen who had saved her life, Pittman responded tersely: "Which two gentlemen is that?"

Journalist Jon Krakauer, who was part of the New Zealand team and the second to summit that day, filed a raw, emotional account of the tragedy on *Outside* magazine's Internet publication. Krakauer, author of the best-selling *Into the Wild,* has no doubt that Scott Fischer died because he was exhausted from guiding amateur climbers. Rob Hall clearly died in the act of rescuing his amateur client. But Pittman maintains that there were no heroes that night, that the guides were just doing their jobs, what they were paid to do.

According to Krakauer, the debate "raises the question 'What are you doing on this mountain if you can't get yourself down?' There's only so much you can ask of a guide or a sherpa." In his view, guided climbers may have a lot of experience, but that does not necessarily translate into great ability or judgment. He emphasizes that these climbers are never without guides—"high-altitude baby-sitters"—which is very different from doing it on your own. "You don't have the mind-set to take care of yourself. You learn to operate within a client framework, which is that other people are going to haul your loads, other people are going to look after you."

As the controversy grew heated, veteran climbers tried to make the point that the essence of mountaineering has always been self-reliance, consideration for others, character, and integrity. "What happened up there was terrible, but some people came out looking wonderful and some didn't," observed a climber who knows all the players well. "Beck Weathers sat on a rock for 12 hours waiting to be saved. But he's a hero because he's so *honest* about it."

On May 22, Sandy Pittman left for New York to be home for her son's 13th birthday. One fellow climber suggests that, even at the time of her departure, Pittman was still reeling from the shock that she had been truly humbled by the ferocity of the mountain. A New Zealand guide who had climbed with her in the past laughed. "Not humbled, mate," he said. "Nothing humbles Sandy Pitbull. Sobered, maybe." For his part, the tireless Russian Anatoli Boukreev has remained almost silent about the woman whose life he saved. But to fellow climbers he has said wryly, "Princess Sandy. Very rich, very spoiled."

Charlotte Fox thinks it's too early to pass judgment on anyone who has been through such an emotional experience. "Sandy is a strong woman and she is committed," says Fox. "Maybe she doesn't know how to say thank you for saving her life."

Three weeks after the disastrous storm on the summit, Sandy Pittman stalks into the saloon at Café des Artistes. We had agreed to meet for a drink. A striking brunette who looks like a muscular version of Jacqueline Onassis, the 5-foot-

10-inch Pittman is among the mightiest of women, and her personality is as formidable as her physique. Formally introducing herself as Sandy Hill Pittman, she encases my hand in a crushing grip worthy of Paul Bunyan. Wearing a beige suede safari jacket belted over black pants, she looks healthy if a bit thinner than usual. Her fingers appear normal, but she says she has several broken ribs and is suffering from pleurisy. Tied around her neck is a narrow red string necklace blessed by a lama and presented to climbers in a puja ceremony.

It seems to bring no peace. She is extremely keyed up and highly animated. From the grim set of her jaw, it seems clear that she has seen the previous weeks' headlines. The *New York Post* had bannered her epic in bold type: N.Y. SOCIALITE TELLS: MY HELL ON TOP OF THE WORLD. Even the reticent *New York Times* had slipped in a dig. "Everest Takes Worst Toll," its front-page story teased, "Refusing to Become Stylish." Raking her hand again and again through her cropped auburn hair, Pittman declares herself at wit's end. She is miffed, and perhaps justifiably, that conquering Everest has not been sufficient to retire her reputation as a couture-clad party girl, and she bristles at the slightest suggestion that she might have inspired any of the unflattering ink. Nor can she comprehend the derision engendered by her colorful electronic journal entries, which alternately described the rigors of trekking in Nepal and the de rigueur luxuries of life in New York. "All my personal stuff is packed," she wrote in a breathless dispatch from Central Park West. "I wouldn't dream of leaving town without an ample supply of Dean & DeLuca's Near East blend and my espresso maker."

After talking on background for more than an hour, Pittman declines a formal interview. She says the subject is still too private and painful. When I point out that she is typing as fast as she can to finish her book, and note that she is planning a *Vogue* piece and has already given several very public interviews to NBC, her hazel eyes turn hard. Abruptly glancing at her watch, she announces another pressing engagement and exits hurriedly with the disdainful air of one convinced that her experience above the clouds is beyond the comprehension of those permanently relegated to existence at sea level.

Though she is far from callous, and her grief for Scott Fischer and the others is obviously quite real, Sandy Pittman is genuinely mystified and hurt that she has not gotten a more triumphant welcome on returning home. She wasn't expecting a ticker-tape parade, but not even a party? "Sandy is unfortunately totally self-absorbed," explains an old friend who forgives her for it. "She missed signs of distress in her marriage. She sees motherhood her own way. She misses signs that she rubs people the wrong way. She just doesn't get it."

It is also true that Pittman inspires much jealousy around town. "She has a lot of courage, and a lot of guts, and no one in New York society has faced the kind of physical challenge she has," says her friend Jurate Kazickas, a writer who has been to Everest, and who is married to investment banker Roger Altman. "But I think there is an over-the-top quality to her that drives a lot of New Yorkers crazy. She's too much of a good thing—she's good-looking, climbs mountains, drives motorcycles, and pilots her own helicopter. Who can relate to that? Who can pitch in and talk to her about climbing K2 at a dinner party? She is unique."

Pittman has plenty of admirers, and her close circle of female friends includes lifestyle guru Martha Stewart and socialites Blaine Trump, Nina Griscom, Sharon Hoge, and Katherine Sailor. "Sandy's very strong, she's another species," says Trump, who is married to Donald's brother Robert Trump. She almost went along with Pittman on the Everest trip, but admits her husband "wasn't very happy about it." Stewart also backed out when she became caught up in negotiations with Time Warner. Hoge and Sailor, however, did hike partway up Everest. Trump says they all felt utterly confident with Pittman as their fearless leader. "I asked her once what would happen if one of us couldn't get down, and she said, 'No problem. I can handle 150 pounds over my shoulder.' She also said she could sew us up."

In the end, Pittman left the surgery to a doctor. During a day hike, Sailor fell over backward and gashed her head. The women had to walk three hours to the next camp, where a doctor, with only a hut as a hospital, put in six stitches. Sailor's husband, public-relations executive Ken Lerer, was reportedly furious when he heard about his wife's accident. Hoge, however, came back singing Pittman's praises, telling spine-tingling tales about her friend's prowess and brush with death.



SANDY'S PIQUE

From top: Sandy Pittman was in trouble by the time she reached Mount Everest's Hillary Step on the trip down from the summit; Seaborn "Beck" Weathers, a grateful survivor; Scott Fischer's team included Pete Schoening, Klev Schoening, Martin Adams, Dr. Ingrid Hunt, Charlotte Fox, Tim Madsen, Neal Beidleman, Sandy Pittman, Anatoli Boukreev, and Lene Gammelgaard.

Some people have a knack for courting controversy wherever they go, and in Pittman's case Everest was no exception. From the beginning, she was a large presence on the mountain. Most of the climbers at Base Camp had read enough to know she was the glamorous, soon-to-be-ex wife of a multimillionaire. But she

tended to advertise her wealth, and she made no secret of the fact that she was friends with the powerful. When she celebrated her birthday shortly after arriving, one of her E-mail greetings was from Martha Stewart.

Base Camp is an incestuous little community, and there isn't much to do besides climb and dine out on gourmet food—and one another. Pittman's arrival transformed the village into Peyton Place. Everyone was well aware that David Breashears—who was also on the mountain—was a friend of Pittman's. They knew also that his estranged wife, Veronique, a pretty young graphic artist, had been keeping company with Pittman's husband for some time. Everyone was also acutely aware of whose tents shook at night, and who had slept with whom in the past. It wasn't long before the camp was buzzing about a 26-year-old snowboarder who was sharing Pittman's sleeping bag.

Pittman's reputation from her previous two Everest attempts was already well established. People are still talking about the first time she arrived, in 1993, with her son, then nine, and a nanny. She returned to Everest the following year, on an expedition which Vaseline sponsored for $200,000 and which Breashears videotaped for NBC. This time, Pittman attempted to climb the Kangshung Face, technically the most difficult ascent. She spent thousands of dollars to hire four of the best climbers in the world, but in the end they were turned back because of bad weather. Pittman was so frustrated, she tore a Kieselstein-Cord gold cross with semiprecious stones off her neck and hurled it into the wild blue yonder, much to the horror of the Sherpas, who watched what to them was a small fortune disappear.

After the trip, Pittman appeared in a commercial for Vaseline that billed her as a "world-class climber," an outrageous boast that has been the subject of endless jokes. Her subsequent accounts of the Kangshung trip—including a lecture she gave at the Explorers Club—have made her less than popular within the community because of her habit of referring to the elite mountaineers she was with as her "climbing team," as though they were her equals rather than her guides. Steve Swenson, one of the expert climbers with her on the Kangshung Face, defends Pittman and argues she has become too easy a target. "We were fixing all the ropes, and she was following after us," he concedes, "but she contributed as much as anyone to the trip in terms of fund-raising, dealing with the sponsors and media issues."

There is a long history of wealthy amateurs who are passionate about climbing, including Texas financier and oilman Dick Bass and the late Disney president Frank Wells, who co-authored *Seven Summits* (with Rick Ridgeway). Neither ever presented himself as anything but a beginner, and each gave full credit to his guides. More than anything, it seems to be Pittman's grandstanding which has made her such a pariah. "I've watched the media circus, and I think Sandy Hill Pittman is a story about marketing," says Jim Clash, a business and adventure writer for *Forbes* who climbed Kilimanjaro with Scott Fischer last January. "Sandy is an amateur who has been able to manipulate the press and promote herself because most of the people she was talking to didn't know much about climbing."

"Some people climb for the publicity, not the experience," says David Swanson, a past Explorers Club president and former publisher of *Summit* magazine. "And I would say that 85 percent of the people [within the climbing community] dislike that sort of thing and would not climb with that person. Climbing is meant to be elemental, simplistic—you are meant to respect the dangers and the environment. A movable circus is not what it is meant to be."

But that is exactly how many climbers regarded Pittman's electronic sideshow at Base Camp, to which a Sherpa had lugged bags full of high-tech communications equipment provided by NBC. Before they left for Nepal, Pittman wrote everyone on the team and told them about her NBC deal and invited them to participate. Most declined; this is precisely the kind of thing that they go to the mountains to get away from. Not Pittman. To maintain the NBC Web site, she would rise at 5:30 in the morning, and often be there working at 9:30 at night, diligently keeping the journal entries up-to-date and holding chat sessions on-line with New York luminaries such as novelist Jay McInerney. "She really worked at it," says Charlotte Fox. "I said, 'You're climbing Everest and you're doing all *that!*' "

Pittman was by far the busiest camper. Scott Fischer was floored by her announcement, just two days before their summit bid, when everyone was lying low, that she was meeting two friends for lunch in Pheriche. Hoge and Sailor had showed up with 20 Sherpas in tow and linen tablecloths in their little trekking tent. So, instead of resting with her teammates, Pittman hiked five hours down the mountain, stopping on the way to do an interview with the *Today* show. She seemed happy to drop everything and play Himalayan hostess, even leaving notes of introduction for her friends on parchment from the exclusive stationer Mrs. John L. Strong. All of this was happening at a time when even the strongest climbers on her team were resting. "Her priorities were all over the place," observes a climber from another team. Then he speculates, "Those women were there as her mouthpieces for later. They would be so blown away by what they saw that they would go back to New York and spread the gospel about Sandy Hill Pittman."

No one can say that Sandy Pittman hasn't worked hard or seriously committed herself to building her prowess as a climber and sportswoman. She had grown up in the foothills of Northern California, and as a girl walked the mountains with her father. At 10, she started going on camping trips. As a chubby adolescent, she opted for backpacking over the beach

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and worked as a junior ski-mountaineering guide in Yosemite. She spent summers white-water rafting, kayaking, and climbing. Her first big peak was Disappointment in Wyoming's Grand Tetons. When she got to the top, she said to herself, "I'm going to do this for the rest of my life."

At the University of Colorado in Boulder, she fell in love with Jerry Solomon, now a sports agent married to former Olympic ice-skater Nancy Kerrigan. They eventually transferred to U.C.L.A. together and Pittman earned a degree in art history. They split a year later. "She was always into climbing, but it seems to have become an all-consuming thing," says Solomon. "She was always an ambitious person, and I don't just mean about climbing mountains."

Pittman moved to New York and got a job at Bonwit Teller. Later she worked at *Mademoiselle* and *Bride's,* where she was a beauty editor. Climbing took a backseat to her career. In 1979, at age 24, she married Bob Pittman. They had met on a flight to Los Angeles and, according to a story they have often told, were in love before they landed. As fate would have it, the plane was diverted to San Francisco, so Sandy took him home to meet her parents. When they arrived to find her folks out of town, they reportedly made passionate love on the living-room floor.

Not long after the birth of her son in 1983, Pittman began the kind of climbing that propelled her to the top of the benefit circuit, and put her and Bob on the cover of *New York* magazine in 1990 as "The Couple of the Minute." One thing everyone seems to agree on is that both Pittmans are brilliant at self-promotion. Bob, who was a runner-up to be *Time*'s Man of the Year in 1984, has been dogged by controversy for claiming what some see as undue credit for MTV—which he has called his "crazy idea." The concept had been kicking around for years, and many believe that executives John Lack and Tom Freston contributed just as much as Pittman, who went on to form Quantum Media (*The Morton Downey Jr. Show*) before moving on to Time Warner, where he was in charge of the Six Flags theme parks. Last August he left entertainment for real estate, becoming chief executive of Century 21. "People say, 'My god, he's had glamorous jobs, he must worship glamour,'" Bob Pittman told the *Los Angeles Times* somewhat defensively. "But my close friends know I was only in it for the challenge."

In the 80s, the Pittmans seemed the prototypical high-concept couple. They bought a 15,000-square-foot 1910 dairy barn in Falls Church, Connecticut, and converted the place into a yuppie playground stocked with every imaginable toy. They called it Birthday Hill Farm because it had been a gift from Bob to Sandy when she turned 30. She transformed the 50-foot silo that looms over the barn into a climbing wall and, after dinner and drinks, was known to take guests out for a vertical stroll which she calls "the Ultimate Challenge." She built a makeshift gym in the barn, complete with pulleys and ropes, and carved out another room for her piles of mountaineering gear. At one point, the Pittmans even housed a trio of traveling Sherpas in a smaller barn out back. A tackle room is filled with archers' bows, fishing rods (she fly-fishes), and canoes. "They never relaxed," gripes a houseguest. "It's not my idea of how to spend the weekend."

Sandy Pittman—a woman compulsive enough to have colored threads representing each season (green for summer, etc.) sewn into her clothes to avoid packing mix-ups—never does anything halfway. She applies what a friend describes as a "gangbusters approach" to everything. When she and her husband bought a two-seater helicopter for commuting, she got her pilot's license. When she planted the garden with flowers, she won blue ribbons at the local fair. When she decided to raise sheep, she asked designer Isaac Mizrahi to help her turn the first year's fleecing into hats and mittens for homeless children. When she entertained, it was mind-boggling. Once, she bused 100 guests from New York, stocked canoes with coolers filled with juice and muffins, and arranged a pig roast on the front lawn. Hot-air balloonists took people for rides over the fields.

This past October, the Pittmans threw one of their famous parties, with 50 guests dining under an elaborately embroidered Tibetan tent. On the menu were yak stew and Sherpa tea. In attendance were the couple's country friends—the Brokaws, Lerers, and others. "Everything was beautifully done and so tasteful, as always," recalls Jurate Kazickas, "so it was a real shock to hear they split up just a few weeks later."

Bob Pittman reportedly moved out a few days before Halloween, quitting their Central Park West apartment, which is crammed with artifacts from her far-flung travels. She told friends that it came as a complete shock, saying, "I don't know what's gotten into him." He told friends that there had been signs for a long time, but that she never noticed. She was gone all the time. "Enough is enough," he said.

Ironically, it had been Bob Pittman who, in the mid-80s, encouraged his wife to find something meaningful to do. "It was he who turned my head around," she once acknowledged.

But even her friends agree that Sandy Pittman's single-minded dedication to her avocation complicated her relationship with her husband. "A lot of people look at mountain climbing as discretionary, but Sandy looks at this as her job," says Nina Griscom, adding, "But in a marriage, it's hard when someone finds out who they are in the middle."

On Sunday, June 9, a private memorial service was held for Scott Fischer at Kiana Lodge, near Seattle, Washington. Most of Fischer's team, as well as the Sherpas, came to pay tribute to their fallen leader. Sandy Pittman arrived with Todd Harris, a senior producer at NBC's on-line interactive service who designed Pittman's Everest Web site. After everything that had happened, she had little time for Beidleman or Boukreev. There were photographers everywhere.

At the ceremony, the Sherpas chanted a Buddhist prayer, and Fischer's closest friends recalled his love of the mountains. Neal Beidleman, so thin he almost looked frail, told the mourners that his late friend's body still rests on Everest, "the place he thought the most beautiful in the world." Beidleman had saved his friend's engraved expedition knife, found in his pack, and entrusted it to Fischer's two children, Andy, nine, and Katie Rose, five, passing on the legacy of their father. Then Fischer's wife, Jeannie Price, his parents, and other family members released a cloud of butterflies into the wind.

For the survivors, it is time to move on, though the majesty and fury of the world's highest mountain will never leave them. Most intend to keep climbing. Others will follow. The Mountain Madness company says that it is planning no Everest trips in the near future, but reports that business is booming. Since the tragedy the company has been besieged with calls about future expeditions. Pittman will certainly continue her exploits. "Sandy is definitely a driven person," says Fox. "But no matter how controversial she is, she stood on the top of that mountain, and no one can ever take that away from her." □

Credits

Fashion

Cover: For **Matthew McConaughey's** Guess shirt, call 800-39-GUESS; for Levi's jeans, call 800-USA-LEVI; Calvin Klein T-shirt from Calvin Klein boutiques and selected stores nationwide; L'Wren Scott for Visages Style.
Page 10: Styled by Lee W. Moore for Visages Style.
Page 14: Styled by George Cortina for Ivy Bernhard. **Kyra Sedgwick's** sweater by Calvin Klein, from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C.; pants and gloves by Hermès, from Hermès boutiques nationwide; bracelet watch by Verdura, from Verdura, N.Y.C.
Page 18: Bottom left, see credits for cover. Bottom right, Calvin Klein shirt, pants, and belt from Calvin Klein boutiques and selected stores nationwide; Giorgio Armani shoes from Giorgio Armani boutiques and selected stores nationwide.
Page 24: Top, styled by Lisa von Weise for Marek & Associates.
Page 54: **Andrew Sullivan** styled by Jean-François Bizalion for Butler-Reghanti
Page 63: **Alison Elliott's** Todd Oldham shirt from Todd Oldham, N.Y.C.; Product pants from Product, N.Y.C.; Karin Labby for Célestine.
Page 68: **LeRoy Neiman** styled by Paula Fox for Butler-Reghanti
Pages 74–75: Matthew McConaughey's Calvin Klein T-shirt from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C.
Pages 74–79: For Levi's jeans, call 800-USA-LEVI
Page 77: Calvin Klein shirt, pants, and belt from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C.
Pages 78–79: Calvin Klein shirt and Calvin Klein Underwear tank top from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C.
Pages 86–87: Kym Canter for Butler-Reghanti.
Pages 96–97: Kyra Sedgwick's Vivienne Westwood Gold Label dress by special order from Barneys New York and Bergdorf Goodman, both in N.Y.C.; for Cartier ring, call 800-CARTIER; Fred Leighton necklace from Fred Leighton, N.Y.C.; George Cortina for Ivy Bernhard.
Pages 112–18: Lee W. Moore for Visages Style
Page 125: **Sir Hardy Amies** styled by Ray Watkins.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: **Matthew McConaughey** groomed with products from Calvin Klein Cosmetics; Ray Allington for Smashbox Beauty.
Page 14: See credits for pages 96–97.
Page 18: Bottom, see credits for cover.
Page 24: Top, grooming by Kelley Quan for Sally Harlor.
Page 54: **Andrew Sullivan's** grooming by Jacqueline Colligan for Elizabeth Watson, Inc.
Page 63: **Alison Elliott's** hair styled with Sebastian Laminates Gel. All makeup from Aveda. On her eyes, Velvet Powder Eye Shadow in Moon; on her lips, Fresh Essence Lip Color in Seashell. John Setaro for Célestine; Wendy Ann Rosen for Cloutier.
Page 68: **LeRoy Neiman's** grooming by Kate Best for Trilise.
Pages 74–79: See credits for cover.
Pages 86–87: **Joaquín Cortés's** grooming by James Kaliardos for Visages.
Pages 96–97: Alberto Guzman for Bumble & Bumble; Brigitte Reiss-Andersen for Frédéric Fekkai Beauté.
Page 113: **Jeffrey Wright's** wig designed by Yuseff; hair by Yuseff; makeup by Jennifer Aspinall.
Pages 114–15: **Benicio Del Toro's** and **Michael Wincott's** hair by John Setaro for Célestine. **David Bowie's, Chuck Pfeifer's,** and **Elina Löwensohn's** hair by Yuseff. **Dennis Hopper's** hair by Daniel Howell for Cloutier. **Parker Posey's** hair by Tony Lucha for Jed Root. Parker Posey's makeup by Helene Andersson for Ivy Bernhard; all other makeup by Jennifer Aspinall.
Page 116: **Christopher Walken's** grooming by Jennifer Aspinall. **Tatum O'Neal's** hair by Yuseff; makeup by Jennifer Aspinall.
Page 117: **Claire Forlani's** and **Michael Chow's** hair by Daniel Howell for Cloutier; makeup by Jennifer Aspinall.
Page 150: **Jack Germond's** grooming by Kate Best for Trilise.

Photographs and Miscellany

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Page 82: Left and bottom, by Scott Fischer/Woodfin Camp & Associates; center, by Neal Beidleman/Woodfin Camp & Associates.
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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

LEO *July 23–August 22*

It would be grand to scale the Himalayas, speak at Oxford, and then cruise over to Libya for a summit meeting. Such a trip would help you live out your fantasies of adventure and self-importance. And you could doubtless accomplish it if only it didn't entail leaving the house, which, oddly enough, often presents huge obstacles for many members of your sign. Leos are full of contradictions like that. A 9th-house Saturn can now illustrate for you many of the strange twists and turns that make up the Leo mind. Relax. You don't necessarily need a CAT scan. Just try thinking.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

Even with Jupiter in your 5th house (which should improve the most ailing love life), there may be a few emotional problems that affect your social existence. That is no reason for anybody to think for one minute you're not alive and raring to go. It's just that you have high standards and better things to do than run around chasing the last hot person to slither by in tight jeans. Nonetheless, Virgos are not all sexless shopkeepers with minds only Kafka could love. You're every bit as full of desire as anyone walking the streets of Hollywood, California.

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

Ah, those delightful little summer excursions! Positively enchanting. And so conveniently diverting. What delicious lightness they add to your life—like the freshest fruity sorbet after an entrée of beef Wellington. What's the beef? Simply the retrograde of Saturn in your solar 7th house, which gives you acid indigestion the moment the word "marriage" is even thought, much less uttered. But let's have no dark thoughts when there are picnic baskets to pack and Japanese lanterns to dance under of a summer evening. Just be sure not to breathe the m-word.

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

Stop working right this minute! You are *not* a carpenter ant. Repeat: You are *not* a carpenter ant. The machine you have been trying to turn yourself into needs servicing. Don't even think about your career. Besides, if there's anything worse than being fired, it's having a job you've destroyed by squeezing every bit of creativity out of it. The message from Saturn is RECHARGE. Of course, you still need to exercise some restraint. If this were the 70s and you were in your 20s, you could have a swinging time now. But it's not. Don't go too crazy.

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

When you stop to think how many favorable elements have to come together before deals are made, you get exhausted before you even start. Normally you should be jumping up and down with glee right now. With Venus going direct in your 7th house, people are wildly attracted to you. In fact, they're coming out of the woodwork. The problem is that with Pluto still retro in your sign you can't be around anybody for longer than five seconds before you get bored and tune out, and that makes it hard to link up in any significant way. Go for quickies now.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

Work and health should be going well, and if you're pure of heart, you can be cooking right along. Your ruling planet, though, is turning retrograde in your 4th house. This is the part where you bore the hell out of your friends by going on about the threat of homelessness (or, if you're an alien, deportation). What's to become of you? You can spend the next two years trembling, or you can live like the rest of us, knowing that around any corner a sand-filled sock could be waiting. Your assignment: every morning sing "Que Será, Será" in the shower.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

At this particular moment in your history, you don't feel much like talking. With the ruler of your 12th house going retrograde in your 3rd, you've had it up to the eyeballs with words. In truth, right now you don't really care how critical people are of your communication problem (what problem?). If somewhere in your life there is love or a drop of imagination left—and don't be cynical, there is—don't talk. Do it! At this point what does a stupid little thing like rejection mean? What are you waiting for, for God's sake, an engraved invitation?

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

The fact that people are talking about you is not news. You've inspired gossip since you hit puberty. But the latest rumors—that you've become obsessed with money and who makes what—are disturbing. What has gotten into you? Even if Saturn is in your 2nd house, is that any reason for you to forget your vows of spiritual perfection? Have you forsaken your path to enlightenment just because the U.S. Treasury has printed a new hundred-dollar bill? For shame! Let's just hope that the Dalai Lama doesn't hear about this or you are in big trouble!

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

The wisest thing to do right now is ignore the mad buzz that's going on all around you. Otherwise, your thirst for human contact (which some tongue waggers would call your desire to have affairs with more than one person at a time) will interfere with your search for peace, security, and tranquillity this summer. The real issue with the retrograde of Saturn in your sign is identity. In your busy comings and goings, you seem to be oddly absent. For all the laughter and ringing phones, deep inside there seems to be nobody home. Hello? If you're there, pick up!

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

Rich or poor, all Tauruses are enjoying a moment of luxury. That's natural when Venus goes direct in your 2nd house. Strangely, though, as excited as you get when you open an envelope and there's a check inside, it no longer gives you the thrill it once did. As the ruler of your 9th house stations itself in your 12th, you're beginning to identify with the unfortunate souls of this world: forgotten people, disappointed executives, old soldiers, former glamour queens—in fact, old queens of all kinds. (The current British monarch is a Taurus.)

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

People find you positively delightful and interesting right now. You can even tell them off without hurting their feelings. That's fun. It's not often that Venus makes a direct station in your sign, so flirt your pants off and make the best of a fabulous moment. Career? Because you're currently on a path of personal discovery, your career per se is not exactly what's happening. You've got to go your own way. That means you can no longer play ball with the party if you have to drink the candidate's bathwater. Uh-oh. You might have to go it alone? Teeth chatter at the thought.

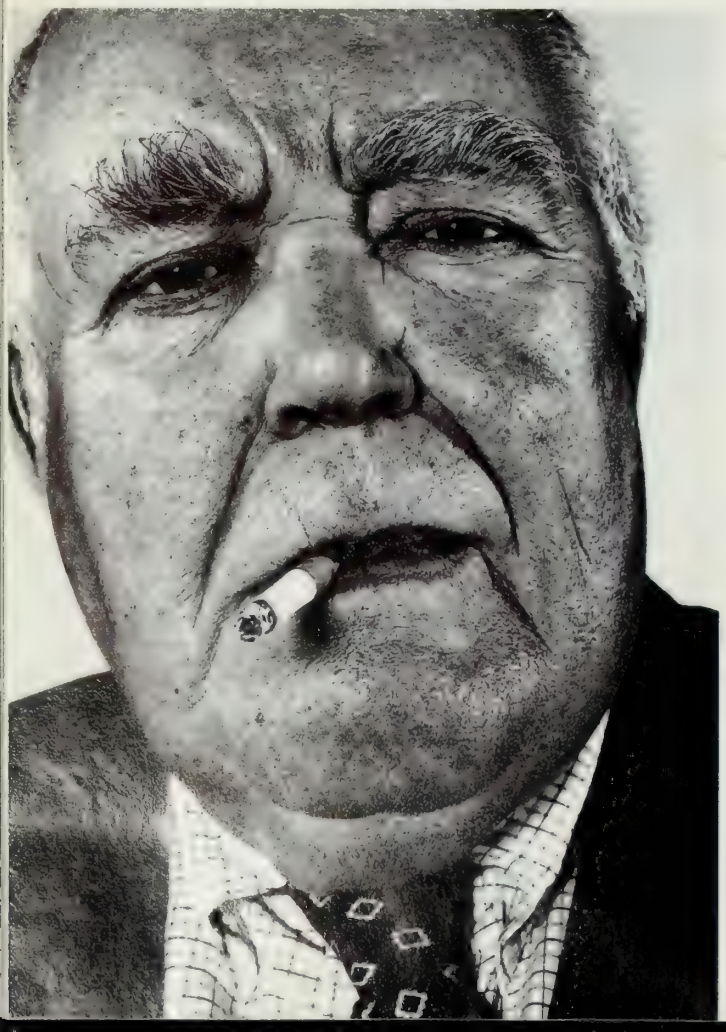
CANCER *June 22–July 22*

Instead of wasting time scheming and obsessing, you should be lolling around on a beach, sneaking peeks at oiled bodies from under your umbrella. With Saturn in your 10th house, though—that's the Joan Crawford/Bob Dole configuration—you can't seem to quit politicking in your various relationships. Can't you take even a tiny breather from your overblown sense of responsibility for saving (some would say controlling) the world? At the very least you should take this opportunity to do laundry, which, if you do insist on going public, had better be clean.

Social Study

Jack Germond

Nineteen ninety-six marks the 10th presidential campaign that Jack Germond has covered. This month the ultimate boy on the bus—who famously moonlights as *The McLaughlin Group*'s resident moderate—shares some hard-boiled wisdom in *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire



What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Sitting on the porch in West Virginia with Alice (my wife), watching the Shenandoah River roll by.

Which living person do you most admire?
Gorbachev.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Sloth.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Moral certitude.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Food and drink.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Piety.

On what occasion do you lie?
When it is necessary and harmless.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
Where should I start?

Which living person do you most despise?
No one is worth despising.

What is your greatest regret?
The steady and apparently irrevocable decline in the political system.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
I wish I had more self-discipline about things other than my work.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Getting paid for more than 40 years to be a reporter, which I would have done for nothing.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A ward leader in Boston or Chicago.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
Center fielder for the Yankees.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Intelligence and tolerance.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Intelligence and great haunches.

What do you most value in your friends?
Their willingness to accept my flaws.

Who are your favorite writers?
C. P. Snow, Arthur Miller, Mark Harris, James Lee Burke.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Arthur Winner of *By Love Possessed,* by James G. Cozzens.

What is it that you most dislike?
Sanctimonious people and broccoli.

How would you like to die?
Quietly with a big winning exacta ticket in my pocket.

What is your motto?
The next best thing to a winning day at the track is a losing day at the track.

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